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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE.

The Representative Committee of New York Yearly Meeting met Second month 10th, 1874, to consider the subject of Temperance. It was a very interesting occasion, much life being apparent.

The following excellent address, read by Robert S. Haviland, was well received, and it is here offered for publication in the Intelligencer.

The meeting, with great unanimity, directed the sending of a petition to Congress for a commission of inquiry, and the clerk was directed to sign it on behalf of the meeting. Other recommended action was referred to the next meeting for further consideration.

The above is the substance of information I have received from a valued New York Friend.

It is very gratifying to find our religious Society moving officially in the furtherance of this righteous cause. J. M. T.

In entering upon the consideration of this important subject, let us first examine our position.

The law of our state appoints certain officers as Boards of Excise for the several towns, cities and incorporated villages in the State, to whom applicants for a license to sell "strong and spirituous liquors, wines, ale and beer" shall apply, and, if the applicant is of good moral character, the Board is authorized to grant him a license to sell in quantities of not over five gallons, upon paying a certain license fee, the amount of which, within certain limits, the Board shall determine.

In quantities of over five gallons no license is required, and there is no restriction of any kind to the selling of cider.

In addition to this we have the law passed last winter, known as the "Civil Damage Law," which empowers any individual, damaged in any way, either in property or person, by an intoxicated person, to recover of the one who has sold the liquor causing such intoxication, whatever damage he may be able to prove in Court that he has sustained.

Now let us look as briefly as may be at such fruits of this licensed liquor traffic as we are able to gather from our incomplete statistics upon the subject. When the report of this commission of inquiry, which we hope to obtain, is before us, we shall make, I fear, a still more unsatisfactory showing, as the estimates, where exact figures could not be obtained, are much below what we may expect from the evidence of those which we know to be only too true.

From official documents issued by the United States Treasury Department for the fiscal year ending Sixth month 30th, 1871, and from documents published by the New York

Legislature for the year ending Ninth month 30th, 1871, we find there were

Liquors, imported, 13,292,568 galls., retail cost,	$79,755,408
Liquors, domestic distilled, 61,-519,847 galls., retail cost,	369,119, 082
Liquors, fermented, 7,000,000 bls., retail cost,	168,000,000
Total,	$616,814,490

Allowing a reduction of one-fourth for liquors sold at reduced rates to consumers in larger quantities than by the glass, and we have nearly $463,000,000 as the direct yearly cost to the people of this country for intoxicating beverages.

There were at that time in the State 146,-000 licensed retailers, 21,300 being in New York, and 21,500 wholesale dealers, requiring in the aggregate about 500,000 able-bodied persons withdrawn from productive, or useful industries, and becoming at once the tempters and the tempted to idleness, dissipation, profanity and gaming. Careful statisticians have shown ample reasons for the belief that there are nearly a million of drunkards.

Estimating their number at 750,000 and their wages at $2 per day, and that they waste one-third of the value of their time by hard drinking, and we have a loss annually to our country of $150,000,000.

Allowing three-fourths of our paupers to have been brought to that condition by intemperance, we have an army of at least 800,000, costing annually $100,000,000.

Our criminal reports will show an army of at least 300,000 rioters, burglars, thieves and murderers, recruited in our dram shops, and sent forth to prey upon the people.

Our State Board of Charities and Correction reports some 10,000 insane persons, and about 6,000 idiots in this State, and high medical authority instructs us that one-third of all this misery comes from strong drink.

To sum up the matter then in this direction, we have,

Yearly cost of liquors about	$463,000,000
Value of labor wasted in the sale of these,	250,000,000
Waste of grain, fruits, &c., and cost of manufacture,	50,000,000
Labor lost by intoxicated persons,	150,000,000
Support of 800,000 paupers,	100,000,000

Making a yearly total of $1,013,000,000 which we can accept with tolerable certainty that it is not exaggerated. But when we add to these figures the expense for intemperate sick, nursing, physicians' bills, and funeral charges of over 60,000 drunkards dying annually, the expense caused by 300,000 intemperate criminals; the support of 30,000 maniacs and idiots; the value of all the domestic suffering; the value of 100,000 American youth (12,000 of them from New York) corrupted, brutalized, made fiends by drink every year; the desolated households, the ruined hopes, the broken hearts, the lost souls, we stand appalled at the contemplation.

I am aware that statistics are dry details to an active audience, but I have felt that, to properly consider this subject, we must realize the magnitude of the foe which we have to encounter—a foe growing in power and influence every day—and we can hardly doubt that these figures, collected three years since, are far exceeded by the facts of to-day. Well has it been written of this traffic, "It is the systematic business of maintaining intemperance, by satiating the appetites already formed and kindling them in others as widely as possible." It is purely an agency of will, a fountain of unmingled bitterness. And with all this incalculable and unredeemed damage to human well-being, the traffic stands justly chargeable.

As a foe to all the social interests of men, there is no other to be compared with this—no other that wars so ruthlessly upon home, and all that sacred circle of interests of which home is the centre. Back of all the visible ravages of intemperance, and deeper than all these, there lies a field of devastation which has never been fully explored, and can never be more than partially reported.

It is the wasted realm of the social affections, the violated sanctuary of domestic peace.

From the under world of suppressed wretchedness, there comes up to the ear of human pity many a piercing cry of those who writhe under the slow torments of a desolate heart and dying hope.

Yet all this, which meets the eye and pains the ear, is but the overflow of misery; this is what inadvertently escapes through chasms violently rent open; and it tells sadly of the sea of anguish that is stifled forever in its secret recesses. . . . . And now look at the visible results of the traffic on all the dearest interests of mankind. Look at its handiwork as written out in woe and desolation on the whole face of society.

Look on those innumerable hearts that have long silently bled over the ruin of all their dearest hopes, till they can bleed in silence no more. Myriads of such still sigh among the living, and many, oh! how many myriads have hidden their crushed and weary hearts in the grave! See it yearly beggaring multitudes of families—quenching the light of many thousand homes in anguish and despair

Read the character and deserts of this traf-
c in the air of thriftlessness and dilapidation
hich is every year spreading over a count-
ess number of once prosperous and happy
omes—read it in the depravation of charac-
er, the growing sottishness of its victims,
allen from the sphere of hope and virtue and
ove, and pushed rapidy through a career of
hame and sin towards graves of infamy.

How many such, with those that love them
till, are even now hiding their misery in ob-
cure and comfortless hovels! How these sad
efuges of the once happy and hopeful stare
pon the traveler along all the highways and
yways of our State! How they thicken
ithin the broad circuit that is swept by the
nfluence of some den of drink.

Could the map of our State be so drawn as
o present a full picture of its social condition,
nd reveal to us, as we gaze on it, all these
rink-ruined families, strown in desolate huts
ver all its surface—could it be made trans-
arent also, so as to reveal the burdens of
rief that are hidden in these homes; the
ursting hearts of parents for their ruined
ons; of wives from whose life all joy and
ope, all tenderness and comfort have been
lotted out; of children shame-crushed and
doomed to penury and disgrace—could we
hus look on all these stricken families, once
ffluent and respected, now doomed to mean-
ess and want, each with its own peculiar his-
ory of sorrow, we should ask no further wit-
ess to the heinous guilt of the traffic, or the
ighteousness of law against the destroyer of
ll these! . . . . .

The moral influence of the traffic is still
nore deplorable. Everywhere it is the pro-
ific parent of all that is unseemly and flagitious.

It is a central vice, a radiating point for
ll crime. It creates an aptitude for all ini-
uity. It is the favorite and most successful
evice of the great deceiver to steal away the
udgment, stupefy the conscience, and remove
ll moral susceptibilities and restraints, and
t the same time goad up every passion to a
itch of maddening excitement by the use of
ntoxicating drinks. . . . . .

To one is sold a capacity of brutal abuse
o his family; to another theft, or lustful
iolence, or murder. . . . .

There the incendiary lights his torch, and
he assassin nurses his appetite for blood.

There is sold by the glass that modern spe-
ies of insanity which we hear pleaded in
very instance of flagrant crime. It is
imply the condition of being not in one's right
nind—sold everywhere among us for less
han a handful of coppers. . . . .

Such is the traffic feebly delineated. . . . .
t is a God forbidden business, and wages
pen and cruel war on every human interest.

Its mischiefs and abominations are wrought before every man's eyes.

In every neighborhood there is mourning over its ravages, and they are few who have not felt the iron entering their own hearts, in the anguish and shame inflicted, by loved ones lost.

No laws, though enacted by the unanimous vote of the human race, could make it anything but a crime to drive this trade of death.

. . . . . .

To resist such an enemy with vigilance and a zealous activity proportioned to the evil, is the simple duty of every man, and the especial calling of every friend of temperance.

Realizing then the subject in its enormity, comes the question:

What can we do to stem this torrent, to turn back this fatal tide?

I believe that we have but one remedy, but one remedy that we can urge with any hope of success, and that is prohibition,—absolute prohibition to its sale for drinking purposes.

"But it is urged by many that legal prohibition would involve an invasion of certain just rights and liberties.

This business has so long enjoyed legal protection that it now claims to be regarded as preeminently and inherently "a lawful business," and this claim must, perhaps, still receive consideration.

A lawful business it undoubtedly is, while protected by law. But its only defence is in the statute, on which by the grace of a deluded people, it is permitted to lean.

Let it be once stripped of this factitious protection, and it stands a naked, glaring nuisance, deserving beyond any other to be instantly and indignantly chased from the haunts of men.

Repeal these statutes which now shield it, and this business, resting on its own merits, would be indictable at common law.

We could bring the dealer to justice on the manifest tendencies of his traffic, and as a wanton and felonious trifler with the peace and virtue of society. . . . .

Yes, this is a lawful business, exceedingly so; and that is the very point of inquiry, whether we shall longer legalize this incomparable curse.

But the claim goes further, and denies the right of society to interdict the traffic.

We reply, it is the main prerogative of a civil government to prohibit just such things as this. Protection is its end, and business—the protection of the possessions, the rights, the industry, and the virtue of a community from the invasions of the lawless and mischievous.

Hence the main function of a government is prohibition. Its office is to supervise the

complicated and often clashing operations of self love among the associated thousands of whom society is composed, and restrain its injurious workings.

We need a civil government simply because in the social state we are exposed to injury from the evil minded. Its end is protection; and its power to protect lies in this very power to prohibit whatever conflicts with social order and private rights.

Turn now to our statute law, and you will find this the real meaning of each enactment.

More or less obviously, each statute is a protective prohibition.

It presupposes some lawful interest endangered, some laudable pursuit molested, some social or individual right invaded; and the statute is the arm of the social body stretched forth to protect the violated right by prohibiting the invasion.

The only question then can be, does the traffic in alcoholic drinks inflict any serious injury on the rights, interests, affections or virtues of a community? By that issue it must abide.

It stands impeached in the name of every virtue, in the name of all things pure and beautiful and blessed, as the pitiless invader of them all! Where else is there such another gushing fountain of derangement to all the interests of the social state?

Society has no other enemy so injurious as this—none from which all just rights and interests so earnestly cry aloud for protection.

. . . . . .

If it be the right and duty of a Legislature, watching over the interests of society, to interdict a demoralizing game, how is it not much more its right and duty to prohibit as far as possible a traffic which hourly proves itself an agent of mischief, with which no other can compare? . . . . .

We prohibit theft, but for what reasons that do not with tenfold force demand the prohibition of this traffic?

Is theft at war with the social interests? Doubtless it is; but the worst it does is but an occasional skirmish on some of the coarser interests of mankind, compared with the havoc this traffic continually makes of all that men should most highly prize and most earnestly defend.

Yet the purse we sedulously hedge about with protective statutes, while character and social morality, the hearts and souls of men, are open game for this legalized system of freebooting.

Counterfeiting we cannot tolerate for a moment, for a false bill is detestable and sorely injurious: but a system which continually produces and palms off on us the worst counterfeits of humanity, in the form of inebriated men, is most abundantly lawful!

But I am perhaps quoting too much. I desire not to weary you, but that I may not fail to impress upon your minds the earnestness which I feel upon the subject, and the right, as well as the need, that we have to be heard on its behalf.

I agree with my dear friends that we should not appear before Congress or the Legislature too often; but in view of the magnitude of this evil, and its baneful effects upon the national, social, moral and religious interests of our country, can our voice be heard too often? Can our efforts be too unremitting, and untiring in asking for the protection which a just Government should extend to its loyal subjects, and that it shall no longer legalize the crime and protect the criminal?

"The right of petition is one of the most precious rights vouchsafed to us by the fundamental principles of Anglican liberty and constitutional self government; and where, I ask, is there a subject in which the governed are more deeply interested, and for the regulation of which they should the more persistently and earnestly petition the Government, than the one at present under consideration?"

Are not our statesmen far seeing enough to know that that which demoralizes our citizens and lowers the standard of public morality, undermines our Government and weakens us as a nation?

Our fathers suffered persecution and imprisonment because of their testimony against burdens imposed upon the people, which were trivial in comparison with these, and will we join hands with it, or sustain it by our indifference?

Who of us but would remonstrate if, under sanction and permission of Government, a pest house were established, where the lives or health of our families were endangered? and yet we consent, tacitly at least, to the establishment of moral pest houses in our very midst, fatal alike to the bodies and souls of their victims.

Have we not the right? have we not the duty to protest in the name of our children, of the purity and sanctity of our homes, that they be no longer exposed to this contagion?

The dearest of our earthly hopes are exposed to its deadly influence, and must we keep silence?

Whilst acknowledging that they who would be mouth-pieces of the Lord must await his bidding and direction, before they can declare His name to the people, and that the steadying of the ark by unauthorized hands will ever prove futile, there are certain duties imposed upon every follower of Christ, the faith-

ul fulfillment of which is always in order, nd we need wait no special direction, ere we nter upon the service.

The Priest and the Levite needed not to e specially commanded of God to relieve the listress of the poor unfortunate; they only eeded the sympathetic heart of the despised amaritan, to point them out their duty.

It is always in order to do good, to relieve uffering, to strengthen the weak.

The service of our Saviour was not only he strengthening of the weak, and healing he diseased, but the driving of the buyers nd sellers out of the temple, and whilst it hould be our grateful mission to endeavor to escue the fallen and the unfortunate, let s not hesitate to do what we can to resist he tempter and to remove the temptation out f their way.

There is another question in connection vith this subject, which I feel must be touched pon, or the work is incomplete, and I trust shall hurt the feelings of none, for I desire o speak the "Truth in Love."

Are we clear of this great sin ourselves?

I feel that there is a fearful responsibility resting upon those who have not banished it from their tables and cellars—although you may escape its terrible effects in your own household, think! oh, think of the weaker ones! who pointing to you as examples of moderation and consistent Christian life, stumble at your example in this respect.

Remember the admonition of Paul the Apostle, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

May we come out nobly as did the same apostle, when he declares, "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

A neighbor who had been a confirmed drunkard, so as to be frequently brought home in the night insensible from drink, was, by the efforts of temperance friends, induced to reform, and by the influences which they threw around him, kept from drinking one and a half years; moved last spring to a neighboring village, and, as he has since told me, with tears in his eyes, saying that he told it not to excuse himself, but upon moving into that neighborhood, he found that it was nearly the universal practice of all the best families and church-going people there, to use cider freely on their tables, and tender it to their guests, and, in his weakness, he soon reasoned with himself, "these people are just as good as my old temperance neighbors; I don't think there is any harm in my drinking with them," and thus he was tempted and fell back into his former habits; moving back into his old neighborhood, he has again reformed, and for several months has not tasted liquor.

Think of it, my dear Friends, which way your influence is exerted, and be sure "that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

I belive that the cider mill is the starting point of many of our drunkards; and whilst we have no law to restrict its sale, we fail of accomplishing much good in conquering the stronger liquors.

In my own town we have no licensed taverns, but in our little village there are four places where the sale of cider is unrestricted, and we see just about as many drunken men as though stronger liquors were sold.

I feel to urge with all my feeble powers of speech, of influence, and example, that we "touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," and may our voice, our influence, our energy go forth, to warn, to strengthen, to relieve the downfallen, and to drive back the oppressor.

Can we hope to maintain our position as a Christian Society in inactivity and idleness?

The Church of Christ is ever an aggressive Church against vice and error.

Read the early history of our Society for a proof of this, for while the mighty hand of God was the power that gained them the victory, the fearlessness with which they proclaimed the Truth, and the patience in which they bore the suffering and persecution therefor, were the levers that moved the world to its adoption.

And can we hope, by simply buckling on their armor, to maintain our position, or go forward to victory; as well had David entrusted himself to the armor of Saul, instead of relying in the mighty name of God, and the simple means which he had provided to overcome the Philistines.

Error and vice are hydra-headed—the foe that is conquered in this generation will not be the enemy of the next—it assumes some other form.

We wonder at the tendency to idolatry of the Israelites, because we are not tempted as they were, and yet how many of the present generation can say truly, they are not, nor have ever been idol worshippers.

If Christians do but realize their mission, and their opportunity, the Church will "Come up from the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved," and shall be truly "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

I firmly believe God has still a work for this people to do; not in the fields already gained; not in the battles already won; but in the living issues of the present. If we do but enter into the service unto which God is calling us, we shall no longer hear the sorrowing because of declining numbers in our branch of the Church; for as a living, fruit-bearing portion of the True Vine, we cannot be a *withering branch*. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

"If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them in the fire, and they are burned."

May we then, engrafted anew into Christ, as a living branch of the True Vine, glorify the Father by bearing much fruit; abiding in His love by keeping His commandments; bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, against which there is no law.

The fields are white! oh how white unto harvest.

May we therefore enter into them and labor, fearing not the magnitude, nor the power of this great Goliath that defies our efforts; believing in the assurance—"greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world," and with trusting confidence in the blessed promise.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

NOTE.—The statistics given in this address are mainly taken from a tract entitled, "What it Costs," by Ovid Miner, and the long quotations from a prize essay, by D. Kitchell, D. D., President of Middlebury College, Vt.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.

(Continued from page 820.)

"Leo, the first Pope," was the subject of the eleventh lecture. Some of the most prominent points brought into view on this occasion were, first: That men of genius are rarely selected to fill important offices of trust, as is shown by the history of our own times. Second: That all systems of religion are liable to degenerate. Third: That all theories or modes of thought have had their counterpart in history; that opinions, though modified in the present, owe their origin to the past. Fourth: That Truth is stronger than error, and will prevail. Fifth: That all zealous opposition to error is unsafe, because of man's liability to indulge in violence and persecution. Sixth: That the Catholic religion has been the most effective in subduing and controling an unenlightened and barbarous community.

The Roman church in the 5th century was rent by factions. Contending bishops were striving for supremacy. The Arians, the Gnostics, the Donatists, the Pelagians and Manicheans, all presenting their claims to favor, and all making converts to their respective theories, while pagan ideas were being so largely infused into Christianity, that its sublime and simple precepts seemed likely to be lost in the general Chaos. The barbarians were making inroads in various quarters of the empire. The capital was pillaged, valuable relics were destroyed, and the history of the past, contained in the written pages of the Christian Fathers, seemed likely to perish forever. At this juncture, Leo the first—afterward called the Great—a Roman by birth, able and ambitious, was chosen Pontiff. He proclaimed himself as having been intrusted with the keys of St. Peter, and authorized by that apostle to conduct the affairs of the church. The barbarians stood in awe of his ability, and the Emperor avowed his willingness to become a Christian if they would make him a Pope. From a marble palace, on the banks of the Tiber, he wielded the sceptre of ecclesiastical power. Wealth flowed into his coffers, and luxury presided at his board. Sycophants and courtiers were ready to execute his bidding; multitudes, who knew no law, were arrested in their career—thus he saved for posterity that which seemed likely to be lost.

The Pontifical chair was made vacant in 461, after having been occupied by Leo about twenty-one years.

The lives of Jerome and Paula formed the topic of the twelfth lecture, he a Latin Father of great learning, she a Roman lady of noble ancestry and distinguished culture. The transmitted record of their remarkable friendship, furnished an interesting subject for thought. Jerome, disdaining the luxurious habits of the wealthy Romans, maintained toward them a haughty and forbidding deportment. To the poor he was kind, genial, and accessible, giving liberally of his means, and living an ascetic life, himself. Paula and her cultivated daughters, formed an agreeable family; and in his hours of leisure he resorted thither for recreation, imparting to them from his storehouse of learning, and receiving in return the finer inspirations that adorned their mental natures. Paula was left a widow, and in sorrow she devoted her ample fortune to the relief of the poor, with such self-denial and devotion as to call forth a reproof from her friend. No calumnies sullied their friendship or impaired the record of their lives; she died in Palestine in 404. Thus can the refined intercourse of mind with mind, unsullied by selfishness or sensuality, be

productive of the purest and most lasting enjoyment. The conditions on which such a friendship must be based, are an equality of mental development, purity of motive and sympathy in the objects of pursuit. In order to ensure the most happiness in the conjugal relations, these are equally needful. Apart from the care and training of children, which should devolve upon both, there ought to be a sympathy of interest in some leading subject of thought and action, claiming alike the attention of both. When this is not the case very sad may be life's experience. What would the sensitive mind of Cowper have done with other than a Mrs. Unwin; her quick, delicate perception comprehended his needs, and knew how to administer the oil and the wine; had he been thrown in contact with a coarser nature, it is probable that lunacy would have been his portion and the asylum his refuge. The history of the world before the Christian era brings us the names of *men* of great intellect,—men whose thoughts are as valuable now as when they were uttered—thoughts that will be imperishable. But where are the women of this description? The Cleopatras, the Zenobias, the Portias, live in story; but their works do not follow them. They adorned a capital, and were gone. Their influence was lost upon society. The tendency of Christianity is to elevate woman; but the full vigor of her intellect can never be developed until her opportunities for culture have enlarged the boundaries of thought and strengthened her to rise above the fashion and frivolity which have hitherto wasted her energies. Her social position opens the door for improvement; and may we not hope that ere long the field of her labor will yield ripe and imperishable fruit. E. P. C.

AN ANCIENT DOCUMENT.

This ancient address may be of interest to some of our readers, and we think the concern is not wholly inapplicable to the present time. —EDS.

Pentycost Teage's paper to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

Philadelphia, y^e^ 27^th^ of y^e^ 11^th^ Month, 169$^{8}_{9}$

Deare friends:—I have a few things to propose unto your consideration and I would desire friends to take itt as itt is Intended; for I have noe selfe glory in my Eye as to think my selfe wise: & soe might think my self Capable to be apointed by friends in y^e^ management of such afairs as may be brought before friends: I say far be itt from me y^t^ I should thinke such things; neither doe I goe about to Refect upon any friend butt y^e^ End of my writing is the Glory of God & y^e^ promotion of his blessed truth: friends there seemes to me to be a shortness amongst us in this matter; for I have made an observation y^t^ when things are brought before us & friends apointed y^t^ there have been great delayes and things have been Continued from one month to anothr till some tymes itt is utterly lost or att least forgotten; for y^e^ persons chosen for y^e^ most p^te^ being men of great business of their owne; & mostly chosen in such matters, soe y^t^ some tymes they have severall matters together from our meeting, soe y^t^ itt is a great burthen to those few members & makes a great parte of the meeting useless in such matters—the thing y^t^ I propose to Ease those few members and that things might be carryed on more spedily is y^t^ persons might be apointed y^t^ are nott Entangled w^th^ such great business of their owne, and y^t^ they may be desired to End business y^t^ they are apointed to by y^e^ meetting w^th^ all Expedition and whereas some may say I am not fitt to medle w^th^ such a matter because I am not used to merch^ts^ accounts or I am a tradesman & have butt little skill in titles of land or on the othr hand lett noe man slight any of these because he doe nott see me soe acute in such matters as others be; or because he is but low in y^e^ world: butt friends If they be of good report make choice of them whether poor or rich and if they are men feareing God he will give them wisdom and sound Judgment & they will doe things Efectuall & in the feare of God & then itt will be done w^th^ Expedition & to y^e^ Comfort & Satisfaction of friends. BY PENTY^T^ TEAGE.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I return thee the nice letter from thy young friend, written at her far-distant home, away from those with whom she could enjoy the sweets of religious fellowship. But, before returning it, I felt I must take from it a few lines to offer to the editors of *Friends' Intelligencer* for their "Scrap" column.

This note to thee may go with the scrap as explanatory. The teaching or lesson contained in the letter seemed to me too valuable to be laid away in the desk, to be only seen by thee. I allude to her recognition of the danger of indulging (even under unfavorable circumstances) an over-anxiety as to our spiritual growth. She gives as her experience, that it retards rather than helps forward. She also brings into beautiful and encouraging contrast, the effect of a *trustful* condition, as realized by herself.

I greatly value the original expressions of a mind upon which the realities of life have made a healthful impression, drawing out its powers, and, at the same time, causing the spiritual eye to discern the great Truth, that "man proposes, but God disposes."

I copy as follows: "I often think of you, and fancy I see you collected in our friend's parlor for those pleasant readings, none of which are for me to share. I say this without complaining, for I have concluded that my anxiety for the privilege of attending Friends' meetings and the desire that *our* feeble attempt to have a reading circle, might fill up the deficiency to some extent, were too ardent. I was too anxious for outside or instrumental help. As I have become gradually aware of this, and have made greater effort to content myself with the good things already given me, I have felt (to a marked extent, as it seems to me,) a great increase of spiritual strength, with an almost constant peace of mind, and not unfrequently a strong sense of that Presence which is so much to be desired, and for which I never can tell how thankful I feel."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 28, 1874.

VOLUME 31.—In commencing a new volume of *Friends' Intelligencer*, we renewedly feel the weight of responsibility which rests upon us in the selection and preparation of reading matter which is to be presented to so many minds. We must hope still to have the sympathy and assistance of rightly-qualified Friends in our work.

We have often asked the co-operation of Friends in different localities, in procuring for publication concise statements of matters of general interest to our readers. In our advocacy of the principles of Divine Truth, we gratefully receive communications tending to uphold and strengthen the right. There are many Friends who have ability in this way to speak good words, and if such will aid us from time to time, we may reasonably hope that the usefulness of our paper will be extended.

No one can estimate the possible benefit which may arise from words fitly spoken. The combined influence of many earnest voices is continually tending toward the general elevation of humanity—an elevation both moral and intellectual.

Amid all the discouraging and humiliating experiences of the present, those who are willing to take enlarged views see much to encourage them to faithfulness in advocating the distinctive principles on which our religious Society has been united. The conviction is constantly gaining ground, that allegiance to the Divine Being is to be shown by obedience to His laws, founded upon love to Him and to our fellow-creatures, rather than by subscribing to mysterious creeds, or by the performance of ritualistic services.

But evil influences are also at work in the world, spreading misery and sorrow, insomuch that some may fear that evil may overcome good in the long warfare. It has been said that the world's secret history is a contest between ideas of goodness and of wickedness. But goodness, sooner or later, is sure to prevail; indeed it prevails continually. Evil dies out, slowly but surely, perishing through the ages; but what is good lives on in ever-increasing strength and fulness, for Truth is eternal. Says the sweet singer of Israel: "The Lord loveth the righteous, but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down." Then, filled with the comforting assurance of the final triumph of right, he adds: "The Lord shall reign forever."

INTEMPERANCE.—The subject that occupies so much of our paper this week, is one that, from the enormity of evil and suffering it involves, has at last *forced* itself upon public attention, and, with our correspondent, we rejoice that some portion of our Society is moving officially in the matter. Some of the movements now taking place in the West for the suppression of the liquor traffic, in which earnest but perhaps too zealous women are the principal actors, cannot but raise doubts as to their being legitimate and effectual. But whatever may be the result, these movements mark, at least, how intense is the feeling of disapproval with which that traffic is regarded. While we may justly exult that our Society has long prohibited the sale of "ardent spirits" as a drink, this should only be an incentive to labor in every right and peaceable way to enlighten and strengthen public sentiment on the subject.

CORRECTION.

In the Indian Aid Report of 14th inst., it is stated "The Commissioner has given stringent orders that no rations sshall be given." We have been informed it should be "The *Secretary of War* has issued stringent orders to officers at forts in the Indian country to issue no rations to Indians under any circumstances." MARY JEANES, *Sec.*

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of Friends' Historical Association was held Second mo. 9th, J. M. Truman, Jr., being called to the chair and N. E. Janney as secretary.

Contributions of books and manuscripts were received from Joshua W. Brown, of New York city, and from two of our members. Sundry curious engravings and other matters relating to the history of Friends were also submitted for inspection.

The Committee reported the following names and the parties were unanimously elected to their respective positions, viz; President, Wm. J. Jenks, 160 N. Third street; Vice President, Samuel Parrish, 115 Chestnut street; Secretary and Treasurer, Nathaniel E. Janney, 215 S. Fifth street; on the two Standing Committees, James E. Kaighn, Saml. L. Smedley, S. Mason McCollin, Edward C. Jones, Samuel Baker, Howard B. French, Lewis Woolman, Dr. Edward Livezy, John Comly and Saml. Worthington.

The Pennsylvania Historical Association having offered their room on Spruce street, between Eighth and Ninth streets, for the meetings of our Association, and the use of a fire-proof closet for our books and papers, fully appreciating the kind offer, it was accepted with thanks—thus giving the Association in its infancy accommodations and advantages not readily obtained elsewhere without considerable expense.

To suit this arrangement the night of meeting was changed to the first Fourth-day evening in each month, the first meeting being Third mo. 4th, when and where the company of any feeling an interest will be acceptable.

The Constitution having been handsomely copied into a book, the members present signed the same, and thirteen persons were proposed for membership and referred to the Electing Committee for its action.

A Committee was appointed to prepare an address and have the same printed and circulated; also to have the Constitution printed, and take steps for procuring an act of incorporation.

Those interested in this movement feel much encouraged by the friendly feeling manifested towards the new society.

[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 34.

A few weeks since, some extracts were given from a very interesting letter written by one of our faithful teachers in *Charleston*, S. C.

In this letter mention was made of *New Year's day* having been enjoyed by the pupils as a kind of holiday, commemorative of "*Emancipation*" day, so dear to their hearts, and many details of interest were given in said letter. In order to give them a pleasant literary exercise, as well as in some measure to ascertain their wants, they were encouraged to write familiar letters embodying these, and copies of a number of these quaint epistles accompanied the last compilation, too lengthy for insertion entire in the *Intelligencer*.

A few extracts, however, will be given simply to show the respective traits of mind or aspirations of the writers. One little girl writes: "Now I will tell you what I want; you know I have just commenced the seamstress trade, and I think every person who professes such a trade ought to have a basket, or box of some kind to keep your thread, thimble and your work in. So I will request you to bring me a nice and good sized work box. I would thank you very much. Excuse my writing, as I have been toiling all day." *Maria Summersill.*

The teacher remarks; "This is one of the *energetic* girls. She lives four miles from school, which she, accompanied by her sister, attends every day, taking in washing at night. She is learning mantua-making, and studies what time she can at school."

One of the boys wrote, desiring "a pair of small number nine shoes, pants and a coat"—while another says. "I want you to make me a present of a Bible; *I want the clean-gone Bible—no less.*" He also wanted "a book-strap or a book bag; don't disappoint me."

Information accompanied this that "he received his clean-out-and-out Bible to his great pleasure."

Another—"I write these few lines for my present—a knife, a book, and a book-strap."

In presenting the above extracts we know that of themselves they possess no especial merit or interest, except that they show, to some extent, the desires of the pupils for the *practical* and *useful*, although in some of their communications, "a paper of candy" was included in the list. In reference to these letters the teacher remarks: "It has taken *years* of faithful teaching to produce even these attempts at letter-writing." Their teachers highly appreciate the little originality they find in them, inasmuch as they have

been so accustomed to having others think for them.

In reference to the distribution of the presents they add: "All seemed pleased and satisfied, and left the spot with happy hearts to exhibit their gifts. We thank all our friends in our own names and those of our pupils, for their generous contributions. If they could have seen their happiness, as we saw it, they would conclude that, whatever it may have cost as regards expense or labor, *it paid well.*"

Since the reception of the letter first above referred to, another has been received giving the details of the dedication of a church, and while some friends may, peradventure, entertain a fear that giving countenance or aid to such things may, to some extent, have a tendency to mar our righteous testimony in favor of a free Gospel ministry, it may be well for all of us to take the charitable view, that *for them* it is a wide step forward out of the low mental and spiritual condition in which they have for ages been enthralled, and another movement towards self dependence; for, even with clerical teachers, so called, there is now far less assumption of doing the *thinking for others* than was formerly the case. And, again, let us not forget the saying of old, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," as somewhat applicable to their present condition.

Our informant writes: "Yesterday was a day of great interest to us all here. About two years ago the land was cleared on the edge of the village, and the foundation for a church laid. It was for a congregation of Methodists, numbering about sixty. This winter it has been completed, and yesterday witnessed its dedication. They call it their '*ten cent church,*' because all the money has been raised from ten cent and five cent contributions, for none of the contributors have aught but what they earn from day to day. As they have gathered ten or twelve dollars, they have expended it in lumber and labor, and then waiting till another sum of like amount was raised, *thus avoiding all debt.* And, though they have been nearly two years in completing it, they now have as neat and comfortable a place of worship as could be desired; finished and furnished plainly, of course, but as well as their means would allow, which is always well enough.

"It is to me an object of interest, for several reasons. One is, that it is the first public building that, to my knowledge, has ever been erected by the colored people here without help from their white friends. Another reason is, that it proves they have the *will* to do for themselves, and the power to execute, so far as the "silver and gold" has been entrusted to them. Such things all prove they are on the rise.

"The dedicatory exercises were after their own manner, novel and interesting, as well as enjoyable, because they seemed to enjoy them so much."

Here follow the details of these exercises, with which we will not occupy the columns of the *Intelligencer.* The narrator speaks of their singing "as none but themselves *can* sing that beautiful hymn—

> "Children of the heavenly King,
> As ye journey, sweetly sing;
> Sing your Father's worthy praise,
> Glorious in His works and ways." &c.,

and adds: "The words were so expressive, the music so sweet, as the notes broke upon the stilly air, and the whole scene so impressive, as the long procession, all so neatly dressed and happy looking, came slowly up the hill, I know that could you have seen it with ourselves, you would have been affected to tears. I remarked, at one time during the exercises: 'Oh, what a great thing freedom is!' A nice looking, old woman, who stood near, immediately replied: 'Oh, don't talk, missus, don't talk; I jes tinks so much of dis yer freedom, I does'nt want to tink of de old times; I jis wants to put um to sleep and let um rest.' Poor, patient, forgiving creatures; so happy in their freedom of to day, and so willing to forget and bury the terrible wrongs of the past!

"The sermon was excellent and delivered from the text: 'Go up to the mountains, and bring wood, and build the house, and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord.' On the whole the exercises did them great credit."

So much for the correspondence of our teachers. I yesterday received my annual packet of letters from the pupils themselves, consisting of twenty-seven epistles addressed to me, personally, with an addition of seventeen specimens from the lowest class—copies of little pieces of poetry of from four to eight lines. Cornelia Hancock, one of the teachers, in forwarding them, justly remarks: "*Originality,* we do not find a prevailing trait in *any* children, and there is a great dearth of ideas among *these.*"

And yet we examine these tributes (of friendship may we call them) with pleasure; there is an honesty and quaintness of expression that is very attractive. Some of the penmanship is more than creditable. One writes: "I have learned a great deal about the building material of the body; how the bones are covered with different things;" and in referring to his geography says, he has "learned many things about the routes to different parts of the world," that he has "traced them

from England to India, from New York to San Francisco, and from London to Australia." &c.

One of the girls who wrote last year refers to the letters about being sent now, and remarks: "You will find many of them improved very much in all ways, in composition, in punctuation, spelling, writing, and in their grammar;" though appearing discouraged about herself as she continues, "but in mine there is a failure, for I can *think* only a little more than I could last year. I have heard my teachers say, 'you must also learn to *think*, as well as other things.' I think so, too."

Her sister writes: "I had the pleasure of reading my own letter last year. I was astonished when I saw it printed. It shows you ought to take pains in everything you do, especially in a letter. For after you have sent it out of your hands, you do not know where it will go. So the best motto is, to do it right at first, then you will not be ashamed to see or hear of it after."

Another girl refers to having seen the letters in the *Intelligencer* last year, and describes the beauty of the cedar tree when in blossom, as well as the beauty of the woods at this time. She also speaks of some of the children coming three or four miles to school.

"Osborn Wright" must have been the recipient of the Bible before spoken of, as he speaks of his present, remarking: "I think just as much of that Bible as I think of five dollars, because that Bible can do me more good than five dollars can. That Bible have all good words in it. I always believe in that book, but if I don't read and mind that Bible, it will not do me any good."

One of the girls in giving her opinion of the value of *schools*, says: "Schooling and a trade are the best presents a father or mother can give a child.' Another girl remarks: "Nothing in this world is better than an educated person!" (Rather too strong to be fully endorsed.)

One of the boys, in speaking of their exercises in penmanship, makes use of the quaint expression, "We practice the lines of beauty every day."

But it is time to bring these quotations to a close. Nearly the whole of the writers make some reference to their *school* or their teachers, showing they have a prominent place in their thoughts. One remarks: "When I don't learn, I think it is my fault." These letters were accompanied by an interesting and very cheerful letter from one of the teachers (Cornelia Hancock), but want of time and space forbid any quotations.

We cannot close without thus publicly acknowledging a generous contribution to our friends, received through the instrumentality of Edmund Willits, from an Association of Friends of Long Island (of which Elias Hicks was one of the promoters), entitled the "*Charity Society*," the object of which, was to assist the colored people in educating their children—which, as may well be supposed, was gratefully accepted—as in fact, will be any others of like character. J. M. Ellis.

Philada., Second mo. 15th, 1874.

Wilmington, Del., 2d mo. 14th, 1874.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:—

I do not know whether you often notice such appeals as the inclosed; but I send you a copy of it, and ask you to consider whether you can properly do anything to promote its object.

The plan upon which the Association has worked for the past two or three years, is to make a small contribution towards the teachers' salaries, (in most cases it gives $6.00 a month) and to give all the assistance it can by the care of its actuary, in procuring suitable teachers when they are wanted, advising as to the conduct of the schools, and procuring books so that they can have them at wholesale prices. All other expenses are paid by the colored people, assisted in many cases by their white friends in the respective neighborhoods where the schools are located.

Respectfully your friend,
Wm. P. Bancroft.

APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The "Delaware Association, for the Moral Improvement and Education of the Colored People" of the State, present to you this appeal, on behalf of the work they are engaged in, and of the cause they represent.

No public provision is made in the State of Delaware, for the education of the colored people, except in the city of Wilmington, and while public sentiment is being increasingly enlisted in favor of movements to educate that long-neglected race, we are unable, as yet, to meet the necessary expenses of the work from individual contributions among the people of the State, and we must, therefore, commend its cause to the consideration of those who are interested in this good work without as well as within the limits of Delaware.

We have steadily pursued our labors for the past seven years, and are not without encouraging indications of a change of public policy, at no distant day.

We are gratified in being able to announce that the Board of Public Education has assumed the responsibility and conduct of the Howard School, in Wilmington, approving

and retaining the teachers we had selected and employed there.

The Association, after thus transferring its work in Wilmington, has at the present time *twenty-six schools* throughout the State in active operation, with a maximum enrollment of 1,195 pupils, and a maximum average attendance of 1,061—so that we are doing a more extensive and more efficient work in the State at large than at any time in the past four years.

We have, since our last report, three years ago, collected and expended *over twenty thousand dollars*, not including a considerable amount expended in the repairs of the buildings. A very large proportion of this amount, probably on the whole nearly one-half, has been contributed by the colored people themselves; which shows their own earnestness in the cause. This makes an aggregate collection and expenditure of over *eighty-five* thousand dollars since the commencement of the work.

Our excellent Actuary, Abbie C. Peckham, is unwearied in her efforts to promote the success for this work, for which her experience and abilities eminently qualify her. Our great need now, is the pecuniary aid of those who desire to promote the education and elevation of the colored race.

Our treasury is nearly empty, and our schools must be closed, unless we can receive this assistance at an early day. Commending our cause to the Lord, who has so signally blessed it hitherto, and to the favorable consideration of all those whom He has blessed with the means to aid it, we now present this brief statement of our condition and wants.

THOMAS KIMBER, JR., *Pres.*
WM. P. BANCROFT, *Sec'ty.*

Alfred Lee,	Edw. H. Anderson,
Wm. S. Hilles,	Allen Gawthrop,
John P. McLear,	Thomas Worrell,
Howard M. Jenkins,	David H. Gustus,

Executive Com.

Contributions may be sent to either of the above, or to

CHAS. W. HOWLAND, *Treasurer*,
Wilmington, Del.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 7th, 1874.

THE WORLD ABOUT US.

There is a prodigious amount of happiness in the world that man does not see. All around us myriads of living things are tasting the new wine of summer. The big brown toad squats blinking in the sun, and is a happy toad. Who can take the census of an acre of grass and daisies? There are big red and black butterflies, and downy moths, and black crickets; there are grasshoppers and spiders; and these are only the "upper ten;" below them come a countless multitude of creatures too fine for our sight. The next field has a population of its own, and the woods yonder harbor new tribes. The sweet air and the sunshine are for them all; theirs are the flowers and the forests; the oak houses theirs; the daisy is their palace: for them, too, the dew falls and the clouds bring rain and the seasons revolve; all are in one great family, for whom one Father cares.—*Christian Union.*

QUAKER TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

The first testimony against slavery which was made in America, emanated from the Monthly Meeting of German Friends, at Germantown, in April of the year 1688. It is a very interesting paper, and must be looked upon as the foundation of the movement for the abolition of slavery. It was as follows:

"This is to the Monthly Meeting held at Richard Worrell's. These are the reasons why we are against the traffic of men's body, as followeth: Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner? viz: to be sold or made a slave for all the time of his life? How fearful and faint-hearted are many at sea when they see a strange vessel, being afraid it is a Turk, and they should be taken and sold for slaves in Turkey! Now, what is *this* better done than Turks do? Yea, rather is it worse for them which say they are Christians; for we hear that the most part of such negers are brought here against their will and consent, and that many of them are stolen. Now, though they are black, we cannot perceive there is more liberty to hold them slaves as it is to have other white ones. There is a saying that we shall do to all men like as we will be done ourselves, making no difference of what generation, descent, or color they are. And those who steal or rob men, and those who purchase them, are they not all alike? Here is liberty of conscience which is right and reasonable; here ought likewise to be liberty of the body, except of soldiers, which is another case. But to bring men hither, or to rob and sell them against their will, *we stand against.* In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience sake, and here there are many oppressed which are of a black color. And we who know that men must not commit adultery—some do commit adultery in others, separating wives from their husbands and giving them to others; and some sell the children of these poor creatures to other men. Ah! do consider well this thing, you who do it, if you would be done in this manner—and if it is done according to Christianity? You surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe where they do hear that the Qua-

kers do here handle men as they handle there the cattle. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither. And who shall maintain this your cause and plead for it? Truly we cannot do so except you shall inform us better hereof, viz: that Christians have liberty to practice these things. Pray, what thing in the world can be done worse toward us than if men should rob or steal us away, and sell us for slaves to strange countries, separating husbands from their wives and children? Being how this is not done in the manner we would be done at, therefore we contradict and are against this traffic of men's body.

And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal, must likewise avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing, if possible. And such men ought to be delivered out of the hands of robbers and set free as in Europe. Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report; instead it hath now a bad one for this sake in other countries. Especially whereas the Europeans are desirous to know in what manner *the Quakers* do rule in *their* province, and most of them do look upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say is done evil?

If once these slaves (which they say are so wicked and stubborn men) should join themselves—fight for their freedom and handle their masters and mistresses as *they* did handle them before, will these masters and mistresses take the sword at hand and war against these poor slaves like as we are able to believe some will not refuse to do? Or have these poor negers not as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?

Now, consider well this thing if it is good or bad. And in case you find it to be good to handle these blacks in this manner, we desire and require you hereby, lovingly, that you may inform us herein, which at this time never was done, viz: that Christians have such a liberty to do so. To this end we shall be satisfied on this point, and satisfy likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our native country, to whom it is a terror or fearful thing that men should be handelled so in Pennsylvania.

This is from our meeting at Germantown, held ye 18th of the 2d month, 1688, to be delivered to the monthly meeting at Richard Worrell's.

GARRET HENDERICH,
DERICK OP DE GRAEFF,
FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS,
ABRAM OP DE GRAEFF.

The Monthly Meeting at Dublin, to whom this was addressed, found it "so weighty" that they deemed "it not expedient to meddle with it *here*," and referred it to the Quarterly Meeting. The latter was held at Philadelphia, and it was recommended to present it to the next Yearly Meeting, "it being a thing of too great weight for this meeting to determine." The Yearly Meeting adjudged it "not to be so proper for this meeting to give a positive judgment in the case, it having so general a relation to so many other parts, and therefore at present they forbear it.—*Exchange Paper.*

WHAT A DOCTOR SAYS.

"It is certain that over-feeding as well as over-drinking is a great evil, and produces its yearly hecatombs of victims, who are looked upon as innocent sufferers, while their colleagues, the over-drinkers, are severely dealt with in respectable society." Thus writes a recent medical authority. He goes on to say that the tendency to fatty degeneration of muscular and other tissue is much on the increase. The disease quietly gains ground, though the victim seems the picture of health to the uninitiated. It is one of the causes of the increase of sudden deaths. Rich living and fatty meats, with little exercise, do their work unsuspected, and produce as much disease as any of the recognized causes of typhoid and other maladies.

These considerations are certainly worth heeding, when one sits down to dinner. But our stern medical monitor attends us to market also. All men should learn that a good eater should also be a good worker if he intends to remain healthy, and that the rule applies to oxen as well as men. It may be seriously asked whether the consumption of the meat of over-fed animals is not also an evil? The answer must be—yes. Such food must tell upon the constitution of those living upon it. It lays the foundation of many evils in man's frame, probably producing many of those gastric disturbances which affect many abstemious and regular livers, who "wonder why such mutton and such beef could have disagreed with them."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Sound practitioners tell us that fat and tender meats are most nutritious, as they are most palatable. Of course, if one "overfeeds," he suffers in consequence, though his over-packing of the stomach be done with potatoes and salt. Moderation is the safe guide—not, however, to the ascetic regulation of rising from the table hungry. Whoever does that without necessity, thinks more of his meat than even the over-feeder. The man may be presumed to be in best condition, who goes to dinner when the hour comes, without having longed impatiently for the dinner bell; and who goes from dinner with-

out any special recollection, half an hour afterwards, what he has eaten, or whether he has eaten at all, or not. Whenever the matter of food becomes one of thought and concern, whether that thought be the longing of the epicure, or the fussiness of the dietarian, eating and drinking have assumed an undue importance. Whether men gormandize, looking chiefly for quantity, or pick here a little and there a little, piling up an over sufficiency of delicate mouthfuls, or eat by ounce measure and under protest, in either case the mere act of feeding takes too much thought. Common sense is the best guide, and common caution should prescribe what one should eat, and how much, and that, too, without making every meal the subject of a hygienic thesis. The great degree to which eating and drinking form the subject of conversation, and of the exchanges of opinions in civilized circles, is both amazing and ridiculous.

Two things may be taken for granted, that most people who can command the things they like *are* over-fed, and few people, male or female, of their own free will take exercise sufficient for their comfort. Excess in eating prompts or demands excess in drinking. Even water may be over-indulged in, and, as to tea and coffee, they are with very many people too freely poured down, to the detriment of digestion. The main thing to be remembered is, that disease originates as much from over feeding as over-drinking, and that the close atmosphere of a house is not the place to recuperate the over-fed.—*Ledger.*

THANKSGIVING.

BY ROSE TERRY COOK.

There is a new song in my lips,
  A song that fits to-day,
The music of a quiet stream
  Upon its seaward way—
The monotone of such content
As to a mortal life is lent.

The song a tiny river sings
  That through a meadow glides,
Half hidden by the waving grass
  Its level course divides;
At last forgetful of the hills
That vexed so long its infant rills.

Not yet its chant of victory
  Re-echoes from the shore;
Not yet is all its duty done,
  Its rush and labors o'er;
But ocean neareth every day,
And bright is life that glides away.

A little hymn of gratitude,
  Like bird-songs from their nest,
My heart must fashion into speech
  And utter from its rest
A tender voice of thankfulness
For love that loveth most to bless.

The slow speech of a weary child
  That, wandering lost and lone,
Comes unaware on home at last
  And nestles to its own,
Wrapped all at once in warmth and peace,
Where all the storm and straying cease.

Ah! can it be, at last, at last,
  The time of toil and tears,
Of bitter trouble overpast,
  That hope again appears?
That after all this weary strife
I live to thank thee, Lord, for life?

To gather up the broken clue
  And tread the path again
With quiet hope and thankfulness
  I trod so long with pain,
To trust again with such a faith
As once was wounded unto death?

Lord, keep me closer at Thy side
  As life the sweeter grows,
Lest I forget in this content
  The thorns beneath the rose.
That, dear as home and love may be,
I find them still most dear with Thee.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"WHEN HE MAKETH UP HIS JEWELS."

TO MY FRIEND R. J. L.

Where are the jewels that sparkled and shone
In the beaming eye, in the gladsome tone?
Do the rolling seasons that come and go—
Do they hide these 'neath the cold white snow?

Alone with the shadows I sit to-night,
There is a glory without in the silver light
Of the clear bright moon that is shining down,
Cold and serene, on field and town.

And there comes on the wave of the passing breath
A voice from the land of shadows and death;
I hear thy sad murmur, half-uttered and low,
"My heart 's with my darlings—under the snow."

Oh, say not the forms thou laid in the tomb,
In the innocent beauty of childhood bloom,
Were aught but caskets of wondrous design,
Moulded and fashioned in beauty divine.

Moulded and fashioned by Him in whose breath
Are the issues of life. There is no death
To the spirit. Its allotment of clay
It leaves for the regions of endless day.

'Tis well with the babes, believe me, and rest
In the patience of hope. He knoweth best;
Ere long He will lift thy burden of care,—
Thou shalt see them again in mansions, where

Their angels do always behold the face
Of our Heavenly Father, in that place
Where sickness or sorrow may never come,—
The glorified spirit's eternal home.

In that beautiful land of light and life,
Away from all anguish and mortal strife—
Thy jewels and mine, forever secure,
Will shine when the ages no longer endure.

L. J. R.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1873.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.

That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work, is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The case book of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares, accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore, when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

When science like literature depended upon the patronage of the pen, it was chiefly the pursuit of cloistered theorists, who generalized wildly upon presumed facts, such facts being the mere fossils created by older dreamers. For instance, discoursing of bears, a commentator on the Old Testament in the seventeenth century, quotes Aristotle for the fact(?) that the cubs when born are no larger than mice. It was more necessary that the writer should show familiarity with the ancient writers than that he should be versed in natural history.

The magnetic cables which now connect continents, flashing thought along in the depth and darkness of the seas, have disabused science of errors as old as tradition Until the sounding on the route of the cable telegraph challenged the attention of the world, the common belief was that in the ocean depths all life was extinct, or showed at best but the faintest traces.

Mammoths and other creatures with names as formidable as their bulk, have ceased upon the earth. Land and sea have changed their relative positions, climates have changed, and races of men become extinct, yet the sounding apparatus used between Cape Race, in New Foundland and Cape Clear, in Ireland, brought up soft ooze similar in its composition to our own common chalk. Imbedded in the mass were minute shells, many of which are identical with fossil species in the chalk. Living creatures were found of varieties supposed to have ceased long ago.

A book recently published in London, entitled "The Depths of the Sea," gives an account of the general results of the dredging cruises of two vessels belonging to the British navy, during the summers of 1868, 1869 and 1870, under the scientific direction of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, J. Gwin Jeffreys and Dr. Wyville Thompson. These are well-known names in the scientific world, and the results of their observations may be taken with confidence. A London reviewer thus summarises some of its wonders: "The nether darkness of the ocean, then, so far from being a lifeless waste, teems almost everywhere with creatures not only more fantastic, but larger than their shallow water cousins. The paddler about rock-pools and tide-sands at watering places will learn from this book that, far away at sea, are found sea monsters far bigger, as well as far uglier and far more beautiful than were ever transferred to an aquarium. To give two instances, the caprella, or 'phantom shrimp,' which may be found on seaweed, sitting upright like a monkey, holding on by his hind claws, and, with ghastly grimaces, mesmerising all passers by with his foreclaws, sits upon sponges a mile or two deep in the darkness—there, however, not a quarter of an inch, but three inches long. The nymphons, sea spiders, who crawl out from under stones, and who, having no body to speak of, carry their stomach, for economy of space, packed in long branches up the inside of each leg, are found in the depths of the Arctic Sea, not as in shallow water, half an inch, but *two* feet in diameter."

Whoever has examined sailing charts, published for the guidance of mariners, has observed that the depths of water are noted, and the character of the sea bottom. The "deep-sea lead," for sounding in deep water, oblong like a sash weight, has a cavity in the lower end, which is filled with hard grease. Thus, by a sort of rude dredging, specimens of the sea bottom are brought up for the sailor's guidance. One result of ocean dredging on the large scale, now tried for experiment, may be the construction and introduction of apparatus by which soundings may be more frequently resorted to for practical purposes. It is said that the great ocean depths now

sounded may be computed by the square yard. But it does not seem visionary to predict that ocean routes may be laid down on charts by the character of the soundings. Especially should all approaches to land be thus not only carefully surveyed, but shipmasters should make use of the information. Some of our coast skippers on the New England coast have made most excellent use of the "deep-sea lead." These navigators supplement their charts by their own observation and experience. The writer of this article published, some years ago, the first printed version of a Nantucket joke, which is now everybody's property. The story ran that a Nantucket skipper, who prided himself on his familiarity with the floor *under the waters* of all Massachusetts and Maine, was sick in his berth, and directed the mate to "get soundings." The mate and men, maliciously desiring to convict the skipper of unfounded pretensions, made a great clatter over his head, and dipping the lead in water, stuck it in a box of sand ballast, and, wetting it again, carried it down to the skipper for his verdict. The sick man examined it critically. "Does thee say thee got this sand by sounding?" "Yes, I do," said the mate, with a gulp. "Then farewell, Rachel Ann!" said the skipper, falling back in his berth. "Nantucket is sunk, and we are high over Macy's Hill." That box of sand ballast had been dug from that identical hill—so, at least, the sailors said!—*Ledger.*

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting will be held on Fourth-day evening next, Third month 4th, at 8 o'clock, at 820 Spruce Street, Philadelphia. Any who feel an interest will be welcome.

WM. J. JENKS, *President.*
NATH. E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

Managers and Canvassing Committee will meet in Race Street Monthly Meeting Rooms, on Sixth-day afternoon, Third month 6th, at 4 o'clock. Full attendance requested.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

The Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred the petition of E. G. Goulet and others, asking Congress for "an acknowledgment of Almighty God and the Christian religion" in the Constitution of the United States, having considered the matter referred to them, have reported that, upon examination even of the meagre debates by the fathers of the republic in the convention which framed the Constitution, they find that the subject of this memorial was most fully and carefully considered, and they, in that convention, decided, after grave deliberation, to which the subject was entitled, that, as this country, the foundation of whose government they were then laying, was to be the home of the oppressed of all nations of the earth, whether Christian or Pagan, and in full realization of the dangers which the union between Church and State had imposed upon so many nations of the Old World, with great unanimity, that it was inexpedient to put anything into the Constitution or frame of government which might be construed to be a reference to any religious creed or doctrine.

And they further find that this decision was accepted by our Christian fathers with such unanimity that in the amendments which were afterwards proposed, in order to make the Constitution more acceptable to the nation, none has ever been proposed to the States by which this wise determination of the fathers has been attempted to be changed. Wherefore, your committee report that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject of the above memorial, and ask that they may be discharged from the further consideration thereof, and that this report, together with the petition, be laid upon the table.—*Public Ledger.*

. . . . In the *Studien und Kritiken* Professor Beyschlag reviews the recent German literature on the Epistle of James. His own conclusion is that it was written by James, the brother of our Lord, whom he distinguishes from the two apostles of that name. He regards it as the oldest book in the New Testament, and of the greatest interest, as reflecting the earliest opinions of the Jewish disciples, and, indeed, of the more religious Jews, among whom Jesus and His brothers were reared. He remarks the Essene character of the eulogy of silence and of poverty, and the prohibition of swearing, though he does not acknowledge any direct connection between Jesus and the Essenes.

FISH CULTURE has grown to be a subject of such importance that commissions have been appointed in several States to provide a supply of eggs to stock the streams and to build fishways or ladders in the larger streams that fish may ascend them. We have a fish commission in this State which has been at work in the Susquehanna and Conococheague rivers, but all their offorts must prove of little value unless the authorities of adjoining States join in the work. Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia are all more or less interested in the stocking of streams in Pennsylvania tributary to the Potomac river, and the Maryland Legislature now has before it a proposition for the establishment of a "Fish Commission," which can co-operate with those of other States. United action may result in the establishment of a regular and cheap supply of what is said to be "the best of all food.s"

THE Caspian Sea is said to be extremely rich in various species of fish, the number of some kind being prodigious. According to a recent statement, in one single district, 15,000 sturgeon are sometimes taken in a day, and when the fishing is interrupted for twenty-four hours the waters become almost choked by the abundance of fish, which are so numerous as to press each other out upon the shore. The total yield of the Caspian Sea for one year in fish and products has been estimated at 13,000,000 pounds (about 469,430,000 pounds avoirdupois,) worth about $12,000,000. A peculiar phenomenon observed especially among the sturgeon is that of a kind of winter sleep. At the approach of cold weather they seek the deep portion of the rivers, and remain there in a state of torpor, during which they secrete a viscid matter which forms a coating over the entire body, called by the fishermen a *pelisse.* During this period they appear to eat nothing, their stomachs always being found entirely empty.—*Exchange Paper.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
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[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

THE INCARNATION.

Or Temporal Status of Jesus and of the Christ.

PART I.

"Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. Yet great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."—*Job xxxii*, 6.

This is equally true of church organizations, as it is of individuals. They, alike, fall short of the Divine purpose, unless "the inspiration of the Almighty gives them understanding."

Numerous propositions have been advanced, down through the lapse of eighteen centuries, to show the temporal status of *Jesus* and His relation to *the Christ.* The fruits of their discussion have too often been persecution, cruelty and blood; without a corresponding advancement of the kingdom of Christ in the earth. Their inherent contradictions, in most cases, furnish their own refutations.

The Catholic and the reformed Evangelical churches may go on mutually criminating and re-criminating each other, as being erroneous in theory, and unchristian in practice; yet both pertinaciously retain the beam in their own eye, while they vainly seek to pluck the mote from each other's eye. Both seem to agree, however, in idolizing and worshipping the mere temporal body, the humanity, of Jesus; and thus have their minds alienated from the Spiritual Christ, the Divinity, who is alone worthy of adoration and praise, and of which Jesus was only the visible and tangible representative, more especially to the externally minded and ceremonial Jews.

The propositions alluded to may, perhaps, nearly all be included as modifications of three general postulates, viz:

I. Jesus was a mere man produced by ordinary generation, but endowed with extraordinary capabilities, intellectual, moral, and religious; *a man.*

II. Jesus was miraculously conceived of the Holy Ghost, and having God for His Father and Mary for His mother, He was endowed with the Divine attributes of the one, and the carnal substance of the other; *a God-man.*

III. Jesus was and is the Christ. He was and is very God; *the God.*

The *first* of these postulates completely invalidates the whole Gospel history, and is, consequently, unworthy of notice in this connection.

The *second* postulate finds its culmination in the following formula:

"When the fullness of time was come, He took upon Himself all man's nature, and all the essential properties and infirmities thereof, yet without sin; being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, of her substance. So that two

whole, perfect and distinct natures, the Godhead and the manhood, were inseparably joined together in one person, without perversion, composition, or confusion; which person is *very God* and *very man*. In His *human nature thus united to the Divine*, He was *crucified* and *died*; was *buried* and remained under the *power of death*; yet saw no corruption. On the third day He arose from the dead *with the same body* with which He suffered; *with which* He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth on the right hand of the Father."

Now Jesus declared, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—(John iv, 23.

If Jesus spake truly, it may be difficult to reconcile the idea of a man-God, possessing all the "properties and infirmities of man's nature," with the asserted spirituality of God, and of His worship. Or, in other words, to comprehend how Jesus, whose carnal body was derived from "the substance of Mary," should become "very God" as well as "very man."

Again the Apostle Paul testifies:

"This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." . . . So also of the resurrection of the dead.

"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption.

It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory.

It is sown in weakness: it is raised in power.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

There is a natural body; and there is a spiritual body.

We shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. The dead shall be raised incorruptible. We shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortality must put on immortality."—(I Cor. 15.)

If the Apostle Paul was not a deceiver, it must be admitted that the framers of the postulate have committed a blunder; for the contradiction between their teachings can not be reconciled. Those who prefer the testimony borne by the Apostle, will be led to the conclusion, that the carnal body of Jesus was changed to a spiritual body at the resurrection, and before its ascension; for "*flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God.*" Or they may incline to a view, which is, perhaps, more in accordance with the general tenor of the narrative, *that the body of Jesus was a spiritual or mystical body from the first.*

This extraordinary teaching of the inseparable union of perfect humanity with perfect Divinity in the same person, has recently been designated as the "antiquated theory of the mediæval church."

The third postulate drops the *human nature* of Jesus, and boldly declares not only that He "was very God," but caps the climax by adding, "Not *from the Lord* came this child to Mary; *it was the Lord Himself that came.*"

This postulate has been put forth by its advocates to correct the errors of those which preceded it, and is assumed to be "a more simple and philosophical view of the sacred Scriptures." It teaches "that the Divine Spirit came into the world in the person of Jesus; not bearing the attributes of Deity in their full disclosure and power. He came into the world to subject His Spirit to that whole discipline and experience, through which every man must pass. He veiled His royalty. He folded back, as it were, within Himself those ineffable powers which belonged to Him, as a free Spirit in heaven. He went into captivity to Himself; wrapping, in weakness and forgetfulness, His Divine energies, while He was a babe. Being formed, in fashion, as a man, He was subject to that gradual unfolding of His buried powers, which belong to infancy and childhood. . . . He was subject to the restrictions which hold and hinder common men. He was to come back to Himself, little by little."—(Beecher's Life of Jesus.)

An observation which this writer applied to the preceding postulate, is echoed back upon this with undiminished force. "The theological difficulties which inhere in such a theory are many."

However trite and trivial the objections urged against this deification, this idolatrous homage of the carnal body of Jesus may appear to the advocates of the doctrine, they fall with a staggering and bewildering force upon the patient Christian traveller Zionward.

The numerous class of professional Christians who habitually employ others to do their thinking may, no doubt, find great relief from the easy adoption of this, or almost any other doctrine sanctioned by popular favor. But to those who are accustomed to think for themselves, to exercise their own rational faculties, as a handmaid to their holiest religious inspirations, they stand as stumbling-blocks in the Christian path-way.

What, say these honest inquirers, is God a mere carnal body like unto ourselves? Was He formed and nurtured in the womb of Mary? Was He reduced to the feebleness of infancy? Was He nailed to the cross by cruel men—crucified unto death and buried? And did He, *a dead God*, revitalize Himself, come forth from the grave, and after a sojourn of forty days, ascend to heaven with

that *self same body* of human flesh and blood? Incredible! we have not so learned the character, the mission, or the plan of salvation of and by Christ, which these doctrines inculcate.

The theories of the Incarnation which theologians have devised, have all proved incongruous and unsatisfactory in direct proportion to their complexity. The query naturally arises, why is it so? The answer seems to be, They have indeed erected a gorgeous temple, but they have laid its foundations in error; and have used unsanctified materials for the superstructure. Instead of going down into the *depths of Jordan* for the typical *smooth stones* of the Lord's altar, there has been too much hammering and squaring to fit and adjust them to the requirements of *human wisdom* and *selfish interests*.

No marvel, therefore, that discord and strife should be found there; nor that "Jesus, the Christ," should refuse to dwell therein.

'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"—(I Cor. iii, 16.)

"Ye are the temple of the living God. As God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."—(II Cor. vi, 16.)

When! Oh, when will mankind come to the proper recognition of this important truth? When shall the highway of the Lord be cast up, the *way of holiness*, wherein the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err?

E. MICHENER.

Toughkenamon, Pa., Second month, 1874.

(To be continued.)

THE SENSE OF DUTY.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Diety. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.—*Daniel Webster.*

NEVER mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves.—*Spurgeon.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Extracts from Thomas Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism," in three volumes, printed in 1806.

In his introduction he says:

From the year 1787, when I began to devote my labors to the abolition of the slave trade, I was thrown frequently into the company of the people called Quakers. These people had been then long unanimous upon this subject. Indeed, they had placed it among the articles of their religious discipline.

Their houses were, of course, open to me in all parts of the kingdom of Great Britain. Hence I came to the knowledge of their living manners, which no other person, who was not a Quaker, could have easily obtained.

As soon as I became possessed of this knowledge, I conceived a desire of writing their moral history. I believed I should be able to exhibit to the rest of the world many excellent customs of which they were ignorant, but which it might be useful to them to know, for ignorance and prejudice had invented many expressions concerning them, to the detriment of their character. Their domestic customs are peculiar. They adopt a singular mode of language, have renounced religious ceremonies, which all other Christians, in some form or other, have retained. They are distinguished from all the other Islanders by their dress. These differences are great and striking. I thought, therefore, that those who are curious in the development of character, might be gratified in knowing the principles which produced such numerous exceptions from the general practices of the world. Some may say this work is a partial one. I do not pretend to say that I shall be utterly able to divest myself of all undue influence which their attention toward me may have produced, when I consider them as fellow-laborers in the work of the abolition of the slave trade; for if others had put their shoulders to the wheel equally with them on the occasion, one of the greatest causes of human misery and moral evil, that was ever known in the world, had been long ago annihilated.

The founder of the Society was George Fox. He was born of "honest and sufficient parents," in the year 1624. In his youth he manifested a seriousness of spirit not usual in persons of his age. This seriousness grew upon him; and as it increased he encouraged it, so that in the year 1643, or in the 20th year of his age, he conceived himself, in consequence of the awful impression he had received, to be called upon to separate himself from the world, and to devote himself to religion.

At this time the Church of England, as a

Protestant church, had been established; and many who were not satisfied with the settlement of it, had formed themselves into different religious sects. There was also a great number of persons in the kingdom, who, approving neither of the religion of the establishment nor of that of the different denominations alluded to, withdrew from the communion of every visible church. These were ready to follow any teacher who might inculcate doctrines that coincided with their own apprehensions. Thus far a way lay open among many for a cordial reception of George Fox. And having given himself up to solemn impressions, endeavored to find out as many serious people as he could, with a view of conversing with them on the subject of religion.

In 1647, continuing his travels, he spoke publicly and convinced many; thus meetings of Friends were gathered. He continued his labors as a minister of the gospel, and even preached within two days of his death. During this time he had settled meetings in most parts of the kingdom, and had given to these the foundation of that beautiful system of discipline which exists among the Quakers at the present day.

The first of all his religious doctrines was, that the Spirit of God, where men were obedient to it, guided them in their spiritual concerns. And his followers acknowledged the same internal admonitions or revelations of the same Spirit in spiritual concerns, they had been witnesses of in his innocent and blameless life.

Although the best individuals among the Quakers may have fallen below the pattern of excellence which they copied, nothing is more true than the result has been, that the whole Society, as a body, have obtained from their countrymen the charaeter of a moral people. If the reader be a lover of virtue, and anxious for the moral improvement of mankind, he will be desirous of knowing what means the Quakers have used to have preserved, for an hundred and fifty years, this desirable reputation in the world. If the question were put to themselves, I believe they would attribute any morality they might be supposed to have to the Supreme Being, whose will having been discovered by means of the Scriptures and religious impressions upon the mind, when it has been calm and still and abstracted from the world, they have endeavored to obey. "Mind the Light," was oft the exhortation of George Fox.

But we may add auxiliary causes,—their moral education, their discipline, their domestic or other customs which are peculiar to them as a Society of Christians. When the first Quakers met in union they consisted of religious or spiritually-minded men. From that time to the present there has always been, as we may imagine, a succession of such in the Society. Many of these, at their great meetings, which have been annual since those days, have delivered their sentiments on various interesting points. These were regularly printed and distributed among their families, under the name of advices. They relate to customs, manners, fashions, conversation and conduct. They contain recommendations and suggest prohibitions to the Society as rules of guidance, and as they came from spiritually-minded men on solemn occasions, they are supposed to have had a spiritual origin.

They allow their children most of the sports or exercises and amusements of body and mind which other children of the Island enjoy, but have thought it proper to draw a line between those which they consider to be salutary and those which they consider to be hurtful. Therefore, dancing, diversions of the field, cards, dice, horse-racing, cock-fighting, music, novels, the theatre, and all games of chance of every description, have been forbidden. For when they consider man as a reasonable being, they are of opinion his occupations should be rational. But all such amusements as those in question, if resorted to for the filling up of vacant hours, they conceive to be unworthy of his intellect, and to be below the dignity of his Christian character. I do not know of any custom among the Quakers which has more excited the curiosity of the world than this of their dress. A Quaker is known by his apparel through the whole kingdom. George Fox never introduced any new or particular garments, yet recommended to his followers simplicity and plainness of apparel, and bearing his testimony against the preposterous and fluctuating apparel of the world. Robert Barclay and William Penn kept alive the subject of dress which George Fox had been the first to notice in the Society. They followed him on his Scriptural ground; they repeated the arguments, that extravagant dress manifested an earthly spirit, and that it was productive of vanity and pride. But they strengthened the case by adding arguments of their own. They considered decency and comfort were the objects of dress.

George Fox seemed to look at every custom with the eye of a reformer. The language of the country struck him as having many censurable defects. Many of the expressions then in use appeared to him to contain gross flattery, others to be idolatrous, &c., And so weighty did these improprieties in his own language lie upon his mind, that he conceived himself to have had an especial commission to correct them. The first alteration which

he adopted was the use of the pronoun Thou. He, however, was not the first of the religious writers who had noticed the improper use of the pronoun, You. Erasmus, also, in a treatise which he wrote on the impropriety of substituting You for Thou when a person addresses an individual, states that this strange substitution originated wholly in the flattery of men. They also banished the word master or mister, to those who was no master over them; also all titles of honor. In addressing one another, either personally or by letter, they made use of the word Friend, to signify the bond of their own union, and the character which man, under the Christian dispensation, was bound to exhibit in his dealings with his fellow-men. They addressed each other, also, and spoke of each other by their real names. If a man's name was John, they called him John. The names of the days of the week and the months of the year they considered to be of heathen origin. The numerical way of naming the days and months seemed to them to be the most rational and the most innocent. Thus the Quaker calendar was made up by numerical distinction, which have continued to the present day. The choice of furniture, like the choice of clothes, is left to be adjudged by the rules of decency and usefulness, but never by the suggestion of show. Splendid furniture would be considered as pernicious as splendid clothes. It would be classed with external ornaments, and would be reckoned equally productive of pride. The Quakers have discarded all parade at their funerals. When they die, they are buried in a manner singularly plain: The corpse is deposited in a plain coffin. When carried to the meeting-house or grave-yard, it is attended by relations and friends. These have nothing different at this time in their external garments from their ordinary dress. At the meeting-house, it is suffered to remain there in the sight of the spectators. The congregation then sit in silence, as at a meeting for worship. If any one feels himself induced to speak, he delivers himself accordingly, if not, no other rite is used at this time. The coffin is taken out of the meeting house, and placed by the side of the grave. A solemn, silent pause immediately takes place. It is then interred; another short pause then generally follows. These pauses are made that the spectators may be more deeply touched with a sense of their own approaching exit, and their future state.

(To be continued.)

WE must not wait for the *great opportunities;* if God sees we are *fit* for *great* service He will send it to us; and unless we have *learned* to do the *little* how can we be ready to *do* the *great.*

TESTIMONIES OF TRUTH.

From an article in the *London Friend,* entitled "The efficiency of the Society for the bearing of its Testimonies," the following extracts are selected as possessing views in relation to "our Church" which are worthy the attention of all who claim the name of Friends.

In this day of impatience at the smallness of our numbers, and of exultation upon any reinforcement, though the recruits may be, sometimes, but raw, it is not out of place that this current of view and feeling should be attentively considered, and subjected to some examination. Can it be that this current is rather upon the surface, and, though by no means silent, is not deep? Does it represent a state of mind more desirous that our Church should extend its borders than that it should firmly occupy the ground of its original foundation? "In times of peace," says the Church historian Milner, "the Church dilates, and builds, as it were, into breadth;" and "times of peace," it is to be feared, have had their weakening effect upon the testimony of "Friends." In the days of personal appearance before the authorities upon ecclesiastical demands; of imprisonment in respect of these, or of the testimony against oaths or war—when respectable townsmen were known to be lying in jail for conscience sake—there was a point and energy in the witness for truth which impressed individuals and told upon neighborhoods. The witnessing body was compact. Repulsive to all by its ridiculous designation; separated from the world by difference of language, habits, and attire; misunderstood and ignored even by the pious in the churches, who could not (and who do not), comprehend the *disuse* of water baptism, and of the bread and wine—(the only efficient testimony against the *abuse* of the elements); thus repulsive, separated, misunderstood, and ignored, the witnessing body had, nevertheless, a vital power for "action upon the world," which, confessedly, is wanting now. Not that we are therefore to desire a return to penal laws, imprisonment, and persecution; or to uphold any unrequired singularity; but that, just in proportion as a change in the times brings us more upon the level with other churches, should the true line of our distinction, as a witnessing body, be observed with vigilance and maintained with consistency. Let it not be deemed uncharitable to assert that it is under the process of *assimilation* to what is found in other congregations, that the trumpet of testimony will give an uncertain sound.

Take, for instance, the testimony in relation to worship and ministry, as exhibited in our mode of worship. This testimony, being the backbone of our distinguishing profession, is really that which has held, and holds, the Society together; and which specially binds its members in unity, because its excellent fruit is jointly, as well as experimentally, shared. It is of the essence of this testimony to reject provision for any stated performance in meetings for worship." . . . . . .

I have not been unmindful that the tendency of advanced years is to be too jealous of all that is new, and that this tendency is to be kept in check. They who are about to quit the scene must be careful that their difficulties, or their scruples, do not obstruct the making of their Church a home of content for the children of their people. At the same time, there is neither narrowness nor prejudice in the desire that our testimony to primitive Truth may continue to uphold the standard which our young people (among whom there is so much good) may in future days recognize as that of their old associations, and as that which their maturer judgment can most approve.

WILLIAM BALL.

INSPIRATION.

T. PARKER.

To obtain a knowledge of duty, a man is not sent away outside of himself for the only rule of faith and practice; the Word is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this Word he is to try all documents whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahometans, but is coextensive with the race.

Each man stands close to the omnipresent God—may feel His beautiful presence and have familiar access to the All Father; get truth at first hand from its Author. Wisdom, righteousness, and love are the Spirit of God in the soul of man; wherever these are, and just in proportion to their power, there is inspiration from God. Thus God is not the author of confusion, but concord.

There can be but one mode of inspiration; it is the action of the Highest within the soul, the Divine presence imparting light—this presence, as truth, justice, holiness, love, infusing itself into the soul.

If God be infinitely perfect He does not change; then His modes of action are perfect and unchangeable. The laws of mind, like those of matter, remain immutable and not transcended. As God has left no age nor man destitute, by nature, of reason, conscience, affection, soul, so He leaves none destitute of inspiration.

Now, as men differ widely in their natural endowments, and much more widely in the use and development thereof, there must of course be various degrees of inspiration.

The greater, purer, loftier, more complete the character, so is the inspiration; for he that is true to conscience, faithful to reason, obedient to religion, has not only the strength of his virtue, wisdom, and piety, but he has a power which augments itself.

Inspiration does not destroy the man's freedom. The man can obey or not obey; can quench his spirit or feed it, as he will.

But when the sincere man receives the truth of God into his soul, knowing it is God's truth, then it takes such a hold of him as nothing else can do. It makes the weak strong, the timid brave: men of slow tongue become full of power and persuasion. These are the men who move the world. They have an eye to see its follies, a heart to weep and bleed for its sin.

The influence of God in Nature—in its mechanical, vital, or instinctive action—is beautiful. The shapely trees; the leaves that clothe them in loveliness; the corn and the cattle; the dew and the flowers; the bird, the insect, mass and stone, fire and water, and earth and air—all these are noble and beautiful. They admonish while they delight us, these silent counsellors and sovereign aids.

But the inspiration of God in man, when faithfully obeyed, is nobler and far more beautiful.

A single good man, at one with God, makes the morning and evening sun seem little and very low. It is a higher mode of the Divine power that appears in him, self-conscious and self-restrained.

Now this, it seems, is the only kind of inspiration which is possible. It is co-extensive with the faithful use of man's natural powers.

A good man feels that justice, goodness, truth, are immutable, not dependent on himself; that certain convictions come by a law over which he has no control. There they stand; he cannot alter, though he may refuse to obey them. No doubt there have been men of a high degree of inspiration in all countries, the founders of the various religions of the world. But they have been limited in their gifts and their use of them. The doctrine they taught had somewhat national, temporal, even personal, in it, and so was not the absolute religion. No man is so great as human nature, nor can one finite being feed forever all his brethren. So their doctrines were limited in extent and duration. No so with true religion; its inspiration is limited to no sect, age, or nation. It is wide as the world. God flows into the man as light into

the air. Certain as the open eye drinks in the light do the pure in heart see God, and he that lives truly feels Him as a presence not to be put by. But this is a doctrine of experience as much as of abstract reasoning. There are hours—and they come to all men—when the hand of destiny seems heavy upon us; when the thought of time misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or ill requited, the experience of man's worse nature, and the sense of our own degradation, come over us.

In the outward and inward trials we know not which way to turn. The heart faints and is ready to perish. Then in the deep silence of the soul, when the man turns inward to God, light, comfort, peace dawn on him. His troubles—they are but a dew-drop on his sandal.

It is no vulgar superstition to say men are pre eminently inspired in such times. They are the seed-time of life. Then we live whole years through in a few moments, and afterwards, as we journey on in life, cold and dusty and travel-worn and faint, we look to that moment as a point of light—the remembrance of it comes over us like the music of our home heard in a distant land. These seed times shall return again and again, and man brought nearer and nearer to the bliss which God has prepared for all. He that sows shall reap, and the harvest shall be full to overflowing.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTER OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The following interesting relic, being a reminder of by-gone days and events, I deem worthy of being rescued from the grasp of oblivion.

The name of the author, John G. Whittier, is sufficient to claim for the letter an attentive perusal; and the name of Thomas A. Green, to whom the writer so kindly and respectfully alludes, will recall to the mind of some of our city Friends the memory of one who was in the practice of attending our Yearly Meeting during many years after the separation, being a resident of New Bedford, and one among the very few in New England who retained his attachment to our religious organization.

Pleasant is the kind and affectionate allusion to the "Dear old Friends who, in the pro slavery excitement of that day, were so active, some of whom have since fallen asleep in the Lord, trusting in his mercy alone, and not in their church politics; others, still living in honored age, have in patient and steady labor for the slave, made beautiful atonement for the error of that day of darkness."

The copy herewith transmitted was forwarded to me, as I learn, by our friend Henry J. Powell, and, I trust, will be deemed sufficiently interesting to merit insertion in *Friends' Intelligencer.*

GIDEON FROST.

THE ANTI SLAVERY MOVEMENT AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Letter from John G. Whittier.

The following letter was addressed by JOHN G. WHITTIER to the editors of the New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury:*

I have read with interest in the *Mercury* of 24th ult. a well written and discriminating notice of the late THOMAS A. GREEN, over the signature of "D. R." My own acquaintance with that gentleman commenced thirty years ago in the Massachusetts Legislature, of which body he was an active and influential member. I think no one there was more generally respected, or was listened to with more attention. Whatever his theological views may have been—and I was never curious to inquire into them—the Christian ethics of the Sermon on the Mount have rarely had a more consistent and devoted advocate than himself. He was a born gentleman, and in addition had a high degree of culture and true refinement. In dress, language and deportment he was regarded by his fellow members as a model Quaker; they knew nothing of the "paper pellet" of his disownment, and, if they had, they would doubtless have dismissed it by saying: "So much the worse for the Society." In fact, I have found that the interests of the best people of the different sects in Quakerism were mainly confined to its realization of practical Christianity, and I have noticed an ill-suppressed impatience and disgust when they found us trying to win their favor by professing extreme or thodoxy and hunting heresy.

But my object in referring to the article in the paper was mainly to correct a statement regarding myself, viz.: That in consequence of the opposition of the Society of Friends to the Anti Slavery movement, I did not for years attend their meetings. This is not true. From my youth up, whenever my health permitted, I have been a constant attendant of our meetings for religious worship. *This* is true, however: that after our meeting-houses were denied by the Yearly Meeting for Anti Slavery purposes, I did not feel it in my way, for some years, to attend the Annual Meeting at Newport. From a feeling of duty I protested against that decision when it was made, but was given to understand pretty distinctly that there was no "weight" in my words. It was a hard day for reformers; some stifled their convictions; others, not adding patience to their faith, allowed them-

selves to be worried out of the Society. Abolitionists holding office were very generally "dropped out," and the Ark of the Church staggered on with no profane Anti Slavery hands upon it. For myself, having no taste for controversy, which must necessarily become personal, I left the Society to its course, and took mine, feeling quite sure that the work would go on whether Friends went with it or not. I never despaired of a great change in the views of the Society, but I knew that I could do little to promote it; the pleas of youth and enthusiasm were not likely to be heeded by my elders, who, in common with the great majority of all sects, failed to comprehend the breadth and scope of a great Providential movement—God's controversy with oppression. How many of those dear old friends, so active on that occasion, have since fallen asleep in the Lord, trusting in His mercy alone, and not in their Church politics! Others, still living in honored age, have, in patience and steady labor for the slave, made beautiful atonement for the error of that day of darkness. I, too, mercifully spared to see the last fetter fall—have learned many lessons of distrust of myself, and charity for others. In the moral miracle of our age, I find no place for self exaltation. It is not of man but of God. With a feeling of awful reverence and gratitude, I recognize the fact, that he has permitted me to be in some degree instrumental in a work of which I was not worthy; and that the folly and inexperience, as well as the wrath of man, have been made to praise Him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, 12th mo. 30th, 1867.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

There are facts that lead to the necessary conclusion, that *all matter* once existed in a *nebulous form* previously to its becoming liquid or solid. It is now found in space, in every stage of condensation, from the first collection of attenuated matter to the dense centre of revolving worlds.

Again, whenever circumstances are favorable to vegetable existence, there do we find vegetables to arise, either by the immediate exercise of creative energy or the universal diffusion of embryotic matter.

These two sentences have been revived in my mind by the recent investigations of scientists in regard to the origin of vegetable and animal life.

Professor Tyndall, in his 'Fragments of Science,' page 156, says, 'Scientists on this subject are confined to one of two views—1st. That 'Life was present *potentially*, in matter, when in the nebulous form, and was unfolded from it in the way of natural development.' 2d. That 'it is a *principle*, inserted in matter at a later date.'

This is sound logic, and in either case it is *equally the gift of the All wise and All-powerful*, who directs and controls every molecule, every atom, every movement, and every possible contingency in the development in the one case; or that He intercalates or interlards matter with the vital principle of the different races of animals and vegetables, as its conditions are suited to their existence and maintenance. Now I am free to confess that I entertain the fullest confidence in the perfection and unchangeableness of Deity—in the wisdom, goodness, and power of the Eternal Father, through which He designed and perfected the activities of the universe: And what harmonizes best with my feelings, is the belief that He originally adapted matter under His laws, which are *His uniform modes of action*, to the fulfilment of all His purposes, present and prospective; and that no modification, intercalation, suspension, repair or readjustment of them, is, or ever has been, or ever will be, required through all time. In this belief are embodied that consummate prescience, wisdom and power of the Supreme which my soul so highly reverences.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 7, 1874.

CLARKSON'S PORTRAITURE.—We have received for publication, from a beloved and venerated correspondent, an extract from the "Introduction of Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism." The selection was made under an impression of "a strong sense of duty," and with the belief "that it would be interesting and useful to our members to seriously reflect on the character he (T. C.) has given us."

Several years ago this valuable work was republished in our paper (21st and 22d vols.) with the view that it might be read by those who had not access to the book, or who would not be inclined to peruse it at length, and we were glad to learn that to many of our readers it proved interesting.

We recommend the re-perusal of the extract in question, which will be found in another column, as it contains much worthy of serious thought. If all will observe close-

ly the beacon—the Light within—to which our forefathers directed the attention of the inquiring multitudes, we shall be preserved from dishonoring the name of "Friends."

The extracts were accompanied by words of encouragement to continue the arduous labor of preparing for the press, "Friends' Intelligencer," which in its weekly issue is esteemed "as a visit from a dear friend." Such words from our valued correspondent are especially acceptable to us now that we are entering upon a new volume.

THE TENDENCY OF THE AGE.—Among the tendencies which mark the present time as distinguished from that of thirty or forty years ago, is one that may well cause the thoughtful concerned mind to ask, how much further is it to go, and what will be its effect upon character? We allude to the publicity given, by means of the press, to all that can be gathered of what is said and done, not alone in regard to matters admitted to be public property, but invading the domain of religious and social life. The demoralizing influence of this practice as it regards most of our daily papers has long been felt and often commented upon. Crime in its details, so abhorrent to a sensitive mind, must, by frequent repetition, become familiar and less revolting. Upon the young especially this effect is almost inevitable. Many a father who would on no account purchase a book professedly treating of the details of crime and licentiousness, pays for and admits into his family a daily paper in which the same poison is administered in smaller doses. Remonstrance to editors who cater to a depraved taste, and who often treat the saddening facts of sin and crime with unbecoming levity, would seem to be useless. But there is a remedy as far as individual duty is concerned, that of *abstinence*. If any of our daily papers are free or nearly so from unnecessary details of vice and crime and from levity in the manner of treating them, they should be patronized by every family that feels and deplores the evil; and the reason for selecting them and rejecting others openly avowed. This principle of abstaining as far as possible from participation in evil involves self-denial, and, as has been the case in the anti slavery and the temperance cause, makes men and women strong and consistent in advocating the right. A weak lament over an evil, without even an attempt to wash our own hands clear of it, will but lull our own consciences to sleep.

But it is not in its grosser forms alone that this tendency to make everything public—to talk, to write, to know what others are doing, and to tell what we are doing—causes apprehension as to its influence upon character. Even granting it free from the evil of mere gossip, is not its tendency to form a superficial character? While so much occupied with saying and doing, and with what others say and do, is there not danger that the "inner life" and that retirement of spirit by which it is nourished may be too much neglected?

We are far from taking a gloomy view of this tendency of the present time, for it may be viewed as the result of causes tending ultimately to good. The facilities of travel and the transmission of thought by telegraph, have brought the people of our globe nearer together and promoted a community of knowledge and interests hardly dreamed of half a century ago. This widening of our sympathies is beginning to pervade almost every department of life, so that he must be selfish indeed who would now ask "Am I my brother's keeper?" But while looking cheerfully and hopefully at the future, and appropriating as applicable the language of the ancient prediction, that "Many shall run to and fro in the earth and knowledge shall be increased," we must not the less be on our guard against that tendency to excess, which, from want of self-control, is so often attendant on the greatest blessings.

As journalists desiring not only to uphold Christian truth and right feeling, but to cultivate elevation of thought and good taste as far as our own appreciation of them extends, we have aimed to keep our paper free from mere trivial and personal details, from exalting little things into importance, and to observe that *moderation* which in an age of over statement and abundant expression seems peculiarly a duty.

LOCAL OPTION.—A friend desires us to call attention to the fact that an effort is now being made to obtain the repeal of the Local Option Acts and those for Commission of Inquiry by Congress. The position in which The Society of Friends stands on the Temperance question makes it most fitting that, as a body, we should use every effort to promote just and wise legislation for the suppression of the needless sale of intoxicating liquors, and we would be glad to have the Representative Committee of our Yearly Meeting use any effort which may seem right for the furtherance of the cause of temperance.

MARRIED.

MORRIS—MASON.—On the 17th of Second mo., 1874, with the approbation of Maple Grove Monthly Meeting, Samuel Morris, an Elder, from Wayne County, Indiana, to Rebecca J. Mason, an acknowledged Minister of the above Meeting.

DIED.

CORNELL.—On Second month 14th, 1874, Wm. H. Cornell, aged 51 years; a member of Creek Monthly Meeting.

HULL.—On the 21st of 2d mo., 1874, at his parent's residence, Baltimore, Md., Charles Abel, twin son of T. Burling and Mary D. Hull, aged five years and three months.

KIRK.—On the 21st of the Eleventh month, 1873, at his residence in Huntsville, Madison Co., Ind., of typhoid pneumonia, William A. Kirk, in the 61st year of his age; a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting, formerly of Nottingham, Maryland.

LUKENS.—On the evening of the 3d of Tenth month, 1873, at the residence of her brother, Amos Lukens, in Plymouth, Sarah H. Lukens, aged 54 years; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting. Interment at Friends' Burying Ground, at Old Haverford.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO M. L. ROBERTS,

Forwarded to Friends' Intelligencer.

PAWNEE AGENCY, Eleventh month 2d, 1873.

My dear Friend:— . . . . My heart overflows with gratitude for the treat received yesterday, contained in two boxes and a barrel sent by Friends for the comfort and aid of our wards on this Reserve. Renewed thanks arise to our Heavenly Father for a continuation of His mercy and care over us, and for an increase of interest in the hearts of the young, inducing them to help us in this work of humanity.

I desire to thank *all* who either directly or indirectly had any part in preparing so many comfortable things for the poor needy aged ones, and the little helpless children, both classes claiming our special care. Especially do we feel grateful to the dear friend of 80 years, and to the youth who so carefully dried the nice apples. Another bushel from a Friend in Ohio is now on its way here, which added to the already generous supply, will make us feel rich in that line. If the little boys and girls in the East could only realize the gratification it gives to the little Indian children to receive once a week a small handful of dried apples, which they eat with a keener relish than they do their raisins and confectioneries, I believe many of them would cheerfully assist in drying apples for the children here, many of whom have never seen any other fruit. We would greatly prefer them in this department to toys or any kind of confectioneries, which it is impossible to divide equally, and therefore always create dissatisfaction with both the young and the old Indians. . . . . We are obliged too for so many fine tomato seeds, and for the hops, which were just in time, our supply being exhausted, as I have to make yeast by the gallon. In short, everything sent, even to the strings and wrapping paper, came into service. New house-keeping has many wants, and these are multiplied by an increase of patronage. If I remember correctly, my report for the week previous to my writing was 38 loaves of bread baked here by and for the Indians. The next week 53 were baked, and during the week ending on the 8th there were 104 loaves. Five lots of flour came yesterday afternoon, the owners wishing to make it up and bake it to morrow morning.

We are trying to teach them when "First-day" comes, and have them to understand we cannot bake bread nearly all of Suak-a-wer-ix-ie (Sunday), as we do on other days of the week. Our cook stove is much of the time taxed to its utmost capacity, often baking before day light and some after dark. Last Third day morning I arose at half past three o'clock for the purpose of finishing my home-letter. Went out to make the fire, and found five pans of bread dough, each running over. Instead of using the pen, I moulded five loaves to bake first, and hurried the remainder to the well curb to stand in the moonshine and take the morning breeze, till all could be baked. . . . . The women come much earlier than at first to attend to the baking, but, oh, they are so awkward about the stove! It is very wearing to keep them from doing worse than nothing, as they cannot understand by my telling, however earnest they may be to do right, so that I have to attend to the baking and regulating the fire *all the time*, and fear I shall not be able to stand the work.

I have had from one to four women to wash their own and their families' clothes, and a

rge number to sew quilt-work every day for e past two weeks. My hands are more than ll, but I turn none away, although some ve to wait, which they seem to do patient-. C. J. helps with the quilt-work when her her duties permit. I believe if there was establishment similar to this for each band ey would all be well patronized. I am de ghted with the improvement some of the men are making in cleanliness, but they *ill* waste soap and I cannot avoid it, and me will steal too, though I always give en they ask for it. They like to wash their thes with my soft soap right well. . . . . esterday we had four women quilting, two tting wood, four sewing and two attending eir bread, at the same time. One day a rty of ten came all at once to wash and rry the water. We have now a well at the or, much to our relief. One woman, when e was nearly through washing her family thing, came in, stripped her little girl, three ars old, who was playing near me, wrapped shawl about her while she washed every ce of its scanty clothing, and then took child and washed its beautiful plump form over in her rinse tub. Again it was wrap-l in the shawl while its clothes dried upon line. The little bright creature seemed as ppy and playful as though she was adorned h velvet or silk.

This same woman at another time saw me uring a tin basin. She watched me closely, l admired the new look—then motioned me to let her have the things to clean her n time-worn, large bread-pan. She worked l sweated and improved the appearance of pan, in which she took home four loaves nice light bread of her own making, being ll pleased, as many others evidently are, to ve a chance of learning to be more clean-I think the majority of the middle aged l younger would be more tidy if they had ngs to do with, but those who would do discouraged from trying, because of the arasites" that beset them on every side. ey steal from each other more than they from me, and I find it difficult to keep id towels, soap and stove holders. Watch most I can, they go—I know not where. . . The Indians are so healthy that ther the doctor nor we have much to do in way of medical treatment. There are e cases of chills yet, and a few children sick. A woman came to me yesterday rning just after sunrise with her sick child, not a particle of clothing about it, except blanket she had on her own shoulders, ely drawn around it. I gave her water soap to wash it, two garments to put on nd panada to feed it. After being made fortable, it brightened and went to play. I had our interpreter to tell her it needed maternal care more than medicine. There are many similar cases. In consequence of the Indians getting out of flour, they have had to fall back upon corn and beans, and the bread baking has been less than one half as much as the week before. . . . . We thought two weeks ago that I would have to get some one that could interpret to assist me while the work was so pressing, especially in the baking, as there was but one who could yet fix a batch rightly in the stove. They cannot understand by telling, and only learn by seeing me do it; but as that branch of the work has lessened, I hope to get along without extra help, which it would be very inconvenient to accommodate for the want of room. Just imagine the variety of work crowded in a room 11 by 17 feet. Last week the weather was so fine that the women washed out of doors, which added much to our comfort.

Rebecca Longshore opened school last Fourth-day. I heard to-day that she had 15 scholars. . . . . We expect to open a First-day school for the village Indians—hope to begin next week. If I had the time, I would like, through the columns of the Intelligencer, to thank all Friends who have aided in making us feel so rich in store for winter use.

Cordially thy friend,

S. E. W.

Let us not try to pry too deep into the mysteries of another world, but leave *all* and trust that He who said "in my Father's house are many mansions," and who has "gone to prepare a place for us," will make sure His promise that "He will come again and receive us—that where *He is*, there we may be also." Of far more importance is it, that we should fear "lest a promise being left us of entering in, any of us should seem to come short of it." Not *what* the *mansion is*, but *how* to gain entrance there, should be the subject of our thoughts. Not to vex ourselves as to *what* the spiritual body *is*, but to *fit* the spirit to inhabit it.

The wind bloweth where it listeth. And the wind means the Spirit. A beautiful thought it is, the Spirit going where it listeth, not waiting for man's ordering, but like the evening breeze, cooling the brow of peasant and beggar, creeping into prison cell, as well as gilded palace chamber, the Spirit of God that seeks the humble as well as the great and powerful.

If we are careful and watchful over our words and actions, we can have the most effective of all influences, the silent testimony of a heart at peace.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Through the kindness of Friends the following items are furnished:

Miami Quarterly Meeting was held at Waynesville, Ohio, Second mo. 14, and was about as large as usual in the winter. In the first meeting Robert F. Furnas, Rebecca Winder (of Richmond) and James W. Haines were engaged in vocal testimony.

Jesse T. Butterworth and Aaron B. Chandler were appointed clerks. The answers to the queries show that meetings are generally pretty well attended on First-day, not so well at other times. Love appeared to be maintained and nothing complained of, unless it was some drowsiness.

Miami Monthly Meeting informed of the opening of an indulged meeting at Wilmington.

In the women's meeting a Friend of another Quarterly Meeting was concerned to encourage a more general participation in the business of the meetings.

The Indian Committee met at close of the meeting. The letters from the Agents indicated that affairs among them were in a satisfactory condition.

First-day morning meeting, considering the roads and weather, was large and held fully two hours.

Robert F. Furnas and James W. Haines were exercised in the ministry on this occasion.

Some of the Circular Meeting Committee attended the meeting at Harveysburg, which was not large. In the afternoon the Circular Meeting at same place was held. The house was pretty well filled and the audience solidly attentive, a number present not being in the habit of attending our meetings. Robert Hatton, Robert F. Furnas, Rebecca Winder and Wm. W. Foulke were exercised in the ministry.

The Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting (five men and five women) and that of Indiana (twelve men and seven women), appointed in reference to the proposal for a new Yearly Meeting, expect to start on the visit to the meetings composing Blue River and Prairie Grove Quarterly Meetings, in the Sixth month next, immediately after White-water Quarter. It will require about three weeks to accomplish the visit.

The temperance excitement still continues in Ohio. Friends of *both branches are* more or less active in it.

Fairfax Quarterly Meeting was held at Waterford, Va., Second mo. 16th. Margaretta S. Walton, of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting of Penna., was in attendance. The meetin was an excellent one and large for the seaso of the year.

On Seventh-day, Second mo. 14, Centr Quarterly First day School Union was hel at Unionville, Pa. Delegates were in attend ance from the several schools within its limit Essays were produced which were very i structive and edifying, after which there wa considerable discussion on topics relating t these schools.

One Friend urged the importance of rea ing in such schools selections from the worl of ancient Friends, citing himself as an exan ple, he having been drawn to the Society b such reading. The next meeting will be hel at Dunning's Creek, Fifth mo. 31st.

Centre Quarterly Meeting was held Secon mo. 16. The meeting for worship was tru a favored season, and much good counsel wa given by the ministers in attendance. Durin the meeting a small boy appeared in supp cation, which had a solemnizing effect on th meeting.

At the business meeting Nathan Moore w clerk and R. Way assistant for the da Minutes from Roaring Creek Monthly Me ing for Perry and Rebecca John, both min ters, were read, and the business of t meeting was transacted in much unity.

A memorial to the legislature, asking it sustain the local option law, was presente and after consideration adopted, and Warn Underwood directed to forward it at t earliest period. J. M. T.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

The name of Mary Somerville has be made familiar to us as the author of "T Mechanism of the Heavens," "The Connecti of the Physical Sciences," "Physical Geog phy," and "Molecular and Microscopic S ence." Within a few months her "Perso Recollections," published by her daught have given the public an insight into beautiful and instructive private life; instr tive, as showing how well and thoroughl woman may indulge her taste in scient and literary pursuits, whilst she fulfils, adm ably, all her duties as daughter, wife, a mother. The charm of the work, whic well worth owning, can be gathered al from the book itself, but as many of y readers may not have an opportunity to it, I will give you a few extracts, which sh the spirit of the work, commencing with a paragraphs taken from the Introducti written by her daughter. C

"Few thoughtful minds will read without e tion my mother's own account of the wonde energy and indomitable perseverance by whic her ardent thirst for knowledge, she overcame stacles apparently insurmountable, at a time

omen were well nigh totally debarred from educa-
n; and the almost intuitive way in which she
tered upon studies of which she had scarcely
ard the names, living as she did among persons
whom they were utterly unknown, and who dis-
proved of her devotion to pursuits so different
m those of ordinary young girls at the end of the
st century, especially in Scotland, which was far
re old-fashioned and primitive than England.

"Nor is her simple account of her early days
thout interest, when, as a lonely child, she wan-
red by the seashore, and on the links of Burntis-
nd, collecting shells and flowers; or spent the
ear, cold nights at her window, watching the
arlit heavens, whose mysteries she was destined
e day to penetrate in all their profound and sub-
ne laws, making clear to others that knowledge
nich she herself had acquired, at the cost of so
rd a struggle."

. . . . . .

"No one can escape sorrow, and my mother, in the
urse of her long life, had her full share, but she
re it with that deep feeling of trust in the great
odness of God which formed so marked a feature
her character. She had a buoyant and hopeful
irit, and though her affections were very strong,
d she felt keenly, it was ever her nature to turn
m the shadow to all that is bright and beautiful
mortal life. She had much to make life pleasant
the great honors universally bestowed upon her;
t she found far more in the devoted affections of
ends, to say nothing of those whose happy lot it
s been to live in close and loving intercourse with
noble and gentle a spirit."

. . . . . .

"It would be almost incredible were I to describe
w much my mother contrived to do in the course
a day. When my sister and I were small children,
though busily engaged in writing for the press,
e used to teach us for three hours every morning,
sides managing her house carefully, reading the
wspapers (for she was always a keen, and I must
ld, a liberal politician); and the most important
w books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addi-
n to all this, she freely visited and received her
iends. She was, indeed, very fond of society, and
d not look for transcendent talent in those with
hom she associated, although no one appreciated
more when she found it. Gay and cheerful com-
ny was a pleasant relaxation after a hard day's
ork."

. . . . . .

"Devoted and loving in all the relations of life,
y mother was ever forgetful of self. Indulgent and
mpathizing, she never judged others with harsh-
ss or severity; yet she could be angry when her
dignation was aroused by hearing of injustice or
pression; of cruelty to man or beast, or of any
tack on those she loved. Rather timid and retir-
g in general society, she was otherwise fearless in
r quiet way. I well remember her cool composure
some occasions when we were in great danger."

The following extracts are from the "Rec-
lections," written by herself during the last
ears of her life. She thus describes the
ome of her childhood:

"Burntisland was a small, quiet seaport town,
ith little or no commerce, situated on the coast of
fe, immediately opposite to Edinburgh. It is
eltered at some distance on the north by a high
d steep hill, called the Bin. The harbor lies on
e west, and the town ended on the east in a plain
short grass, called the Links, on which the towns-
people had the right of pasturing their cows and
geese. The Links were bounded on each side by
low hills, covered with gorse and heather, and on
the east by a beautiful bay, with a sandy beach,
which, beginning at a low, rocky point, formed a
bow, and then stretched for several miles to the
town of Kinghorn, the distant part skirting a range
of high precipitous crags.

"Our house lay to the south of the town, was
very long, with a southern exposure, and its length
was increased by a wall covered with fruit trees,
which concealed a court-yard, cow-house, and
other offices. From this the garden extended
southwards, and ended in a plot of short grass, cov-
ering a ledge of low black rocks washed by the sea.
It was divided into three parts by narrow, almost
unfrequented, lanes. These gardens yielded abun-
dance of common fruit and vegetables, but the
warmest and best exposures were always devoted
to flowers. The garden next to the house was
bounded on the south by an ivy-covered wall, hid
by a row of old elm trees, from whence a steep,
mossy bank descended to a flat plot of grass, with a
gravel walk and flower borders on each side, and a
broad, gravel walk ran along the front of the house.
My mother was fond of flowers, and prided herself
on her moss roses, which flourished luxuriantly on
the front of the house; but my father, though a
sailor, was an excellent florist. He procured the
finest bulbs and flower-seeds from Holland, and
kept each kind in a separate bed."

. . . . . .

"As the grass on the plot before our house did
not form a fine, even turf, the ground was trenched
and sown with good seed, but along with the grass
a vast crop of thistles and groundsel appeared,
which attracted goldfinches, and in the early morn-
ings I have seen as many as sixty to eighty of these
beautiful birds feeding on it.

"My love of birds has continued through life, for
only two years ago, in my extreme old age, I lost a
pet mountain sparrow, which for eight years was
my constant companion; sitting on my shoulder,
pecking at my papers, and eating out of my mouth:
and I am not ashamed to say I felt its accidental
death very much. . . .

"My mother taught me to read the Bible, and to
say my prayers morning and evening; otherwise,
she allowed me to grow up a wild creature. When
I was six or seven years old I began to be useful,
for I pulled the fruit for preserving, shelled the peas
and beans, fed the poultry, and looked after the
dairy, for we kept a cow."

. . . . . .

"My father at last said to my mother, 'This kind
of life will never do; Mary must, at least, know how
to write and keep accounts.' So at ten years old I
was sent to a boarding school at Musselburg, where
I was utterly wretched. . . .

"The school at Musselburg was expensive, and I
was reproached with having cost so much money in
vain. My mother said she would have been con-
tented if I had only learned to write well and keep
accounts, which was all that a woman was expected
to know.

"This passed over, and I was like a wild animal
escaped out of a cage. I was no longer amused in
the gardens, but wandered about the country. When
the tide was out, I spent hours on the sands looking
at the star fish and sea urchins, or watching the
children digging for sand-eels, cockels, and the
spouting razor-fish. I made a collection of shells,
such as were cast ashore; some so small that they
appeared like white specks in patches of black sand

There was a small pier on the sands for shipping limestone from the coal mines inland. I was astonished to see the surface of these blocks of stone covered with beautiful impressions of what seemed to be leaves; how they got there I could not imagine, but I picked up the broken bits, and even large pieces, and brought them to my repository. I knew the eggs of many birds, and made a collection of them. I never robbed a nest, but bought strings of eggs, which were sold by boys, besides getting seafowl eggs from sailors who had been in whalers or on other northern voyages."

. . . . . .

"My mother did not prevent me from reading, but my aunt Janet, who came to live in Burntisland after her father's death, greatly disapproved of my conduct. She was an old maid who could be very agreeable and witty, but she had all the prejudices of the time with regard to woman's duties, and said to my mother, 'I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading; she never *shews* (sews) more than if she were a man.' Whereupon I was sent to the village school to learn plain needlework."

. . . . . .

"I was annoyed that my turn for reading was so much disapproved of, and thought it unjust that women should have been given a desire for knowledge if it were wrong to acquire it. Among our books I found 'Chapone's Letters to Young Women," and resolved to follow the course of history these recommended, the more so as we had most of the works she mentioned. One, however, which my cousin lent me was in French, and here the little I had learnt at school was useful, for with the help of a dictionary I made out the sense."

(To be continued.)

AGASSIZ.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Once in the leafy prime of Spring,
When blossoms whitened every thorn,
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe,
Where Agassiz was born.

The birds in boyhood he had known
Went flitting through the air of May,
And happy songs he loved to hear
Made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills
Run laughing through the valleys green,
And as I watched it run, I said
"This *his* dear eyes have seen!"

For cliffs of ice his feet had climed
That day outspoke of him to me:—
The avalanches seemed to sound
The name of *Agassiz*!

And, standing on the mountain crag
Where loosened waters rush and foam,
I felt, that though on Cambridge side,
He made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I mused
I knew no pang of fear, or care,
Or homesick weariness, because
Once Agassiz stood there!

I walked beneath no alien skies,
No foreign heights I came to tread,
For everywhere I looked, I saw
His grand, beloved head.

His smile was stamped on every tree,
The glacier shone to gild his name,
And every image in the lake
Reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys
That could unlock the guarded gates,
Where Science like a monarch stands,
And sacred Knowledge waits—

Thine ashes rest on Charles's banks,
Thy memory all the world contains,
For thou could'st bind in human love
All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets
Our warm and deep affections free,—
Who knew thee best must love thee best,
And longest mourn for thee!

—*Scribner's*, for March.

LITTLE STREAMS.

Little streams are light and shadow;
Flowing through the pasture meadow;
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all.
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing
In their little waves, is dancing

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plumy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in the valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

—*Mary Howitt.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SECOND MONTH.

	1873.	1874.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	3 days.	2 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	2 "	0 "
Snow, including very slight falls	8 "	6 "
Cloudy, without storms	2 "	7 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	13 "	13 "
	28 "	28 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN.	1873.	1874.
Mean temperature of Second mo., per Penna. Hospital	30.57 deg.	33.75 deg.
Highest point attained during month	47.00 "	72.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	1.00 "	12.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	5.60 in.	2.82 in.

Average of the mean temperature of 2d month for the past 85 years	30.85 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857	41.03 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1815 and 1838	24.00 "

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three Winter months of 1872 and 1873	29.49 "
Mean do do 1873 and 1874	36.38 "
Average of the Winter temperatures for the past 84 years	31.53 "
Highest Winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1827-1828 and 1850-1851	38.33 "
Lowest Winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1814-1815 and 1835-1836	26 66 "

It will be seen that the temperature for the Second month of this year has been very high, *exceeding* the average for past eighty-five years by nearly three degrees. During that long period the temperature for the month the present year has been exceeded in twenty-three instances; so it appears it is nothing unprecedented—the first on our record being 1823 when it reached 36 degrees.

The entire winter has also been very warm, being over four and three-quarter degrees above the average, and contrasting strongly with the preceding one. Indeed it has only been equalled or exceeded *seven* times during eighty-four years—the first instance being the winter of 1827-1828.

On the 19th the present year it was stated that in some parts of California the people were revelling in strawberries.

After giving a remarkable contrast of temperature between two consecutive days, we close, viz.:

	9 A. M.	12 M.	3 P. M.
Second month 23, 1874,	66 deg.	68 deg.	74 deg.
Second month 24, 1874,	38 deg.	40 deg.	40 deg.

J. M. ELLIS.

Phila., Third mo. 2, 1874.

WE can do but little, at most; but we can do that little constantly. Little by little does God elevate us to Himself. He calls daily, weekly, yearly. Neglect one call after another, and we become reprobates.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE SHEPHERD DOG.

Many instances of the almost human sagacity of this animal are related. A narrative of this kind, which is given by William Chambers, of Edinburg, in the reminiscences of his brother Robert and himself, will probably be new to some of our readers. Their grandmother was the wife of William Gibson, a farmer, who rented a large tract of pasturage in Peebleshire. This farm, called Newby, was not less than seven miles long; it commenced near Haystown, about two miles from Peebles, and at the other extremity bordered on Blackhouse, in Selkerkshire, where the Ettrick shepherd spent his youthful days. The author says: "It was on this farm of Newby, while in the possession of W. Gibson, in the year 1772, that there occurred a case of the sagacity of the shepherd's dog, which has often been adverted to in books, but seldom with correctness as to the details. A store-farmer in another part of the country, had commenced a system of sheep stealing, which he was believed to have practised without detection for several years. At length, a sheep which had been taken amongst others from Newby, reappeared on the farm, bearing a brand on her face in addition to that of her true owner. The animal was believed to have been attracted to her former home by the instinct of affection towards the lamb from which she had been separated, and her return was the more remarkable as it involved the necessity of crossing the river Tweed. The shepherd, James Hislop, did not fail to report the reappearance of the sheep to his master, and it was not long before they ascertained whose brand it was which had been impressed over William Gibson's. As many sheep had been for sometime missed out of the stock, it was thought proper that James Hislop should pay a visit to Murdison's farm, where he quickly discovered a considerable number of sheep bearing W. Gibson's brand O, all having Murdison's, the letter T, superimposed. In short, Murdison and his shepherd Miller were apprehended, tried, convicted, and hanged in the Grassmarket—a startling exhibition considering the position of the sufferers in life, and made the more so by the humbler man choosing to come upon the scaffold in his 'dead clothes.'

"The long continued success of the crime of these wretched men was found to have depended upon the wonderful human-like sense of Miller's dog "Yarrow." Accompanied by "Yarrow," the man would take an opportunity of visiting a neighboring farm, and looking through the flocks. He had there only to point out certain sheep to his sagacious companion, who would come that night,

select each animal so pointed out, bring them together, and drive them across the country."

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held in West Philadelphia Meeting-house, 35th and Lancaster Avenue, on Sixth-day evening next, Third month 13th, at 7½ o'clock. Essays and other matter bearing on the cause will be very acceptable, and the attendance of all who are so inclined is invited.

BENJ'N HALLOWELL, JR. } *Clerks.*
ANNA C. SMYTH. }

FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

A General Meeting of Friends and others interested for the consideration, and if need be, explanation of this concern, will be held at Race Street Meeting-house on Third-day evening next, Third mo. 10th, at 8 o'clock, and if way opens, adopt measures to further the object. It is particularly requested that there shall be full attendance.

By order of Managers.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day next, Third mo. 13th, at 3 o'clock, in Race Street Monthly Meeting room, (being the same day the Representative Committee meets.) The attendance of all the Committee is very desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Third mo. 13th, at 4 o'clock. WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Third mo. 11th, at 8 o'clock,

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

Stated meeting of MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION of Friends on Sixth-day evening, Third mo. 13th, at 8 o'clock. ALFRED MOORE,

Secretary

CIRCULAR MEETINGS IN WESTERN QUARTER.

Avondale, Chester Co., Pa., Third mo. 8th, 1874.
Oxford, Chester Co., Pa., Fourth mo. 12th, "

ITEMS.

IN the Arctic explorations the most northern vegetation found is at about latitude 82 degrees north. Dr. Bessel recently presented a set of these far-away Alpines to the Kew Herbarium, and one of them proves to be the common dandelion. Another was a small Poa (*P. flexuosa;*) the other two were a small Mouse-ear (*Cerastium alpinum*) and the small *Draba alpina.*

THE Bamboo, or Talipot Palm, on whose leaves Sanscrit manuscripts are written, has flowered this year both in Calcutta and Ceylon, to the astonishment of the natives. There is a prevalent notion that it flowers only once in a century.

THE garden raspberry, although usually looked upon as a naturalized foreigner, is, after all, a Native American, who has had the advantages of foreign travel. Wild specimens from British America and the Rocky Mountains are of the cultivated species, and it is probable that they were introduced into Europe from the east of Asia, where they are also found. The Asiatic and North American floras have, in the opinion of Dr. Asa Gray, "reciprocally mixed with each other by passing Behring's Straits and the islands which in its neighborhood form a bridge between the two continents."

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS —Lovers of the beautiful, as manifested in the flower kingdom, will be happy to hear that flowers, instead of being unhealthy in rooms, are, on the contrary, disinfectants in disease. Professor Mantegazza has discovered that ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers. A writer in *Nature* states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, clover, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Professor Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put into practice.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SPONGE.—Most of the sponge of commerce is now procured from the Mediterranean sea, more especially about the islands of the Archipelago and in the Levant. They are found adhering closely to the bottom, and require some force to be detached. The fishing is carried on principally by divers, although some is done by spearing, which, however, materially injures the sponge. The inhabitants of a small town named Cranidi, situated about twenty miles southeast of Nauplia, are the most expert divers, being trained to the business from their infancy. After being fished up, the sponge, when perfectly free from sand and dry, is exceedingly light—almost as light as down, being moved by the slightest breath of air. There is a little trickery practiced in this business as in all others, and the sponges before being taken to market are laid on the beach to allow the ripple of the sea to slush them with the finest particles of sand. They are then gathered together in heaps, and pressed close enough to become hard and flat when dry. Notwithstanding they may subsequently undergo a thorough washing and sifting, they will weigh three or four times their original weight. The principal sponge market in the world is Smyrna, in Asia Minor. Sponges of good quality are found on the coast of Florida, but the fishing is not extensively prosecuted there.

PROFESSOR OWEN is said to have discovered in the London clay at Sheppey a new fossil bird, with teeth somewhat resembling those in the Australian hooded lizard. He concludes it to have been web-footed and a fish-eater. No evidence of true teeth had previously been known in any bird.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

:IEF NOTES, NO. 19.—THE INCARNATION.

Or Temporal Status of Jesus and of the Christ.

PART II.

In the progressive development of the ghty plans of the Omnipotent, the period rived when it became necessary to exchange e old dispensation of the law for the new pensation of the Gospel—to abrogate the ternal forms and ceremonial observances of e one for the internal and spiritual manitations of Christ in the souls of men of the ter. But men do not readily change their ustomed habits of thought and of action, hout some extraordinary excitement, or tive, leading them thereto. It was on such ontingency that Jesus was brought upon the ge of action.

Hence we come to realize the fact, that the sion of Jesus was a duality, both objecly and subjectively. Outwardly, he was ew; he was born, educated, and lived in observance of the law. Inwardly, he was perfect type of a Christian. While He Himself obedient to the outward law, He ght His followers to abrogate it for the ritual law which was written in their own ids.

'o the Jews, who by an unfortunate misception of their own prophets, were look- for an outward Saviour and king, who ıld lead them to victory over all their enemies, it was, perhaps, necessary that He should appear as a Jew; but in such a manner as would completely frustrate their false hopes and expectations. But, to the children of the new covenant, it was equally necessary that He should lead and instruct them in the more sublime principles of the everlasting Gospel.

Thus did Jesus, by virtue of his dual mission, bring together and unite, in His own person, the extremes of the two covenants—linking them together—and opening up a pathway from the one to the other. May not this prove the proper index to the great and grand idea of the Incarnation?

These views suggest an idea of the Incarnation which cannot be embraced under any of the preceding heads, and which may properly claim some consideration as a fourth postulate,—that Jesus did not possess a carnal body, but that the Holy Ghost—the Christ—was clothed upon by a mystical or angelic body, capable of appearing unto men as a man, or altogther vanishing from their sight, whenever, in the Divine appointment, it should be required to do either the one or the other.

In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis we read:

"That Abraham sat in the tent door, and he looked, and lo, three men; and he ran to meet them, and bowed himself towards the ground, and said, my Lord, if now I have

found favor in Thy sight, pass not away, I pray Thee, from Thy servant. Let a little water be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree; and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, so do, as thou hast said.

And Abraham hastened unto Sarah and said, make ready, quickly, three measures of fine meal; knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. And he ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it to a young man, and he hastened to dress it. And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and they did eat under the tree."

Thus far we have a note-worthy example of ancient Eastern hospitality—nothing more. But by pursuing the narrative, it will be found that Abraham was entertaining angels, unawares.

I might, if it were needful, recite other similar cases, as those of Gideon, of Manoa, &c.. &c.

Having drawn the attention of the reader to these instances of an *apparent*—not real—incarnation of angels—their *mystical embodiment*, I will next inquire from the Scripture records how it was with Jesus.

Luke informs us, "That all they in the synagogue, when they heard him, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city; and led Him unto the brow of the hill, that they might cast Him down headlong. But He, *passing through the midst of them, went His way.*"—(Chapter iv.)

It is again related by John, "When Jesus said unto them, before Abraham was, I am; —then took they up stones to cast at Him. But *Jesus hid Himself.** and went out of the temple, *going through the midst of them*; and so passed by."—(Chapter viii.)

These abstracts will enable my readers to compare, with greater certainty and success, the *embodiment or apparent Incarnation* of the angels of the Old Testament, with the incarnation of Jesus in the New Testament. It must, I think, be obvious to all, that there is a remarkable similarity—almost an entire parallelism—between them. In their personal manifestations, both presented the same "human form divine." They both exercised the same locomotive organs, and the faculty of speech. They both partook of the rights of hospitality. In short, they both assumed the verisimilitude of men, with their faculties, their appetites, and their wants. Nor does the similitude end here; for both appear to have been sometimes *visible* and *tangible*; and at others, to *vanish* in thin air.

The believers in the resurrection of Jesus appear generally to agree that He rose from the tomb in the self same body in which He had been crucified. Hence it would follow, that if the body was incarnate before, it must have been equally so after that event. But to my mind, the record strongly militates against that belief.

It does not appear that Jesus walked any more in Jewry, or was seen of the people, after the resurrection, except in a few transient visits to His immediate followers. Even these were mostly unlooked for—a sudden surprise. "In one instance, they were *terrified* and *affrighted*, and supposed that they had seen a spirit"—(Luke xxiv. 37) a natural supposition.

Who shall reveal to us the abiding place of this *corporeal body* during the forty days which intervened between the crucifixion and the resurrection? Echo answers *who?*

The meagre and somewhat confused history which has come down to us, of the manifestations of Jesus during these forty days, so far from sustaining the idea of a *carnal body*, must forcibly remind the reader, at every step, of *angelic visits* in the patriarchal ages.

Thus, at the sepulchre, "He appeared first to Mary Magdalene." But He said, "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father."—(John xx. 17.)

"And they (the women) went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; and, behold Jesus met them, saying, all hail, and they came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him."—(Mark, xvi. 8), (Matt., xxviii. 9.)

"The same day, two of the disciples went to Emmaus; and Jesus Himself drew near and went with them; but their eyes were holden that they should not know Him.' And when permitted to know Him, "*He vanished out of their sight.*"—(Luke, xxiv. 1 and 32.)

"Then, the same day, at evening, when the *doors were shut*, where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, &c."—(John, xx. 19.)

"Again, eight days after His disciples were within. Then came Jesus, the *doors being shut*, and stood in the midst, &c."—(John xxiv. 26.)

Comment on these texts is needless; they explain themselves.

When the Incarnate Body, the man Jesus the Christ of the Jews, had completed the fulfilment of the external, ceremonial law

* The pious and learned Adam Clark makes this comment:

"1st.—He hid Himself by becoming invisible; and, then,

2nd.—He passed through the midst of them." "See a similar note on Luke iv, 30."—(Commentaries.)

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and virtually abrogated it, His *mission on earth was closed*, and, according to His own testimony, it became expedient that He should *go away*, "for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you. But if I depart, I *will send Him* unto you."—(John xvi. 7.) Having blotted out the hand-writing of carnal ordinances, and nailed them to the cross, He rent the veil of the tabernacles—a temple made with human hands—and departed, to send the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, to dwell in the hearts of the people, for know ye not that ye are the temples of the living God, wherein all true and acceptable worship must be offered? For as Jesus declared,

*"The hour cometh, and now is, (*) when the true worshippers of the Father shall worship in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a spirit; and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—(John iv. 23–24.)

E. MICHENER.

Toughkenamon, Pa., 2d mo., 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Extracts from Thomas Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism," in three volumes, printed in 1806.

(Continued from page 19.)

The Quakers generally bring up their children to some useful employment, that they may not spend their precious time in idleness, which is of evil example, and tends to their hurt. In the exercise of their callings (business), they were taught to be particularly attentive to their words and to the punctual performance of their engagements, and on no account delay their payments beyond the time they have promised; they were noted for a scrupulous attention to their duty as Christians in their commercial concerns.

One of the great clamors against them, in the infancy of their institution, was that they would get all the trade. It was nothing but their great honor in their dealings, arising from religious principle, that gave birth to this uproar or secured them a more than ordinary portion of the custom of the world in the line of their respective trades. Many and grievous were the sufferings of the Quakers, in the early part of their history, on account of their refusing to swear before the civil magistrate. They have an objection to oaths as solemn appeals to God, because they are unnecessary, as truth was before all oaths. But, above all, they consider oaths as unlawful for Christians, having been positively forbidden by Jesus Christ, who said, "Swear not at all."

They also believe it unlawful for Christians to engage in the profession of arms under any circumstances whatever. Hence there is no such character as that of a Quaker soldier. He is always able to avoid the regular army, because the circumstance of entering into it is a matter of choice; but where he has no such choice, as in the militia, he either submits, if he has property, to distraints upon it, or if he has not, to prison. Jesus Christ, in His sermon on the mount, said, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." And He also says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." The Quakers are of opinion that no man can receive this doctrine in his heart and assist, either offensively or defensively, in the operations of war. Instead of going to war with their fellow creatures, by their conduct they have obtained, as Clarkson says, "the epithet of benevolent. This benevolence includes good will to man in his temporal capacity, or a tender feeling for him as a fellow creature, in the varied situations of life.

It has long been known, that as the early Christians called each other brethren, and loved each other as such, so there runs through the whole Society of the Quakers a system of similar love, their affection for one another having been long proverbial. Their benevolence is also extended out of the pale of their own Society towards their countrymen at large and the various inhabitants of the globe, without any discrimination.

No society has probably so many of the comforts of life in its power as that of the Quakers. None, probably, so wholly domestic. None where the members of it have such frequent intercourse with each other, or where they are so connected in the bonds of brotherly love, and none, as far as I know men, who have such constant employment for their time. Their trades or callings occupy the greater portion of their time. There is rarely such a being among them as a lazy person, gaping about for amusement. Few are so miserable as those who have nothing to do, or who, unable to find employment, feel a dull vacuum in their time. The meetings of the Quakers is a source of much enjoyment. Their Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings for discipline often bring them together from long distances. When they have dispatched their business they retire to the houses of their friends, where they take their refreshment and indulge in the pleasures of conversation. And when they travel, whether on business or religious errands, few Quakers

* When ye shall, neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

pass through the towns where Quakers live without calling upon them. Thus, as Clarkson says, "Religion, which includes positive virtues and an absence from vices, joined to a peaceful conscience and a well-grounded hope of a better life, is the first and greatest cause of happiness, and may belong to all.

The Quakers, married, may be said to be a happy people. George Fox suggested many regulations on this subject. He advised, among other things, when persons had it in contemplation to marry, that they should lay their intention before the Monthly Meetings, both of men and women. He advised, also, that the consent of their parents should be previously obtained and certified thereto. Thus, he laid the foundation for greater harmony in the approaching union. When the committee appointed for the duty report they find no obstruction to their proceeding, they appoint a suitable day for the celebration of it, which is generally one of the week-day meetings for worship. The congregation when seated, sit in silence. Perhaps some minister is induced to speak. After a suitable time has elapsed, the man and woman rise up together, and, taking each other by the hand, declare publicly that they thus take each other as husband and wife. By way, however, of evidence of their union, a paper is signed by the man and woman in the presence of three witnesses, and generally another paper stating concisely the proceeding of the parties in their respective meetings and the declaration made by them as having taken each other as man and wife; this is signed by the parties, their relations and many of their friends. The celebration of marriage which obtained in the time of George Fox, nearly obtains among the Quakers of the present day. Among the regulations of George Fox, and adopted by his followers, was that persons belonging to the Society should not intermarry with those of other religious professions, and persons engaged in such marriages were to be disowned. Disownment is held to be necessary, because it acts as a check upon such marriages which have been found to be more productive of uneasiness than of enjoyment. When two persons of different religious principles join in marriage, it is almost impossible that they should not occasionally differ. Points in religion may occasionally be suggested, which may bring with them the seeds of temporary uneasiness; both adhering to their respective tenets as the best to be embraced by their rising offspring, there will be considerable doubts in the minds of the children as to what are religious truths.

When men wish to marry, they wish, if they are men of sense, to find such women as are virtuous; to find such as are prudent and domestic, and such as have a proper sense of the folly and dissipation of the fashionable world,—such, in fact, as will make good mothers and good wives. If a Quaker looks into his own Society he will generally find the female part of it of this description.

The dress of the Quaker female is considered as neat and elegant, and their modesty and demeanor as worthy of admiration. These reasons operate with men, not of the Society, in choosing them also for their wives; hence the greater portion disowned for marriage consist of women. But no person, who marries out of the Society, can be legally married without going through the forms of the established church. Therefore, those who submit to this ceremony, as performed by a priest, acknowledge, according to the Quakers, the validity of an human appointment of the ministry. They acknowledge the propriety of paying a gospel minister for the discharge of his office. Believing these can no longer be considered as sound or consistent members, the Quakers think themselves warranted in disowning them.

The Quakers believe that God raises up His own ministers, and that they must look up to Him, and not to man, for their reward. Jesus Christ said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." No person, in the opinion of the Quakers, can be a true minister of the gospel, unless he feels himself called or appointed by the Spirit of God. They believe also, if men would teach religion, they must first be taught of God. They must go first to the school of Christ; must come under His discipline in their hearts; must crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts thereof. It becomes men to be changed themselves before they can change others. Those who have been thus changed, have the advantage of being able to state, from living experience, what God has done for them; what they have seen with their eyes; what they have looked upon, and what their hands have handled of the word of life.

Men also, who, by means of God's holy Spirit, have escaped the pollutions of the world, are in a fit state to understand the mysteries of God, and to carry with them the seal of their own commission. Jesus said, "My doctrine is not mine, but his who sent Me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself." Such ministers are also considered as better qualified to reach the inward state of the people, and to preach liberty to the captives of sin, than those who have merely the advantage of school divinity or of academical learning. They believe that God has given His holy Spirit without exception to all. They dare not say, that women can-

not mortify the deeds of the flesh, or that they cannot be regenerated and walk in newness of life. If women, therefore, believe they have a call to the ministry, and undergo the purification necessarily connected with it, and preach in consequence, and preach effectively, they dare not refuse to accept their preaching as the fruits of the Spirit, merely because it comes through the medium of the female sex.

The Quakers believe their ministers, when they preach, are moved by the Spirit of God. They believe, also, that except they are peculiarly careful or cautious, and keep particularly on their watch, they may mistake their own imaginations for the agency of the Spirit.

As the Quakers cannot pay their own ministers, so it is a tenet with them that they cannot pay those of other denominations for their gospel labors upon the same principle; that is, they believe that all ministers of every description ought to follow the example which St. Paul gave and enjoined them, of maintaining themselves by their own hands,—they ought to look up to God and not to man for their reward.

The Spirit of God the Quakers have pronounced to be the only infallible Guide to men in their spiritual concerns, and that it has been given to all the human race, without any exceptions, for the same purpose; not only the patriarchs and prophets, but those termed Heathen or Gentiles. "It was said of Socrates, he had the guide of his life within him. He called it his good angel, or spirit; that it suggested to his mind what was good and virtuous, and inclined and disposed him to a strict and pious life; that it furnished him with Divine knowledge, and impelled him very often to speak publicly to the people, sometimes in a way of reproof, at other times to information." "I have," says Senaca, "a more clear and certain light, by which I may judge the truth from falsehood: that which belongs to the happiness of the soul the Eternal mind will direct to."

Many other testimonies might be quoted showing the sufficiency of the Spirit of Truth in the soul of man, if obeyed, to preserve from all sin and enable all to live righteous and holy lives. That we the Society of Friends may be watchful, prayerful and obedient to this Light within that we profess to be led and guided by, may show by our consistent life and conversation that we live up to our profession, is the prayer of the copyist of the extracts from Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism."

R. H.

If all would but live out the Sermon on the Mount, what a happy world this would be!—*Mary Wiffen.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

The reading of the 14th chapter of Romans this morning, in our reading class, and the interchange of views it elicited, so impressed my mind that I have been led to examine, more closely perhaps than ever before, the salient truth embraced therein.

Evidently the Apostle intended, in the advice therein given, to awaken the little band of disciples that had been organized into a church at Rome to broader views concerning Christian fellowship—to that liberty in Christ into which as his followers they had been introduced.

"Who might they receive into membership?" is the question that the first verse of this chapter meets. And what a Christ like answer. How the scholar, the theologian, the acute reasoner, the skilful debater, trained in the most celebrated school of Jerusalem, is lost in a sublime charity which is alone to be found in the mind that has learned of Jesus, through the Christ power manifested in him.

"Him that is *weak* receive ye, but not unto *doubtful disputations.*" Weak in the faith—weak—like the little child that stands alone for the first time, not daring as yet to take one step forward. Weak to accept in its fullness that primary Gospel truth—that God is reconciling the world to Himself through the power manifested in the man Christ Jesus. Slow to perceive that all the pomp and ceremony, the oblations and penances by which the idolatrous worshipper sought to appease the wrath of an offended Deity would avail nothing.

We can scarcely estimate the amount of spiritual force it must have required to turn the back on the sensuous worship of that age, to count it as nothing in comparison with the winning of Christ, and being found in Him, disrobed of everything by which the soul had sought to hide itself from God; for we must bear in mind that the fig-leaf covering of our first parents conceals a great truth in man's spiritual life. The individual that shuns being brought face to face with the Redeemer of souls is in the same condition spiritually in which they were when they "heard His voice in the garden."

True, the devout worshipper in every age has craved to be in the likeness of God, but the fact that all such may have access to Him without the intervention of priest or outward altar, was only proclaimed in its fullness in the ministry of the man Christ Jesus, even he so far condescended to the spiritual darkness of His time as to recommend one on whom he had exercised his power of healing "to go and show himself

to the priest and offer the gift that Moses had commanded."

I try as I sit here to put myself back into those early Gospel times. I see a Roman, perhaps a member of Cæsar's household; for there were such that heard Paul gladly. I witness his first distrust of the religion of his fathers, his questionings of the oracles, his doubts of the holiness of a faith that permits shameless immoralities in its chosen exponents; for the mind never reaches after the new, until it doubts the old; we are even *more* tenacious of the old when the ground upon which we stand begins to shake under our feet. This man has heard from the lips of eloquence the startling truth that "The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "What is this Gospel of Christ that saves?" he asks, and the same eloquent Apostle answers, "It is peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, and they who attain to it must "follow after the things that make for peace."

How different is all this teaching from anything he has ever heard before. He is of the wise and learned, but he sees that if he would please God, he must not expect to do it through anything outside of himself. The depths into which his doubts have led him reveal this: he is made conscious that the power of God as manifested in the despised Nazarene *must* be something greater than oracle or sacrificial altar, and he yearns to know more of that life which so divinely represented the union of God and the creature.

His faith *is* weak; for he has tried in the flesh to please God and finds all his own righteousness but comparable to rags.

Hear him, in his utter hopelessness, crying out "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

He can never go back to the old, but he has as yet comprehended but dimly that which he feels can alone meet his spiritual want, and which he must embrace. How tenderly does the advice of Paul meet his case. "Him, receive ye, but not to *doubtful disputations*." Ah, these disputations are they which tear and divide the body of Christ, and make the Church a stumbling block and a reproach.

If we could only go back to the simple badge of discipleship, how soon might that "visage," which the old Prophet saw, so marred, more than any man, and his form, more than the sons of men, become what it was intended to be, a "body fitly joined together" and all the parts in harmony—a glorious body, of which Christ is the head.

These doubtful questions which must ever be answered by the individual soul, of meats and drinks, of days and observances, and all the minor duties, have personal and individual application, and cannot be judged from any stand-point that *human* authority may set up in this age of the Church any more than in the days of the Apostles.

Again, this chapter comes in with tender loving counsel, and says, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, for we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," must be arraigned before that tribunal which he taught and our own experience endorses, that God has set up in each heart, where "every one must give account of himself to God."

"Let us not therefore judge one another." Continues this holy man, "but judge rather this, that no man put a stumbling block in the way of another."

Do we not see how this advice, if carried out, would transform the visible church into the glorious image of the heavenly? How all who devoutly believe in the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, no matter what their views of church-fellowship, or whether they stand aloof altogether, are equally the objects of His tender care?

In this broad field of Christian charity might we not be content that each should work his little plot in the way which to him seems best? what matter if some in the field have a nearer acquaintance with the elements which constitute the soil? Let it be their concern to so present the knowledge they have gained that it may commend itself to others, toiling near by. If this be done in the spirit that "seeketh not its own," but is earnest to dispense of the good it has received, it will have its influence and will be felt wherever exerted.

I am never so melted into sympathy with the unrest of the world in its searches after God, as when in the society of a man who, from the positive side of this universe, sees the Divine *only* in the path through which he has traveled.

This is what Paul meant when he said, "I preach Christ Crucified, to the Jew a stumbling block, to the Greek, foolishness."

It is not by the intellect that man comes to a knowledge of his Redeemer. Neither science nor reason can ever bring the soul near to Him, and who does not see the unfathomed wisdom in this arrangement? The Holy One, in condescension to the low condition of the race, gives to every intelligent creature a spark of the divine illumination, through which each may in the measure of his need find the peace of God.

L. J. R.

First-day, 3d mo., 1874.

Where there is much light, the shadow is deep.

INTEMPERANCE.

Extract from a Letter.

Dear ——— I am obliged for the "*Intelligencer*," which I have read with interest. I notice that the subject of temperance claims a full share of its columns, and seems to be handled with ability. I cannot, however, fully agree with some of the statements of Robert S. Haviland, whose address is reported.

Temperance people are making attacks on the *traffic* in liquors; but it seems to me that it is more consistent with the peaceable principles of the Society of Friends, to deal with those who offend against their own nature, and the rules of social and religious life, by indulging in excess. The trade in liquors is a lawful trade, so far as human statutes can be law, but the drinking of liquors to excess is an offence, which comes properly within the range of Christian effort.

Friend Haviland says, however, of the traffic, that no law "can make it anything but a crime." But, admitting this to be true, is not the real cause of the evil in those who drink, rather than in those who sell? A liquor seller may be licensed by law, but if customers do not visit him and purchase, he is not an offender against the public peace and safety. The trade is the outgrowth of the demand, and not the cause of it. Long before there was any license law, or any extended traffic, men drank wine and became drunkards. Let us stop the desire for it. Let us cultivate among our own people and in ourselves the restraining forces, which find their origin in the higher life, and are emanations from the inward light. A "pest house" is used as a comparison with the liquor shop. But I think the comparison is not a fair one. A "pest house" is an asylum for sufferers from contagious diseases. The air of the neighborhood becomes loaded with disease; it penetrates the corridors and doors of dwellings, and poisons the air and the life. A liquor shop sends forth no such pestilential air. It is powerless for evil, if the people stay away from it. It creates no poisoned atmosphere, and does not penetrate our houses. Men go after it Weak men, they may be, but what is our religion for, but to succor the weak and be their strength.

"Theft" is offered also in comparison, but the comparison does not appear to me to be just. It may be compared more properly with drunkenness, than with the liquor shop. The morbid acquisitiveness, the pinching of penury, which induce men to steal, are not matters to pass laws about. And it would be extremely unwise to shut up stores where goods are offered for sale, because some men are tempted to steal the goods. Christianity would deal with the immoral propensity, and protect the store-keeper in his legal right. "Counterfeiting" is also presented in the same category. It is certainly unlawful. But the bank is not closed because "false bills" are presented, and too often accepted without suspicion.

Let Friends fall back upon their deep convictions of right and duty. Let the Society join the efforts of science and philanthropy to discover the true source of evil *in men* touching this matter, and in ourselves, and we will have neither time nor inclination to quarrel with the laws of trade, or with any class of traders, seeing that we are not compelled to buy. In presenting these views, I am led by a desire to promulgate the truth, and not to find fault with those who may differ from me; but I am deeply anxious for broader views of this evil to prevail, that more comprehensive measures may be adopted to abate it. J. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

By a circular now being distributed, it appears that the concern mentioned in the *Intelligencer* some eighteen months since, as started by our Friend, Job H. Jackson, of West Grove, Pa., has now assumed a practical shape, and is under *care* of an able committee of the "National Temperance Society," of which Aaron M. Powell is the chairman. This committee have decided to divide the work into three parts, and to offer two prizes for each of the three essays, to be open to all writers who choose to compete therefor, in this and other countries.

I. The Scientific; embracing the Chemical, Physiological and Medical aspects.

II. The Historical, Statistical, Economical and Political.

III. The Social, Educational and Religious.

The fund at command enables the committee to announce two prizes for part first, viz: For the best essay the sum of $500 will be paid; for the second best essay, $300. Accepted manuscripts to become the property of the National Temperance Society.

Among the topics which the committee suggest that the scientific essay should include are,

1. What is alcohol? Is it a poison? Is it food?

2. What becomes of alcohol when taken into the human system?

3. What is the physiological action of alcohol on the living organism? Does it increase or impart force? What proofs can be given of either action?

4. What are the consequences of the use of alcohol on the integrity of the system, and

5. What effects has its use on progeny?

6. Is alcohol a medicine? If so, in what diseases and form is it beneficial?

The offers for the scientific essay to remain open to all competitors till First mo. 1st, 1875. The manuscripts to be forwarded to A. M. Powell, 58 Reade Street, N. Y. The essay should be of such a character that, while adapted in style to interest a non-professional reader, it will meet the demands of scholarly criticism. The treatise that best covers the ground in the least compass is desirable. It should not extend beyond 300 pages of print, medium size octavo.

The committee desire at an early day to be able to announce the prize offered for the second and third parts, that the complete standard work may be obtained as soon as practicable. They earnestly appeal to the friends of temperance and virtue to supply them with needful funds. The $1200 at command is an auspicious beginning. The further pledge of contributions, amounting to $1200 in addition, payable First mo. 1st, 1875, will enable the committee, without delay, to offer such inducements as will call into the service thoroughly competent writers. Contributions may be sent to Job H. Jackson (Treasurer), West Grove, Chester County, Pa.; to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade Street, N. Y.; or to any member of the committee, consisting of A. M. Powell, N. Y., James Black, Lancaster, Pa., R. C. Pitman, New Bedford, Mass., A. A. Miner, Boston, and Neal Dow, Portland, Maine.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 14, 1874.

INTEMPERANCE.—It is interesting and encouraging to observe how, one by one, the evils which afflict society, become the subject of deep concern to thoughtful minds, which at last takes shape in earnest efforts for their removal. The character of these efforts will, of course, be determined by peculiar modes of thought in individuals and associations; the promptings of duty in one, leading to one mode of arresting the evil, and in another to a different mode. But, whatever may be our opinion of the wisdom of some of these movements, or the fears of some that the good work may be temporarily retarded by them, we would not in such a cause throw discouragement on any honest worker; but rather adopt the language of the blessed Jesus: "Forbid them not, for he that is not against us is for us."

On another page will be found a letter on this subject, sent us by a valued correspondent, who says, "This great question is agitating the public mind as never before, perhaps, in my day, and under the circumstances, a wide latitude of opinion will find expression, which should be encouraged, that the truth may be developed.

"I, therefore, solicit the publication of the enclosed, even though the Committee cannot unite with the opinions of the writer."

The writer of that letter prefers that Christian effort should be directed toward individuals who drink liquors to excess, rather than to prohibitory laws which restrain the traffic in them. But should not Christian effort be directed toward both? not only to strengthen a brother's weak will, but to remove temptation out of his way. Our own Yearly Meeting and, perhaps, most others on this continent, has a "prohibitory law," as regards its own members, against the manufacture of, and trade in, spirituous liquors. This step, and the more recent one of discouraging the use as a drink of *all* intoxicating liquors, are the culmination of a concern which began by simply counseling *moderation*. With regard to those good gifts of our heavenly Father, which are universally admitted to be healthful and safe to partake of, each one of us must learn the true limit of indulgence. But is spirituous liquor one of these gifts which it is safe and healthful to partake of? Or is it not rather like opium, calomel, and other dangerous drugs, to be used carefully in emergencies, but kept under lock and key lest it do mischief?

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—We give place in the present issue to the concluding number of a series of articles, by T. H. S., on the causes of declension in the Society of Friends, with the remedies and changes suggested by the writer. Among the latter are some with which we do not unite, and doubt not but that to many of our readers they will be equally objectionable; but, as the writer states, they are but suggestions, and as we have heretofore explained, we cannot feel that it would be right for us as conductors of this paper, to ex-

clude from its columns the thoughts and suggestions of our contributors, because they may not accord with our own views, when we are satisfied that they arise from a sincere concern for the welfare of our Society, and do not compromise any vital principle.

TRIBUNE LECTURE EXTRAS.—We are indebted to the New York *Tribune* for copies of these valuable Scientific Extras, which give, at trifling cost, some of the most important popular lectures of the day. To the many who are unable to attend the lectures which are given in our larger cities, but who wish to keep up with the rapid advance in scientific discovery, these papers furnish a satisfactory means of instruction. That the demand for these thoroughly illustrated sheets should be sufficient to warrant the very low price at which they are furnished, is an indication of an increasing desire for information in regard to the mysteries of Creation, which is very gratifying. The good and wholesome mental food furnished will crowd out pernicious reading, and it is surely a good work to awaken and to foster elevated tastes among the people. We rejoice that the editors of the New York *Tribune*, instead of devoting the entire influence of their powerful paper to partisan political warfare, have chosen to give these useful and interesting papers to the public. The pursuit of truth in natural things, the discovery of the ideas that existed in the Creative Mind, will divert the attention of the people from the absorbing pursuit of baser things—gain and power—the cause of the all-pervading corruption now threatening our country.

MARRIED.

KNIGHT—GREEN.—On First month 22nd, 1874, George Edward Knight to Sallie R. Green, daughter of Walter W. Green of this city.

KIRK—STOCKLY.—On Third month 3rd, 1874. Charles Kirk, of Warminster, Bucks Co., Pa., to Harriet E. Stockly, of Philadelphia.

The above marriages were accomplished under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

SMITH—CONRAD.—On Second month 5th, 1874, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, (Race Street,) Robert D. Smith to Ellen Conrad, daughter of Job Conrad, late of Montgomery Co., Pa.

THATCHER—BLAKEY.—On the 12th of Second month, 1874, with the approbation of Richland Monthly Meeting, at the residence of Paxson and Letitia S. Blakey, in Richland Township, Bucks Co., Pa., Jesse Thatcher, of Quakertown, to Elizabeth Blakey, of Richland.

BRIGGS—TERRY.—At the residence of Morris and Elizabeth Terry, in Attleboro', Bucks Co., Pa., with the approbation of Makefield Monthly Meeting, on the 18th of Second month, 1874, Edward Briggs, of Middletown, to Anna Mary Terry, of Attleboro'.

BUCKMAN—MITCHELL.—At the residence of John S. and Phebe Mitchell, in Attleboro', Bucks Co., Pa., on the 19th of Second month, 1874, under the care of Middletown Monthly Meeting of Friends, Thomas Buckman, of Newtown, to Emma Mitchell, of Attleboro'.

THOMSON—EYRE.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 24th of Second month, 1874, with the approbation of Makefield Monthly Meeting, Thomas Thomson, of Cheltenham, Montgomery Co., Pa., to Mary, daughter of Isaac and Elizabeth K. Eyre.

GAUNT—EDWARDS.—At the house of the bride's parents near Woodstown, N. J., with the approbation of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, on the 11th of Second month, 1874, Filmore Gaunt and Anna Edwards.

DIED.

BUCKMAN.—Elizabeth Buckman, a member of Chester Monthly Meeting, First month 5th, 1873.

CLEAVER.—On the 21st of Twelfth month, 1873, of paralysis, Sarah L. Cleaver, in her 70th year. She was the wife of Nathan Cleaver, and daughter of the late Mahlon and Ann Linton, of Westland, Washington, Co., Pa.; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting, O.

COX.—On the 26th of First month, 1874, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Nathan L. Garrett, West Chester, Pa., Elizabeth Cox, in the 72nd year of her age. She was for many years an esteemed Elder of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

HILLBORN.—In Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 17th of Second month, 1874, after a short illness, Rachel, youngest daughter of Cyrus and Mary Anna Hillborn, aged two years and four months.

LOGAN.—On the 24th ultimo, after a short illness, Esther S. Logan, widow of Joseph Logan, of Chester Co.; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race St.).

HOLLINSHED.—In Woodstown, N. J., on the 16th of Second month, Mary S. Hollinshed, aged 62 years; a member of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, N. J.

After a life of more than average length, this dear Friend passed away as quietly as the serenest autumn day draws to its peaceful close.

Her career throughout was one of unostentatious goodness and usefulness, qualities which were accompanied by a native refinement to which unusual culture lent an additional charm. Earnest and radical in her views, she was never deterred from arraying herself distinctly on the unpopular side when duty required her to do so; yet possessing a soundness of judgment, and a consequent balance of mind, which saved her from all extremes.

With a sense of personal honor so high, that she

was regarded by some as fastidious, she was scrupulous in the discharge of her duties to the humblest, though reluctant to make personal demands on the kindness of her many friends; and thus she passsd through the midst of the "falseness and folly," with which we are all more or less surrounded, with a spirit serene and untroubled.

Caring little for mere theological beliefs, her judgments were based upon character rather than upon religious profession, and there were those among her intimate friends who were ignorant of her views concerning dogmas which many consider essential.

The home, which everywhere bore the imoress of her taste and refinement, and from which all ostentation and vulgar display were banished, is closed; but the memory of the pleasant hours passed there will linger in the minds of all who were admitted within its precincts.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.

Pope Gregory the Great was born of illustrious Roman parentage about 550. He became prefect of Rome in 573, and, on the death of Pelagius II., in 590, was elected Pope.

His life was signalized by his zeal in reforming church discipline, and a rigid enforcement of its rules; also, by an unremitting effort to convert barbaric races to Christianity. By him monasteries were founded and protected, that were models of industry and order. The western monks, in this respect, differed widely from those of the east. While the latter were spending their lives in dreamy and idle seclusion, the former were cultivating the arts, as well as the more laborious occupations of life; agriculture and gardening claimed an equal share of attention. Their productive homes were bee-hives of industry, and the material wealth of the country was increased by their labors.

Gregory improved the condition of the peasantry. He reduced the taxes, and relieved the poor. Humane in his nature, he sought to benefit all classes. Through his influence, civilization received a renewed impulse. He is charged with resorting to ignoble means to promote the interests of the church. Like some others of his class, bigotry and superstition marred a pleasant picture.

The Doctor drew an interesting sketch of some of the prominent features of the Germanic race. They had many virtues, with strong affection for wife and family. Their homes were held inviolate. The Saxons were eminently warlike, active and vigorous. They made war their chief occupation. Their conversion to Christianity, though seemingly little more than nominal, was considered an important feature of the times.

Gregory sent missionaries into Britain, and they succeeded, though not without much new religion in a soil that has since cherished and retained it, though softened and modified by the intervening ages. The Doctor's closing remarks, indicative of his belief that error was as prevalent now as at any former period of the world, had a depressing influence, and was at variance with the received opinion that truth must be in the ascendant. With all deference to the Doctor's opinion, I would say, that if the spirit of toleration is fostered in the minds of men, under its influence inquiry will be promoted, and an earnest desire for and search after Truth *will* separate the dross from the fine gold, which *must ever*, and *will always*, bear the test of the crucible.

The fourteenth lecture embraced the life and times of Mohammed. Before entering upon the incidents of his life, the Doctor gave a sketch of the oriental nation at the time of his mission.

The Arabians were polytheists, grossly idolatrous. Society was composed of an admixture of Jews and Christians, and ignorance and superstition pervaded all classes. The Black Stone of Mecca, supposed by some to be an ærolite, was an object of special worship. A mosque was erected over it, and the constant care of the royal family secured to protect it. Mohammed is reported to have been an idol worshipper in early life; but profoundly impressed with the degradation of his countrymen, he sought in retirement and meditation for that divine illumination which would qualify him to be their guide and teacher. Believing himself to be thus appointed, he zealously set about the work of regeneration. He enjoined the worship of the only true God, and inculcated in the Koran the practice of exalted virtues. His followers believed this book to be the product of inspired wisdom, and as such it continues. In the early part of his career, he taught religious liberty, and opposed violence—neither did he practice polygamy. His first wife, Kadijah, was the object of his love and veneration. She was his first convert, who believed in his divine mission, and, in moments of despondency, strengthened him by her support. She was removed by death, and he appears to have lost confidence in the peaceful advocacy of his faith. Persecution assailed him—he fled—resorted to arms—and promised a sensual heaven to all who fell fighting for the faith.

His flight occurred in 622, and is called the Hegira. The Mohammedans date their calendar from this period. This religion is one of the most widely diffused on the globe. Its history presents many points of interest. We cease to speak of its founder as an impos-

great religious teacher, whose system was corrupted by many grave errors. There was enough in the Doctor's lecture to induce a desire for a further acquaintance with the history of Mohammed, and on referring to the biographical dictionary of Doctor Thomas, we found that which would repay a careful perusal. His point of observation gives a broader out-look than we obtained from Doctor Lord's lecture, and for this we value it more highly. Hoping that our readers will avail themselves of this, we close the narrative with a brief quotation, with reference to the existence of the sect in recent years.

The writer says, * "With a steady wave of progress, Mohammedanism is sweeping through Africa, where Christianity scarcely advances a step. Wherever Mohammedanism reaches, schools and libraries are established, gambling and drunkenness cease, theft and falsehood diminish, polygamy is limited, woman begins to be elevated and has property rights guaranteed; and instead of witnessing human sacrifices, you see the cottager reading the Koran at her own door, like the Christian cottager in Cowper's description. Its gradual extension, "says an eye witness," is gradually but surely modifying the negro."

One more quotation and we have done.

"While we must admit, with one of the prophet's ablest and most successful defenders, Carlyle) that in the Moslem heaven and heli "There is enough that shocks all spiritual feeling in us," we must also admit, on a candid examination, that his religion, on the whole, made him and his followers better and not worse. In estimating the influence of the Islam upon the nations which embraced it, it would be obviously unjust to take as a standard of comparison the highest forms of Christian civilization; we should rather compare the condition of those nations under the sway of Mohammedanism with their condition as it was before the advent of the prophet. If the religion of Mohammed was *immeasurably* inferior to the religion of Christ, it was in most respects greatly superior to every form of paganism of which we have any knowledge, and probably also to much of that spurious or half spurious Christianity, which it displaced in western Asia and northern Africa." *From Dr. Thomas's Biographical Dictionary.*

Curious to know the relative proportion of adherents in the three great religions of the world, we made some search in such authorities as were at hand, unsuccessfully, however, when a relative, whose term of years has reached the 95th summer, informed us that they were represented by 5, 6 and 19. 1st, Christian; 2nd, Mohammedan; 3rd, Pagan. As this information was obtained in the spring time of her life, it is not probably accurate now. If any of our readers can supply the desired information, they will confer a favor on more than one reader of the *Intelligencer.* E. P. C.

* The Sympathy of Religions, by T. W. H.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 9.

Causes of Declension as Connected with the Principles of the Society, and Remedies.

It is now proposed to endeavor to explain how some of the most valuable principles of the Society, before referred to, have been abandoned by its different branches, some to a greater, and others to a less extent, entailing a loss of vital force and consequent decline.

In the beginning, Friends took, and for a long time maintained, a position of advanced Protestantism, which placed them in the van of religious reformers; but a time of weakness came, and that weakness, so far as relates to the fundamental principles we are now considering, consisted in turning back again to the weak and beggarly elements from which they had obtained their deliverance, and entangling themselves with those theological speculations from which the religious world under their leadership was gradually emerging. One of the first practical fruits of this tendency was the severance of the Society in the United States into two branches, followed within a few years by further divisions and subdivisions in the branch which openly espoused the evangelical theology.

Turning our attention, first to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, we find the first evidence of this retrograde movement in certain passages of its discipline, being advices of the Yearly Meeting incorporated prior to the division of 1827, but how long before is unknown to the writer. One passage will serve for illustration. Parents and heads of families are advised in regard to their children and families, as to the Scriptures, "that they excite them to the diligent reading of those excellent writings which plainly set forth the miraculous conception, birth, holy life, wonderful works, blessed example, meritorious death, and glorious resurrection, ascension and mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and to educate their children in the belief of those important truths."

This, as it seems to the writer, is in direct conflict with the foundation principle of the Society—setting up outward beliefs in lieu of the direct teachings of the Light within, and returning to the school-taught theology and schemes of religion against which Friends had been called to bear their testimony. The

foregoing passage and one or more similar ones are still retained in the Book of Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of *Friends*, as distinguished from Orthodox Friends; no changes having been made therein by them on these subjects. And although there may be some, perhaps many among them, who sympathize with such views, they have seldom disturbed the harmony of the body, opinions being subordinated to the higher test of a truly religious life; but the retention of passages so directly in conflict with well-recognized principles cannot be otherwise than detrimental.

The separation of 1827 was followed on the part of Orthodox Friends by still further digressions, as shown by additions to and modifications of the former discipline, adopting the principal points of the evangelical theology, which was followed within a few years by further divisions and subdivisions among themselves.

It remains to speak of Friends in England. There the retrogression has gone further and is more marked than anywhere else, having carried with it the main body, as it seems, of London Yearly Meeting, with little of decided opposition till the stand taken recently by a few Friends at Manchester. The limits of this article admit of but a hasty criticism of this portion of the general Society.

The first twenty or more pages of the London Discipline are devoted almost exclusively to doctrinal theology. The letter of George Fox to the Governor of Barbadoes, overflowing with well-meant concessions to the darkened sentiment of the times, he, like Paul, being willing to be all things to all men, that he might by all means save some, is made to form the frontispiece to this voluminous array of speculative divinity. Having become impressed with the necessity of having an outward creed, this epistle of George Fox seems to have been selected as a choice piece of material for that purpose. If recalled to life, what would George Fox himself think of his letter being put to such a use? Some English Friends, imbued with these retrogressive proclivities, were the chief instigators of an attempt to establish a like creed for the several Yearly Meetings in the United States which ultimated in the separation of 1827.

Events of quite recent date, the disownment of two of their members, David Duncan and Edward T. Bennett, for alleged unsoundness of opinion, though acknowledged to be men of high intelligence and moral worth, furnishes a key to the extreme length which the majority of Friends in England have gone in the direction of sectarian intolerance, the result of the religious theories they have adopted. The proceedings in these cases carry us back to the days of Galileo; and as well might the ignorant fanaticism of that day seek to suppress by persecution the truths of astronomical science, as the actors in these disownments attempt thereby to suppress freedom of thought. As the absurd dogmatic theories involved in these proceedings are being discarded by the intelligent portion of the actual membership of the self-styled Evangelical churches, a certain class of Friends seem to regard it as their mission to become the special champions of their preservation. It is a matter for profound regret that in England, where the Society of Friends arose, and where it accomplished so much for reform in years past by its independent course, it should now be reduced to the lamentable position of seeking to pattern after those to whom it should still be as a leader and a guide.

It would be a profitless task to tear down, condemn, and find fault with existing institutions, customs and usages, without at the same time suggesting proper remedies and changes; and having pointed out in the former part of this, and in the eight preceding articles, what are believed to be the principal causes of the decline of the Society of Friends, it is now proposed to endeavor to show how these causes can be removed.

Important changes are not to be made hastily or unadvisedly, and the least change that can be made to accomplish the desired result the better. It is not wise to abandon the usages and traditions that have come down to us from our ancestors, till we are well assured of something better to take their place, when we should act promptly and unhesitatingly. It is in accordance with these conservative convictions that we proceed to specify the changes deemed necessary, by their gradual introduction, to restore the Society to its rightful position of standard-bearer in the promotion of true religion. They are, of course, but the suggestions of one member thrown out for the consideration of others, and with no expectation that any of them will be put in practice, unless, in due time, it shall, with due unanimity, be thought well to do so. It will be seen that they chiefly point to one object, that of a more healthful assimilation between the older and the younger class of members, and the development to the largest practicable degree of the gifts of all.

First. No change whatever to be made in the character of the meetings for worship, but the time of the First-day morning sitting, especially in the smaller meetings, to be shortened, to admit of a second session, which might be termed the After-meeting, in which the solemnity proper to the regular meeting should be thrown off, and the aged, the middle aged and the young may mingle with unre-

erved freedom, and devote themselves to an nterchange of views on moral, religious and ducational subjects, to reading and com- nenting upon the Scriptures and other writ- ngs, or whatever form of exercises may enable ach one to impart and receive the greatest mount of good. This may embrace also the rranging of the children, as well as older ones, or instruction in classes. In larger towns, nd where meetings are large, the same result nay be accomplished by the same character f meetings held at any other time.

Second. The Monthly and Preparative Meetings to be held at such times as would be most likely to secure a general attendance, nd it is suggested that in all the smaller neetings the disciplinary affairs of the Society, ppertaining to these meetings, should be nade the business of what we have termed he After-meeting, at stated times.

Third. The elderly and active class of nembers to relax, in a measure, the authority nd influence which they usually exercise in ociety affairs, in order to make way in a reater degree for the younger and more pro- ressive element.

Fourth. It is believed that the mainten- nce of select meetings for ministers and lders has a tendency to concentrate the overnment of the Society in the hands of hose who constitute its members, and to the me extent to destroy the proper influence f the younger classes, and that therefore an dvantage would result from their discontinu- nce.

Fifth. The practice of recommending or nrolling ministers as a class separate from he general membership, to be discontinued.

Sixth. The enrollment, as members of the spective Monthly Meetings, of all those in he habit of attending our meetings and hold- g Friends' views, without other form or test han an expression on their part of a willing- ess to be so enrolled, and the meeting satis- ed that to receive them into membership ould be a mutual advantage.

Seventh. Mid-week meetings, wherever they nnot be maintained with life, to be discon- nued, and the energies now expended in eir maintenance devoted to bringing in, at more favorable time, the young and absent embers, and giving them employment in e work of instructing each other in every- ing that may tend to ennoble and elevate em.

Eighth. The members to be allowed to seat emselves in all our meetings, according to eir several inclinations, without separation the sexes; and a slightly elevated platform be substituted for the high gallery seats.

Ninth. The establishment, as means may found, of a general library in each meet- ing house, and in connection therewith a com- fortable reading-room and place of resort for members in all towns of sufficient size.

Tenth. The distinctive views and principles of Friends, as we have endeavored to set them forth in the foregoing communications, to be held up to the world with whatever con- fidence each may individually feel as to their correctness, unmixed with the dogmatism of the prevalent theology, which must fade away as light and knowledge increase among men.

T. H. S.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Extracts from her "Personal Recollections."

Continued from page 30.

She gives the following account of her life when about fourteen years of age:

"At Jedburg, for the first time in my life, I met in my uncle, Dr. Somerville, with a friend who approved of my thirst for knowledge. During long walks with him in the early mornings, he was so kind that I had the courage to tell him that I had been trying to learn Latin, but I feared it was in vain, for my brother and other boys, superior to me in talent, and with every assistance, spent years in learning it. He assured me, on the contrary, that in ancient times many women—some of them of the highest rank in England—had been very elegant scholars, and that he would read Virgil with me if I would come to his study for an hour or two every morning before breakfast, which I gladly did.

"I never was happier in my life than during the months I spent at Jedburg. My aunt was a charming companion—witty, full of anecdote, and had read more than most women of her day, especially Shakspeare, who was her favorite author. My cousins had little turn for reading, but they were better educated than most girls. They were taught to read by David Brewster, son of the village schoolmaster, afterward Sir David, who became one of the most distinguished philosophers and discoverers of the age, member of all the scientific societies at home and abroad, and at last President of the University at Edinburgh. He was studying in Edinburgh when I was at Jedburg, so I did not make his acquaintance then; but later in life he became my valued friend.

. . . . . .

"We often bathed in the pure stream of the Jed. My aunt always went with us and was the merriest of the party; we bathed in a pool which was deep under the high scaur, but sloped gradually from the grassy bank on the other side. Quiet and transparent as the Jed was, it one day came down with irresistible fury, red with the debris of the sandstone scaurs. There had been a thunder-storm in the hills up stream, and as soon as the river began to rise, the people came out with pitchforks and hooks to catch the hayricks, sheaves of corn, drowned pigs and other animals that came sweeping past. My cousins and I were standing on the bridge, but my aunt called us off when the water rose above the arches, for fear of the bridge giving way. We made expeditions every day; sometimes we went nutting in the forest; at other times we gathered mushrooms on the grass parks of Stewartfield, where there was a wood of picturesque old Scotch firs, inhabited by a colony of rooks. I still kept the habit of looking out for birds, and had the good fortune to see a heron, now a rare bird in the

valley of the Jed. Some of us went every day to a spring called Allerly well, about a quarter of a mile from the manse, and brought a large jug of its sparkling water for dinner.

. . . . . .

"Whilst at my uncle's house, I attended a school for writing and arithmetic, and made considerable progress in the latter, for I liked it, but I soon forgot it for want of practice."

. . . . . .

"The unjust and exaggerated abuse of the Liberal party made me a Liberal. From my earliest years my mind revolted against oppression and tyranny, and I resented the injustice of the world in denying all those privileges of education to my sex, which were so lavishly bestowed on men. My liberal opinions, both in religion and politics, have remained unchanged (or rather have advanced) throughout my life, but I have never been a republican. I have always considered a highly educated aristocracy essential, not only for the government, but for the refinement of a people."

. . . . . .

"I was often invited with my mother to the tea-parties, given either by widows or maiden ladies, who resided at Burntisland."

. . . . . .

"There I became acquainted with a Miss Ogilvie, much younger than the rest, who asked me to go and see fancy works she was doing, and at which she was very clever. I went next day, and, after admiring her work and being told how it was done, she showed me a monthly magazine, with colored plates of ladies' dresses, charades and puzzles. At the end of a page I read what appeared to me to be simply an arithmetical question, but on turning the page I was surprised to see strange looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly X'es and Y's, and asked: 'What is that?' 'Oh,' said Miss Ogilvie, 'it is a kind of arithmetic; they call it Algebra; but I can tell you nothing about it.' And we talked about other things; but on going home I thought I would look if any of our books could tell me what was meant by Algebra. In Robertson's 'Navigation' I flattered myself that I had got precisely what I wanted; but I soon found that I was mistaken. I perceived, however, that astronomy did not consist in star-gazing, and as I persevered in studying the book for a time, I certainly got a dim view of several subjects which were useful to me afterward. Unfortunately, not one of our acquaintances or relatives knew anything of science or natural history; nor, had they done so, should I have had courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn; not a hand held out to help me.

In 1795, however, a Mr. Craw came to live with us as tutor to my youngest brother, Henry. He had been educated for the kirk, was a fair Greek and Latin scholar, but, unfortunately for me, was no mathematician. He was a simple, good-natured kind of man, and I ventured to ask him about algebra and geometry, and begged him, the first time he went to Edinburgh, to buy me something elementary on these subjects; so he soon brought me 'Euclid' and Bonnycastle's 'Algebra,' which were the books used in the schools at that time. Now I had got what I so long and earnestly desired. I asked Mr. Craw to hear me demonstrate a few problems in the first book of 'Euclid,' and then I continued the study alone with courage and assiduity, knowing I was on the right road. Before I began to read algebra I found it necessary to study arithmetic again, having forgotten much of it. I never was expert at addition, for, in summing up a long column of pounds, shillings and pence, in the family account book, it seldom came out twice the same way. In after life I, of course, used logarithms for the higher branches of science. I had to take part in the household affairs, and to make and mend my own clothes. I rose early, played on the piano and painted during the time I could spare in the daylight hours, but I sat up very late reading 'Euclid.' The servants, however, told my mother 'it was no wonder the stock of candles was soon exhausted, for Miss Mary sat up reading till a very late hour;' whereupon an order was given to take away my candle as soon as I was in bed. I had, however, already gone through the first six books of 'Euclid,' and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning at the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could nearly go through the whole. My father came home for a short time and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, 'Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a straight-jacket one of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude.'"

(To be continued.)

SLOW as we are to worship God in any way, prayer is ever a more ready offering than praise. Is there not often in the heart a secret feeling that offering of thanks is a *waste of time*—there is nothing to be *gained* by it? So prone is mammon to put forth his claims even in our spiritual concerns.

TO A SKYLARK.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALDORNERE, A PENNSYLVANIAN IDYLL."

Against thy prison bars still fiercely beating,
With restless wings, striving to find thy way
Out from thy gloomy cell, and give thy greeting
Triumphant, to the broad and glorious day.
In vain endeavor, thus, thy short and fleeting
And cheerless life, thou here wilt wear away.

Poor alien! can it be that thou art haunted
By visions such as the sad exile sees
Of some deep, amethystine gulf enchanted,
Far in the bosom of the Pyrenees,
Where, by no hand of mortal ever planted,
Wild blooms are reddening for the golden bees?

Or maddening dreams of some blue lakelet lying
'Mid the white Alps, mirroring but the sun,
A star, or warbling skylark o'er it flying,
To meet the morn, or, when the day was done,
Sinking unto his mate, and sweetly trying
His vespers, o'er his nest so nearly won?

Or yet of England's hills, and of the auroral
And crimson beams flushing the orient through,
Upon her highland moors the rose-tints, floral,
Deepening on heath bells, wet with sweetest dew,
Longing, with longing vain, to join the choral
And exquisite chaunt far in the skies of blue?

Thy alien fellow captives never greeting,
Gathered in this cell, from many lands,
Thou wearest out thy little life, and fleeting,
Striving all vainly with thy prison-bands,
Beating against them with a restless beating,
To gain that temple grand, not made with hands.

* Written on seeing one at a bird fancier's in Philadelphia, earnestly endeavoring to escape from its cage.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BUDS.

Under the snow are the tiny buds,
Hidden away from sight,
Like weary children tucked in bed,
Sleeping the live long night.

Nor heed the bite of the chilling frost,
Nor blast of the tempest feel;
Each safely lies in its downy bed,
Made fast by a waxen seal.

A long, long sleep have the tiny buds,
Waiting the sun and rain,
And gentle breath of the warm south wind,
To waken them up again.

Not so with the babes;—as dawns the day
Peep forth little rested eyes,
To welcome the flood of golden light
That brightens the morning skies.

Sweet is the note of the soaring lark,
Clear is the wood-robin's lay,
Bright is the beam the sun sends down
To gladden the heart of day.

But brighter than sun-ray—dearer far
Than voice of song-bird free:
The ringing laugh, and the merry shout,
And the children's minstrelsy.

The matin song that at early morn,
More sweet than the silv'ry tones
Of vesper bells on the evening air,
Ring out from the little ones.

The strength and beauty of days to come,
The perfume yet to be;
The possible things the heart may crave,
For time and eternity;

The promise of treasures yet untold,
The hopes of an Eden-dawn,
Are held in the grasp of these budding germs
To bloom on the hearth and lawn.

O, rich are the homes and blest the hearts
Where these buds of promise grow;
The purest and truest joys of life
From their careful culture flow.

L. J. R.

Second month 25*th*, 1874.

Selected.

TALENT AND FORCE.

Lord Derby, in a recent address to the students of Liverpool College, touched upon a topic which our modern methods of culture and life are apt to leave out of sight. "Talent," he said, "is but the edge of the knife, which makes it penetrate easily, but whether it penetrates deep depends on the force applied to it. If I were to tell you that in my belief that particular quality of intellectual quickness and sharpness is by no means the first qualification for a successful career, many people would consider, in these days of competitive examinations, that I was willfully indulging in a paradox. But I believe it is the truth."

If Lord Derby is right, the popular estimation of intellectual ability is wrong, for the popular estimate always awards the preeminence to cleverness. It is, however, a fact that, to-day, the plodding nations rule the world, As between the races of Northern and Southern Europe, the latter are quicker, but the former are dominant. The Germans, whom it was the custom in the eighteenth century to ridicule as a phlegmatic and barbarous people, have come to the front of modern civilization. As between the American and the Englishman, the American is the quicker, but the Englishman, it is claimed, and we think truly, has the greater capacity for sustained intellectual exertion. Whether this is owing to climate or a tougher muscular fibre we do not pretend to determine. In the ancient world, the deliberate, resolved Roman, swept down the acute, versatile Greek. The battle for the ascendancy was not won by the swift, but by the enduring people. Nothing stands out with more prominence in the history of the old world than the slowness of Rome's growth. It was true enough that Rome was not built in a day.

Lord Derby's distinction between talent and force is intended as an encouragement to men whose powers unfold slowly. Nature appears to have no fixed law for the development of the human faculties; her great minds belong to both classes. Cromwell and Cæsar were civilians till middle life; Cowper and Milton wrote their best poetry after they had passed their meridian; Franklin knew nothing of science till after he had retired from business; Morse devoted years to art before he became an inventor. These men acquired new faculties and did the work that most distinguished them in their later years. The explanation would seem to be that they had the quality of force, which keeps the intellectual machinery constantly at work. Underneath whatever talent they possessed was that without which all talent is valueless —persistence, and persistence is but another name for an infinite patience.

It may be a question whether our systems of education have not tended to develop superficial talent rather than real ability, which is talent with force behind it. Perhaps the difficulty is chiefly in the impatience of our young men, who wish as quickly as possible to be done with the processes of preparation for life. We are changing for the better, but slowly. The ready speaker, who is ready because he is superficial, is still preferred to the man who really knows. The one conspicuous fact in our civil life is the very small ability of the men who control affairs. What crude theories of finance are expounded in Congress. What clumsy methods of taxation we practice. What flimsy ideas are prevalent with regard to currency. How little clear, dry light there is where light is most wanted.

It all comes of our failing of mistaking alertness for strength, of the contentment of the men who are ready with their readiness as though it were the all in all.

"Genius," quotes Lord Derby, "consists in an enormous capacity for taking trouble," or, as we may vary the expression, Genius is a great patience. It is very much like the highest faith, which trusts in Providence, and then works with as much energy as if there were no Providence. He who can add a steady force to whatever talent God has given him will come to the front in this world. Fortune may be forbidding, but he will wrest success from fortune. The young man had already found out life's secret who replied to a disparaging remark, "But I can plod."

CORRESPONDENT.

Samuel Swain, Bristol, Pa., has been appointed correspondent of Bristol Monthly Meeting, recently established.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Haverford, Pa.,	Third mo. 15th,	3	P. M.
Whitemarsh, Pa.,	" "	10	A. M.
Gwynedd	" "	3	P. M.

The following have been appointed within Salem Quarter for the next three months:

Pennsneck, N. J.,	Third mo. 15th,	3	P. M.
Woodbury,	" 22nd,	3	"
Mullica Hill,	" 29th,	3	"
Upper Greenwich,	Fourth mo. 5th,	3	"
Woodstown,	" 12th,	10½	A. M.
Salem,	" 19th,	10	"
Alloway's Creek,	" 19th,	3	P. M.
Greenwich,	" 26th,	3	"
Port Elizabeth,	Fifth mo. 3rd,	3	"
Cape May,	" 24th,	3	"
Pennsneck,	" 31st,	3	"
Pilesgrove,	" 31st,	3	"

ITEMS.

THE highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle (Thibet), where twenty priests live, at the enormous altitude of 16,500 feet.

AID TO MICROSCOPIC INVESTIGATION.—A useful siphon slide for microscopes was recently shown and used to illustrate lectures at the Franklin Institute of this city. It consists of a chamber between two glass plates, in which the living animal to be examined is placed. There are fine perforations at the ends of the chamber sufficiently large to permit a flow of water, but too small to permit the escape of the animal. A reservoir of water is connected with one end of the slide by an elastic tube, and a similar tube carried *below* the level of the reservoir permits the water to escape and insures a flow of water as in a siphon. The animal may thus be kept in full life and health for hours and even days, and under the full glare of the oxyhydrogen light it suffers no injury.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—Among the instruments prepared for photographing the apparent contact of Venus with the edge of the sun in her passage over the disk of the latter body, that of Janssen is particularly ingenious. It is described as follows: The photographic plate is in the form of a disk, fixed upon a plate which rotates, upon an axis parallel to that of the telescope. Before it is placed another disk, forming a screen, in which is a small aperture, in order to limit the photographic action to the edge of the sun. The plate which carries the sensitive disk has one hundred and eighty teeth and is placed in communication with an escapement apparatus actuated by an electric current. At each second the pendulum of a clock interrupts the current, and the plate turns one tooth, so that at each second a fresh portion of the photographic plate is exposed. Thus, in as many seconds, one hundred and eighty images of the sun and the planet can be obtained. When the series relating to the first contact is obtained, the plate is withdrawn and another substituted, which gives the second contact and so on for the four.

THE hydrate of chloral, which in 1869 cost $80 a pound, so that each sleep produced by it could be reckoned at $1, is now advertised on the list of a German chemical factory at about $2 a pound. Such an enormous reduction in the price of a chemical product in so short a time has rarely occurred. Perhaps the only parallel case is metallic sodium, which a few years ago could not be had for $200 a pound, but can now be made for seventy-five cents. According to Dr. Richardson, the secret use of chloral in England has become so great that the victims must be put in the same class as the opium eaters. In proof of the enormous consumption, he states that, during the last year and a half, four dealers have sold forty tons, sufficient to give narcotic doses to 36,000,000 people; in other words, every person in England could have had one good sound sleep out of the amount sold.

THE finest kitchen-garden in France is that of Versailles. It belongs to the State, and brings in a yearly revenue, taking good and bad years together, of about 20,000 francs. The Assembly has determined to apply this valuable property to the formation of a model market-garden and school of horticulture. The details of the institution are not yet arranged, but it is presumed that it will be supporting, and that it will render valuable assistance in the development of horticultural science in France.

THE SNOW FLOWER.—A very remarkable account is published in Harper's Magazine for March, of a so-called snow-flower, said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff, in 1863, in the northernmost portion of Siberia, where the earth is continually covered with a coating of frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil the first day of the year, and reaches a height of over three feet, blooms on the third day, remains open twenty-four hours, and then returns to its original elements. It shines for a single day, then the stem, leaves and flower are converted into snow. The leaves are three in number, and about three inches in diameter, covered with a kind of microscopic ice, developed only on that side of the stem which is turned to the north. The flower, when open, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length with the leaves, and about half an inch wide. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute glistening specks, like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this astonishing flower. Count Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds and hastened with them, to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for an entire year, but on the 1st of January, 1864, the snow-flower burst through its icy envelope, and displayed its beauties before the eyes of the imperial court.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND BY AMOS PEASLEE IN 1826.

(A few lines of the first having been detached, the account proceeds.)

In company with our dear Friends, Azariah Hewlings and wife, and her sister Deborah, who was a minister, we proceeded directly to Rhode Island. The Select Yearly Meeting was held the 11th of Sixth month, 1826; a very satisfactory meeting. On First day, at the morning meeting at Newport, our Friend, A. R., was favored in testimony, and in the afternoon, A. B. also, and on Second-day at nine o'clock, the meeting for business, which continued by adjournments until Fifth day, and though many weighty and interesting subjects were discussed, business was conducted in much harmony and condescension; and I said in my heart, the Lord is good to Israel; to such as are of a clean heart, for He has given us the early, and not withheld the latter rain in its season; magnified and forever praised be His adorable Name; amen and amen! saith my soul. After meeting rode off the Island, and lodged at Samuel Newit's, a very kind Friend. Sixth-day rested and wrote. Seventh-day attended Westport Monthly Meeting, an open satisfactory season; lodged at our dear friend, Prince Wing's. First-day attended Allen's Neck Meeting; the springs of life seemed very low in the early part of the meeting, but as my mind was given up to the Lord, whether to suffer or to reign with Him, at length the stone was rolled away from the well's mouth, and ability mercifully vouchsafed to water the flock, and the meeting ended in prayer and praise to Almighty goodness for the adorable riches of His grace.

In the afternoon visited some of the Lord's poor, tried children, and I was favored with that compassionate disposition that grieves for the afflictions of Joseph. Second day attended New Town Meeting. Third-day Smith's Neck; both, I believe, measurably owned and favored by the great Head of the church. Fourth-day at Aponigansett; silent, but E. Robson, a friend from England, seemed favored to speak to the states of the people. Dined at Butler Sherman's, in whose family we had a religious opportunity, in which the love of the ever blessed Truth arose into such dominion that the light of heaven seemed to dispel all darkness. Lodged at Caleb Sherman's. Fifth-day, Abraham Russel being my companion, we attended Bedford Monthly Meeting, in which my heart was filled with love, and my mouth opened to declare the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. Sixth-day, at Fall River, we had an appointed meeting to good satisfaction. Seventh-day at Swanzey, when my spirit travailed with the suffering seed, that seemed very low, and as my mind was baptized with them into the deeps, and therein made willing, as

Job once said, "to wait all the days of my appointed time;" at length the stone was rolled from the well's mouth, and the little flock was abundantly watered.

First-day, attended Providence meeting in the morning, and the school in the afternoon, to good satisfaction. Second day, rode back to Swanzey to their Monthly Meeting, and though some unruly, ranting spirits seemed much to trouble the Church, yet truth gave us the victory, to the rejoicing of many hearts. Third-day, at Worin we had an appointed meeting among the Baptists, in which the doctrines of the gospel were largely opened, I believe, to good satisfaction; our dear friend Daniel Braton being with us, and much favored in a short and lively testimony. Fourth-day, attended Providence Monthly Meeting, and Fifth-day, Smithfield Monthly Meeting, in both of which Truth's testimony went forth with clearness and good demonstration, especially the latter, in which the glorious gospel redemption by our Lord Jesus Christ was renewedly opened to my view, as my mind was solely dependent on Him who has the key of David, who opened the unspeakable treasures of the kingdom of heaven, and furnished my poor mind with ability to proclaim the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel of life and salvation. Put up with our dear friend Josiah Shove; and Sixth-day of the week, and 30th of the Sixth month, we attended the Monthly Meeting at Northbridge, a time of close exercise and deep mourning over the lamentable state of things as then seemed to be opened to my mind very unexpectedly, and some strength was mercifully vouchsafed to labor for the restoration of love and unity in the Church, and to sound an alarm among the watchmen upon the walls. After meeting, a Friend gave me a hint that I was not mistaken in my prospect of the state of things in that meeting. First-day, we attended Bolton Meeting to good satisfaction; and Second-day, rode to Weare; and Fourth-day attended meeting, the north side; Fifth-day, the south side, in both of which, especially the latter, the ever-blessed Truth arose into dominion, so as to reign over all. Blessed forever be the great name of Israel's helper, for without Him we can do nothing. Sixth-day, rode to Pittsfield; and First-day, attended their meeting to some degree of satisfaction, though Truth seemed at a very low ebb, and things much out of order, and after visiting some of my former acquaintances and relations, I returned to Weare and attended their Monthly Meeting; it was a time gratefully to be remembered. The trumpet was renewedly sounded as on the holy mount, and a solemn assembly called, and the people gathered, and the watchword was, "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise," shewing that the Lord *is the portion* of His people, and the Lord's people *are His portion*; and as the Lord is holy, so holiness becometh the Lord's house forever, and many hearts were contrited before Him. Returned again to Pittsfield, Dover, Berwick, Sea Brook, Amesbury, Newbery, Salem, and Lynn, and had *some* precious heavenly meetings, and others only so in a small degree, Society in some of those places being evidently in a dwindling state. The spirit of ranterism on the one hand, and lukewarmness and indifference on the other, seemed to threaten destruction, but a living remnant seemed in most places to be preserved. May the Lord Almighty, in the adorable riches of His grace, yet bless the very dust of Zion, and gather the outcasts of Israel and the dispersed of Judah, and build up and fortify Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

SCANDAL.—A story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and bade her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle-seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.—*Methodist.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"FAITH."

BY THOMAS FOULKE, OF NEW YORK.

I have for a long time been interested in, and of latter years increasingly concerned for, the spread of a *lively Christian faith.* Not in form, ritual or ceremony, but in a Divine *ever present Power*, sufficient for man's salvation and redemption. And my earnest desire is that mankind may be brought to realize and adopt it, and have their lives regulated thereby; and may the Society of Friends, in a very especial manner, build thereon and find safety.

We speak of the realm of faith, and the realm of reason, and correctly so. Where the latter ends the former begins. They are not, necessarily, antagonistic, yet they often appear to be so. There is no need of the exercise of faith in anything which is within

the scope of reason. It is only in those great and essential principles of Christianity which reason cannot comprehend and explain, or which lie beyond its scope, that we have play for the exercise of faith. "Faith being the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It has become the settled conviction of many, that the tendency of this age is towards rationalism, if not materialism; perhaps both.

It therefore behooves Friends, as well as all other professors of the Christian religion, to be on their *guard* against the inroads of its insidious approach. For it is an evil of immense magnitude. When we consider that this rationalistic theory is making rapid strides, that it has become aggressive in its character, and that its advocates and defenders rank among those who may be considered leaders, in some sense, in some of the schools of science and philosophy, we may well pause and consider. These so called teachers profess to *know much*, are *confident* and *bold*, and look down upon the opposers of their theory as ignorant and of but little account.

Is it to be considered that there is great wisdom in man's assumption that the finite can comprehend the Infinite? That the limited capacity of human reason can find out the inscrutable God? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, why hast Thou made me thus? Or shall we not rather bow in humility and confiding faith to the great Lord of all, the Creator of heaven and earth; and accept our position in the world as we find it, *as the best possible for us*, depending upon our Creator who built the Universe to sustain, uphold and govern it according to His sovereign will and pleasure? Not daring to assume and propagate the dogma that the Universe, having been created, will run of itself, nor that frail, finite, fallible man can run it. Impious thought! He who doeth all things well will do for us exceeding abundantly, even more than we can ask or think, if we will only put our trust and faith in Him. For He who made the worlds, and man the highest order of His workmanship, will govern all, for His right it is, and bring all to obey His behests. Then let there be a yielding and a submission on our part. Let Him command. Let us obey. "For there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding" This is man's great characteristic. It is that by which he is distinguished above the other orders of creation. He is accountable to God for his actions. He may, by sin and transgression, become a fallen angel, or, by obedience and faithfulness, an angel in light and glory.

"We were born for a higher destiny than that of earth." "There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, and where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, shall stay in our presence forever."

And this beautiful abode is heaven. It is the residence of angel and archangel, and the spirits of just men made perfect. No unclean or impure thing can ever enter it.

Man's higher nature, the spiritual, the immortal, points out his higher destiny. The spiritual is above the natural; and there is a continual warfare going on between them as to which shall have the victory and the government of our lives. They cannot both govern at the same time. The spiritual should govern the natural, and this being governed by the Creator, must be in harmony with Him. It is to man's spiritual perceptions and understanding alone, that power is given to hear the voice of Deity, and comply with the terms of the Divine law. Is it not proper that our faith should extend thus far, even though it come in conflict with rationalistic and materialistic notions? It is to such notions, by the aid of that which scientists term the unchangeable laws of nature, that they attempt to build up this system. It is an error, an *ignus fatuus*, a vapory opinion only. How dreadful the thought that the Universe can do without God! that man, proud man, with the great faculty and power of reason, is sufficient! Man should never assume the prerogative of Deity. "For the Lord will not give His glory to another, nor His praise to graven images." Then let man submit to the turning and overturning of the Divine hand upon him in simplicity of faith; let him come under the refining operation of the Divine word, which will sanctify his heart, purify his affections, regulate all his passions, and bring all into subjection to the will of Heaven. Thus securing his own eternal happiness.

New York, Third mo. 5th, 1874.

From The Methodist.

CHEERFULNESS.

Depend upon it, those who gain the most love and are the nearest to perfect happiness in this world, where all must sometimes suffer, are the cheerful ones; those who, like the little birds, can trust to their Father for daily bread,

> "And feel at heart that One above,
> In perfect wisdom, pefect love,
> Is working for the best;"

and who, when the dark clouds of adversity obscure the light, can look through them all at the blue sky beyond, and hopefully wait for the sunshine. Be cheerful, so the world

will be made a little brighter while you are in it, and a dark spot be left when you are gone. I cannot conclude better than by quoting those lines of Goldsmith, which so beautifully describe the cheerful, contented spirit:

"Like some tall cliff, that rears its awful form
Above the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

—*Mary Rudland.*

SELF DISCIPLINE.

There is always some danger of self-discipline leading to a state of self-confidence; and the more so when the motives for it are of a poor and worldly character, or the results of it outward only and superficial. But, surely when a man has got the better of any bad habit or evil disposition, his sensations should not be those of exultation only. Ought they not rather to be akin to the shuddering faintness with which he would survey a chasm that he had been guided to avoid, or with which he would recall to mind a dubious deadly struggle which had terminated in his favor?

Self-discipline is grounded on self-knowledge. A man may be led to resolve upon some general course of self discipline by a faint glimpse of his moral degradation; let him not be contented with that small insight. He must try to probe his own nature thoroughly; must strive to learn the whole truth about himself, and not shrink from telling it to his own soul.

Imagine the soul, then, thoroughly awake to its state of danger, and the whole energies of the man devoted to self-improvement. At this point there often arises a habit of introspection which is too limited in its nature; we scrutinize each action as if it were a thing by itself, independent and self-originating; and so our scrutiny does less good, perhaps, than might be expected from the pain it gives and the resolution it requires. Any truthful examination into our actions must be good; but we ought not to be satisfied with it, until it becomes both searching and progressive. Its aim should be not only to investigate instances, but to discover principles. Thus, suppose that our conscience upbraids us for any particular bad habit; we then regard each instance of it with intense self reproach, and long for an opportunity of proving the amendment which seems certain to arise from our pangs of regret. The trial comes; and sometimes our former remorse is awakened and saves us; and sometimes it is forgotten, and our conduct is as bad as it was before our conscience was awakened. Now in such a case we should begin at the beginning, and strive to discover where it is that we are wrong in the heart. This is not to be done by weighing each particular instance, and observing after what interval it occurred, and whether with a little more or a little less temptation than usual; instead of dwelling chiefly on mere circumstances of this kind, we should try and get at the substance of the thing, so as to ascertain what fundamental precept of God is violated by the habit in question. That precept we should make our study; and then there is more hope of a permanent amendment. . . . . .

It is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall best be able to combat the bad ones. By adopting such a course you will not have yielded to your enemy, but will have gone, in all humility, to form new alliances. You will then resist an evil habit with the strength which you have gained in carrying out a good one. You will find, too, that when you set your heart upon the things that are worthy of it, the small selfish ends, which used to be so dear to it, will appear almost disgusting; you will wonder that they could have had such hold upon you.

In the same way, if you extend and deepen your sympathies, the prejudices which have hitherto clung obstinately to you will fall away; your former uncharitableness will seem absolutely distasteful; you will have brought home to it feelings and opinions with which it cannot live.

Man, a creature of two-fold nature, body and soul, should have both parts of that nature engaged in any matter in which he is concerned; spirit and form must both enter into it. It is idol-worship to substitute the form for the spirit; but it is a vain philosophy which seeks to dispense with the form. All this applies to self-discipline.

See how most persons love to connect some outward circumstance with their good resolutions; they resolve on commencing the new year with a surrender of this bad habit; they will alter their conduct as soon as they are at such a place. The mind thus shows its feebleness; but we must not conclude that the support it naturally seeks is useless. At the same time that we are to turn our chief attention to the attainment of right principles, we cannot safely neglect any assistance which may strengthen us in contending against bad habits; far is it from the spirit of true humility to look down upon such assistance. Still these auxiliaries partake of a mechanical nature; we must not expect more from them than they can give; they may serve as aids to memory; they may form landmarks, as it were, of our progress; but they cannot, of themselves, maintain that progress.—*Helps.*

The following extract from Fenelon was published in the "Intelligencer" many years ago, but reading it again in the *Christian Register*, we were renewedly impressed with its excellence, and feel that it is worthy a reprint:

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. We would much rather make certain great sacrifices to God, however violent and painful they might be, upon condition that we should be rewarded by liberty to follow our own desires and habits in the details of life. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit. . . . .

Let us remember that God looks in our actions only for the motive. The world judges us by appearance; God counts for nothing what is most dazzling to men. What He desires is a pure intention, true docility, and a sincere self-renunciation. All this is exercised more frequently, and in a way that tries us more severely, on common than on great occasions. Sometimes we cling more tenaciously to a trifle than to a great interest. It would give us more pain to relinquish an amusement than to bestow a great sum in charity. We are more easily led away by little things, because we believe them more innocent and imagine that we are less attached to them; nevertheless, when God deprives us of them, we soon discover from the pain of privation how excessive and inexcusable was our attachment to them. The sincerity of our piety is also impeached by the neglect of minor duties. What probability is there that we should not hesitate to make great sacrifices when we shrink from slight ones?

But what is most dangerous to the mind is the habit it acquires of unfaithfulness. True love to God thinks nothing small. All that can please or displease Him is great. It does not produce constraint and weak scruples, but it places no limits to its fidelity; it acts with simplicity, and as it is not embarrassed with things that God has not commanded, it never hesitates a moment about what He does command, whether it be great or small.

Those persons who are naturally less exact ought to make an inviolable law with themselves about trifles. They are tempted to despise them; they have a habit of thinking them of no consequence; they are not aware of the insensible growth of the passions; they forget even their own most fatal experience. They trust to a delusive courage, though it has before failed them, for the support of their fidelity.

"It is a trifle," they say, "it is nothing." True; but it is a nothing that will be everything to you; a trifle that you prefer to the will of God; a trifle that will be your ruin. There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance which have in fact such extensive consequences. The more apt we are to neglect small things, the more we ought to fear the effects of this negligence, be watchful over ourselves, and place around us, if possible, some insurmountable barrier to this remissness. Do not let us be troubled at this constant attention to trifles; at first it will require courage to maintain it, but it is a penance that we have need of, and that will at last bring us peace and serenity. God will gradually render this state pleasant and easy to us.—*Fenelon.*

A TRUTH may be self-evident to one mind which is not self-evident to another, but may require, on the contrary, a laborious process or verification. And does not this, again, lead us to see how entirely dependent are the phenomena of mind upon the power of special faculties, and how this power is itself dependent on the adjustments of organization? In the world of physics, we know that we are surrounded by movements which never make themselves sensible to us—pulsations which excite in our eyes no sense of light, and others which excite in our ears no sense of sound—and all this for the want of adjusted organs. And so it would seem as if the mind of man were an instrument attuned only to a certain range of knowledge, but as if within that range it were capable of finer and finer adjustments to the harmonies of truth. These cannot make themselves heard where there is no organ to catch the sound. Nor could that organ translate them into thought—into that conscious apprehension of which an idea essentially consists—had it not its own pre-adjusted relation to the verities of the world. —*Argyle.*

WHOSO keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.—*Solomon.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.

(Continued from page 43.)

The life of Charlemagne was the topic of the 15th lecture, but my inability to attend it prevents any notice of the subjects of which it treated. Gregory the 7th was next in order. He was born near Soana, in Tuscany, in 1015, and received the family name of Hildebrand. His youth was spent at Rome, in the monastery of St. Mary's; from there he went to France and became an inmate of the celebrated monastery at Cluny. Here his education was perfected, and from this training he acquired those habits of austerity which distinguished his whole life. His efforts to correct the abuses of the church subjected him to the displeasure of the clergy, who endeavored to prevent his election to the papacy, which occurred in 1093. He issued a mandate, enjoining celibacy on the clergy, and prohibited the sale of indulgences; he also forbid the right of investiture, which permitted a grant of land or other benefices by the clergy. This was a heavy blow to the class who were reaping the benefit; but he saw that society was groaning under these abuses, and needed a strong arm to redress them. He labored unceasingly, by personal exhortation, by encyclical letters, by remonstrance and censure, to enforce the details of church discipline. But the offending Bishops appealed to Henry III, of Germany, for support. He sustained them in their disobedience, and was summoned by the Pope to appear at Rome to answer the charge of disrespect preferred against him. Henry treated this demand with indifference, and assembled a diet at Worms in 1076, at which he formally, and with ostentatious authority, deposed the Pontiff and absolved the clergy from any allegiance to him.

This struggle between the temporal and spiritual power was the conflict of the century, —two great forces publicly arraigned against each other. The surrender of either involved great issues.

As soon as the news of Henry's action reached the Pope he assembled a council, and publicly, with great solemnity, pronounced an anathema and sentence of excommunication upon the Emperor. The news of this papal denunciation was electric. For by the laws of the Empire such an anathema, if not revoked within a year, would absolve all subjects from allegiance to the crown.

Henry trembled for his throne, although he professed to treat the edict with indifference; but its effect was too manifest on the minds of the people to longer disregard it. The safety of the crown was in imminent peril.

Assuming an appearance of penitence, he set out in mid-winter with his wife and infant son, crossed the Alps, and was exposed for three days to the inclemency of the weather. Clad in a hair cloth shirt as a symbol of penitence, he stood a bare footed suppliant at the gate of the Papal palace. After this humiliation, the Pope consented to remove the ban of excommunication. But the repentance of Henry was only nominal; successes renewed his courage, his feeling of hostility returned, and in 1080 he again deposed the Pope and appointed a successor. His force was sufficient to execute his plans, and Gregory retired to Monte-Cassino, where he died in 1805 with these pathetic words upon his lips: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die an exile."

At this period of the world we are prepared to express a feeling of gratification that Henry obtained the ascendancy. The Doctor with enthusiasm said "it were better that he had died than submitted." But there is much in the character of Gregory to respect and admire.

The laws for the government of the church were superior to the civil code. The Barons were ignorant and cruel. Very many abuses deformed society, and Gregory believed that church discipline was more effective to correct them than the arm of civil power. With unbending energy he sought to restrain the tyranny and oppression of his subjects. He befriended the friendless—providing shelter for the widow and orphan, and affording relief to the poor. But the one great error of his life was the attempt to enforce celibacy upon the clergy. The idea that marriage was incompatible with a pure spiritual life was founded upon a dogma of the church that should have found no place in the minds of the people. The fruits were dark and evil only.

St. Bernard, the subject of the nineteenth lecture, was one of the most influential theologians of the 12th century. At an early age, he, with five brothers and a few friends, who had been influenced by his persuasive eloquence, entered the monastry of Citeaux. In 1015 he was elected Abbott, and thenceforward devoted himself to the duties of his calling.

One hundred and sixty (160) monasteries of the order of the Bernardines were founded by him, and his remarkable eloquence swelled the number of converts to an unparalled extent. So powerfully did his appeals control the minds of men, that wives and mothers sought to protect their families from his influence. Another circumstance contributed to increase their ranks. The sons of indigent parents were admitted to all the privileges of

the monastery, and if meritorious, were raised to the highest offices in the church. All distinctions of rank were abolished, and a powerful influence was thus exerted upon the ecclesiastical affairs of Europe.

In leaving the character of St. Bernard we feel that we have not done justice to his memory. A life so spiritual, so full of Christian thought, was in marked contrast to the dry and cold scholasticism of his age. He was said to be intolerant in his treatment of Abelard, and he refuted with ardor what seemed to him to be heresy, although he rejected himself the doctrine of the "immaculate conception," which had been introduced into the French church. He rose superior to the prejudices of his age in repressing the persecutions of the Jews in Germany. So eloquent was he, and so silvery-toned his voice, that he received the title of the "melliffluous Doctor," and his writings were termed "a river of Paradise." Luther said of him, "if ever there was on earth a God-fearing and holy monk, it was St. Bernard, of Clairveaux."

The closing sentences of Dr. Lord were eloquently impressive. He described a sick and weary soul in its reachings after a higher life, a better destiny, but we cannot do the matter justice and refrain from further comment.

E. P. C.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I wanted to hear how you finished your arduous concern, and I rejoice to be informed that you both arrived safely at home in usual health, and, over and above all, in that sweet peace of mind that the world can neither give nor take away. Oh what great encouragement to others to dedicate themselves fully to the service of our heavenly Father. Often have my prayers been put up to Him who is a God hearing prayer, that He would send into His vineyard faithful and devoted laborers to strengthen the faith of the people, and especially the members of our religious Society, making as we do the high profession of being led and guided by the Divine Spirit; therefore I felt thankful for your visit and labors among us. I hear much satisfaction expressed, and trust your labors were not in vain. If the visited do not profit by it the fault will be ours; and I feel that you can say as I did once, to one who, not fully understanding the subject after I had said to her in reply to her inquiries, that I had attended all the meetings in our portion of the Society, and many of them more than once, she said, "And what good has it all done?" I replied, It has done a greater amount of good than human language can portray. It has, by the mercy of Jehovah, saved thus far one immortal soul. It surely is an unspeakable favor to feel acquitted in the Divine sight, and the ministration of justification by Him is indeed glorious, although we feel unworthy of the favor, and that all praise is due to Him who fulfils the promise to be a Helper in the needful time. Blessed be His name. Without His aid we poor, frail creatures could do no good thing; even our thoughts and feelings we cannot keep in a state acceptable to Him without His help. Under a sense of my own unworthiness, often when the aspiration of my soul arises to the Divine majesty, the language is, If I did not know that I am the workmanship of Thy power and wisdom, I would not dare to approach Thee even in prayer. Then again, when we feel our own littleness and His omnipotence and majesty, how can we presume to omit the performance of any duty we feel He requires of us. Oh! then, dear friend, do not plead excuses when any service is required of thee. Thou hast realized the sure and abundant reward of Him who is all love and mercy.

I know the cross to the creature is great, and that deep trials and baptisms are to be endured to humble and prepare instruments to labor in His vineyard, but look to Him, and rely upon Him, and He will carry thee through all, and put a new song in thy mouth, even praises to His adorable name.

I am glad of evidences among Friends of advancing liberality, may I not say *enlightenment?* A brighter day, I trust, is about to dawn upon us, when spiritual freedom can be enjoyed, and every one be permitted to express properly and seasonably the deepest convictions of his heart and understanding, which are *both* illuminated by the *same* glorious effulgence, without apprehension of "church" censure, or rather, without being subjected to censure and unfavorable criticisms by officious members of our Society organization.

The foundation principles of our religious Society or "Church," which are the outgrowths from obedience to the comprehensive injunction, "Mind the Light," are broad enough and strong enough to hold and support the whole family of man.

As stated on the last page of the "Young Friends' Manual," The principles and testimonies of Friends are as pure as divinity, as broad as humanity, and as enduring as eternity. If only lived out by all mankind, they would restore paradise, supply all the wants of our consciousness, and make a Heaven upon earth; and *every* individual, however

humble and wherever situated, who faithfully and devotedly, in obedience to the Holy Spirit, lives out these pure and holy principles in the exercise of universal love, kindness and charity, is already with God in the kingdom of Heaven, and established in peace and bliss.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 21, 1874

CHARLES SUMNER.—We join in the general feeling of sorrow which is spread over the nation, in view of the death of this eminent man. His persistent advocacy of every just and enlightened measure of reform since his entrance into public life, entitles him to the gratitude of his country, however his judgment may at times have erred. The purity of his motives has never been seriously questioned.

Charles Sumner, from the day of his entrance into the Senate, was very earnest in his opposition to the slave labor system in the Southern States. For a time he stood almost alone in the advanced position he occupied, and he never permitted to pass unimproved an opportunity to assail slavery. His eloquent and carefully prepared speeches on this subject were extensively read and greatly admired throughout the country, and were considered models of literary composition. One of his most eloquent and forcible speeches, delivered in the Senate in the spring of 1856, during the Kansas excitement, brought upon him the cruel personal attack from the effects of which, it is supposed, he never entirely recovered

When slavery became a thing of the past, he devoted his energies and great talents to securing "civil rights" for the race he had so long labored to benefit. For his consistent devotion to their cause when they stood greatly in need of an advocate, the colored people of this country will, we believe, hold him in grateful remembrance. Almost the last words that he breathed were, "Take care of my civil rights bill." Even to the last moment of his life the prayer for justice trembled upon his lips.

Sumner's advocacy of the principle of peace commenced as early as the year 1845, when, on the anniversary of American Independence, he pronounced an oration, before the Boston authorities, on "The True Grandeur of Nations." This oration, worthy of his best days, when experience and culture had ripened his talents, was pronounced by Richard Cobden "the noblest contribution made by any modern writer to the cause of peace."

Said the orator on this occasion:

"War is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Man has worshipped in military glory a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we in this favored land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolators. The Heaven-descended injuction, *know thyself*, still speaks to an unheeding world from the far-off letters of gold at Delphi; *know thyself—know that the moral is the noblest part of man*, transcending far that which is the seat of passion, strife, and war—nobler than the intellect itself. . . . . True greatness consists in imitating, as nearly as possible for finite man, the perfections of an Infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, justice and love. . . . . *The True grandeur of humanity* is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man."

The disease from which death resulted was an affection of the nerves of the heart, complicated with symptoms of a rheumatic or gouty nature. Dr. Brown Sequard says that the convulsion that took place at death was caused by the rupture of the heart. The death of Sumner took place at Washington, Third month 11th, 1874. He was aged 63 years.

Some of the incidents of the last hours are of tender interest. From the *Press* of this city, we take these words:

"Towards the close of the eventful scene, Judge Hoar came into the room, when the Senator again called attention to the "civil rights bill," whereupon Judge Hoar promised him that it should not be lost, at the same time kissing the Senator's hand. About ten minutes before his death, he called Judge Hoar and said, "Tell Emerson I love and revere him." The Judge answered, "I will tell Emerson you love and revere him, for he has told me you had the whitest soul he ever knew."

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The great temperance agitation, which originated a few weeks ago in the state of Ohio, and is now

earing down all opposition in some of our Western cities and towns, is one of the most oteworthy incidents of the day ;—remarkble alike for the unusual means employed, nd for the degree of success with which it as been attended.

Alluding to one of the towns in which this ovement began, a correspondent of the "Independent" writes:

"Too much leisure invites dissipation, and many f the scions of our excellent old families have one under before the destroying evil of intemper nce. Hardly a prominent family in Hillsborough ut has felt the keen shafts of this adversary. In ome all the male members have died intemperate r are in danger of doing so. If it were not improper, I could connect with the names of most of he women, who are prominent in carrying on this ovement in two of the largest places in which this ork has been highly successful, (some one dear as fe cut down in youth or manhood) with some of hose names the country, at large, is not unfaiiliar."

If this statement be correct, we can readily magine that the long endured feelings of istress, which at first found vent in the secret ppeal, "How long, oh Lord, how long shall his terrible evil continue?" should, at last, ave culminated in such a movement.

There can be little doubt that this agitaion is spasmodic in its character, and that, ike other popular excitements, it will increase to a certain extent and then die away, hose participating in it returning to the onted calm of their lives, looking back, it ay be, with wonder on their unwonted zeal. But we may hope and believe that some good eed will have been sown. The public attention, which has thus been called to the ubject of intemperance, and the increased dium thrown on the liquor traffic, are something, and may result in a more general adoption of the advice given in our Discipline, hat Friends should "abstain from renting heir property, or furnishing any materials hereby our testimony against spirituous liuors, as a drink, will be violated."

There are some who are looking earnestly o the members of the Society of Friends to e active in this reform, and who are reminding them of their noble inheritance as pioeers in the attack upon the evils that afflict ociety.

An earnest appeal on this subject is contained in a recent letter from Mary Sewell, published in the *London Friend*; she says:

"One would, beforehand, have concluded that this ponderous evil, with its incalculable results of misery and temporal and spiritual loss would, like the slave-trade or slavery, or any other great wrong with which they have contended, have roused the Society almost as a man; for surely this great civil war, this great oppression, this great bondage, is not inferior in malignity and disaster to any other that has defaced the annals of the world, and especially of our own country.

"I have sometimes thought that the statistics of intemperance are so enormous that we do not realize them; like calculated distances of the fixed stars, billions and quadrillions make no impression on the mind: we simply do not take them in.

"If Friends would but take this subject up in their ancient spirit of resolute self-sacrifice and generous, steady enthusiasm. they would, I have no doubt, come off conquerors; because it is not only the Lord's battle, but so appropriate, so homogeneous, to the character and vocation of Friends. They have so much moral courage; they are not afraid of other men's faces; they are not *shackled* so much by the conventionalities of society; and they have obtained such a high standing as philanthropists, that they are expected not only to be good but to do good. . . . . .

"They have not *now* any *very* special work as a body that I know of; and persons often remark that the Friends have finished *their work*. I do not believe it myself; and if they would but plant their battering-rams against the gin-palaces and the beer-shops, the world would soon be convinced that the old life was in them"

NOTE.—Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting was held at Moorestown, New Jersey, as usual, on Third month 11th, and was a large and interesting meeting. Our friends, David and Naomi Barnes, were in attendance, and both had words of good counsel and of encouragement to present.

MARRIED.

HICKS—WILLETS.—On the 21st of 1st mo., 1874, at the house of William P. Willets of Roslyn, Long Island, Gilbert Hicks of Westbury, to Amelia Willets of the former place.

As this marriage was an unusual occurrence, both of the parties being deaf mutes, and the ceremony performed in the impressive language of the Society of Friends, by spelling each word by the aid of the Manual Alphabet of the Deaf and Dumb, it was exceedingly interesting. One of the parties was a member and also the father of the other, and it was gratifying to all their friends that, notwithstanding their great privation in never having heard the harmony of the human voice, they preferred this mode of accomplishing their marriage.

The Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Isaac Lewis Peet, once their beloved teacher, and almost as a father to many of the pupils under his care, interpreted the words as each spelled them; and after they had subscribed their names, he read the certificate to the audience. It was the first marriage ceremony performed by Friends' method he had witnessed, and he stated that it was the most solemn and impressive he had ever attended. It seemed, he said, as if every word came direct from the heart. Each word had its meaning, and they truly felt the serious import of their life-long engagement.

Seldom has the writer been present at a more solemn marriage. And when one who has long been deeply interested in the life of the young husband offered a prayer for those united in this solemn tie for their preservation and true unity with their Father and each other, few were unmoved, and the meeting was, as such ever ought to be, a religious one. The deaf-mute friends of the parties who were present, some of whom were teachers and classmates, added much to the interest of the occasion; and to see these children of silence enjoy so intelligently each other's company and appear so cheerful under their privations, was a lesson to those blessed with all their senses. I. H.

DIED.

CONRAD.—On 12th mo. 19th, 1873, after a lingering illness, John S. Conrad, in the 27th year of his age, son of the late Job Conrad, of Montgomery County, Pa.; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

GARRETSON.—Near Pendleton, Indiana, on the 14th of 1st mo., 1874, Sarah, wife of Joel Garretson, in the 59th year of her age; an esteemed Friend and member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting.

During a protracted illness, which she bore with patience and resignation, she was enabled to impart sweet counsel to her husband and children, desiring them to follow her as she had endeavored to follow Christ. She spoke of her approaching dissolution with much calmness, not wishing the time prolonged. She has left the sweet assurance to her many surviving friends, that she has entered into that rest prepared for the righteous.

JONES.—On the 4th inst., of congestion of the brain, Marshall L., son of Martha L. and the late William Jones of Darby, Delaware County, Pa.; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting.

JONES.—Suddenly, of heart disease, at Richmond, Ind., on the 7th inst., Elizabeth, widow of Robert Jones; a member of White Water Monthly Meeting.

MALSBY.—Of pneumonia, Esther S., wife of the late John L. Malsby, of Richmond, Ind., in her 57th year.

MOORE.—On the 21st of 2d mo., 1874, at Maple Grove, Huntington Co., Ind., Margaret, widow of the late John Moore, in her 81st year; a member of Maple Grove Monthly Meeting.

PALMER.—On the 25th of Second month 1874, at West Chester, Florence K., only child of George and Lizzie R. Palmer, aged 4 years and 3 months.

PEDRICK.—On the morning of the 4th instant, William Pedrick, aged 66 years.

PHILLIPS.—On the 26th of 2d mo., 1874, in New Market, Canada, Sallie L., wife of George H. Phillips, and daughter of the late Oliver H. Lloyd, of Jackson Co., Michigan, in the 27th year of her age.

As the name of Sallie L. Lloyd was for several years somewhat familiar to the readers of the *Intelligencer*, a brief notice of her short but useful life may have some interest for them.

On leaving school, she sought and soon obtained a situation as teacher of the freed people in Fairfax County, Virginia. Although quite young, the energy of character and good judgment which she brought to the work in which she was thoroughly interested, made her labors eminently successful, and won for her the warm friendship of a pleasant circle of acquaintances, among whom she had gone as a stranger.

With so much earnestness did the pupils, as well as the teacher, apply themselves to the duties of their school-life, that in three years this people, with the assistance their white friends of the neighborhood could give them, were deemed competent to take charge of the school.

Self-reliance being a lesson of the first importance, it was wisely decided to withdraw all unnecessary help.

So ended her mission in Virginia. She was soon solicited, by Friends who had gone from Virginia to Nebraska, to follow them and take a position as teacher in the Pawnee Manual Labor School. This she decided to do, and brought to bear upon the neglected children of the Indian the same earnestness of purpose with which she had labored for the colored people. The unusual hardships to which the employees of the Pawnee Agency were exposed in the winter of 1872, told disastrously upon her health, never very robust, and the ensuing fall she returned to Philadelphia, hoping by judicious treatment and proper care she might be quite restored. Last Fourth month she was married to George H. Phillips, a member of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting, Canada.

Instead of gaining bodily health she lost it, but so gradually that the ties which bound her to this world were most gently loosened. Until within four days of the end she was able to take her accustomed seat at the table almost every meal.

Thus, after some months of peaceful rest in her husband's sunny home, she has "passed on" to a higher life.

SAUNDERS.—On the evening of the 5th of 3d mo., 1874, Joseph Saunders, Jr., in the 20th year of his age; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

WHAT is religion in its simplest and most essential qualities? It is faithfully trying to do whatever we see to be right. There is something besides that in religion; there is worship, there is conscious communion with God, there is love to Christ and trust in Him, there is the looking toward eternity. But the beginning of all, and in some sense the root and ground-work of all, is just simply *right-doing;* the faithful effort day by day and hour by hour to do the plain duty that lies before us. Now, just in that very thing lies the greatest satisfaction and comfort. There is in it that deep, substantial happiness that we call *peace.* No man ever did a right thing without tasting something of that satisfaction, that inward approval. And the man who sets his whole life to the key-note of duty—who steadily and faithfully tries to meet each obligation as he sees it—has a true and solid happiness for his constant companion.—*H. W. Beecher.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INTOXICATING BEVERAGES.

Friends within the State of New York:

At a recent meeting of the Representative mmittee of New York Yearly Meeting. the bject of the use of intoxicating liquors imed an earnest consideration, and a con- n was manifested that Friends should em- ce every opportunity that may present, to ist in arresting the increase of this deplor- e evil, and, as far as possible, to discour- e its prevalence. An interesting address s read by Robt. S. Haviland, which has n published and extensively circulated.

The apparently uncontrolable increase of e use of the article, and the hitherto in- ectual legislative enactments to restrain its ffic, has ofttimes thrown around my mind cloud of discouragement, as to the pro- bility that any agency heretofore employed uld accomplish the desired result.

A new view, however, has of recent time sented, which I would have offered to the mmittee alluded to, but for want of time.

Published reports of transactions occurring various sections of the country, indicate t the concern is moving the female por- n of the community with an intensity un- alleled on any former occasion.

Their efforts, in some of the Western States, ve induced a discontinuance of the liquor ffic on the part of many dealers upon om legislative penalties had exercised no ntrolling influence.

But whether the effort, which has induced many liquor dealers to discontinue the siness, will prevent their resuming it here- er, and also prevent others engaging in it, er the present visitation shall have passed ay, is a question which, I suppose, will have be answered very doubtfully.

This is not intended as a disparaging re- rk by any means, for I sympathize with well intended movements, although they t partially accomplish the contemplated rposes: but the sentiment is offered as a son, among others, why a procedure, vary- from former ones, should be inaugurated, d, also, as a prelude to the proposition about be made.

The Constitutional Commission, that is, the mmission appointed to revise the Constitu- n of the State of New York, is said now to in session at Albany. The concern which s upon my mind, as before stated, was that orts be made to have incorporated into the nstitution a provision to the following ef- t, to wit:

"Women of competent age and qualifica- n are authorized to vote for supervisors and ner officers, who, by law, are empowered to decide upon the pertinency of granting li- censes for the sale of intoxicating liquors."

A provision of this tenor, entirely dis- entangled from political complications, and restricted to a specific purpose, and *that* pur- pose one of the highest moral import, and incapable of being deflected in any objection- able direction, would likely carry with it an influence, a moral influence, which would be difficult for the Constitutional Commission, or the legislature, to assign a satisfactory reason for disregarding.

Women outside of our Society, or most of them, I suppose, would perceive no inconsis- tency in exercising their right of suffrage on this specific occasion; but to our own mem- bers the proposition may seem startling, and on their account I will offer some historic re- marks, which may be profitably considered.

It was many years, perhaps three quarters of a century after the origin of our Society, that women Friends were not permitted to have a distinct Yearly Meeting. As a legisla- tive, or executive body, they possessed little or no power, even in Monthly or Quarterly Meetings. When the proposition was made to establish a women's Yearly Meeting, with distinctive prerogatives, it was probably re- garded as an unwarrantable innovation, as much so as the proposition now under con- sideration. In England particularly the con- cern lingered thirty years, after it was first introduced, before it was finally consummated. It would doubtless be somewhat amusing, and, perhaps, instructive too, to have a rehearsal of the arguments then used against enlarging the prerogatives of the female portion of Friends' Society. The only argument that has been preserved, that I know of, is a very brief one, and, perhaps, was presented by a worthy Friend. "Give the women an inch," said he, "and they will take an ell." How- ever, after the experience of a hundred years, it does not appear that our sister Friends have shown any inclination to take more than what is their own.

Adverting again to the proposition to be submitted to the "Constitutional Commssion," it may be noticed that, if adopted, it will take the power out of the hands of the legis- lature, and will establish the right to vote without legislative interposition.

As, however, there may be a doubt whether the Commission will venture thus far, another form might be presented, which would be exempt from any substantial objection, and might read as follows:

"The legislature shall have power to enact a law authorizing women of competent age and qualifications to vote for supervisors and other officers, who, by law, are empowered to

decide upon the pertinency of granting licences for the sale of intoxicating beverages."

The concern may be introduced into the Representative Meeting, which convenes the first Second-day in Fourth month; but as many distant Friends may not be present, and as the members of Genesee Yearly Meeting living in New York State are equally interested, I should like to hear an expression of their sentiment, by mail, upon the subject.

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, Long Island, 3rd mo., 1874.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Extracts from her "Personal Recollections."

Continued from page 48.

In 1804, Mary Somerville married Samuel Greig. After three years of married life she returned to her father's house, in Barntisland, a widow. Of her life at this time, she writes:

"I was much out of health after my husband's death, and chiefly occupied with my children, especially the one I was nursing; but as I did not go into society, I rose early and, having plenty of time, I resumed my mathematical studies. By this time I had studied plane and spherical trigonometry, conic sections and Fergusson's 'Astronomy.' I think it was immediately after my return to Scotland that I attempted to read Newton's 'Principia.' I found it extremely difficult, and certainly did not understand it till I returned to it some time after, when I studied that wonderful work with great assiduity, and wrote numerous notes and observations on it. At this period mathematical science was at a low ebb in Britain; reverence for Newton had prevented men from adopting the 'Calculus,' which had enabled foreign mathematicians to carry astronomical and mechanical science to the highest perfection. Profs. Ivory and de Morgan had adopted 'Calculus;' but several years elapsed before Mr. Herschel and Mr. Babbage were joint-editors with Prof. Peacock, in publishing an abridged translation of La Croix's 'Treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus.' I became acquainted with Mr. Wallace, editor of a mathematical journal; I had solved some of the problems contained in it and sent them to him, which led to a correspondence, as Mr. Wallace sent me his own solutions in return. Mine were sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and it occasionally happened that we solved the same problem by different methods. At last I succeeded in solving a prize problem! It was a diophantine problem, and I was awarded a silver medal, cast on purpose, with my name, which pleased me exceedingly.

"Mr. Wallace was elected professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and was very kind to me. When I told him that I earnestly desired to go through a regular course of mathematical and astronomical science, even including the highest branches, he gave me a list of the requisite books, which were in French, and consisted of Francœur's pure 'Mathematics,' and his 'Elements of Mechanics,' La Croix's "Algebra' and his large work on the 'Differential and Integral Calculus,' together with his work on 'Finite Differences and Series,' Biot's 'Analytical Geometry and Astronomy,' Poisson's 'Treatise on Mechanics,' La Grange's 'Theory of Analytical Functions,' Euler's 'Algebra,' Euler's 'Isoperimetrical Problems' (in Latin), Clairault's 'Figure of the Earth,' Monge's 'Application of Analysis to Geometry,' Callet's 'Logarithms,' La Place's 'Mecanique Celeste' a his 'Analytical Theory of Probabilities,' etc.

"I was thirty-three years of age when I boug this excellent little library. I could hardly belie that I possessed such a treasure, when I look back on the day when I first saw the mysterious wo 'Algebra, and the long course of years in which had persevered, almost without hope. It taught n never to despair. I had now the means, and pu sued my studies with increased assiduity; concea ment was no longer possible, nor was it attempte I was considered eccentric and foolish, and my co duct was highly disapproved of by many, especial by some members of my own family, as will be se hereafter. They expected me to entertain and ke a gay house for them, and in that they were disa pointed. As I was quite independent, I did not ca for their criticism."

In 1812, she married her cousin, Willia Somerville, who sympathized with her in a her intellectual pursuits. Again she write

"Geology, which has now been so far advanc as a science, was still in its infancy. Profess Playfair and Mr. Hugh Miller had written on th subject; and in my gay young days, when Lad Helen Hall was occasionally my chaperone, I ha heard that Sir James Hall had taken up the subjec but I did not care about it. I am certain that that time I had never heard the word Geology. think it was now, on going with Somerville to s the Edinburgh Museum, that I recognized the foss plants I had seen in the coal limestone on the san at the Links of Burntisland. Ultimately Geolog became a favorite pursuit of ours, but then minera were the objects of our joint study.

. . . . . .

"Soon after our arrival in London, we becan acquainted with the illustrious family of the He schels, through the kindness of our friend Profe sor Wallace. Nothing could exceed the kindness Sir William. He made us examine his celebrate telescopes, and explained their mechanism; and h showed us the manuscripts which recorded th numerous astronomical discoveries he had mad

. . . . . .

"I took lessons twice a week from Mr. Glove who painted landscapes very prettily, and I like him on account of his kindness to animals, espec ally birds, which he tamed so, that they flew befo him when he walked, or else sat on the trees, an returned to him when he whistled. I regret no that I ever resumed my habit of painting in oi water-colors are much better suited to an amateu but as I had never seen any that were good, I wa not aware of their beauty.

"I also took lessons in mineralogy from Mr Lowry, a Jewess, the wife of an eminent line-en graver, who had a large collection of minerals, an in the evening, Somerville and I amused ourselve with our own, which were not numerous.

"Our house in Hanover Square was within walk ing distance of many of our friends, and of th Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, where I at tended the lectures, and Somerville frequently wen with me. The discoveries of Sir Humphrey Dav made this a memorable epoch in the annals chemical science.

. . . . . .

"When we returned * to Hanover Square, I de voted my morning hours, as usual, to domestic af fairs; but now my children occupied a good deal o my time. Although still very young, I thought it ad

* They passed the winter of 1817 in Rome.

able for them to acquire foreign languages; so I aged a French nursery maid, that they might er suffer what I had done from ignorance of dern languages. I besides gave them instruction uch things as I was capable of teaching, and ich were suited to their age.

. . . . . .

One bright morning Dr. Wollaston came to pay a visit, saying, "I have discovered seven dark s crossing the solar spectrum, which I wish to w you;" then, closing the window-shutters so o leave only a narrow line of light, he put a ll glass prism into my hand, telling me how to d it. I saw them distinctly. I was among the t, if not the very first, to whom he showed these s, which were the origin of the most wonderful es of cosmical discoveries, and have proved that y of the substances of our globe are also conuents of the sun, the stars, and even of the ulæ.

. . . . . .

We went frequently to see Mr. Babbage while was making his Calculating-Machines. He had anscendent intellect, unconquerable perseverie, and extensive knowledge on many subjects, ides being a first-rate mathematician. I always nd him most amiable and patient in explaining the ucture and use of the engines. The first he made ld only perform arithmetical operations. Not sfied with that, Mr. Babbage constructed an lytical engine, which could be so arranged as to form all kinds of mathematical calculations, and t each result.

Nothing has afforded me so convincing a proof the unity of the Deity as these purely mental ceptions of numerical and mathematical science, ich have been, by slow degrees, vouchsafed to n, and are still granted in these latter times by Differential Calculus, now superseded by the her Algebra, all of which must have existed in t sublimely omniscient Mind from eternity.

Many of our friends had very decided and vari- religious opinions, but my husband and I never ered into controversy. We had too high a re- d for liberty of conscience to interfere with any 's opinions; so we have lived on terms of sin- e friendship and love with people who differed entially from us in religious views, and in all the oks which I have written I have confined myself ictly and entirely to scientific subjects, although religious opinions are very decided."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TOBACCO SMOKE.

It is a cheering sign when we find any hionable vice claiming the attention of r public newspapers. It is said that "*everydy reads these,*" and if this be true in only imited sense, very many must see and read y strictures entrusted to such a medium of mmunication, and there is certainly a ance of the "*witness*" being reached in me.

Although the following, clipped from a w York periodical of a recent date, is ched in very strong language, the nuisance which it complains can scarcely be said to therein exaggerated. It has vividly called mind the experience of the writer when travelling some time since, which he remembers to have delineated in one of his "*Notes*" published in the *Friends' Intelligencer.*

But we need not leave our own localities to encounter what is complained of. We have only to walk the streets of our own goodly city any day in the week to be made victims of the annoyance. While the writer admits to a considerable extent the truth of the saying, that "a man's *house* is his castle," and denies the right of any, to improperly intrude therein, he equally claims, that no man has a right to annoy or incommode another for his own selfish gratification.

It is too late in the day to enter into a dissertation on the evils attendant on the use of tobacco, they are too self evident to need pointing out; the main object of this communication being to awaken the inquiry in the minds of *Friends*, as to whether they have not something to do in an endeavor to arrest "this increasing evil," not only in the *offensive* use of the article referred to, but the indulgence in it at all.

The writer feels almost like hiding his head when he sees, as is occasionally the case, estimable members of our Society smoking in the streets of our city or other public places; and while he desires to throw the mantle of charity over this frailty, he sometimes fears that the influence for good these persons otherwise possess, is somewhat weakened in the minds of thoughtful observers. Our extract may now speak for itself.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Third mo. 3, 1874.

"THE SMOKING NUISANCE.—It meets us everywhere. In street and railroad cars, boat-cabins, on Broadway, and in eating-houses, the smokers, losing all sense of decency and propriety by the deadening influence of the filthy weed, puff their smoke in the faces of everybody, and fill the air with the foul, disgusting nuisance. We have been driven from eating houses by those pretending to be gentlemen, who pull out their cigar or pipe, and sit and smoke as if their very life depended upon it. The very fact that it so brutalizes all sense of propriety and self-respect is enough to utterly condemn the filthy practice. Are there no rights of anti-smokers which these tobacco devotees are bound to respect? We enter our protest against this increasing evil and pestilential nuisance, worse than the frogs and lice of Egypt, and worthy of the most barbarous age, and shall join in the cry for lost "rights and liberties."

THE praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

For the Children.

STORY OF A SEED.

Once upon a time, away down in Georgia, a man planted a little seed.

The sun shone warm on it, and the rain came and softened it, and it soon began to sprout. Day and night it grew, till it was high as a man's head. Buds formed all over it, and one night they burst into bloom. Beautiful cream-colored flowers they were, something like a morning-glory.

By noon the sun was too warm. The beautiful blossoms shut their leaves and hung their heads, and before night each cream-colored flower dropped off. Where each one had been, was a little germ.

This little green germ grew and grew till it was as big as an egg, when it burst open, and threw out a long, beautiful fluff of cotton several inches long.

It was a cotton-seed, of course.

Then a man—a negro—came and tore the cotton from its boll, put it into a basket with others like it, and carried it to a room where were hundreds of pounds of cotton. In the room was a busy machine, and into that machine the cotton was thrown.

This cotton, you must know, is full of seeds. Very troublesome little fellows they are, too, for they have no idea of leaving their comfortable home, and it's very hard to get them out.

I'll tell you how the machine does it. As the cotton goes in, it comes to a roller covered with wire teeth. These teeth seize the cotton, and draw it through a sort of grating, so fine that the seeds can't get through, so they just stay on the outside.

As the roller goes around, it comes to a brush-roller, which brushes off the cotton as nicely as any brush can do it. Then the cotton is packed in a bale, and sent to the cotton-mills.

Now the cotton that came from the little seed away off in Georgia is by this time very dirty, and what do you suppose comes next? A bath? No; what's good for boys isn't so good for cotton. It gets—a beating. It is laid on a sort of network, and beaten with bundles of twigs. The dirt falls through the network, and then the cotton is called "batting."

But the cotton from the seed I'm telling about don't stop at batting. It is very fine and nice, and it goes to the carding-machine. This machine lays all the threads one way by drawing it through sets of wire teeth.

It comes out on to a roller, and is taken off by still another roller, on which it looks like a wide, fleecy ribbon. But it don't keep that pretty look very long. It is drawn through a funnel, which makes it small and much firmer. It isn't fine enough yet, however, and it goes between another set of rollers. I wo der if there's anything that can't be done wi rollers?

When it comes out pressed quite firm, it called "roving," and is ready to be spun.

You'll hardly believe me, but the spinni is done on a "mule"!

It's a very peculiar mule, I must adm made of wood and iron, and carrying twent two hundred spindles. So it spins twenty-t hundred threads at once, and is a wonderf machine, if it has a funny name.

It spins the loose roving into a much fin thread, slightly twisted. This thread ne runs through a gas flame to burn off the litt fuzz, then over a brush to take off the ash and then through a hole in a brass plate ju the size of the thread.

Then it is wound in skeins, and put up five or ten pound bundles.

After all these travels, the thread has little rest before it starts through the last m chine—the one that makes the soft cotton in the solid, strong thread we buy on spools sew with.

The skeins are wound on to bobbins, ar put on the machine. Six of the fine threa start together.

Look on a spool, and you'll read, "Be six-cord cotton." That means, as I said, th six of these threads are united to make o sewing-thread.

But I must tell you how they go. Fir over a glass rod, and through a little troug of water; then between rollers to press the tightly together. Leaving the rollers, the go down, twisting as they go, to where a spo is fastened. There it is regularly wound o a firm, smooth thread, while the spool mov slowly up and down as it winds, so as to mak regular layers of it.

Now the fruit of the little cotton seed h become a beautiful spool of thread, ready f a useful life. Before it goes out into the wor it is ornamented at each end with a roun paper, gummed and stuck on by some chil The last paper is put over the end of th thread to keep it from getting loose, and the it is put into packages of a dozen spools.

You've seen fine thread, perhaps as fine No. 200, which we use on sewing-machine but what would you say to thread No. 60 only one-third the size of that? And ho would you like to see that cobweb thread a tually woven into lace?

At the great Exhibition in London suc fine lace was shown. And, almost as wonde ful, a piece of muslin woven of thread N 460. It was so delicate that when laid on th glass and wet, it could not be seen.

You know how large a roll of batting i Well, it can be stretched out so as to be mo

an a thousand miles long. That is thread o. 2,100.

It seems too wonderful to be true, but many tons, invented by poets and story-writers, e not half so wonderful as many common ings that every day pass under our observation.—*Harper's Weekly.*

From the New York Observer.

THE QUAKER MEETING.

BY MARY S. BRAINARD.

ush! brooding Silence lets her soft wing fall,
And Peace stoops down to kiss each reverent face;
he noisy world, outside the high brick wall,
Heightens the calm of this secluded place.

o movement of the forms in sober gray,
No whisper, not the creaking of a door,
o wandering hands, nor roving eye astray,
No moving foot upon the spotless floor.

e sit with placid brows and hidden thought;
Who knows the secrets of his neighbor's breast?
ow many hearts, 'neath lips that utter naught,
Toss like the troubled seas that never rest?

t length, an aged, gray-haired man stands up,
And, "Thou, God, seest me," he slowly says;
hen speaks of Hagar and her empty cup,
And how God's presence fills the need always.

od with the three young men amid the flame;
God with His prisoners in the silent night;
od with His servant, exiled for His name;
God with us always, making darkness light.

e ceased, and Silence bowed her holy face,
And spread her benediction over all;
ll, rising, each walked slowly from the place
To find the world outside the high brick wall.

ow many ways, O God, to worship Thee!
With pictured walls and incense, priest and stole;
ith simple hymn and earnest homily;
Or, in the secret of a voiceless soul.

Love! forever finding those that seek,
All upright souls are open to Thy light;
hou seest the struggling ones, the strong, the weak,
And those who grope amid the dark for light.

nd many a one, from out the earthly glare,
Flies to the shelter of Thy secret room,
nd prays alone the universal prayer—
"Lord, God Almighty, let Thy kingdom come."

The following lines suggested the response, in a rmer paper, entitled "When He Maketh Up His ewels."

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY DR. R. J. LEVIS.

nder the snow, this wintry day,
The snow that covers a churchyard stone,
y hopes lie dead in the damp, cold clay,
Under a snow pall, dark and lone.

nder the snow, where dead leaves mould,
Where the grasses withered, the flow'rets died,
n an earthy chamber, dark and cold,
The clod and my darlings lie side by side.

'e laid them there when the shadow came
To seal their lips with its icy breath;
ur cheeks grew pale at its whispered name—
Our home was dark with the shadow of death.

We strewed them with blossoms pale and fair
As their faces, so cold and calm and chaste;
Then closed the caskets, in deep despair,
And bore them over the whitened waste.

The mantle of snow now veils the earth,
And I sit alone by the firelight's glow,
Till the embers grow dark on the desolate hearth—
My heart's with my darlings under the snow.

Thus I watch and wait, but there sounds to me
No childish prattle, no pattering feet;
While the chill winds wail as the moaning sea,
And the snow-drifts wave like a winding-sheet.

From under the snow, at the breath of spring,
The buds shall peer through the icy crust,
And blossom and bloom again may bring
Awakened tokens of hope and trust.

THE WILL MUST BE TRAINED, NOT BROKEN.

Men often speak of breaking the will of a child. The will needs regulation, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him as a child's will. I would discipline and develop it into harmonious proportions. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than that of an arm too mighty, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, too powerful in its hold. The instruction of children should be such as to animate, inspire, restrain, but not to hew, cut and carve; for I would always treat a child as a live tree, which was to be helped to grow, never as a dry, dead timber to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain mouldings grooved upon it. A live tree, and not dead timber, is every little child.—*T. P.*

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way!

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" will be held at Race Street Meeting-house on 7th day, 4th month 18th, at 10 A. M. The First-day School Unions are desired to forward full reports, statistical and otherwise, of their several schools, also any schools not connected with Unions. Sewing-schools for poor, etc., will please send similar reports a few days in advance to the clerks, 717 Willow Street, Philadelphia.

Each school (if it sees proper) can forward one or two names of persons to act on the Executive Committee. Jos. M. Truman, Jr. } *Clerks.*
Anne Caley, }

The Executive Committee will meet at same place on Sixth-day evening, at 7½ o'clock, and Seventh-day morning (18th) at 8½ o'clock. Full attendance is urged. Robert Tilney, *Clerk.*

INTERESTING LECTURE.

Mutual Aid Association of Friends will meet in Race Street Monthly Meeting-room on Sixth-day evening, 3d month 27th, at 8 o'clock.

Dr. B. Franklin Betts is expected to lecture on the "Circulation of the Blood," with appropriate microscopic illustrations. Friends generally are invited. ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

NOTICE.

A Stated meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held in the Monthly Meeting-room of Friends Meeting-house at Fifteenth and Race Streets, on Seventh-day evening, the 21st inst., at 8 o'clock. WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE Academy of Science at Vienna, Austria, have apprised Professor Henry, by cable, of the discovery of a comet.

QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING.—Quick as lightning, is a very common phrase, but the recent experiments of Prof. Rood, of Columbia College, seem to indicate that the extreme sensibility of the optic nerve enables it to outstrip even this swift-winged messenger in the facility with which it receives impressions. Thus, he has demonstrated that the length of duration of a flash of lightning may be only one five-hundredth of a second, while the eye is capable of seeing an object brought within its view for a period of time not exceeding four-billionths of a second. This even outrivals the fabled journey of Mohammed, of whom his followers maintain that he accidentally tipped a pitcher of water with his foot just as he was starting on a journey to heaven, but accomplished his mission and returned before the water spilled, holding ninety thousand interviews with the Deity while absent.

MEASURING LIGHTNING.—The length of a flash of lightning is generally greatly under-estimated The largest known was measured by M. F. Petit, at Toulouse. The flash was ten and a-half miles long. Arago once measured a series, which averaged from seven to eight miles in length. The longest interval ever remarked between a flash and the report was seventy-two seconds, which would correspond with a distance of fourteen miles. Direct researches have shown that a storm is seldom heard at a greater distance than from seven to ten miles, while the average are barely heard over four or five miles off. This fact is the more curious as cannon may be distinctly heard double or treble that distance, and special cases much farther.

SOUNDS WE CANNOT HEAR.—To many persons the voice of the field-mouse is inaudible. Some cannot hear the voice of the cricket, and a few are deaf to the voice of the sparrow, while but very few can hear the voice of the bat. Some people will not hear the bat however close they may be to it, while others can hear it flying about in the open air, and indeed consider it to be a noisy animal. The voice of the bat is probably the shrillest sound audible to human ears, consequently all animals having voices still more acute, are inaudible to us. An ant hill, for instance, may be as noisy to the inhabitants as a rookery is to us, and they might be totally unable to hear any sound whatever from human voices, in consequence of the different range of hearing.

A *medusa* was lately received at the Paris Aquarium, and immediately placed in a tank. It was soon observed that all the other marine creatures around it perished. The water had been turned into vinegar. This showed that this was one of those rare specimens which secret an acetic acid liquid.

IN Sweden justice is a grim disregarder of persons. In that country the railroad tracks are carefully fenced in, and the law imposes harsh penalties upon any one who willingly breaks through the obstruction. A Swedish nobleman, hurrying home in his own conveyance, finds that it would expedite travel to drive for a short distance upon the railroad track. He did so. Tried for the offence and convicted, he was sentenced to hard work in the penitentiary for a period of six months.

SEVEN years of patient study have resulted in the invention of a series of machines by which American lead pencils are made, in Jersey City, entirely by machinery. From the time the plumbago and rough strips of cedar and other woods enter the machinery, until they are turned out together polished lead pencils, ready to be tied up in packages, no hand labor is required. The materials used are all American, the plumbago coming from Ticonderoga county, New York, and the cedar from Florida. The pencils are made of five different grades, and they are said to be of such a quality that they can compete at once with the best pencils of German manufacture. If such should prove to be the case, American pencils will have no difficulty in finding a market, for the process by which they are manufactured is the cheapest in the world.

CURIOUS VISITORS.—Gulls are foolish birds, and this fact has made the word "gulled" mean the same as "cheated" or "fooled." Here is an instance where a flock of gulls acted like candle-millers:

Capt. Atwood, keeper of the upper light off Plymouth, says that on the night of a heavy fog recently, his attention was called to an unusual noise about the light-house building, and on going into the lantern he found it completely surrounded by a flock of gulls, apparently as thick together as they could fly, in all directions, to the number of some hundreds. The light from his burners was reflected upon them, as they circled swiftly about, giving them a beautiful golden appearance, and producing a spectacle well worth witnessing. He has never noticed anything of the kind before.

ONE of the largest manufacturers of phosphorus in Europe has stated that the whole stock of the article in the chemical establishment where he was trained consists of a little stick two inches long. He has lived to see it pulled by his own machinery in a cord uncounted miles long, and despatched by the ton together for use in both hemispheres. The chemist still lives in London who first produced phosphorus for use by the friction-match manufacturers at $2500 per pound. Now demand and competition have reduced the price so low that a single pound can be bought in the city for about one dollar. It was at one time feared that the demand for bones for agricultural purposes would so enhance the cost and diminish the supply as to raise the price of phosphorus to a high point. But the discovery of the immense deposits of phosphatic rocks in this country and elsewhere has set at rest all apprehensions of this nature. We have phosphorus enough quietly resting in the South Carolina rock-beds to meet the demands of the world for thousands of centuries, and no one need be anxious concerning a full supply at cheap rates of the indispensable friction matches, during his own lifetime at least.—*Boston Transcript.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND BY AMOS PEASLEE IN 1826.

(Continued from page 50)

From Lynn I travelled to Uxbridge; attended their Select Meeting on Seventh-day, and their meeting, of course, on First-day, which was large for that place (notice having been given) and it was much favored, the heavenly Master being near, and was to us strength in our weakness. In the afternoon had an appointed meeting at Douglass, and Second-day at Pomfret, the latter of which was a time not easily to be forgotten, matter and utterance being mercifully furnished by the great Minister of ministers suitable to the states of the people. Many hearts were tendered and the faithful were encouraged to hold on their way. From thence to New Milford, about ninety miles distant; attended their meeting on Fifth-day, and though small, yet the life of true religion arose into a good degree of dominion among us to our mutual comfort. On Sixth-day at the Valley, where there appeared some concern to dig deep for durable riches and righteousness. Seventh-day had a meeting at the Branch, and the gracious Helper was with us. First-day attended Oblong Meeting, and on Second-day the Quarterly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, and Third day the meeting for business, in which the spring of the everlasting Gospel was renewedly opened in my mind in the revival of this language: "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My glory or praise;" believing that, although it was spoken in reference to the church in former ages, yet it remains applicable to the church in the present day, and to us as a people, whom the Lord by His light and grace gathered from off the barren mountains and desolate hills of an empty profession unto the kingdom of heaven or heavenly power, or Christ within, or, in other language, to "Christ within the hope of glory," holding to view the importance of keeping to first principles, so that having oil in our vessels and our lamps trimmed, we might not by any means miss of an entrance with the everlasting Bridegroom of the true church through the door of His mercy. It was a time of renewed visitation to every class. Also in the Youth's Meeting the oil staid not until the empty vessels were filled, and the ever-blessed truth reigned over all to the praise of His grace who is God over all, blessed forever and forevermore; Amen, saith my soul. Now I can livingly rejoice in the great and glorious name of Israel's Shepherd, who is weaning me from all dependencies except His Almighty arm. He is leading me into deaths oft, and into the very bottom of Jordan, where the standing is by faith arising from the operation of the power of God that divides the mighty waters, and causes them to stand in heaps on either hand. The more I am brought through

baptism unto death of self and the creaturely working will into the true poverty of spirit where all the power that is in operation is the power of Christ, all the life that springs up is the life of Christ, all the treasures of my soul are the treasures of heaven, how the proclamation of the dear Son of God is verified, "Blessed are the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," because the truly poor in Spirit are brought to a deep sense of their own weakness, comparable to water, and as really feel the need of a supernatural power or principle to enrich them, as the water that filled the water-pots was dependent on the miraculous power of Christ, in order to be rendered the best wine. From Oblong, having our dear friend, Daniel Haviland, in company, we attended Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, in which the prophet's language was given me to comment upon, descriptive of the nature of the first and second birth, saying, "every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and with garments rolled in blood, but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire, for unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; the government shall be upon His shoulders; He shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and of the increase of His government there shall be no end." It was a searching season, many Gospel truths being opened to the people. The nature of the first birth under the influence of the creaturely or human passions, assuming the right of government in the church; independent of that wisdom that cometh down from above, that is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy, being led into operation by the strong will of man that never wrought the righteousness of God; a state from which nothing could be expected but a confused noise. But this Divine birth or new creation of God in Christ Jesus in the soul of man, is of such a nature that when by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost the Holy Child is brought forth in the soul and sits there as a refiner with fire, the fuel, which is the corrupt nature, is burned up or consumed by the fire of His eternal love; then as the government of the whole work of redemption and salvation is resigned to Him, or rests upon His shoulders, He, the Son and sent of the Father, becomes the wonderful counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace; of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. The meeting ended in solemn prayer and praise to Almighty God, dear E. Griffin being vocally engaged therein. Sixth-day of the week and 11th of the month we attended Amawalk Monthly Meeting, it being a time of great division and unsettlement in the church, on account of some doctrinal point of faith. I felt engaged to lead the minds of Friends to the origin of that faith of which Christ is the author and finisher, according to the apostolic doctrine, where He said "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God;" and the Divine power of faith so overshadowed the meeting that many hearts were tendered, and the camp was closely searched. Seventh-day we had a meeting at North Castle, which in the early part was a painfully discouraging season, but at length a little hope revived, and ability was mercifully vouchsafed to labor for a revival to the strengthening of some precious minds. First day we attended Purchase Meeting, in which the doctrines of the Gospel were renewedly and largely open to the people, to the relief of my own mind and, I believe, to the encouragement of many others. On Second-day at Manhattanville, and then the meetings in New York city, which were times of favor from thence I returned home and found my dear wife and children in good health.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. xx, 1,

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmites"—Tim. v, 23.

These Scripture testimonies of the ancient Hebrews and the early Christian churches cover the whole ground of the question respecting the use of intoxicating beverages.

The first is the recorded evidence of the wisest and most learned Prince that ever ruled the Jewish nation, and one who had himself drank the cup of every human indulgence. The last is from the pen of a man to whom perhaps, more than any other, after its illustrious founder, Christianity is indebted for its propagation and elucidation.

These are not isolated paragraphs, culled with care from the ancient writings, for, from the days of Noah, whose love of wine covers the story of his declining years with shame and infamy, down to the present, the record of the wine bibber is the same,—humiliation poverty, crime, ruin: truly a sad harvest has the race gathered from its fondness for intoxicating drinks.

The advocate of total abstinence finds ample encouragement in the example of illustrious men, whose names are enrolled among the wisest and best of all former ages.

It must be confessed, however, that for every such there is one equally gifted and possessing rarest genius, yet so given up to

ıe facinations of the wine cup as to present melancholy contrast, and these stand forth beacon-lights on the stormy coasts of lf-indulgence, warning off the mariner, on ıe tempestuous ocean of life, from the rocks nd reefs where they have been shipwrecked. Rarely does anyone who has abandoned himlf to this snare have strength to break off. olomon is, perhaps, one of the best examples e have on record,—he had tasted of every nsuous pleasure. In the account he gives f his experience, in the book of Ecclesiastes, e says, "I sought in my heart to give myself nto wine, and to lay hold on folly," and in parenthesis adds, "yet acquainting my heart ith wisdom," and he found that wisdom exelleth folly as far as light excelleth darkness. ee the result: he became eminent as a scholr; as an executive, he ruled wisely; as a gislator, he was far-seeing; as a judge, he as without a rival, so that his fame extended distant lands, and the rulers of other naons did homage to his great mind.

No stronger appeals can be found in the ages of literature than those which this onderful man addressed to his subjects; full f poetry, full of true pathos, they touch the earts of men to-day with a fervid eloquence at has never been surpassed. Hear him, as e sits in the midsts of the counsellors, and ise men of his realm, holding the goblet of parkling wine up, into the sunshine, before iem:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who ath contentions? who hath babblings? who ath wounds without cause? who hath redess of eyes?—They that tarry long at the ine, they that go to seek mixed wines."

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is d, when it giveth his color in the cup, *when moveth itself aright*; at the last it biteth like serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Thine eyes shall behold strange women, nd thy heart shall utter perverse things, yea ıou shalt be as he that lieth down in the iidst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the p of a mast. They have stricken me and I as not sick, they have beaten me and I felt not; when shall I awake. I will seek it et again."

A thousand years roll on; kings have perhed, thrones have crumbled, new empires ave arisen, commerce has spread her wings ver distant waters, conquest has succeeded nquest, nations have become assimilated, ntil the world acknowledges but one ruler, nd the City of Seven Hills is its mistress.

All along the pathway of the hero and the nquerer, throughout these centuries of unst, the friends of total abstinence from the *ıp which intoxicates*, shine forth.

Now it is the king himself, as in the case of Cyrus; now it is the counsellor, next in power to the sovereign, who boldly declares in its favor. The pledge taken by Cyrus, when a youth, at the court of his grandfather, should be held up to view to our children,—before it, and the *strength it gave to resist temptation*, all his other victories are as nothing. The man who is master of himself is the greatest of masters.

Then let us turn for a moment to the case of Daniel, a captive prince in the luxurious court of Nebuchadnezzar, carried away from his home, exiled from the religion of his fathers, surrounded by all the gorgeous pageantry of idol-worship, and in tender favor with the princes of the household. "I will not *defile* myself with the king's wine," said he,—"give me and my companions water to drink."

"And there were none found in all the kingdom, in matters of wisdom and understanding, like Daniel and his comrades. They were ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in the realm."

Nor were these isolated examples. Greece, Rome, Egypt and Arabia contributed their quota to the stock of wise and heroic men, who pledged themselves and encouraged others to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

Much that we would know of the habits and social life of Jesus and His apostles must be gathered from inference rather than positive assertion. For Himself, He ate and drank at the feasts of the Church and in the houses of His friends. He partook of wine, and was accused of being a wine-bibber, as Himself declares.

But we have not one word of evidence that He ever partook of strong, intoxicating liquors. We infer that He did not; the purity of His life and doctrine favor that view, and we may readily believe that total abstinence from strong drink was the daily practice of His followers. Church discipline was exercised over those who failed to carry it out. So rigorous was its observance, that we find "Paul the aged" under the necessity of addressing to Timothy, "his son in Christ," and an eminent bishop in the primitive Church, the exhortation that I have quoted in the beginning of this essay.

And this brings us to the consideration of how far a Christian may indulge in the use of intoxicating beverages and not become amenable to the brotherhood.

This advice of Paul—"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities," is cited by the moderate drinker in justification of the practice of wine bibbing. But I feel warranted in asserting that such application is a perversion of its true signification.

So great a tetotaller was Timothy, that he

did not feel at liberty to use *wine* as a *medicine*; and here let us discriminate. The unfermented juice of the grape was the common drink of the people of Judea, and is not to be spoken of in connection with intoxicating liquors, any more than is the cool refreshing beverage made from lemons in common use among us.

We will pause a moment over the record of this friend of God and friend of man, whose name we esteem it a privilege to enrole on the banner of total abstinence.

Timothy, descended from pious maternal ancestry, was early taught to read the Holy Scriptures by his loving and excellent Heb rew grandmother. We know that she must have possessed these traits, or her name would not have come down to posterity associated with her boy. What a blessing a pious grandmother is to that household whose children learn their first lessons of piety and truth from her honored lips. The cares and perplexities of life through which she has passed, like the fervid blaze of summer to the growing fruit, have ripened and mellowed into sweetness and beauty. There was his mother too, to whose "unfeigned faith" the Apostle Paul bears testimony. The all-embracing love and unselfish charity of these devout women had suffered no seed of bigotry to spring up in his youthful heart. Add to this teaching the lessons of his Greek father, gathered from the clear logic and sublime morality of the Grecian sages, and we have a mind prepared for the immortal precepts of Christianity. One who could not be anything less than a Christian, even if the name of Jesus had never fallen upon his ear; and he stands forth on the pages of sacred history, a Bishop without reproach, and an example to all succeeding ages.

Seeing, then, that total abstinence from all that intoxicates as a beverage was practiced and enjoined by the wisest and best men of antiquity, by every reformer who preceded the Messiah, and in succeeding ages down to the present time, it behooves us who claim to have a part in the inheritance of the righteous, to examine the ground upon which we stand.

The query addresses itself to us: Are we filling up the measure of obligation which our holy profession calls for?

The inventions and appliances for the manufacture of intoxicating drinks, have so increased the capacity for producing, that it flows like a fiery current throughout the length and breadth of the land, consuming the substance and remorselessly devouring the holiest ties and best affections in multitudes of hearts and homes. It fills our prisons, our alms-houses, our orphan asylums. It is the canker worm that is eating out the very hea of the nation.

The State collects a revenue from its manu facture. The sworn guardians of the Con monwealth sell licences to men and wome whereby they are permitted to make drunk ards,—these make murderers; murderers parents, murderers of wives, and husband and children. Then the majesty of the la is violated; the besotted criminal is tried, co denmed; the law is vindicated; justice, wit even hand, has meted out the punishment the offense, and the culprit is hanged. Th culprit; who is the culprit? Is it that wrete whose stiffening corpse dangles from the gil bet? The *custodians* of the *law* say it is. Bu *who* is the culprit? It is thou, my brothe and thou, and thou, as a component part the body politic, as an integer in the grea sum of the Commonwealth. Thou licence for money the man who gave his neighbo drink, who put the bottle to him, and mad him drunk. Thou, by withholding thy pro test against this infamous traffic, art a pa taker in the guilt of the maddened inebriat whom the sheriff hangs.

That my sex cannot be charged with con plicity in this legalized crime against society while woman's personality as a citizen is ig nored by legislators, must be plain to ever mind. The unparalleled stand which Chri tian women of this country have felt oblige to take in respect to intemperance, is a cer tain guarantee that the day on which he citizenship is acknowledged will be the begin ning of the end of the infamous traffic.

It is not enough that you, my brethren, fol your hands and look on, saying, we are *in nocent!* So said Pilate, and washed h hands, while an infuriated crowd nailed h victim to the cross.

We cannot close our eyes to the fact, tha so long as the doling out of intoxicating liquo as a beverage is made a legitimate busines and the right to do so is granted by the Stat just so long will drunkenness, debaucher and crime stalk through the land, stain ou calendar, and impoverish the nation. An who shall stay the increasing tide tha threatens to overwhelm us? Not those tha sell it, for it is to their interest to entice ou sons and make them drunkards. Neither ca we expect reform to come from those wh manufacture; it is their (lawful) busines and the means by which they are enriched.

It will not do for us to say that the wretche who drink are not obliged to do so. The in vestigations of medical science demonstrat that intemperance becomes a disease. Woul we attempt a cure, we must first remove th infection.

It would be worse than folly for a cit

that was attacked with yellow-fever, to erect hospitals and employ doctors and nurses, and leave her streets reeking with foul and noxious exhalations.

Benevolence may warm the hearth and satisfy the cravings of hunger, and the tender-hearted pour out their wealth for the alleviation of the miseries of the destitute; and it is well, but there is more than food and warmth needed. The man must be protected from himself—from the thraldom of his appetites, must be helped to stand forth a man among his peers. It must be made dishonorable to manufacture intoxicating liquors, except for medicine and the arts; it must be declared a misdemeanor to sell a glass of beer or spirits to any one except ordered by a physician. Make it a bar to social intercourse as it was in the days of the apostles. Let the discipline of our religious organizations be so amended, that no man who is outside their pale can charge them with being compromised in the infamous traffic.

The glorious liberty of the Gospel of Christ consists not in freedom to indulge an appetite or nurse a passion, but in that emancipation from their thraldom by which the spiritual nature becomes the ruler, and the body is kept in subjection.

To this holy liberty let every individual who "names the name of Christ," aspire for himself and all mankind, knowing that he only is a freeman whom the truth makes free.

L. J. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The Western First-day School Union will meet at London Grove on Seventh-day the 4th of Fourth month, 1874, at 10 o'clock, A. M. As many schools within the limits of our Union have been closed the past winter, but expect to open again for the spring and summer, it may be profitable for such to meet with those that have been vigorously prosecuted during the last few months. It is desirable that the scattered experiences be occasionally collected for the good of the whole, that our efforts be compared at suitable times with a view to profit thereby, and to cull from the mass those ideas and practices that seem to be the most inviting. Schools that have been in operation since the last meeting of the Union should give full reports, not omitting the number of entries that have been made in the Librarian's record books, or any information that may be thought useful. Those Friends who desire information in reference to the practical working of First-day schools will find the various unions can furnish them a part of the desired knowledge. It is expected that samples of text books, cards and maps will be furnished for inspection. The First-day school enterprise commends itself to most of us as one of the most beautiful of our day. How many have been drawn to our religious meetings; how many hearts have been tendered under the melting influence of love divine, and how many stagnant meetings have been awakened from the dead formality of the letter that killeth, to a more general religious experience through these schools?

One of the most pleasing sights to the writer during the past winter has been, that though it is the season of snow and storm, our meeting-house has been well filled, a large part of the congregation being composed of children; and one of the evidences of the usefulness of the school has been that the Scriptures and other religious books have necessarily been more generally read than ever before.

The invitation is extended to all. Come and mingle with us, bringing any earnest suggestions, any good results from your own schools, or with any inquiries looking toward making religious society more useful and devoted. THOS. F. SEAL, *Clerk.*

Journal and *Scattered Seeds* please copy.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

White-Water Quarterly Meeting was held at Dublin the 7th of Third month, and was quite as large as usual for this season of the year. We had the company of our esteemed friend Elihu Durfee, of Cincinnati, who bore a living testimony to the truth, and was followed by S. A. H. in prayer.

The business was transacted in much unity and harmony, in which the subject of intemperance was touchingly alluded to as a momentous evil, and that we should be charitable toward one another, as we are not always led to move in the same channel.

A message of Gospel love from our esteemed invalid friend, Emily L. Strattan, was read in our meeting, which was acceptable and edifying.

At the close of the meeting notice was given that E. Durfee wished to hold a meeting in the Town Hall at 3 o'clock on First-day. This was a large meeting, and the Gospel testimony borne was acknowledged to be such, by many not of our fold.

I. L. W.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher moral atmosphere.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.

Continued from page 55.

The 18th and 19th Lectures may be briefly noticed.

Thomas A. Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was of English birth, and the first Englishman who had held any high office since the Norman conquest. On his promotion to the office of High Chancellor the hopes of the nation were re-kindled. He discharged its arduous duties with marked ability. The burden of official duties was relaxed by social and convivial pleasures, which *he* deemed not incompatible with the sacredness or dignity of his office. Munificently liberal in his hospitality, the king himself did not live more sumptuously. But a marked change occurred in his deportment and habits when promoted to the Bishopric. His luxurious and courtly manners were supplanted by the austerity of the monk, and his liberality was directed to the relief of the poor. He arrayed himself against the policy of Henry II., which was to keep in subordination the power of the Church. With this view Henry assembled a council of the nobility and clergy at Salisbury, in 1164, when he attempted to complete a code of laws for the government of both church and state. Thomas A. Beckett refused to be governed by these, but submitting to the influence of the Pope and the clergy, he yielded a reluctant assent. It was, however, soon recalled, which placed him in open opposition to Henry's authority. Becoming seriously obnoxious, he left the country in disguise, but returned to it after a term of years with his policy unchanged. In a fit of impatience, Henry asked if no one would rid him of so troublesome a subject? The suggestion was soon executed by four Barons, who entered the Cathedral and slew him before the altar. For this piece of barbarity, Henry was obliged to make "heavy restitution."

Abelard, the bold theologian and scholastic philosopher, was the subject of the next lecture. He was born in France in 1079. The inheritance of wealth procured him position and learning, and as an ecclesiastic, he completed his education in Paris, where the fame of his public teaching reached to distant provinces and formed an epoch in the Christian world. Great numbers became disciples, and his popular ability modified the church in the 12th century. The lecturer called him a "rationalist," a "superficial logician," and likened him to some who have lived in the nineteenth century. "His reputation, says the "Foreign Quarterly Review for 1846, was greater than that of any living man." "Abelard," observes Hallam, "was almost the first who awakened mankind in the age of darkness to a sympathy with intellectual excellence. His bold theories, not the less attractive, perhaps, for treading upon the bounds of heresy, his imprudent vanity that scorned the regularly acquired reputation of older men, allured a multitude of disciples who would never have listened to an ordinary teacher.*" Without any disposition to apologize for the errors of Abelard, it seems probable that his mission was to reach a class of minds that stood aloof from the theology of the church and to aid those who should follow in lifting thought out of the deepening grooves of superstitious error. St. Bernard combatted his theories with all the power of his eloquence and the ardor of a zealot. His controversies with him were bitter and severe. The church said "*believe* if you don't understand." Abelard said, "understand and believe." Bernard said, "banish all inquiry."

The remainder of the lecture was a narrative of the incidents in the life of Abelard which grew out of his attachment for Heloise. Their names are associated in history, and form a pathetic evidence of the result of the terrible ban of celibacy that the Catholic Church still continues to enforce upon her clergy. By it two valuable human lives were lost to society and the world. Abelard died in 1142, at the priory of St. Marcellus, whither he had gone for his health. At the request of Heloise, his body was given to her and buried in the oratory of the Paraclete which he had founded, and of which she was prioress. Twenty years afterward, she was interred in the same tomb—in accordance with her own request. As an evidence that their memory is kept alive in the hearts of their people, the ashes of both were taken to Paris in 1808, and in 1828, buried in one sepulchre in Pere-la chaise.

History presents many interesting incidents in their lives, but we leave them for the curious student to look up.

Treatises on theology and their epistolary correspondence constitute a part of the literature that has been preserved for the present. The errors of one age should serve as landmarks for the next, and the experiences of the past point to a higher elevation in the future.

E. P. C.

From the Public Ledger.

UNSEEMLY JESTING.

Of the many influences that sway mankind, one of the most powerful is that of wit and drollery. A most useful instrument it often proves, not only in smoothing for a time the wrinkles of care, and calling up the merry smile, which is too rarely present on our

* From Dr. Thomas' Biographical Dictionary.

ied countenances, but also by its power of re-senting truth in a more pleasing and at-active form than its sober every-day dress fords. All honor to those who can and do use this power as to promote cheerfulness nd good-will, and recreate minds and bodies hat have been overtasked.

Yet there are times when we all feel that sting is out of place, and there are subjects hich cannot be treated humorously without injurious consequences. To jest upon deep motions, especially those of a sorrowful na-ure, is to insult them.

"Of all the griefs that harrass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest."

Calamities and troubles of every kind are oubly hard to bear when made the butt of dicule. The young and thoughtless who ndulge in merriment at the expense of pov-rty, misfortune or age, would be overwhelmed ith shame and remorse could they but ap reciate the additional pangs they inflict upon hose already suffering. There is, however, othing so ill-fitted to be ma the subject of jest as wrong doing, for there is nothing lse so intrinsically serious and sorrowful. Vhatever tends to strip sin of its solemn haracter fosters and cherishes that sin more ffectually than any other influence. The nother who repeats with a smile instances in hich her little child has been wilful, passion-te or deceitful, thinking it "smart" or cunning," is diligently sowing seeds of pas-ion or hypocrisy within that child that no uture efforts can uproot. The father who peaks of his son as only "sowing his wild ats," when that son is sacrificing his purity n haunts of iniquity and vice, is sedulously raining his child to lead a depraved and dis-olute life. The merchant who records as a 'capital joke" the successful artifice practiced n a simple countryman, is impressing upon is clerks a lesson of dishonesty and fraud hich they will never forget. The public apers that tell funny stories of theft and runkenness, and draw out their comic feat-res for the amusement of their readers, are weakening the public abhorrence of these vices, and thus indirectly but surely establish-ng their power.

There is really nothing more detrimental to the virtue, purity, and loveliness of character than the flippant way in which so many people speak of sin. Many who would be shocked at the idea of upholding or justifying wrong-doing, and who are at times the loudest in their condemnation of it, will yet not he-tate, at times, to turn it into fun, to joke and laugh over it, and thus to disarm it of its chief terrors, by destroying its serious and solemn character. It is true that what we are pleased to call grave crimes are not usually thus treated. State prison offences wear a certain dignity of wickedness, which even the most flippant respect. But when we reflect that these are but the natural outcomes of the very faults and vices which we laugh at—that eight-tenths of the arrests and commitments are for crimes connected with drunkenness, and the that remaining fractions are blossoms of other "wild oats" which we contentedly allow to flourish in youth, we shall find ourselves to be in great measure responsible even for the crimes at which we shudder.

Besides, are we not somewhat arrogant in deciding what faults are serious, and what are trifling? Is there such a thing as a trifling wrong-doing, an insignificant sin? We think not. *Every* deliberate disobedience to the voice of conscience is a sin, whatever be the action. Its degree of turpitude must depend on many things which we cannot estimate. But to deem *any* such disobedience a small matter, or to treat it lightly, is to pave the way for a gradual decay of virtue. It is always a solemn thing to do wrong, and we can never calculate its baneful effects upon character and life. He who takes away this solemnity, by laugh, or joke, or ridicule, who induces any one to think less seriously of a single dereliction of duty, is, in so far, working against virtue, honor and purity. Not for a moment would we check the joyous exuberance of youthful spirits, or banish that mirthful gayety which serves to brighten life. But let it be innocent and pure, and unmixed with any tolerance of evil, or any desire to extenuate it.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We have had a great deal of enjoyment with our children since we have lived in the country. There is so little to interfere, no temptation to go out of evenings, no interruptions, and we enjoy our evenings so much with eight of us gathered around the open fire in our sitting room, reading, writing, sewing, knitting, talking, or playing some of the many interesting games that have been invented of late for young people. I tremble sometimes when I look around upon our circle and remember it cannot be so long. The children are growing up so fast, and will soon have to go to work for themselves, and, perhaps, be separated; but I try to enjoy the present without anticipating the future.

We have adopted the plan of having a little *quiet* time every evening, immediately after rising from the supper-table, before any of the little ones get sleepy. Sometimes one of us reads something suitable, perhaps from

the Bible, perhaps a poem, or anything which seems appropriate and short; then we sit still a little while, seldom exceeding ten minutes. Occasionally there is a little serious talk, and we have often felt that it was a good form.

I have feared sometimes that in our objection to form we had gone to the other extreme, and had little or nothing in its place. Perhaps in the years to come, when our circle is broken and scattered, some here and some there, when the cares and responsibilities of life begin to weigh upon our children, they will recall these quiet home seasons with father and mother and one another with much satisfaction, and feel strengthened for their own duties thereby, and the silent prayers of those hours may be a perpetual blessing to us all.

Yet, do not infer, my dear friend, that we always *abound*. For my own part, spiritual life is very low mostly or much of the time. I can scarcely tell why, unless it is because I am so busy and cumbered with many cares, that the good seed, not being sufficiently "watched and tended," becomes choked. I am so constituted, that "one hour of thoughtful solitude" seems to "nerve my heart" and renew my strength more than one spent in social worship; the latter I feel I must do, the other I neglect to do, so the good life languishes. I do really believe, when we "enter our closets," our hands should be unemployed if we would receive the full blessing. Dost thou not think so? Not that we may not be in a prayerful state of mind while we are about our daily business, but that of itself does not seem to be sufficient for me.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 28, 1874.

"CHRIST WITHIN, THE HOPE OF GLORY."—"CHRIST, THE WISDOM AND POWER OF GOD."—We often hear this manifestation of the Life of God in the soul of man, spoken of as *our* fundamental principle. This language may convey the idea to some minds, that we would engross to ourselves this most excellent glory. On the contrary, we rejoice in the belief that it is revealed unto all who receive it believingly. Surely it is the *Christian's hope*, let him bear as to outward denomination whatever name he may.

Among religious professors, perhaps the Society of Friends stands alone in the public and full *acknowledgement* or recognition of the Indwelling power of the Highest, in the great offices of *Leader*, *Teacher*, and *Saviour*, and yet we surely believe that our Father's love is universal and impartial, and that all His rational family are placed upon equal ground as recipients of this "unspeakable gift"—the life of God in the soul. According to the testimony, "The tabernacle of God is with men." "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Unto all is this grace or manifestation of Divine life given, and blessed is he who receives it believingly, and becomes subject to its operations.

Our *Society acknowledgement* of this Principle places us in a highly responsible position, and it is cause of regret and concern when the public ministry among us veils from view, even temporarily, this heavenly Gift. This may readily be done by the admixture of theological dogmas or reasonings, against which our early Friends bore an unequivocal testimony.

As a people, we profess to use plainness of speech, and in no connection is simplicity of language more important than when we are engaged in holding up to view, either in public ministry or through the pen, the precious truths of the gospel or its promises.

Some of the doctrinal phrases found in Scripture, when used without a full explanation of their spiritual bearing, tend greatly to lead the minds of those who hear, to outward dependencies; and just in proportion as this is done, is the beautiful and pure simplicity of Truth, as acknowledged by Friends, marred or shrouded in uncertainty.

May this simplicity be preserved inviolate, as also our belief, that repentance with amendment of life, is the acceptable atonement for sin. Our expressions on all occasions should be religiously guarded, so that no words of ours may veil any gospel Truth from the comprehension of the honest inquirer.

In thus expressing our concern for the observance of simplicity of language, we do not forget that "there are diversities of gifts;" but we fully believe that if all abide in the "one Spirit," ability will be known to speak the Truth in plainness, and so to declare the whole counsel of God that it can be received convincingly.

Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. — The Twenty-Second Annual Commencement of this institution was held at the Horticultural Hall, in this city, on Third mo. 13th, and on this occasion eighteen women received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

We also have the announcement that the Twenty-Fifth Session of the College will open on Tenth mo. 1st, 1874. The officers of this useful institution have much cause of satisfaction and encouragement in the fact that the opposition to the medical education of women is steadily declining in strength both in our own and in other countries, and we doubt not that the future will find this College increasingly worthy of the good cause it has hitherto represented.

The valedictory address of Prof. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Faculty, contained much excellent counsel to the graduates in regard to the social as well as professional duties which await them. They were exhorted to be leaders and inspirers of society in the direction of intellectual culture. Besides exercising their chosen life work as healers of bodily infirmities and diseases, they might be some agents in a higher work, the moral and mental culture of those with whom their lot shall fall.

"Your alma mater claims at your hands that in this capacity you do a work for her in the years immediately before you. The old questions of woman's mental capacity and of her fitness for the profession of medicine having been forever settled by the worthy pioneers who have preceded you, there remains now for you the golden opportunity of arresting attention, in behalf of professional study, of the younger women among your patients and associates by the persuasive character of unostentatious learning.

"Adopt the true *educo* idea in your attempts to check the torrent of worldliness and frivolity which sweeps down like a flood upon our blooming American girls. Do not lecture them for their folly beyond the necessity which present exigencies may demand, but let your neatly furnished and attractive home and your own cheerful life continually repeat to them, 'Come.'

"The microscope will be upon your table, with its never exhausted store of nature's charming secrets; the test-tube rack and chemical reagents will be found in a convenient closet, ready to respond in accents of color and of varying physical condition to your questions concerning *their* marvels."

The graduates were also reminded of the necessity of continued study and research, in order not only to keep pace with the rapid developments of the age, but that they might in the fulness of their years be numbered among the original investigators to whom the world tardily, perhaps, but surely does homage. To chemical and microscopic study the speaker especially called the attention of the graduates. As physicians it was eminently fitting that they should be seekers after truth, not for selfish or sordid ends, but that they may give of the ripened fruit of knowledge freely to those who hunger, as the Father freely bestows His sunshine and His showers.

DIED.

COX.—At the residence of Henry Cox, Wheatland, Monroe County, N. Y., Tenth mo. 15th, 1873, Phebe Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas C. and Dorothy M. Cox, in the 20th year of her age; a member of Wapsinonoe Monthly Meeting, Iowa.

ROBERTS.—Of membranous croup, at Bristol, on the 13th of First month, 1874, John T., aged five years. On the 13th of Second month, 1874, at the same place, of capillary bronchitis, Frank H., aged two years; children of Thomas and the late Elizabeth W. Roberts, members of Byberry Monthly Meeting. Interments at Plymouth, Pa.

Light is sown for the righteous; it comes not upon the sudden. We must not think to sow and reap both at once. If trouble be lengthened, lengthen thy patience. Seek after the spirit which prompts these words: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." "My strength and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:—In the death of Charles Sumner great ind is the nation's loss. For his sublime tion to the cause of freedom, through and through good report, praises are n the lips of the millions. Another which deeply interested him, less with the masses than the now successf slavery cause, was the substitution tration for the War method of adjus ferences between nations. It is by evenings since, in his house in Wash a house abounding with the choicest

of art and literature—it was my privilege to have a very interesting interview with him upon this subject. Expressing the hope that his Civil Rights bill, for the better protection of the rights of colored people (so touchingly alluded to in his last hours) would soon be passed, he mentioned his purpose then to call up the subject of Arbitration, and to ask the Senate to adopt his resolutions, which he introduced on the opening of the present session, as a first step in initiating the peace policy in lieu of the war method. He spoke of it with much feeling and earnestness. It was, he said, the type of an ideal civilization he had long cherished, and which he hoped to see attained. I took occasion to mention to him the interest felt therein in this city, by Samuel Willets and other Friends, and he asked: "Cannot your Friends send me memorials on the subject?"—adding, "they would be valuable aid in awakening the interest of the Senate." May I suggest to Friends who are among the readers of the *Intelligencer* in various portions of the country, to consider whether, in the capacity of Monthly Meetings or otherwise, they may not still, with great propriety, and as a timely service in the cause of peace, memorialize the Senate and House of Representatives to adopt Senator Sumner's resolutions, now before the Senate but not yet acted upon? George G. Wright, of the Senate, and Henry J. Scudder, of the House of Representatives, I have good reason to believe, would gladly receive. and present in their respective bodies, such memorials as may be addressed to them.

On the afternoon of the 6th inst., I listened in the Senate to Charles Sumner's last speech upon the Centennial bill, and was never more impressed with his remarkable power and eloquence. A little later the same afternoon he gave his last vote, and spoke his last public word in the Senate in the hearty, s norous "aye" in favor of the bill

This brings up another objection, "You are going to establish an almshouse," "a bettering house," &c., titles which we repudiate as not applying to the undertaking. In the first place in almshouses it is not usual for the inmates to pay board, and in the next place they are apt to be managed with more economy than is consistent with the comfort of these dependent ones.

In the boarding house we propose establishing *all* pay their board, or have it paid for them, and we contemplate having it furnished comfortably, having all the modern conveniences which are now deemed necessary in well arranged dwellings; and to enable the family more readily to attend our religious meetings is the desire to have it not very distant from one of our meeting-houses.

providing for a National Commission of Inquiry concerning the alcoholic liquor traffic. Illy (does it seem) can we afford to spare from public life, at the present time, a statesman of so rare a type.

AARON M. POWELL.

New York, 3d mo. 16, 1874.

The following are Senator Sumner's resolutions above referred to:

WHEREAS, By international law and existing custom war is recognized as a form of trial for the determination of differences between nations: and

Whereas, For generations good men have protested against the irrational character of this arbitrament, where force instead of justice prevails, and have anxiously sought for a substitute in the nature of a judicial tribunal, all of which was expressed by Franklin in his exclamation: "When will mankind be convinced that all wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?" and,

Whereas, War once prevailed in the determination of differences between individuals, between cities, between counties and provinces, being recognized in all these cases as the arbiter of justice, but at last yielded to a judicial tribunal, and now, in the progress of civilization, the time has come for the extension of this humane principle to nations, so that their differences may be taken from the arbitrament of war, and, in conformity with these examples, submitted to a judicial tribunal: and

Whereas, Arbitration has been formally recognized as a substitute for war in the determination of differences between nations, being especially recommended by the Congress of Paris, where were assembled the representatives of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sardinia and Turkey, and afterwards adopted by the United States in formal treaty with Great Britain for the determination of differences arising from depredations of British cruisers, and also from opposing claims with regard to the San Juan boundary; and

Whereas, it becomes important to consider and settle the true character of this beneficent tribunal, thus commended and adopted, so that its authority and completeness as a substitute for war may not be impaired, but strengthened and upheld, to the end that civilization may be advanced and war be limited in its sphere: therefore

1. *Resolved*, That in the determination of international differences, arbitration should become a substitute for war in reality as in name, and, therefore, coextensive with war in jurisdiction, so that any question or griev-

ıce which might be the occasion of war or misunderstanding between nations, should considered by this tribunal.

2. *Resolved*, That any withdrawal from a eaty recognizing arbitration, or any refusal abide the judgment of the accepted tribuıl, or any interposition of technicalities to nit the proceedings, is to this extent a disıragement of the tribunal as a substitute r war, and, therefore, hostile to civilization.

3. *Resolved*, That the United States, havg at heart the cause of peace everywhere, d hoping to help its permanent establishent between nations, hereby recommend e adoption of arbitration as a just and actical method for the determination of inrnational differences, to be maintained sinrely and in good faith, so that war may ase to be regarded as a proper form of trial tween nations.

The following memorial, or its equivalent, ould suffice for the official endorsement of onthly Meetings, and also for the individl signatures of Friends and other approving izens:

MEMORIAL

the United States Senate and House of Representatives:

Your memorialists, believing the War meth of settling differences to be injurious, exnsive, and detrimental to the best interests mankind, respectfully ask you, by appropiate legislation, to adopt, and to recommend other nations the adoption of, Arbitration a just and practical method for the deternation of international differences.

A. M. P.

[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

"FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE."

The question is asked by some, when solicid to aid this undertaking, "What is the cessity of such an institution? there are ıny Friends who take boarders, where aged young Friends can be accommodated, and se too often make but a scanty living"

True, a number of Friends are boardinguse keepers, but, if successful, they must ask ıigher board than those of moderate means ı well afford, and excepting the lack of od management, the low rate of board is, rhaps, the main cause of the non-success of ne engaged in this business.

Cases are known of young women, members ongst Friends, who are in stores in this y, and if it were not for aid extended by ir friends, would not from their scanty reneration be able to meet the expenses of ir board and clothing, moderate though se may be.

Young men from the country could be ed who, for the sake of economy, have been very indifferently accommodated in the families of those not of our Society; other Friends are stated to have removed to country towns or villages in order to live within the bounds of their limited means; and where aged Friends are aided by the meeting, how difficult it is to find suitable accommodations, not only for the moderate allowance given, but to secure them where they are easily accessible to our religious meetings, and the visits of their friends. Cases could be given in all three of the monthly meetings in this city where these aged ones have been boarded from one to three or more miles distant from meetings, and with those of other societies, and the difficulty of finding low board necessarily exposes the condition of these more than is proper.

In order to shield any who may be aided by the meeting from the exposure of their cases, which now may often occur, each of the three Monthly Meetings has the right, if it sees proper, to appoint two managers, so that such can be looked after and quietly attended to by them. There is little doubt as to its success. Similar establishments among other societies have been, and there is no reason why with good management this should not he successful.

The Young Women's Boarding House, under the care of the "Women's Christian Association," has more than met the *house expenses*. Yet making a liberal allowance for provisions donated and including the ground rent and some other expenses, the average for each boarder is less than three dollars; whether our house will succeed in having as low a charge I do not assert, but believe it will be moderate.

But in order to do this there should be no house rent to pay, but as in the above named institution, the property should be owned, and free of debt or nearly so. Few houses could be rented adapted to this purpose, and any alterations made to fit them for our use would be a waste of funds.

Twenty thousand dollars invested in a building, and the proper furnishing of the same, would enable the managers to proceed in this matter. This sum could be readily raised amongst us if we felt a lively interest, and were willing to place ourselves in the tried conditions of others less favored than ourselves.

The need of giving more care to our young members, especially those from the country, has exercised the minds of many Friends; by accommodating some of these in this boarding house it will not only bring such more under the notice of Friends, but be as a central point where their young acquaintances may come and spend a social evening, and thus by

having the aged and the youth mingling together, it will be pleasanter and more homelike for each.

The interest which many women Friends have manifested in this concern is an additional evidence of its need. One valuable Friend, who has known the difficulty of securing comfortable accommodations, having received a present of fifty dollars from a relative, preferred, notwithstanding her moderate means, to give it to this cause rather than expend it on herself.

Another who for many years occupied an important station amongst us, and who has had experience in boarding with Friends and those of other professions, contributed a like amount received in a similar manner.

A young invalid expressed the pleasure she had in the prospect that this would be a home for her, for although she resided with very kind relatives of another religious society, yet she felt anxious to be more amongst those of her own religious profession.

Aged Friends who have been serviceable in our Society, as well as some that are younger, have expressed their readiness to accept of its advantages when established. It is believed that there will be no difficulty in filling even a large boarding house, and it will obviate the necessity of any of our members seeking shelter in institutions of other societies, as is asserted to be the case with a worthy woman Friend formerly of this city, who having used her moderate means in the support of a blind sister, and being now in a like condition herself, has sought a home in another State in a Methodist establishment.

May I not, therefore, appeal to our members, and those in sympathy with our Society, to come forward and contribute liberally, so as to enable us early to establish the "Friends' Boarding House." J. M. T.

Philadelphia, Third mo. 18th, 1874.

Henry M. Laing, 30 N. Third street, is the Treasurer, to whom those willing to subscribe can forward their names, or hand them to any of the Managers or Canvassing Committee.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Extracts from her "Personal Recollections."

(Concluded from page 61.)

These extracts embrace exclusively the later years of Mary Somerville's life. In connection with those in the former numbers, they will serve to give the readers of the *Intelligencer* an insight into her character; but the book itself must be read if one would wish to appreciate the guiding principles which shaped her life. Such a book is a valuable addition to every public and private library. G.

"Age has not abated my zeal for the emancipation of my sex from the unreasonable prejudice, too pr valent in Great Britain, against a literary and scie tific education for women. The French are mo civilized in this respect, for they have taken t lead, and have given the first example in mode times of encouragement to the high intellectual cu ture of the sex. Madame Emma Chenu, who h received the degree of Master of Arts from t Academy of Sciences in Paris, has more recently r ceived the diploma of Licentiate in Mathematic Sciences, from the same illustrious society, after successful examination in algebra, trigonometr analytical geometry, the differential and intreg calculi, and astronomy. A Russian lady has al taken a degree; and a lady of my acquaintance h received a gold medal from the same intitution. joined in a petition to the Senate of London Un versity, praying that degrees might be granted women; but it was rejected. I have also frequen ly signed petitions to Parliament for the Wom Suffrage, and I have the honor now to be a memb of the General Committee for Woman Suffrage London." . . . . .

"I have lately entered my eighty-ninth ye grateful to God for the innumerable blessings I has bestowed on me and my children; at pea with all on earth, and I trust that I may be at pea with my Maker when my last hour comes, whi cannot now be far distant.

"Although I have been tried by many severe a flictions, my life, upon the whole, has been happ I must say that no one ever met with such kindne as I have. I never had an enemy. I have nev been of a melancholy disposition; though depress sometimes by circumstances, I always rallied agai and although I seldom laugh, I can laugh hearti at wit, or on fit occasion. The short time I ha to live naturally occupies my thoughts. In t blessed hope of meeting again with my belov children, and those who were and are dear to r on earth, I think of death with composure and pe fect confidence in the mercy of God. Yet to n who am afraid to sleep alone on a stormy night, even to sleep comfortably any night unless some o is near, it is a fearful thought that my spirit mu enter that new state of existence quite alone. W are told of the infinite glories of that state, and believe in them, though it is incomprehensible us; but as I do comprehend, in some degree at lea the exquisite loveliness of the visible world, I co fess I shall be sorry to leave it. I shall regret t sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautif coloring; the earth, with its verdure and flower but far more shall I grieve to leave animals w have followed our steps affectionately for yea without knowing for certainty their ultimate fa though I firmly believe that the living principle never extinguished. Since the atoms of matt are indestructible, as far as we know, it is difficu to believe that the spark which gives to their uni life, memory, affection, intelligence and fidelity, evanescent. Every atom in the human frame, well as in that of animals, undergoes a periodic change by continual waste and renovation; t abode is changed, not its inhabitant. If anim have no future, the existence of many is mo wretched; multitudes are starved, cruelly beate and loaded during life; many die under a barba ous vivisection. I cannot believe that any creatu was created for uncompensated misery; it wou be contrary to the attributes of God's mercy a justice. I am sincerely happy to find I am not t only believer in the immortality of the lower an mals." . . . . .

"I am now, in my ninety-second year (1872), still able to drive out for several hours. I am extremely deaf, and my memory of ordinary events, and especially the names of people, is failing, but not for mathematical and scientific subjects. I am still able to read books on the higher algebra for four or five hours in the morning, and even to solve the problems. Sometimes I find them difficult, but my old obstinacy remains, for if I do not succeed today, I attack them again on the morrow. I also enjoy reading about all the new discoveries and theories in the scientific world, and on all branches of science." . . . . . .

"It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquility. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired, and though my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and make the infirmities of age so light to me that I am perfectly happy."

Closing remarks by Martha Somerville:

"I have very little more to add to these last words of my mother's recollections. The preceding pages will have given the reader some idea, albeit, perhaps a very imperfect one, of her character and opinions. Only regarding her feelings on the most sacred of themes, it is needful for me to say a few words. My mother was profoundly and sincerely religious; hers was not a religion of mere forms and doctrines, but a solemn, deep-rooted faith, which influenced every thought and regulated every action of her life. Great love and reverence towards God was the foundation of this pure faith, which accompanied her from youth to extreme old age; indeed, to her last moments, which gave her strength to endure many sorrows, and was the mainspring of that extreme humility which was so remarkable a feature of her character." . . . . .

"My mother never discussed religious subjects in general society; she considered them far too solemn to be talked of lightly; but with those near and dear to her, and with very intimate friends, whose opinions agreed with her own, she spoke freely and willingly. Her mind was constantly occupied with thoughts on religion; and in her last years especially, she reflected much on that future world which she expected soon to enter, and lifted her heart still more frequently to that good Father whom she had loved so fervently all her life, and in whose merciful care she fearlessly trusted in her last hour.

"My mother's old age was a thoroughly happy one. She often said that not even in the joyous spring of life had she been more truly happy. Serene and cheerful, full of life and activity, as far as her physical strength permitted, she had none of the infirmities of age, except difficulty in hearing, which prevented her from joining in general conversation. She had always been near-sighted, but could read small print with the greatest ease without glasses, even by lamp-light. To the last, her intellect remained perfectly unclouded; her affection for those she loved, and her sympathy for all living beings as fervent as ever; nor did her ardent desire for, and belief in, the ultimate religious and moral improvement of mankind diminish. She always retained her habit of study, and that pursuit, in which she had attained such excellence, and which was always the most congenial to her — mathematics — delighted and amused her to the end. Her last occupations, continued to the actual day of her death., were the revision and completion of a treatise, which she had written years before, on the 'Theory of Differences' (with diagrams exquisitely drawn), and the study of a book on Quarternions. Though too religious to fear death, she dreaded outliving her intellectual powers, and it was with intense delight that she pursued her intricate calculations after her ninetieth and ninety-first years, and repeatedly told me how she rejoiced to find that she had the same readiness and facility in comprehending and developing these extremely difficult formulæ which she possed when young. Often, also, she said, how grateful she was to the Almighty Father who had allowed her to retain her faculties unimpaired to so great an age. God was indeed loving and merciful to her, not only did He spare her this calamity, but also the weary trial of long-continued illness. In health of body and vigor of mind, having lived far beyond the usual span of human life, He called her to Himself. For her, death lost all its terrors. Her pure spirt passed away so gently that those around her scarcely perceived when she left them.

"It was the beautiful and painless close of a noble and a happy life.

"My mother died in sleep on the morning of the 29th of November, 1872. Her remains rest in the English Campo Santo of Naples."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

Now that the potatoe beetle in its march of destruction towards the East appears to have reached Pennsylvania, any information that would tend to lessen its ravages cannot be too widely circulated; I therefore enclose the following extract from an article by a Western correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph*, as being the most clear and concise of anything I have seen on the subject, merely adding that too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of destroying the first crop of beetles and their eggs, as the rapidity of their increase for the season is thus very much lessened; they appear to have a greater fancy for some varieties of potatoes than for others, and, where several of these were placed beside each other, I have found the Early Rose to escape with the least damage, particularly when planted early, as in this case the vines had attained a rankness of growth, at the time of the appearance of these insects, that prevented them from doing the crop so much harm. GEO. S. TRUMAN.

Santee Agency, Third mo. 7, 1874.

"We have had several years' experience with this pest, and have spent some time in studying and making observations on its nature and habits, and what we have to offer is not theoretic, but practical.

In the outset it may be affirmed that there is very little danger of your readers forming too high an estimate of the expense this villain adds to the cultivation of the potato-plant.

Walsh, of Rock-Island, our celebrated en-

tomologist, declared years ago, before they came among us, that they had never been known to leave any place where they had once appeared. Although they have not always proved equally formidable or destructive, yet they hold on the "even tenor of their way," and reappear every spring in this section, verifying the truth of Walsh's assertion, so far as our experience goes. The first season they may appear early in spring or late in summer. If they come late they will probably do but little damage; but if early a few beetles may, if not destroyed, deposit enough of eggs to greatly damage the crop. Of the appearance of the beetle in its fully developed state I need not speak, for I sent you a specimen two or three years since, which you described in your paper, accompanied with a statement that a gentleman from Berks county declared that they were nothing new to him, "having often seen them preying upon the vines in Berks." We felt confident at the time, as we do still, that he was mistaken, in which opinion the good people of Berks will coincide with us after they have once made the acquaintance of the genuine Colorado beetle.

The first comers in the spring generally do but little damage in the way of eating the vines, unless they be unusually plenty. It is the larva that does the work so effectually. The eggs are deposited on the underside of the leaf of the plant in a cluster. They are of a deep yellow or orange color, oblong in shape and attached at one end to the leaf, and of sufficient size and in such numbers as to render their discovery no difficult task.

After they are deposited, if the weather is warm and the sun shines much of the time, they will soon hatch and go at their work of destruction. On the contrary, if the weather be cool and rainy they will remain on the leaf a long time before hatching, and in the case of early potatoes hatch too late to damage the crop much.

The slug when first hatched is a dark-colored, diminutive creature, but a good feeder, and thrives amazingly. As it increases in size it grows lighter in color. This slug is one of the most loathsome objects you can conceive of. For a full-grown one imagine a grain of coffee puffed up on the convex side, widened considerably, covered with a tough, shiny, yellow skin, with a row of black spots on either side, a small head, armed with strong jaws, stuck on one end just behind, and underneath it the strong short legs that drag the ponderous, humped body, and you cannot fail to know the hateful creature at sight.

After a few weeks' good feeding they descend to and burrow in the ground, where they are speedily transformed into handsome striped beetles, and come to the surface and again go to work. They eat on while there is anything to eat. After potato tops fail them they will eat up the tomato vines, and also attack turnip tops, but are not very fond of the latter. On the approach of cold weather they burrow in the earth, and are turned up when plowing in early spring. They are exceedingly tenacious of life. We have thrown the beetles into brine, where at the end of twenty-four hours they were still alive.

As to their being poisonous we have never known anyone to be injured by them, though from all accounts we would not try the experiment of inhaling the vapor while burning them; have never known a fowl of any kind to eat either the slug or the beetle, although we have tried both turkeys and chickens. There are, however, two insects that prey upon the slugs. One is a blue bug about half an inch in length, with a brown head; the other is a gray, shield-shaped bug similar to, if not identical with, the stinking pumpkin bug, so common in the East. We have seen both these fellows at work, the latter spearing and carrying the slug with ease.

Now, as to the best mode of fighting the enemy, our advice is, if your patch is small, to go over it when they first appear and pick off and destroy the beetles, turning up the leaves also and looking for and mashing the eggs. If you have a large-sized patch, from half an acre upward, it is impracticable to adopt this plan. In that case wait until the slugs are about as large as a small pea (*i. e.* the largest, as they do not all hatch at once), then apply Paris green. We mix it as follows: fifteen pounds of flour to one pound of Paris green. Middlings answer nearly as well and are cheaper than flour. Apply with a round oyster or any tin can, perforated by driving a scratch awl through the bottom often enough to sift it readily on the tops. Apply it when the dew is on and before the wind rises. If there is a breeze, keep on the windward side of the row, to avoid inhaling the mixture. This is a tedious job, but it is the only way you can save your crop. The Paris green injures the tops somewhat, but not seriously.

As to varieties, plant the "Early Rose," and *plant it early—force the crop.* Almost everyone will, perhaps, plant the Peachblow for late potatoes. The bugs do not like it as well as the Rose or Early York. We plant these three varieties, and advise *early* planting of all three. If the bugs are very bad your chances for a crop of the Early Rose is the best, for they will generally blossom before the slugs are of any size. They seem to prefer the tops of the Early York to either of the others, but are fond of the Rose also.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

From the Children's Friend.

AGASSIZ AND THE CHILDREN.

They are crowning with many laurels
The brow of this dear dead sage,
The work of whose busy life-time
Belongs to no country or age.
Wise men of grand vision are seeking
To measure his work as a whole;
And the sweetest of poets are singing
In praise of his reverent soul.

But no worthier tribute is offered
To the man, as it seems to me,
Than this—that he loved little children,
And was like them in purity.
That he never got lost in the windings
Of intricate science so far,
But his keen eye, enkindled with fervor,
Could beam down in love like a star.

Great man that he was, all the greater
For this—he would stop in the street
And speak with a tender caressing
To the veriest child he would meet.
So closely he drew unto nature,
In his passionate searchings for truth,
That the heart of this dearest of teachers,
Seemed a fount of perpetual youth.

He would pause in his deepest researches,
By the entrance of children beguiled,
And his great heart was touched in a moment,
At the grief or joy of a child.
It may be—one loves to believe it—
He realized better than we,
That oracle solemn and tender,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

For he *loved*—so they tell us—the children;
Sweet tribute! and long may his name
Be as dear to the ear of affection,
As great in the temple of fame.
And the children shall honor and love him,
Who, no steadfast devotions denied,
That their age might be wiser and better
Than the age in which Agassiz died.

A. F. B.

THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

"Would you hide me from my pleasures?
Would you hold me from my rest?
From my serving and my waiting
I am called to be a guest!

While you see the sun descending,
While you lose me in the night,
Lo, the heavenly morn is breaking,
And my soul is in the light.

O, they come to bear me upward
To the mansions of the sky,
And to change as I am changing
Is to live, and not to die:

Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
And to dwell among the angels,
In the city of our God."

Bishop Watson says that "War has principles and practices peculiar to itself, which but ill quadrate with the rules of moral rectitude, and are quite abhorrent from the benignity of Christianity."

ASBESTOS—A SINGULAR SUBSTANCE.

In the city of Glasgow a manufactory is now being carried on, in which the principal ingredient used is a material hitherto so little known, except among *savants*, that its very name "asbestos" is a mystery. When all its properties are known, the substance is still more puzzling. In appearance as friable and perishable as thistledown, it is older than any order of animal or vegetable life on earth. So little amenable is it to the dissolving influences of time, that the action of unnumbered centuries, by which the hardest rocks known to geologists are worn away, has no appreciable effect on this strange substance which is found imbedded in them. With its great proportion of bulk composed of the most rough and gritty materials known, it is itself as smooth to the touch as soap or oil, and may be made as light and buoyant as feathers. Apparently as combustible as tow, the fiercest heat cannot consume it, and the thready filaments may be mingled with molten brass or iron without losing their characteristic form. Finally, no combinations of acids at present known in any way affects the appearance and strength of its fibre, even after days of exposure to their action. The name of this article is derived from the Greeks. "Asbestos" literally means "indestructible"—a title which is very thoroughly earned by this strange substance. It is, moreover, so unassailable by all known solvents that it is a virtual impossibility to analyze and give its component parts with exactness. Enough, however, is known or guessed at, to enable us to speak of it as consisting of from fifty to sixty parts silex, ten or twenty parts magnesia, about the same proportion generally of aluminum, some traces of protoxide of iron, and sometimes a lime like mixture. The marvellous properties and consequent prospective value of asbestos to mankind have been known to some extent and appreciated for thousands of years, and vast sums of money have been expended in endeavoring to make it available; but up till within a few years these experiments have for the most part resulted in failure, from the fact of the varied and dissimilar peculiarities of the different species—such, for instance, as the length, strength and fineness of the fibre, excess of magnesia or alumnium, etc., being unknown. Paper can be made from asbestos, and of excellent quality too. Still there is only one or, at the furthest, two kinds of asbestos that can be made into paper at all, and that only by proper and peculiar treatment. This, also, is the case as to thread and cloth, and, in fact, with reference to any and all other applications of asbestos. A new and important use for this substance is for steam packing. . . . The practical uses

to which it is not only possible, but probable, that asbestos will be put are almost numberless. Asbestos boats, tubs, boxes, wagon bodies and even railway carriages, which will neither rot, burn, nor splinter, are perfectly practicable and possible. Another of the uses to which this material is applied is the covering of steam-boilers, drums and pipe, and in fact all bodies where the object is to retain heat and exclude cold.—*British Trade Journal.*

FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

Managers and Canvassing Committee will meet on Sixth-day next, 4th mo. 3, at 4 o'clock, P. M., in Race Street Meeting-house.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

Special Despatch to the Public Ledger.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "CITY of PEKING" AT CHESTER.

CHESTER, March 18, 1874.—The splendid new steamship "City of Peking" for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, was successfully launched today, at the Delaware River Iron Ship Building and Engine Works, of which Mr. John Roach is President, at this place.

. . . . . .

The new steamer City of Peking had not, up to the date of launching, been measured for register, but her gross burden will fall very little short of six thousand (6,000) tons. Her extreme length of hull is 423 feet, by 48 feet breadth of beam, and she is 38 feet 6 inches deep between the top of the keel and the spar deck. She has four decks, and six water-tight compartments. She has accommodations for 150 cabin passengers, and 1,800 steerage passengers, and her coal bunkers will carry 1,500 tons. She is furnished with the most approved steam steering apparatus, as well as two other hand steering wheels, one forward and the other aft. The steam apparatus is furnished with a friction-brake to hold or stop the rudder at any point, and with a pointer to indicate exactly at what degree the rudder is at any moment.

Ventilators have been abundantly supplied in all parts of the ship, and so arranged as to admit, under all circumstances, a continuous current of fresh air and to exclude water. The hollow iron masts also serve as ventilators. The ship is furnished with ten boats of the most approved construction; all the masts are of iron, and the sails are of extra long flax canvas. The total weight of iron used in the construction of the ship was 5,400,000 pounds.

The engines are said to constitute with one exception, the largest piece of mercantile marine machinery ever constructed anywhere. They consist of two pairs of compound engines, of about 4,500 horse-power. The stroke is 54 inches. There are two low pressure cylinders of 88 inches each, and two high-pressure of 51 inches each—thus giving an aggregate cylinder-diameter of 278 inches. Either engine may be detached from the other, and in case of breakage of one of them at sea, the sound one may be worked while the other is in process of repair, and will propel the vessel at two-thirds of its regular speed.

The propeller wheel is of Hersch's patent 20 feet 3 inches in diameter, four blades, with a pitch of 30 feet and to make 65 revolutions a minute, which will give a speed of 15½ knots per hour. There are ten boilers, each 10 feet 6 inches long and 13 feet diameter, to bear a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch.

The City of Peking is claimed to be the largest vessel afloat excepting the Great Eastern, in capacity of tonnage and displacement of water.

SAFETY OF ANÆSTHETICS.—If the force of statistics be of any value, ether appears, beyond question, to be the safest anæsthetic. By combining American and British data relating to this question, the result shows conclusively that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether, twice as dangerous as a mixture of chloroform and ether, and, as far as experience goes, it is more dangerous than bichloride of methylene. The report of the London chloroform Committee, appointed to investigate this subject, states that not only is ether less dangerous than chloroform, but that with every care, and the most exact dilution of the chloroform-vapor by the most skillful hands, the state of insensibility may pass in a few moments into one of imminent death.

IT is a common fallacy in regard to diet that brain-workers need less nutriment than muscle-workers. The changes of tissue in the brain, that takes place during study and thought, are very important and very rapid, and must be replaced by abundant food.

A panting deer, chased by hounds, came to a woodman working near the Umpqua (Oregon) Bridge, and after he had driven the dogs off, the deer remained with him all day, allowing him to fondle it, and appearing to feel a lively sense of gratitude for the man's interference in its behalf.

John M. Gordon, of Norfolk, Va., has in his possession two clusters of Spanish dollars, incrusted with shells, which were taken from the bottom of the sea; but at what spot no man in the confidence of J. M. Gordon can declare. The dollars speak for themselves, and tell of the destruction of some Spanish argosy laden with treasure; but they refuse to testify as to latitude or longitude, and remain a mystery, perhaps never to be solved.

LIEBIG, the great German chemist, declares: "We can prove, with mathematical certainty, as plain as two and two make four, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutrition which is contained in a five-pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh."

AN American correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* writes from Cincinnati that the German sparrows which some years ago left the immediate precincts of the town to escape the smoke of the chimneys and spread themselves over the neighboring farms have now returned in large numbers, apparently because they had multiplied so extensively as to have exhausted their supplies of food. The present generation of sparrows seem to have become completely habituated to the bituminous vapor with which the air is so densely charged, and they, as well as several species of ordinary singing birds, which have been imported from Germany by the Society of Acclimatization, bid fair to become thoroughly naturalized on the American continent.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 4, 1874. No. 6.

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SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

It is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at the beginning of the volume.*

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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An Address of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Baltimore, to Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States; and his reply.

HUDSON, N. Y., Third month 11th, 1874.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

I lately found among my papers the following address of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, to Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, and his reply. On reading the articles, it appeared to me that they are worthy of preservation. On the one hand, we see that, although two generations of men have come and gone since the date of the correspondence, Friends are still engaged in the same benevolent enterprises, which is cause of encouragement. And on the other, we see, that when those in authority under the government are approached with the kindly feeling manifest in this epistle, it rarely fails to meet the witness for truth in them; in this case, Jefferson feelingly and very kindly responded to Friends' address.

AARON C. MACY.

To Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States:

WE, the Representatives of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, for the Western Shore of Maryland, the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the State of Ohio, being convened in the City of Baltimore, on those concerns which relate to our Society, appreend that we feel our minds engaged to address thee on behalf of ourselves, and the religious Society which we represent.

Permit us to say, that whilst we desire to be preserved from intermeddling with the policy of those governments under which we live, we believe it to be our indispensable duty, consistently with that Christian obligation, with relation to governments, to "*lead a quiet and peaceful life under them, in all godliness and honesty.*"

We feel gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, in that He hath influenced the councils of the general government of our country, to decide upon several important subjects, agreeably to the principles of eternal justice and right.

Amongst the most prominent of those acts which claim our approbation, we are induced to notice thy efforts to preserve our country from the ravages and calamities of war, by cultivating a dispositon, and pursuing a conduct, marked with conciliation and friendship towards all those nations with whom we have intercourse; thereby avoiding those grounds of dissension, which are often the sources from whence this desolating scourge has its origin, to the reproach of Christianity. For, as we are firmly persuaded of its obligation as a righteous principle, so it is our fervent desire, in regard to all men, that even the smallest germ of enmity may be eradicated. And our ardent prayer to the Father of the Universe is, that, through the overruling

order of His providence, the hearts and understandings of His erring and contending creatures may be illuminated, so to behold the excellency of brotherly affection, as to become willing to admit the spirit of reconciliation.

We are also bound to acknowledge those philanthropic exertions, which have been used to ameliorate the condition of the Indian natives, by introducing amongst them a knowledge of agriculture, and some of the mechanic arts. We sincerely congratulate thee on their progress in civilization, and the very encouraging prospect, abundantly evinced, that this truly benevolent and laudable undertaking will ultimately be crowned with the desired success—an undertaking which, whilst it increasingly obviates the wretchedness of their former condition, converts them from dangerous neighbors to valuable friends.

But there remains a subject inexpressibly dear to our hearts, which was particularly interesting to our feelings. We rejoice in the prospect of a termination to the wrongs of Africa, and that a traffic, heretofore legalized in a district of our country, in its nature abhorrent to every just and tender sentiment, and reproachful to humanity, to say nothing of Christian principles, is interdicted by our government.—For the exertion of thy influence, united with the National Legislature may we not say, to relieve our country from the complicated evils attendant upon this cruel and inhuman trade, we are engaged, through this medium, to testify our warmest approbation.

And may the future councils of our country, yield to the influence of Him, who is called "*Wonderful Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace;*" so that the exercise of additional acts of justice and mercy, towards this greatly oppressed part of the human family, may utterly remove the cries of oppression from this highly-favored land.

With sentiments of respect, due from us, to those, who, in the ordering of Divine providence, are set over us, we are thy friends.

Signed on behalf of the Meeting by

GERARD T. HOPKINS, *Clerk.*

To the foregoing Address, the President of the United States returned the following answer:

I thank you for the address you have kindly presented me, on behalf of that portion of the Society of Friends, of which you are the Representatives: and I learn with satisfaction their approbation of the principles which have influenced the councils of the general government, in their decisions on several important subjects confided to them.

The desire to preserve our country from the calamities and ravages of war, by cultivating a disposition, and pursuing a conduct, conciliatory and friendly to all nations, has been sincerely entertained and faithfully followed. It was dictated by the principles of humanity, the precepts of the gospel, and the general wish of our country; and it was not to be doubted, that the Society of Friends, with whom it is a religious principle, would sanction it by their support.

The same philanthropic motives have directed the public endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the Indian natives, by introducing among them a knowledge of agriculture and some of the mechanic arts, by encouraging them to resort to these as more certain, and less laborious resources for subsistence, than the chase, and by withholding from them the pernicious supplies of ardent spirits. They are our brethren, our neighbors; they may be valuable friends, or troublesome enemies. Both duty and interest then enjoin, that we should extend to them the blessings of civilized life, and prepare their minds for becoming useful members of the American family. In this important work, I owe to your Society an acknowledgment that we have felt the benefits of their zealous co-operation, and approved its judicious direction towards producing among those people habits of industry, comfortable subsistence, and civilized usages, as preparatory to religious instruction, and the cultivation of letters.

Whatever may have been the circumstances which influenced our forefathers to permit the introduction of personal bondage into any part of these States, and to participate in the wrongs committed on an unoffending quarter of the globe, we may rejoice that such circumstances, and such a sense of them, exist no longer. It is honorable to the nation at large, that their Legislature availed themselves of the first practicable moment, for arresting the progress of this great moral and political error: and I sincerely pray with you, my friends, that all the members of the human family, may, in the time prescribed by the Father of us all, find themselves securely established in the enjoyments of life, liberty and happiness.

Nov. 13, 1807. TH. JEFFERSON.

INTEMPERANCE.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

Some one of your readers has sent me a copy of your paper of March 14th inst., calling attention to the article on page 39, entitled "Intemperance," and signed "J. P." In much pleasant intercourse with Friends in Pennsylvania and the West, I have always found them earnest advocates of personal

temperance, and staunch opponents of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, clearly apprehending, that if it is wrong to drink such liquors, it must be equally wrong to make or trade in them for such purposes.

It is therefore with surprise and pain I find the old "Intelligencer" giving place to an article, which, from the pen of so graceful a writer as "J. P.," is calculated to mislead, and aid a trade, which all experience demonstrates to be full of mischief to the public, and the cause of sorrow to individuals and families.

It is admitted, that if there were no drinkers there would be no sellers for gain; but experience also proves, that where there are no drink shops, there also sobriety and virtue prevail. If Satan had not presented the apple, Eve would not have sinned. Evidently true is this also of the drink sin. "J. P.," and those who reason as he does, forget that man has no natural appetite for intoxicating drinks, that any desire for them is wholly artificial, and even in our day is cultivated through pernicious customs, fostered by a trade established and clothed with the respectability and authority of the State.

It is a grave error in "J. P." to recommend that the efforts of Friends, who labor for the well being of the public as well as individuals, shall be confined to the effects, while the traffic in liquors, the great cause of the evils of intemperance, is permitted to continue unobstructed.

It is a pernicious error to call "the trade in liquors a lawful trade so far as human statutes can be law, but the drinking of liquors to excess is an offence." Where can "J. P." find the moral or Scriptural law, which allows the drinking of intoxicating liquors at all, much less defines what he terms "excess" in such use. If he will examine the effect upon the human frame of the alcoholic poison, even when taken in very small quantities, or turn and ascertain the inherent nature of such "liquors," he will discover that abstinence is clearly the Creator's law concerning them, and that all use as a drink is *excess*.

Orfila, Dungilson, Taylor, Christison, and all toxicologists class alcohol, the intoxicating ingredient of all kinds of liquors, wine, beer, cider, &c., with the narcotic, acrid poisons, of which deadly night-shade, strychnia, and tobacco are examples. Will "J. P." maintain that either of these may commonly be used without palpable violation of the Creator's law? Liquors containing, or being poison and not food, all use of them as an indulgence is excess.

If "J. P.'s" standard of excess "comes properly within the range of Christian effort," why exclude the trade in such excess from like effort? Does not "J. P." teach that chewing, smoking, or snuffing tobacco, as commonly used "is excess?" In the same sense and to the same degree, also, is the common use of "liquors" excess. Who then has the moral right to trade in them?

Further, says "J. P.," let Friends fall back upon their deep convictions of right and duty," and not "quarrel with the laws of the trade, or with any class of traders, seeing we are not compelled to buy." How at variance with the whole history of the Friends' Society is this advice? How closely in accord with the exclamations of the traders in human flesh in the time past! How similar to the cry of the unclean spirits to Jesus of Nazareth, "Let us alone; art Thou come to torment us before the time?" No, sir. It is "the deep convictions of right and duty" which led the Friends and other Christian people to quarrel with laws of trade and "a class of traders" in human form, and which leads them now to befriend the Indians, and will lead them and all good men to increasing efforts for the abolition of "laws of trade" in liquors, which holds in bondage, more cruel and destructive than ever was human slavery, many thousands of our fellow-countrymen.

The traffic in liquors, "J. P." concedes, is based upon "human statutes." Moral right is not claimed, and cannot be. "NATURAL LAW," says Blackstone, "requires that we live *honestly*, *hurt* nobody, and render to every one his due." Can a man sell liquor for drinking purposes and not violate this law? Can he take money and give no value in return? Thus there is no *natural right* to sell liquors as a beverage. "COMMON LAW," says the same author, "declares that no man has a right to use his property to the injury of another, and the *consent* of the party injured is no mitigation of the offence." Common law, therefore, confers no right for the sale of liquors; for no man can sell or rent his house for such sale without injury to the drinker. The MORAL LAW enjoins that we "love our neighbor as ourselves," and hence sets up its bar of condemnation to the "trade in liquors." The LAW OF GOD, which says, "thou shalt not kill," does most certainly not give the right to trade in that which, as all experience shows, kills and destroys.

Is it not therefore plain, that when human statutes are in opposition to the *law* of *God*, *moral law*, *common law*, and *natural law*, they are usurpations and of no validity, except upon the principle that might makes right? Does clothing a man with authority of a man-made law to traffic in liquors sanctify such traffic, so that efforts to harmonize human statutes with moral right shall be opposed or condemned? The lawfulness of the trade be-

ing based on human statutes, the people who made such statutes have the entire right to change them from permitting such trade to that of forbidding.

"J. P." is in great error in assuming that "the attacks on the traffic in liquors" are based on the motive of reformation of drunkards. The basis of "Prohibition" is, that the "traffic" is a crime-producer and public disturber. Does "J. P." doubt that "nine tenths" of the crime and "three-fourths" of the pauperism of the State have their origin in the liquor trade, and that a large portion of annual labor is wasted, and public taxation largely increased thereby? If he does not so doubt, why shall Friends not put forth effort for a change in the policy of the State, as well as for the reformation of the individual. Can "broader views" prevail than those which call forth the exercise of sympathy and reason in behalf of the endangered, and at the same time urge the exercise of the civil power and duty committed to every citizen for the removal of temptation now occasioned by the wrong governmental policy of the State. Is that a "comprehensive measure" which considers and embraces but one phase of correctional measures that can be applied for the removal of public abuses?

In this matter of intemperance has the citizen nothing to do, while the faith, zeal and sacrifice of the Christian are fully employed? I believe that liquor selling leads to liquor drinking, and that each is a sin against God and a crime against man, and that the whole duty of the Christian is not discharged without earnestly applying moral suasion to the drinker and legal suasion to ths drink seller, and that these are the "comprehensive measures" which "J. P." should "adopt to abate" the evil of intemperance.

Lancaster, March 24th, 1874. B.

Letter from R S. H.

CHAPPAQUA, 3d mo. 24th, 1874.

Gideon Frost—Esteemed Friend:—I have read with much interest thy plea for extending the suffrage to women; but does not the success which is crowning their efforts in this western temperance movement, prove that there is a field in which they can labor with more effective force and power than they could possibly attain through the ballot box?

I am much pleased with the liberal feeling manifested by the editors of *Friends' Intelligencer* toward this temperance movement, and can only wish that Friends would bid it God speed without that ever recurring *but*, implying that because of the means employed we can hardly hope for much success; but why not? Look back over the great reforms that have from time to time swept over and convulsed the world. Have they not unexceptionally followed a time of great darkness and despondency, when the strongest efforts of the most powerful have been futile and discouraging, and when the people were ready to cry out, Who shall rid us of this mighty Philistine. Some feeble instrument, according to man's conception, with weapons unlike those which the prudent worldly man would choose, has been commissioned to defy his powers and turn the tide against him, that the glory of the victory may be the Lords, and not His feeble servant's.

Though it may not be our lot to be moved by the whirlwind, yet even that may be essential as it was with the prophet at the cave's mouth, to take his attention from the fear of those who sought his life, and fix it upon the power and majesty of God, and prepare his mind to hear the still small voice which spoke assurance of peace and safety to his soul. And whilst it may not be our vocation to labor in this whirlwind which is sweeping over our land, uprooting so much of vice and wickedness, may it be ours to see that these evils do not take root again after the whirlwind passes by and its force is spent. This movement, which I believe is of the Lord, will of course be imperfect and incomplete in its effects if there is not a class who are prepared to follow in its wake, confirming and strengthening those out of whom the evil spirit has been cast, lest, coming again to their empty houses and finding them swept and garnished, they call to their companionship other spirits more wicked than before, and the last state of those be worse than the first.

I believe Friends have just this mission to accomplish, which their position in society and habit of thought enables them to do more effectively perhaps than any other people.

May we then realize our opportunity, and putting on the whole armor of God, "be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand." Let us stand therefore in patience, until the Lord gives us the word of command by the "still small voice" speaking in our hearts, and we shall find that in this work even we may have something to do, and by doing it faithfully, we shall receive the reward which the Lord ever dispenses to His obedient children, and aid in the work more effectually than by the most violent efforts inaugurated only in response to our natural sympathies or inclinations.

Truly thy friend,

ROBERT S. HAVILAND.

To live is not to live for one's self alone; let us help one another.—*Menander.*

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

I have been a reader of *Friends' Intelligencer* for only a short time, but am pleased with the salutary effects of some of the articles which it contains, and think the selection of others very good. I hope that those who write long articles for its columns will remember that the readers, or some of them, are a thinking people, and would like them to express their views in a short, straightforward way, so that what the writer has to say may be easily understood. I have read many articles in religious papers in which the earnestness of the authors was apparent; and although they filled page after page, it seemed to be of little account, except to relieve their own minds and to muddle others. How easy it is to understand truth where we find it; and I hope that those who write for the *Intelligencer* will not indulge in long theories and mysteries, but keep to the common-sense view of things. I have thought it would be better for the young people to have one or two pages devoted to their interest, as I presume there are many Friends throughout the country who take no other paper, and I do not think it is right for us who are older to monopolize its columns, as we can get mental food elsewhere, and the young ought not to be forgotten.

Wishing the paper may be the means of bringing the members of the Society throughout the country nearer and in closer sympathy with each other,

I remain your friend,

W. .

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DOCTOR LORD'S LECTURE.

(Continued from page 71.)

The four successive lectures unreported, though differing widely from the preceeding ones, and presenting important points of interest, can scarcely be embraced in a brief and passing notice.

The characters named to serve as texts for the three or four subjects under consideration, were Charles, the Bold, Godfrey, Phillippa, and William of Wykeham. They were representatives of important eras in the middle ages—descriptive of feudalism, the crusades, chivalry, and the first development of art. The power of the feudal lord was that of a military despot, inferior only to a king. He claimed allegiance and support from ignorant and dejected laborers, to whom he rendered protection from the barbaric hordes that lived by pillage. They in turn were obliged to assist him when engaged in warfare with neighboring barons. In this condition they were the ready recipients of religious fanaticism, inspired by the monks, who instituted pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre as a means of salvation. Vast numbers accepted the idea, and left their homes to accomplish the journey on foot, and perchance to die in a foreign land by pestilence or privation. Many never reached the desired haven; and many of those who did were treated with cruelty by the Turks, and returned to arouse the indignation of their countrymen against the unoffending possessors of the soil, consecrated by Christianity, and held sacred by them as the birth and burial place of Jesus. For three centuries these holy wars, as they have since been designated, and were then esteemed, were prosecuted with zeal and fanaticism that knew no parallel. History fails to account for the deep-rooted sentiment that pervaded the minds of the people. In the language of an historian, Europe was literally emptied into Asia. But that which for a time seemed only evil was eventually productive of good. A pall as of midnight darkness had covered the Western world. They were a people without any of the elements of civilized life—neither art, literature, nor commerce within their reach. All learning was shut up within the monasteries—no books nor schools to use them—no *inns*, for the monasteries sheltered the foot-worn traveller. There was no other travel, for roads were wanting to invite it. No sources of wealth but the products of the soil. With these privations, any opportunity for the admission of light might be hailed with joy.

The inhabitants of the East were living in the enjoyment of these appliances of civilization, and the crusader proved an apt scholar. He was not long in transplanting to his home the germs of a better life, and, though the progress was slow, civilization and culture found a congenial soil.

Philippa was a type of the best women in the age of chivalry. The lecturer thought they stood in striking contrast with the sickly sentimental hot-house plant reared in our day. They were respected, admired and beloved, because they were strong, vigorous, helpful and virtuous. Their energies were not dwarfed by idleness, nor their minds enfeebled by the unhealthy food drained from a pernicious literature, and the exciting and nerve destroying amusements prevalent among some classes of society in our day. Poetry and fiction have invested woman as presiding at the tournament, or in baronial hall with a dignity and grace that would possibly fade away upon a nearer approach, but we may consider her as the patron of virtue and honor—wise in her counsel, and judicious in her effort to elevate virtue or depress vice.

The 23d lecture was devoted to the dawning of art in the middle ages. It was mani-

fested in the erection of churches, the architecture of which was descriptive of the religious sentiment in the people, and symbolical of the forms of faith that characterized their worship. William, of Wykeham, cherished this sentiment and patronized the establishment of schools. So much value was attached by the lecturer to these symbols of worship, that it was refreshing to turn to the simple unpretending edifice—or, better still, to the living temple that knows not the plane nor the chisel of the architect.

With this meagre reminiscence we close the review of a period that is especially interesting in history. The general reader will be well repaid by a further acquaintance with that which will reveal the struggles of the human race in its efforts to attain an onward and upward development. E. P. C.

"THE JOY OF DELIGHTING."

BY H. H.

This good phrase is Theodore Parker's. The good thing which it means is the great joy of life. The world is apt to be very unjust to those who seek this joy consciously or unconsciously. The world does not discriminate, and gives harsh and crude names to qualities it but imperfectly comprehends. "He is vain of his gifts;" "his love of approbation amounts to a passion;" "he seeks notoriety;" "he is selfishly anxious to please;" —all these, and harsher things, cynical people say of the man who loves "the joy of delighting." Even while they sun themselves in his presence, listen to his words, profit widely by his sympathetic help, they cannot stifle their distrust of his motives. But joy is joy, in and unto itself, forever; and the man who habitually tries to delight his fellow-men, will find joy surrounding him like a great light, pervading his every sense like a pure air, and stimulating his every faculty like strong blood.

"The joy of delighting" is a thing quite apart from philanthropics, so called; it is quite apart even from the idea of benefiting one's fellows. Is it therefore selfish! Not of necessity. Is it therefore of little value? By no means. The "life is more than meat."

To him who loves and seeks this joy, rudeness, unkindness of word or act, will be impossible. That disagreeable species of doing good known as plain speaking of needed truths will be difficult; agreeable traits will be noticed and commented on, and disagreeable ones will not be mentioned. He will not hesitate to speak or to repeat words of praise. If his fellows take the praise for mere flattery, and him for a mere flatterer, so much the worse for them—none the worse for him. . . .

The lover of the "joy of delighting" will seek to create beauty and grace in his own person, in all his surroundings. No smallest thing will be beneath his attention; his clothes, his house, his appointments of all sorts shall, in so far as his means and his station in life allow, give pleasure to all eyes. Also, he will seek to provide beauty and grace for the lives of others. Very small gifts it may be—a ribbon, a photograph, a bunch of violets; very costly gifts it may be, if the Lord has blessed him in his store—velvets and jewels for woman's wear, pictures of great artists, sunny glass-walled houses full of exotics; but the few violets and the myriads of sweet exotics will be only different renderings of the same impulse, different notes of the same voice, "Let me give delight."

The lover of the "joy of delighting" will be friendly of mien and word to all men. He will smile when he speaks. He will smile when he need not speak. He will look with almost a smile into the eyes even of strangers, so overflowing will be his impulse. "She is just living sunshine" was said once of a woman who had a great love of this great joy of which I speak. When she crossed the threshold of a room her simple smile spread as a beam of light spreads when shutters are thrown open. Her "good morning" at the breakfast table was a second beginning of the day to every one there. Yet there were those who could see in the smile, in the "good morning," only a desire to win a return of admiration and love. There are people who are organically unable to understand the possibility of an instinctive impulse to give pleasure without any thought of a return or a reward. Such souls must find many puzzling things, if they apply their evil rule of interpretation to nature.

I said that the love of "the joy of delighting" was a thing apart from philanthropics so called. I did not mean that it was less than a philanthropy. It might not be an ill-considered thing to say that it is greater than philanthropics. The help of it, the comfort of it, the blessing of it, in this world, no man can rightly reckon. Who has not seen sorrows through which smiles have stayed his soul, where all the red wine of France would have left him still fainting? Who, if he must choose between the joys of gracious kindly, and sympathizing treatment from his fellow-men, and the daily receipt of bread and meat, and money at their hands, would not say, "Let me live ill-fed, and ill-sheltered and poor, but give me love, and its words and looks."

And if we ask, reverently and lovingly what are the joys which God knows, does not our every instinct make answer that "the

joy of delighting" must be one, must be one of the very greatest? What else means this glorious and perpetual symphony of color in our skies? No doubt day could have had light for labor and growth, and night could have had darkness and quiet for rest, without any splendor and beauty. What else does it mean that "on a thousand hills" grow all manner of bright blossoms, where the cattle feed? that the sea in its swiftness is like silver and gold and jewels under the keels of ships? Ah, not only "the earth is the Lord's," but "the fullness thereof;" and by "the fullness thereof" I take it that the holy man meant its wondrous adorning, the graciousness of its uses, the illimitable treasures of its secrets, beyond the mere visible needs of its inhabitants. Such a glory is there in this "fullness" that the occasional glimpses of it are dazzling. In rare moments—in the voiceless pæan of a sunrise, in the voiceful silence of a sunset, in the unspeakable revelation of flowers blossoming in a wilderness, in the sudden fleeting note of a bird high up in the air—there comes even to the dullest souls such knowledge of their estate, such consciousness of its ultimate intent of rapture, that life becomes truly life, and ceases to be merely living.

Then is our Heavenly Father well pleased with us. Then do we, even we, perhaps the humblest of all His sons, minister to His joy, His omnipotent "joy of deligh ing."

And He is called the "Fountain of living waters." It is a law in nature we know, that water will always seek its own level. Now, comparing the Holy Spirit to "living waters," see how beautifully the salvation of the redeemed is set forth. The living water—The Holy Spirit comes down *from* our God, enters the sinner's heart, and rising to its own level again, *returns to God*, springing up into everlasting life.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Some of us are now, through physical disability, often shut out from the privilege of attending our religious meetings, and we feel that we have missed something, but perhaps this privation leads us to look more earnestly within ourselves for heavenly bread, that the inner life may be sustained, and in thus seeking we realize the indwelling presence of a Power which has surely upheld, protected and provided for us thus far through life, and will as surely continue with us always, even unto the end of the world. This Power, if suffered to be unto us a controlling influence, will lead us into a life of union with our Heavenly Father, for it is an emanation from Himself, His own indwelling Spirit; and in this union there will be light, life and peace.

There is often occasion in our religious meetings for deep exercise, in order that the life may be raised and the seed watered, and the glory ascribed to Him who rideth upon the heavens. Let us incite one another to persevere in this holy exercise, that we may indeed hold out to the end. This is drawing near with some of us, as to this present life. Blessed are those who, through watchfulness and faithfulness, shall receive a more enduring and more glorious inheritance.

Many are the means our Father has used to instruct His children, and various have been the manifestations of His power throughout the different ages of the world, all suited to the then present conditions of the people; but the terms of acceptance are the same now as when opened to Cain,—"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?" If we of this day have been called to a higher standard of right, it is for us to walk according to the measure of light given, faithfully observing the whole counsel of God. "Walk in the Light while ye have the Light, that ye may be the children of the Light and of the Day."

I have always had a preference that young persons should live in the country and farm; but I now think it best that each one should follow such business as he or she is capable of and can manage successfully, *be it much or little*, and live within their means, so as not all the time to be on a strain. If their manner of living is more in accordance with the amount of *business* they do than the *profit* thereof, or net income, it is discouraging, weighs down the spirits, and enervates the energies. To be a little *behind*, all the time *trying to catch up*, is dispiriting under any circumstances. To be a little *ahead* and *at ease*, is the reverse—encouraging, giving life and spirits, producing cheerfulness, with which we can do much more than when under depression, which ever affects all with whom we are associated.

A correspondent, writing from Apalachicola, Third month 13th, 1874, says: We have had no frost here for more than four weeks, and now we have ripe strawberries and green peas in abundance, and Irish potatoes large enough to eat. Phlox Drummondi, China Pinks, Gilliflowers, Petunia, Cadytuft and Pansies, all in full bloom; also Verbenas, stand uninjured all winter. We have had ice once, the thickness of window

glass, and the ground froze in bleak places, such freezing being caused by the north wind The little Chameleons live all winter in my green-house, and busy themselves catching insects on the plants; they thus get quite tame, and among the foliage plants assume strange colors. The mocking bird sings here nearly all winter.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 4, 1874.

Local Information.—It is always pleasant to know how our brethren fare in their different localities. Perhaps we may be allowed to express an especial interest in those who are widely separated from the main body of the Society of Friends, being but as a little handful among large bodies of other religious professors.

We do not doubt that these have their seasons of favor and refreshment in common with those who are differently situated, but as members of the one body we sometimes crave more frequent information of their faring.

An example is left on record that may teach us to cultivate this feeling of interest in those who are of the same household of faith. "Jesse said to his son David, take now for thy brethren, and speak of this parched corn and these ten loaves, and run to the camp of thy brethren, and look how they fare." Many are in this day alike commissioned to look after their fellow members, and we would encourage such to go "take of the parched corn and the loaves, and see how their brethren fare;" but our present concern is to promote a return report, if we may so speak, from our members in their different localities, as an evidence of their recognition of the prevalence of a general interest in one another's welfare.

We are aware that "Local Information" sometimes degenerates into unpleasant and unprofitable personalities, against which we wish to guard our pages; but we believe a simple statement of our faring in regard to the various matters of interest connected with the welfare or growth of our religious Society might be furnished us in a form that would be both profitable and interesting.

A short yet expressive notice of a favored meeting, over which the canopy of heavenly love had been spread, may stimulate some to a greater earnestness in the attendance of our religious meetings. Perhaps many of the absentees would, on reading such a record, say to themselves, "I wish I had been there; my devotional feelings, now often so sluggish, might have been quickened."

Take for instance one of our small evening meetings lately held in this city (Philadelphia). We had quite a small company, though exceeding "the two or the three," and we soon were gathered into a holy and refreshing silence, which lasted, perhaps, half an hour. Many *secretly* recognized the precious covering, but a Friend from another Yearly Meeting arose and vocally acknowledged her sense of the favor, and said she could receive the overshadowing as an earnest of heavenly regard—a token of good to those who could only say, "So we have left all to follow Thee." This encouraging testimony was followed by one of our own members, who incited some present to "faithfulness to the revealings of Truth, even though the path revealed might diverge from that trodden by some others." We separated under the feeling that it was good for us thus to have been together.

Another legitimate subject for our Local column, would be a notice of any special concern that might have claimed the serious consideration of a Monthly or a Quarterly Meeting. Perhaps such notices would not unfrequently show that the same concern had arisen at the same time in other and far distant meetings, and, in this fact, there would be encouragement for the rightly concerned.

Thus, if we are willing to heed the little promptings of love or duty, not living for ourselves alone, we will be each other's helpers, and be found stimulating one another in the performance of individual duty, each minding his own calling, even as it is said of a people formerly, "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he th t smootheth with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying, it is ready for the soldering; and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved."

A COMMUNICATION has been received from M. L. H., expressing disapprobation of the practice, which has obtained to a limited extent, of men and women sitting promiscuoulsy in our meetings for worship, which, in the writer's views, "detract from the beautiful appearance" of our assemblies, "where the aged sit together."

The habit, too, of holding but one meeting for discipline for both sexes, in some places where Friends are few in number, is regarded as "a great leap backward," and "calculated to destroy the privilege which has characterized us as a Society." The belief is expressed that "women would not act independently in the presence of husbands and fathers, and that but a few years would elapse before they would cease to be consulted, and if they did express an opinion, it would avail nothing." Our Friend is also concerned on the subject of "Games," and wishes to bring before the readers of the *Intelligencer* the pernicious effects of introducing into the family circle "games of chance," under the plea of keeping the young people at home. The danger of being led into excesses, after having through this means become adepts in such games, is represented as one of fearful magnitude. We think it is well that our attention should be called to the necessity of *discriminating* between those pleasures which enliven and make attractive the home circle, and at the same time expand and develop the intellectual powers, and those which, while they possess a peculiar fascination, are often associated with much that is inimical to the high moral tone, which it should be our aim to cultivate. There are so many unexceptional amusements in this inventive and cultivated age, that it appears to us that Friends are less excusable if they indulge in such as have a tendency to impair the moral health, or lessen the desire for the rich and varied intellectual resources that are within the reach of most of our members.

In regard to men and women Friends uniting in their meetings for discipline where there are but few members, we take a different view from that expressed by our correspondent. The instances are very few which have come to our knowledge where this has been done, but, so far as we have been made acquainted with it, the practice has worked well, and men Friends have acknowledged freely that they have been strengthened by the help of women. Where there is a religious zeal for the support of Truth's testimonies, as in the case to which we have special reference, we think the result would be alike satisfactory. The great fact, in a Christian point of view, of the equality of the sexes recognized by "early Friends," may be, perhaps, more fully appreciated in small meetings, where the few are thus brought into close association, than in larger gatherings, where it is thought advisable for men and women to hold separate meetings for the transaction of church discipline.

The manner of sitting in our meeting for worship is an open question. Many look with disfavor upon any innovation of the ancient custom, while there are some who advocate the practice of men and women sitting together, by which families are brought into close proximity, and children are more immediately under paternal influence. We feel that much may be said on both sides, and are willing to leave Friends in their different meetings to decide for themselves, ever preserving, however, the desire for harmonious action in all things, both great and small, for without unity there can be but little strength.

FAMINE IN INDIA.—The accounts of the terrible famine now prevailing in this remote portion of the British empire have sent a thrill of horror over the whole civilized world. Fifteen districts of the Presidency of Bengal, with a population of 26,000,000, are in actual want, and numerous deaths from starvation are reported. The famine-stricken district lies north of the Ganges and of railroad communication, and the difficulty of supplying food is greatly increased by the want of interior communications. Added to this the fact that the densely populated regions surrounding the country most specially afflicted are also suffering from the general dearth, and money cannot procure food in sufficient quantities to avert the terrible doom of starvation which seems to be imminent.

In view of these circumstances, it is natural

to inquire what causes are to be assigned for so great a calamity in this fruitful region, which has been the source of so much wealth to England.

We are told that the failure of the rice crop, which furnishes almost the entire food of the people, from drouth is the immediate cause. Rice is not only the food of the people, but the leading commercial production of the region, and its failure deprived the inhabitants not only of their subsistence but of the means to purchase it.

The British government appears to have been derelict in not having prohibited at an earlier day the exportation of rice from those districts where it was known that the quantity produced was below what the real necessities of the people would require. Doubtless efforts are being made, and will continue to be made, for the relief of these distressed millions, and we may hope that the great power and energy of the British government may yet be exerted so effectually as to afford them succor.

From every calamity which visits mankind some lesson of instruction may be learned, which will, to some extent, prevent the recurrence of the same evil in the future. It is to be hoped that the coming years will see the attention of the cultivators of the soil in India turned to the production of a greater variety of food plants, so that the failure of of any one crop will not utterly deprive the people of their food. But seasons of protracted drouth, such as often visit this region, must bring great distress upon any people who are entirely dependent upon the production of their own soil, however varied are its fruits under ordinary circumstances. This is the condition of the suffering people of Bengal, since the whole constitution of their society is agricultural, and they have no other wealth or industry. Being inland, they cannot, as in other cases, be reached readily by sea-ports, which would be able to receive and forward the needed subsistence. The twenty-five millions of Bengal are surrounded by other millions only less affected by the dearth. Northward lie the mountains, and northwest are provinces which can render but little help, and all succor must come from Lower Bengal alone.

Every effort, it is hoped, will be made by the British government to avert starvation from so many dependent subjects, and we trust that such governmental aid as is practicable will be given to manufacturing industry, which would, in some measure, render this people less liable to the dread ravages of famine. Such surely is the duty of England to the subjugated people now perishing at her feet.

A recent writer on this subject gives us a dreary review of the famines which have at various times scourged the earth.

"The grim monster of starvation is no new enemy to the human race. From the year 1714 to 1708, B. C., famine slew myriads in Egypt. In Rome, 436, B. C., a famine occurred, so direful in its effects that thousands of people threw themselves in the Tiber to avoid death by starvation. Again, Egypt suffered in the year 42, A. D., and again Rome experienced its horrors in the year 262 when a plague aided to decimate the people. In the year 272 a famine ensued in Britain causing the people to eat the bark of trees. Thousands died in Scotland in 306, and in 310 40,000 people perished in England. An awful famine desolated Plugrigia in 370, and in 450, during the continuance of a famine in Italy, parents ate their children. The years 739, 823 and 954 were marked in England, Wales, and Scotland as years of famine and in 1016 all Europe was stricken with awful starvation. The year 1087 saw the recurrence of the famine in England, and from 1193 to 1195 want of food and a pestilence combined carried off thousands in that country and in France. England suffered in 1251 from the same cause, and in the famine in that island, in 1315, people are reported to have devoured vermin and the flesh of horses, dogs and cats. The years 1335, 1353, 1438, 1565, 1693 and 1748 were all marked by dreadful famines in England or France. Bengal was devastated in 1771; 16,000 persons perished at Cape de Verde in 1775. France suffered in 1798, and England in 1799 and 1801. In 1814, 1816, 1822, 1831, 1846 and 1847 great famines prevailed in Ireland in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, and in the last mentioned year Parliament voted £10,000,000 for relief. In 1861 thousands starved in the northwest provinces of India. In Algeria, while Marshal MacMahon was governor, a great famine occurred and in 1865 Bengal suffered from a scarcity of food similar to that which now afflicts that province."

CORRECTION.—In two of the articles in our last number a mistake was made by the compositor after the proof was examined. Two paragraphs belonging to the article entitled "Friends' Boarding House" were inserted in the article entitled "International Arbitration." The last two paragraphs on the first column of page 74 should have been placed immediately after the fourth paragraph in the article on "Friends' Boarding House," page 75.

MARRIED.

CONROW—ROBERTS.—On the 19th of Third month, 1874, with permission of Chester Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's father, George N., son of Nathan Conrow, to Amy, daughter of Samuel L. Roberts, all members of Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J.

DIED.

FRITTS.—At her residence in Macedon, Wayne County, N. Y., Second mo. 24th, 1874, of apoplexy, Phebe, wife of John Fritts, in the 51st year of her age; a member of Farmington Monthly Meeting.

SEAL.—At her late residence in Unionville, Chester Co., Pa., Ruth Ann Seal, in her 53d year. Thus has a beautiful life most unexpectedly closed, and though as far back as we can remember she manifested the same traits that adorned her more mature years, yet her field of duty widened on her joining the Society of Friends, about three years ago. A eulogy of the departed is not the object of the writer of these lines, for her unobtrusive spirit ever shrank from observation. Those of us who recall the interest she manifested in the First-day schools, the conscientious care with which she culled a sentiment to give as her name was called in the class, her willingness to be a child again, will long remember her. A sentiment chosen by her recently, on one of the occasions alluded to, was not only applicable to her, but is a solemn call to others to duty and self-sacrifice. "The night is far spent, the day is near at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the garments of light." A few days before the commencement of her last illness, and while in unusual health, many duties having been attended to—visits to the public schools, calls upon various neighbors, the last religious meeting, and the First-day school attended, all with her accustomed fidelity—the final summons reached her, and so gently that the illness was not recognized by any as a "sickness unto death." In a few hours, as the disease progressed, all sense of suffering passed away as the cloud of unconsciousness covered her, and in nine days all was stilled in death.

MOORE.—On Second month 12th, 1874, Elizabeth W Moore, wife of Jeremiah Moore, of Pneumonia, at their residence in New London Township, in the 72d year of her age. Her funeral took place at Friends' New West Grove Meeting-house, on First-day, 15th inst., which was attended by a large circle of sorrowing relatives and friends. It is seldom we are called upon to announce the death of one we feel was *better* prepared to enter into the enjoyments of eternal bliss than the subject of this sketch. She possessed a cheerful, meek and quiet spirit, and endeavored by precept and example to bring up her children under the same spirit and influence. She was regular in her attendance of religious meeting, and was an Elder and overseer for a number of years. Her aid and counsel was often sought by the poor and oppressed, to whom it was her pleasure to extend a helping hand, and impart a word of comfort to cheer them on their journey through life, advising all to obey the dictates of conscience and manifestations of truth. In her last illness she bore her sufferings patiently and cheerfully, greeting all with a happy smile, saying "she knew she had not always done right, but felt happy in the assurance of having been forgiven and admitted into the realms of joy and peace." She passed quietly away, as one falling into a sweet sleep. Truly a mother in Israel has been gathered to the Father's house. M. P. W.

PROGRESS OF ANTI-SLAVERY AMONG FRIENDS.

The document of German Friends against slavery, published in the *Intelligencer* of 2d mo. 28th, would appear to be the first one laid before Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on that subject, as the minute made on that occasion is the commencement of the section on "negroes and slaves" in the old discipline heretofore alluded to as prepared by direction of the Yearly Meeting; but it is evident the concern was on the minds of others, as only eight years later "several papers" are alluded to. Thinking the progress of this cause amongst us may not be uninteresting to some, I propose copying from said ancient book the items on this subject, with a few other documents bearing thereon.

J. M. T.

"1688. A paper being here presented by some German Friends concerning the Lawfulness and unlawfulness of buying and keeping of Negroes. It was adjudged not to be so proper for this meeting to give a positive judgment in the case, it having so general a relation to many other parts, and therefore at present they forbear it.

"1696. Whereas, several papers have been read relating to the keeping and bringing in of negroes, which being duly considered it is the advice of this meeting that Friends be careful not to encourage the bringing in of any more Negroes, and that such that have Negroes be careful of them, bring them to meetings, or have meetings with them in their families, and restrain them from loose and lewd living as much as in them lies, and from rambling abroad on First-days or other times."

I will here give copies of two old documents loaned me, showing the growing concern on the subject.

The first is endorsed "A copy of Robert Pile paper about Negroes," and appears to have been written "in ye year 1698."

"Sum time past theyr was sum inclination upon my mind to buy a negro, or negroes, by reason of my English servants being out of

theyr times and having a great familie of small children, might bee an help unto mee being for a tearm of life, that I and my children might have ye more liberty, &c.; but theyr arose a question in mee, ye lawfulness theyr of under ye Gospel ministration remembering the command of Christ Jesus, Do unto all men as ye would have all man doe unto you; and wee would not willingly to be slaves tearm of life; also considering yt Christ dieng for all mankind, they being a part, though yet ungathered. I also had heard that they, in theyr own country, did make warr one with another, and sold one another for slaves, and sum being stoln from their country. Now, whether our buying of them do not incurredg rather than discurredg them in that wicked work; I considered, also, that if all friends that are of ability should buy of them that is in this provinc, they being a people not subject to ye truth, nor yet likely so to bee; they might rise in rebellion and doe us much mischief; except we keep a malisha; which is against our principles; and if they should bee permitted to doe us harm, whether our blood will cry inocent whether it will not bee said you might have let them alone. I considered the motion that rose in me to buy off them whether it was not self, knowing hitherto by my moderate and honest indevors I have not wanted food nor raymt, theyrwith bee content, saith ye Apostle; being exercised upon my mind for many dayes considering those things as I was lieng upon my bed as in a sleep I saw myself and a friend going on a road, and by ye roadside I saw a black pott. I took it up, ye friend said give mee part, I said no, I went a little farther and I saw a great ladder standing exact upright, reaching up to heaven up which I must go to heaven with ye pott in my hand intending to carry ye black pot with me, but ye ladder standing so upright, and seeing no man holding of it up, it seemed yt it would fall upon mee; at which I steps down and laid ye pot at ye foot of ye ladder, and said them yt will take it might, for I found work enough for both hands to take hold of this lander, it being so exact upright; at ye foot of this ladder I saw a man that gave those that goeth up this ladder sumthing to refresh them. At this sight I was concerned, and asked the man what this ladder was. Hee said ye light of Christ Jesus, and whoever it bee that his faith bee strong in ye lord, God will uphold that it shall not fall; upon which I awoke and consider this matter, and I found it self must bee left behind, and to lett black negroes or pots alone; but if it bee not lawfull for to buy negroes for term of life in this gospel time, what shall be done with these yt friends have already, whether they ought not to be learned to read english and to put them forward to goe to meetings, and indevors used to convinc them yt ye witness of god might bee reached in them, and whether every quarterly meting should not have full powr to see yt Christian endevors bee used towards them, that if possible they might bee prevailed upon, and if it should please ye lord to open theyr understanding, and bring them mesurably to bee obdient to his hevenly Requiring why should not ye quarterly metings bee proper Judges in setting them free, provided ye maister bee not too much loss and ye servant have not been time enough to Answer his maister then ye quarterly meting may determine ye time wt might bee thought fitt, that no los might be on neyther hand.

ROBERT PILES.

"To the General Meeting off ffriends In Barbadoes: These from our Monthly Meeting at Philadelphia, the 30th of 8th mo., '98.

"Dear friends and Brethren: It haveng been the sence of our yearly meeting that many negroes in these parts may prove prejudissial several wayes to us and our posterety, it was agreed that endevors should be used to put a stop to the importing of them, and in order theyrunto that those friends that have correspondencies in ye West Indies should discuredg ye sending any more hither; notwithstanding which, many negroes have been brought in this last summer, our meting takin it into consideration thought fit to signifie the same to you, desiring that friends off your Island in general might be acquainted therywith and its ye request of our said meetings that no more negroes may be sent to this River to Friends or others, and that as they see ocasion to Aquaint theyr respective neighbours theyroff, that if possible A stop may be put theyrto; so desiring your care herein wee conclude with very dear love. Your dear friends and brethren.

"Signed by order and in behalfe, off our sd meeting by

ANTHONY MORRIS,	SAMUEL CARPENTER,
JOHN JOANS,	THOMAS DUCKETT,
THOMAS MAISTARS,	JAMES FOX,
WM. SOUTHEBE,	HUMPHREY MUREY,

NATHAN STANBERRY.

"This A trew coppy off ye paper sent.

"1711. From the Quarterly Meeting of Chester they declare their dissatisfaction with Friends buying and encouraging the bringing in of negroes, and desire the care of this meeting concerning it. And, after a due consideration of the matter, considering that Friends in many other places are concerned in it, as much as we are, advises that Friends may be careful, according to a former minute of the Yearly Meeting (1696), not to encour-

ge the bringing in of any more, and that ll Merchants and Factors write to their cor- espondents to discourage them from sending ny more.

"1712. Extract from the Epistle to the Yearly Meeting at London:

"And now, Dear Friends, we impart to you concern that hath rested on our minds of ome of our brethren for many years, touch- ng the importing and haveing negroe slaves, nd detaining them and their posterity as uch, without any limitation or time of re- emption from that condition. This matter vas laid before this meeting many years ago, nd the thing in some degree discouraged, as ay appear by a minute of our Yearly Meet- ng, 1696, desiring all merchants and traders rofessing Truth among us, to write to their orrespondents, that they send no more negroes o be disposed of as above. Yet, notwith- tanding, as our settlements increased, so ther Traders flocked in among us, over vhom we had no gospel authority, and such ave increased and multiplied negroes amongst s to the grief of divers Friends, whom we re willing to ease, if the way might open lear to the satisfaction of the general; and it eing last Yearly Meeting, again moved, and Friends being more concerned with negroes n divers other Provinces and Places than in hese, we thought it rather too weighty to ome to a full conclusion therein. This Meet- ng, therefore, desires your assistance by way f counsel and advice therein, and that you vould be pleased to take the matter into your veighty consideration (after having advised vith Friends of the other American Pro- incs), and give us your sense and advice herein.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO D. F. WHARTON.

"My school is in a prosperous condition. This month the average attendance has been orty-five, with forty-nine on the roll. Some f the day scholars manifest great interest in heir lessons. They have from two to two and half miles to walk, yet are present when the veather is quite bad. The parents show no isposition to keep them at home, so all we ave to do is to enlist the interest of the chil- ren. Their parents are delighted when ney get on nicely, and often ask if they are ot bright."

"I feel that much has been accomplished, ut do not take all the credit to myself, for . has been a great aid and support, often ropping in to see us; taking great interest in ne advancement of the children, commend- ng the praiseworthy, and reproving the care- ess."

"He wishes me to have everything that will tend to improve them, and has bought those things most needful, but we have many wants unsupplied. We are quite deficient in books and slates, and are also in need of writ- ing materials. I have enough for one class, with the exception of inkstands, but expect soon to start another. I would very much like the inkstands to be broad and low, and enough for one apiece. At present we have but five, which are of stone and very high."

"With the Report to the Committee I send samples of writing of each of my class. C. thinks Wilson's series of Readers the best, so if agreeable, I would like a dozen each of Second and Third Readers. I have a dozen new Readers of the Eclectic series. A dozen of 'Brooks Primary Mental Arithmetic' would be very acceptable, also Wilson's Charts."

"The school-room is very inconvenient for so many children, but we hope for some new desks and benches when the carpenter gets time. Our little girls and boys have to crowd four and five at a desk, which is not agreeable and quite inconsistent with good order."

"My assistant, Julia McClasky (a half breed), is most excellent in the school-room. She cannot talk Indian, so the children are compelled to speak our language or not be understood, which we think a great benefit. Thou wilt be interested to hear that our Ex- hibition was a success; there was not one fail- ure out of forty recitations and three dialogues. They were spoken quite creditably. Each child went on the platform, recited, and took his or her seat with very little embarrassment. Some of them had as many as a dozen verses in their selections, others fewer, according to their capacity for committing. They did themselves much credit, and we felt proud of them. After it was over we furnished them with refreshments, and C. and wife invited them over to the Agency to partake of a nice dinner. A happy set of children went to their homes, and we all felt glad to contribute to their happiness."

"The children have not worked at their patchwork, as there is no possible time in school, and after school they help prepare dinner and clear it away; by that time it is almost night. In the evening they knit; many of them are becoming excellent knitters. When the days are longer, patchwork may be again resumed. I think other kinds of sewing are of more advantage to them, but leave the decision to Friends."

"Would it come in your line to supply any of our First-day school wants? Every first day we have had from seventy-five to a hundred present, regardless of inclement weather. Testaments and question books of two grades would be very acceptable, and are

really required to carry on the work we have begun."

"Our children often speak of thee; they well remember the kind friends who visited them last summer, and wonder if thou wilt come again next summer. I certainly join them in wishing thou might be able to do so."

Thine respectfully,

MARTHA H. KOHL,

Nohart, Richarason Co., Nebraska.

[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

THE CROOKED PIN.

I send a scrap cut from the "British Friend" of this month. What a lesson it contains. Yes, indeed, a crooked pin, with a little help to remove the crook, can be made very useful, but too often, rather than make this effort we allow it to lie between the bricks, trodden on till it becomes rusty and brittle, in addition to the crooks, and sometimes it receives a touch that causes its *point* to stand up and injure the passer-by, all of which could have been avoided by a little effort. How slow we are to learn by the teachings that are every day around us Another lesson I have learned *through a pin.* I have sometimes seen one glistening on the carpet, and thought, oh, it is only a pin; but a second thought would cause me to stoop for it, and *very often* in doing so, the light would strike on one, two, or three more, and they were picked up and ready when needed. The application to my mind was that attention to a very little prompting of love or duty often opens the way for something more, and the return has been accordingly. * * * *

THE CROOKED PIN.

"It's only a crooked pin—throw it away!"

The speaker threw it away, but I stooped to pick it up. I was just then needing a pin, and I looked at it doubtfully, bent it a little straighter with my fingers, and used it for the purpose required.

Now I can keep the strong *straight* pin which I was about to use for something else, where a crooked pin might not do.

Ah! here is a lesson for me to learn, thought I.

Oh, if we were more alive to things around us, we shall be *always* learning—there is a sermon even in a stone.

Everything has a voice, but we are so blind and deaf, and self absorbed, that we do not hear.

The crooked pin told me this tale.

In the Church are many crooked pins,—pins which were good and strong, and ready for work, till something bent them.

Then they were thrown aside, as unfit for service.

Sometimes, however, we see that a loving hand raises them from the dust, and gently bends them, till they are nearly as strong and straight as before—puts them into some niche of service, where they are as useful as ever—only needing a little tender care; not fit for the strain of hard, rough work, but forming, perhaps, the needed link in some important chain—holding stronger ones together.

Let us then be very tender not to wound each other; that no hard and unthinking hand bends another out of his right course,—and if we do find one so displaced, that we gently strive to set him straight—remembering there is work to be done, even by a crooked pin! S. J. J. F.

THE company in which you will improve most, will be the least expensive to you.—*Washington.*

From The Christian Union.

MY BROKEN-WINGED BIRD.

BY H. H.

For days I have been cherishing
A little bird with broken wing.
I love it in my heart of hearts;
To win its love I try all arts;
I call it by each sweet pet name
That I can think, its fear to tame.
My room is still and bright and warm;
The little thing is safe from harm.
If I had left it where it lay
Fluttering in the wintry day,
No mate remaining by its side,
Before nightfall it must have died.
It sips the drink, it eats the food;
Plenty of both, all sweet and good.
But all the while my hand it flies,
Looks up at me with piteous eyes;
From morn till night, restless and swift,
Runs to and fro, and tries to lift
Itself upon its broken wing,
And through the window-pane to spring.

Poor little bird! Myself I see
From morn till night in watching thee.
A Power I cannot understand
Is sheltering me with loving hand;
It calls me by the dearest name,
My love to win, my fear to tame;
Each day my daily food provides,
And night and day from danger hides
Me safe: the food, the warmth, I take,
Yet all the while ungrateful make
Restless and piteous complaints,
And strive to break the kind restraints.

Dear little bird, 'twill not be long;
Each day thy wing is growing strong;
When it is healed, and thou canst fly,
My windows will be opened high;
And I shall watch with loving eyes
To see thee soar in sunny skies.
I, too, some day, on healed wing
Set free, shall soar aloft and sing,
And in my joy no memory find
Of prison walls I left behind.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Through fifty years of hopes and fears,
Of bright and cloudy weather,
Of joys and griefs, of smiles and tears,
Ye have grown old together.
Grown old? Ah, no, for long ago,
In words past all forgetting,
'Twas said that they were youngest who
Were nearest to life's setting.

Younger in heart, although the hair
Be gray instead of golden,
And though the step be slower than
In days long past and olden;
Younger in heart, although the eye
Be dimmer in its glances,
And though the mind go straying back
To bygone, youthful fancies.

Full fifty years ago, ye stood
With hopeful hearts and faces,
Scarce thinking half a century
Would find you in these places;
Ye promised then in solemn tones
To share each other's crosses,
In weal divide the well-earned gains,
In woe help bear the losses.

To-day how ye have kept the vow
We know, whose eyes behold you,
And how through all, a Father's love
Seemed nearer to enfold you.
The Friend who, in our hours of trial,
Clings closer than a brother,
Has soothed you, e'en as ye have soothed
The sorrows of each other.

Around your knees have children played,
With merry laugh and prattle,
Who now, with armor girded on,
Have entered life's stern battle;
Hot is the strife; yet those who win
By right, and firm endeavor,
Shall wear upon triumphant brows
The victors' crown forever.

And some whose lips once lisped the names
Of "mother" and of "father,"
No more the household band will join
And round your fireside gather;
For they have passed beyond the pale
Of life and all it sorrow,
And may you meet them without fail
In God's own glad to-morrow.

Dear, trusting hearts! For fifty years
Of life, so short and fleeting,
Your comfort oft has been the thought
Of your eternal meeting;
Then, after years of sun and storm,
Of bright and cloudy weather,
In God's own household may ye spend
Eternity together.

M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND AND MARY SOMERVILLE.

I have read with interest Extracts from the ecollections of Mary Somerville in the *Intelligencer* of Third month 7th, and offer some gleanings" from "Recollections of Past ife, by Sir Henry Holland," who was favored with the friendship of this remarkable woman fifty years.

Short sketches of other eminent persons, who were his intimate associates, are given in this pleasing narrative, written in his eighty fourth year. E. W. A.

"A stranger might have sat by Mrs. Somerville at table, and admired her gentle and pleasing conversation, without a suspicion that she had rendered into English the Mécaniqué Célesté of Laplace, and written the best book we possess on the Connection of the Physical Sciences.

I venture to claim for myself a slight merit in relation to the latter work.

When she explained to me the first outline of her plan, limited to the connection of Astronomy with Optics and the phenomena of light, I suggested—holding in view the more general connection of all the physical sciences—that she should extend her scheme to the form in which the work now appears, and the suggestion, seconded by her own judgment, was adopted. The value of the volume is well attested by the numerous editions it has gone through, each one corrected up to the latest dates of scientific discovery. I brought the proof sheets of the ninth edition with me from Florence to London, for revision on the road, but could find very little to add to or alter in them.

Less ambitious in title and form than the Cosmos of Humboldt, the works of Mrs. Somerville embrace really the whole scope of his design, and, as I think, with a more lucid definition and arrangement of the subjects it includes. Her latest work is that on Molecular Science, published when she had reached her eighty-eighth year.

I was at Florence, and in the Observatory of Donati, on the day when the splendid comet of 1858, named after him, made its nearest approach to the earth.

By another coincidence, I dined that evening with my friend Mrs. Somerville—probably the only woman in Europe capable of calculating the orbit of a comet from the elements given by observation. While other ladies at Florence, as I had occasion to know, were purchasing tickets in the State Lottery in some whimsical fancy of numbers connected with the aspects and periods of the comet, Mrs. Somerville was contemplating it with the eye and knowledge of a philosopher.

We looked at this wonderful object together the last evening I passed at Florence. I have never seen her since.

If in a dark business we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of his providence, it is good to follow the light close, lest we lose it by lagging behind.—*Fuller.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

4th mo. 5, Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " 5, Richland, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " 5, Providence, Del. Co. Pa., 3 P. M.
" " 5, Upper Greenwich, N. J., 3 P. M.
" " 12, Woodstown, N. J., 10½ A. M.
" " 19, Merion, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " 19, Byberry, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " 19, Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
" " 19, Catawissa, Pa , 3 P. M.
" " 19, Salem, N. J., 10 A. M.
" " 19, Alloway's Creek, N. J., 3 P. M,

Library Association of Friends' Committee of Management will meet Fourth-day evening, Fourth month 8th, at 8 o'clock. J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held in the Monthly Meeting-room of Friends' Meeting-house, at Fifteenth and Race Streets, on Seventh-day evening, the 4 h inst., at 8 o'clock. WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

CONCORD FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next Quarterly Meeting will be held at Concord, Delaware Co., Penna., on Seventh day, 4th month 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

MORDECAI T. BARTRAM, } *Clerks.*
MATILDA GARRIGUES, }

Burlington First-day School Union will meet at Rancocas Meeting-house, N. J., on Seventh day, 4th month 11th, at 10 A. M. Reports from the several schools and the general attendance of Friends is invited. MARY J. GARWOOD, *Clerk.*

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION will meet at Germantown Meeting-house, Fourth mo. 10th, at 8 P. M. A general invitation extended.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, JR., } *Clerks.*
ANNA SMYTH, }

BUCKS COUNTY FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION meets at Bristol Meeting-house on Seventh-day, Fourth mo. 11th, at 10 A. M. All are invited.

JOS. FLOWERS, *Clerk.*

SALEM FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION will meet at Woodstown, N. J., on Seventh-day morning, Fourth mo. 11th, at 10 o'clock. Reports from the several schools of the past year's progress will be expected. All are welcome. REUBEN WOOLMAN, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

DR. SCHMIDT of the University of Athens, has completed a map of the moon on which he has been at work for thirty-four years. It is justly regarded as one of the greatest astronomical feats of the century.

IT is estimated that there are one thousand artesian wells in San Francisco. One cause of this is said to be the high rates charged for water by the Spring Valley Company, which supplies the city.

A FEMALE graduate of the medical department of Iowa University has taken the first prize for the best performed dissection in surgical anatomy, in a class consisting of twenty-four young men and one other young woman.

THE distress from the famine in Bengal is increasing, and many thousands of the natives are dependent upon the Government for food. In the Tirhoot districts 100,000 persons, all of whom were in an emaciated condition, made application for relief within the last ten days.—*Tribune.*

DISPATCHES from the Ashantee Expedition say that the British loss in the war was sixteen killed and three hundred and sixty-eight wounded. The survivors are coming home, but Sir Garnet Wolesley is to go to Malta or Aden to meet the body of Dr. Livingstone, and escort it to England.

FLYING reports from the western part of North Carolina give a picture of an alarmed population flying from an impending volcanic eruption. Our dispatches show that there is some foundation for these stories, though they appear to have been exaggerated. An active volcano in the Southern States would be an unexpected, as well as an unwelcome, novelty. But, remembering the somewhat simple and pastoral character of the people of the threatened locality, we are not so sure but that they have been scared by a subterranean commotion, which a well-seasoned San Franciscan would consider necessary to his daily refreshment.—*Tribune.*

OF the thirty-five hundred new books published in England last year, there were two-thirds as many works on science and art as works of fiction. When it is considered how much more restricted in number the readers of science are than those of novels, it is a good sign that works of the former class should make so good a show. The influence of Tyndall, Huxley and Proctor is clearly betrayed in the very prevalent effort to popularize the sciences, not by skipping their difficulties, but by letting a little of the light of common sense and a familiar vernacular into them.

THE recent snow-storm which caused an interruption to travel on the Central Pacific Railroad was the severest one, says *The San Francisco Alta California*, that has been experienced since the building of the road. The storm began at Toano, in the Pequop Mountains, on the 1st inst., and extended to Ogden, Utah, 170 miles east of Toano. Snow continued to fall until the night of the 3d inst., when it began to rain. The snow was very fine and dry, and falling during a heavy wind-storm was made still finer by being whirled through the air; and when it finally reached the ground it was packed so firmly that the snow-plough often ran on the top of the mass instead of cutting into it. When a passage was at last made it was between banks of snow as high as the smoke-stack of the engines. The opening, however, was soon filled again by the wind, which continued to blow a perfect gale for two days and nights. The workmen, although scarcely able to resist the force of the wind while at work, succeeded in forwarding the passengers westward. Two eastward bound trains were delayed at Well's Station, but reached Ogden on the 4th inst. The snow-fall in the Pequop Mountains was unlooked for, and a number of cuts on the road which had never been visited by snow were filled with drifts accumulated by the wind during a sweep over 100 miles in extent. In the Sierras the storm was a still greater surprise. There the wind was so fierce and the snow so fine that great drifts accumulated inside the sheds, requiring the snow-ploughs to be brought in use to clear the track. On the uncovered points of the road the drifts reached an immense height. In one instance a train with a snow-plough and eleven engines was ten hours in running 40 miles.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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A MEMORABLE INSTANCE OF DIVINE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

The following account of some extraordinary circumstances which attended James Dickinson and Jane Fearon, both of Cumberland, when on a religious visit to Scotland, in the early part of their labors in the gospel, was related by themselves, when each was about eighty years of age, to Sarah Taylor, when she was about eighteen years old; the one assisting the other in recollecting the circumstances as they related them to her. It was in the borders, or some part of that nation, they were travelling with a person whom they had procured for a guide to a town they proposed to reach that night; which being a very long stage, and the rain heavy, Jane growing exceedingly fatigued, wished much to have taken up short of the town, if a suitable place should offer, which their guide assured them there was not. But being extremely wet and weary, and coming up to a good looking house, James rode up to it and asked if they could have lodgings and necessary accommodations. They were told they could, when they determined to stop there; which, when their guide saw, he appeared very averse to, but finding they would alight, he bid them farewell, saying they had no further need of him: but evidently left them with regret, having demonstrated strongly against their calling there at all, before they went up to the house, but did not choose to speak in the hearing of the family.

On their alighting, they were shown into a little room, with a fire in it, which opened into the kitchen, or common room, where the family dwelt. Their horses were taken care of, their wet things put to dry, and they were apparently likely to be pretty comfortably accommodated. A posset was made for them, and a cold meat pie brought for their suppers.

But on their first sitting down in the room, they both grew very uneasy, which, however, —not knowing how the other felt—they each determined to keep to themselves; till at length Jane said, that her apprehensions were so great, and her opinion of the family so bad, that she fully believed the pie to be made of human flesh, which James Dickinson thought was scarcely the case, saying he ate of it and thought it good.

As they sat, Jane observed three very ill looking men come in, and in low voices tell the landlady "they have good horses." She answered, "Aye, and they have bags too."

James's uneasiness increasing, his mind became closely engaged to seek for the cause, and for Divine counsel how to move; and under that exercise was favored to believe, that if they kept close to that, and closely attended to its pointings, they should be preserved, and way made for their escape: on which he inquired about their lodgings, saying they wanted to write and should want candles, and

proposed to retire soon. They were shown into a chamber on the side of a yard, with two beds in it, but without any bolt to the door; but observing a form, or bench, in the room, tried it, and found by setting one end to the door, it would just wedge in between it and one of the beds. On their being thus shut into the room, Jane sat down on one of the beds, and manifested her distress by wringing her hands, and saying, she believed they never should go alive out of that house. On which James sat down by her, and told her to be still, that he had been under equal distress of mind from their first sitting down in the house; but that under that exercise, and seeking for best help, his mind had been favored by that which never had deceived him, to believe, if they carefully minded its pointings, they should be directed how to escape. On which they sat in perfect stillness for some considerable time, attentively waiting for best direction, when, at last James told Jane, the time for them to flee for their lives was then come. And having, on their first coming into the room, observed a door opposite to that they came in at, and, on opening it, found it led to a pair of stone steps on the outside of the house, next the road, and believing that was the way for them to get off, he bid Jane put off her shoes, as he also did his, and softly opened that door, when they perceived, by a light through a chink between the first stone and the house, a woman sharpening a large knife. Going softly down the steps and on the road till out of hearing of the house, they then went on as quick as they possibly could; he desired Jane to run, taking her arm to assist in getting her forward. After getting about a quarter or half a mile from the house, under heavy rain, they discovered a sort of hovel or cot, where they tried to rest themselves, there being some hay or straw left for the cattle; but found by the painful impressions renewed on their minds, that this was not safe: then, notwithstanding their excessive weariness, and Jane's being ready to sink with discouragement, James urged the necessity of their exerting themselves, under the firm hope that they should be preserved. They went forward as fast as they could till they came to the side of the water, the course of which they followed to a bridge, over which they attempted to pass, but felt restrained when they got upon it. On which James said that was not their way, so turned and went forward, keeping down the course of the water, which, when they had pursued about half a mile further—the water increasing greatly in breadth—James Dickinson stopped and told Jane they must cross at that place, which exceedingly alarmed her, having given way to so much discouragement, that she could hardly lay hold of hope, that they should not totally sink under their present situation: and she told James that she apprehended, if they went into that water, they should be drowned. But he endeavored to cheer her, reminding her of the evidence he had had of their preservation if they kept a steady eye to best directions, which he believed had led them thus far, and that their way was through the water at that place, and that he believed they should get safe to the other side. Whereupon, with the hold of his arm, she ventured, and they got safe through. Walking some distance, they came to a sand-bank; here sitting down, James said to Jane, "I am not yet easy, we must go further." Upon which she replied, "Well, I must go by thy faith, I know not what to do." Going a little further, they found another sand-bank, where was a cavity, in which they sat down. After they had been here a little while, James said: "I am now easy, and believe we are perfectly safe, and feel in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise." Jane replied: "I am so far from that, I cannot so much as say, 'The Lord have mercy upon us.'"

When they had been here about half an hour, they heard the noise of people on the opposite side of the river; upon which, James Dickinson, finding Jane Fearon alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said to Jane, "Our lives depend upon our silence." Then attentively hearkening, they heard them frequently say, "Seek'em, Keeper;" and believed they were the men they had seen at the house, accompanied by a dog; that the dog refused to go over the bridge, and had followed the scent of their feet along the side to the place they had crossed from, when stopping. The people repeatedly cried, "Seek'em, Keeper;" which they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say, they had there crossed the river; upon which another replied, "That's impossible, unless the devil took them over, for the river is brink full." After wearying themselves for a considerable time in the search, they went away, and James Dickinson and Jane saw them no more.

When day-light appeared, they saw a man on a high hill, at some distance, looking about him every way. They continued quiet in this retreat till some time after sunrise, when, upon taking a view of their situation, they discovered that under the first sand-bank from whence they removed, they might have been seen from the other side of the river; and that the place they continued in shaded them from being seen from the opposite side, which they had been insensible of, as they could not make the observation the night before.

On considering what they should do to recover their horses, saddle bags, &c., James Dickinson said, "I incline to return to the house;" but Jane proposed their going to a town in order to get assistance to go with them to the house: to which James Dickinson observed, that the town from whence assistance was likely to be procured was about ten miles off; that they were strangers and had nothing to do with them. Jane Fearon still hesitating, James said, "I still incline to return to the house, fully believing our horses, clothes, &c., will be ready for us, without our being asked a question, and the people we saw last night we shall see no more." The other friend said, "I think I dare not go back." James Dickinson said, "Thou may'st, Jane, safely, for I have seen it in that that never failed me." Upon which they returned to the house, and found their horses standing in the stable saddled, and their saddle-bags upon them, their clothes dried and laid ready to put on; and no person but one old woman sitting in a nook by the fireside, whom they did not remember seeing the night before. They asked her what they had to pay? discharged it and proceeded on their journey.

Some time afterwards, James Dickinson, travelling the same way in Truth's service, passed the place where the above house had stood, but found it was pulled down and totally destroyed. On coming to the inn at the town they had thought to have gone to, when they took up there on account of the heavy rain, as before mentioned, he inquired what was become of the people, and the cause of the house being so in ruins? When he was told, that some time after Jane and he were there, some travellers who had been observed to go there to lodge, were missing, and it having been long under a very bad name, and the people strongly suspected of murdering many who had gone there, the neighborhood, with general consent, beset the house, taking up the people; and searching the house and its environs, found the bodies of the above, with many in different states of decay, who had evidently been murdered, and, I think, some parts of the bodies wanting, with also a great quantity of clothes, supposed to belong to them. On which the people were tried, and, I think, five of them executed, and the house razed to the ground.

Sarah Taylor, who received the foregoing narrative from James Dickinson and Jane Fearon, was at the house of Lindley Murray, near York, during the time of the Antrim Quarterly Meeting, in 1790; when the above account being read to her, she confirmed the same, being then about seventy-four years of age.—*Copied for* "Friends' Intelligencer," *by T. McC.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"FRIENDS' BOOK STORE ASSOCIATION."

The benefit resulting to a religious society from associations among its members for the promotion of worthy objects has long been recognized and acted upon, though not extensively till of late among Friends.

The good effect of such associations, apart from their particular objects, is very obvious. When rightly and simply conducted, they promote acquaintanceship, remove prejudices and smoothe down asperities. There are few outward means so promotive of love and unity as for people to associate together for some worthy and useful object.

Our Yearly, Quarterly, Monthly and Preparative Meetings and Representative Committees, may indeed be regarded as associations for the promotion of our various principles and testimonies; yet the *carrying out* of these in ways adapted to our present times, and improved methods, cannot always be accomplished by means of our regularly constituted arrangements. Any one who attends the business meetings of Friends, and who also attends some of the associations formed of latter times within the Society, though unconnected with its organization, would be struck by the fact that there is an amount of talent, moral worth and religious feeling, which is unproductive in the field where the older and more experienced are laboring, but which, in associations adapted to modern modes of thought,—benevolent, educational, literary, or even financial,—would be employed and developed, greatly to the advantage of the possessor and the Society.

We can scarcely be too often reminded that while the principles and testimonies professed by Friends are not in their nature changeable, the outward arrangements needed for applying these to life and conduct, and making them effective, must change with increased intellectual light and varying circumstances. It is, therefore, manifestly a duty that we should promote, by our influence and our means, every effort which tends to bind more closely together the various classes amongst us, and to bring into useful activity the talents and capabilities of each.

Among the useful projects to which allusion has been made, is "Friends' Book Store Association," designed as an emporium where the literature peculiar to Friends may be readily obtained, though by no means confining it to such, but embracing, as their funds allow, whatever is elevating and useful and in accordance with Friend's principles. The sale of stationary and kindred articles will be added; and, as a central situation will be chosen, the Association hopes that it may become a nucleus where other associations

among Friends may find a convenient place of meeting. But of course these hopes are dependent upon their success in raising the needful funds. It is a stock company, the shares ten dollars each, to be paid in installments. Enough is already subscribed to encourage the Managers that in time the concern can be carried out; but they very much desire that in one month from this date they may be able with confidence to take the necessary steps to accomplish the desired object.

Subscriptions to the stock will be received by the Treasurer, John M. Saunders, No. 34 N. Fourth Street, Philadelphia. S.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"GREATER IS HE THAT IS IN YOU, THAN HE THAT IS IN THE WORLD."

Whether what is here spoken of be called "Christ within," "the grace of God," "the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," or "a manifestation of Divine Truth," it is but the one unchangeable Power for man's greatest good; for it teaches "the denial of all ungodliness, and that we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." This I believe to be the fundamental doctrine upon which the religious Society of Friends in its rise was based; and time and experience have proved its value and sufficiency. In proportion as this Divine invisible Power predominates and influences fallible, finite man, by him, and in him, is the will of God done; and from them that truly love God, and do His will, "no good thing will be withheld."

Here we see that the prevalence of this principle professed by Friends becomes a matter of the greatest moment, second to none other. In so noble and glorious a cause, many and various are the means by which it may be advanced. Hence, George Fox being awakened and enlightened by this all-powerful sanctifying Principle, felt constrained earnestly to call upon his fellow-pilgrims "to mind the Light," (in themselves) and these witnessing its power for good, as they were faithful to its manifestations, were brought into self-denial and under the cross of Christ. Here they found true peace of mind, "the pearl of great price," "the true riches," and thus were prepared to be each other's "helpers in the Lord." Being united in the adoption of this one saving Principle, they were soon prepared to form a Society, that they might the more effectually stimulate and watch over each other for good, and also for the greater spread of this salvation Principle in the world at large. Through the blessing of a kind Providence, reform has, by this means, been promoted in divers respects, viz: in aiding the abolition of slavery by doing away with it in their own Society; guarding against intemperance, by refraining from the use of spiritous liquors as a beverage; promoting the cause of peace, by a refusal to comply with military demands; to discountenancing a hireling ministry, by refusing payment for its support, and the taking of oaths, by refusing compliance with the law in that respect. But if we dwell under the influence of this enlightening, all-powerful principle, shall we not find great room still for labor and improvement within and without the borders of our Society?

The Christian's cause is in importance paramount to all others. It is a cause that embraces the whole human family; and I believe none, acting under the guidance of Divine grace, will ever have to repent of having labored in it too much, or made too great sacrifices for it. The care and oversight of publishing *Friends' Intelligencer* must be a very responsible, arduous task, a service entitled to sympathy and encouragement. I believe it is productive of much good; it tends to promote a general interest in Truth's testimonies; it imparts important information to the remote branches of the Society; it draws more into unity of feeling in the great common cause; it awakens thought and reflection, sometimes on subjects of great interest. Have we not much cause for pressing forward in the just man's path, being careful "to walk by the same rule and mind the same thing," and to keep out of doubtful disputations that tend to weakness?

On the subject of true and saving Christianity, what a loss has been sustained, in and out of the Society of Friends, by dwelling upon and making some intricate, mysterious and doubtful questions matters of importance to be understood and acknowledged, instead of placing unreserved reliance on the plain experimental, practical truth as manifested to each individual, sufficient if complied with for the salvation of the immortal soul and peace with God. This is the essential of Christianity, and consequently all else is non-essential.

The force of education, and the different circumstances surrounding communities and individuals, call for a wise exercise of Charity.

How different is the state of public feeling now from what it was when a disciple of Christ could be persecuted, and even stoned to death! And later, when in Boston, some of our dear Friends were tried and put to death, and others treated with great cruelty, only for adhering to, and carrying out, their own convictions of religious duty! Is there not cause to believe that reform is gaining ground? See the general awakening in the public mind on the subjects of intemper-

ance and war. Associations are formed and actively laboring for the removal of these enormous evils, which are also claiming the consideration of legislative bodies.

Have we not many evidences that the fundamental Principle professed by Friends has been and is now increasingly spreading beyond the limits of our Society? Favored as we are, with such liberty and protection, are not we, the members of our religious Society, occupying a responsible position, and should we not be prepared and willing to do in a society or individual capacity whatsoever we may find for our hands to do, that thus we may have grounds to look for the reception of such blessings as God only wisely confers upon His obedient children?

D. IRISH.

Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 3d mo. 1874.

[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

AN APPEAL IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

A friend, whose home in Indiana has been in the midst of the recent remarkable uprising of testimony bearers for the cause of temperance reform, writes feelingly to us on the subject.

She says, "The editorials in the *Intelligencer* of late give me hope that the enclosed Appeal to Friends may find a place in its columns."

"In regard to this mighty temperance agitation that is sweeping through the United States, and is even felt across the Atlantic, it does seem that the door was never so widely open for *all* denominations of professing Christians to *work together* for the glory of the Lord. Now that the public is aroused from its deadly apathy, its ear *open* to hear, and the ground ready for the seed, how can *any* church quietly fold its hands and say, *We* have nothing to do? There are so many different ways in which we can quietly and consistently work to help roll on the ball now set in motion for the emancipation of these poor *slaves* of alcohol; a far more pitiable and debasing bondage than African slavery ever was. Are we not commanded to "*let* our light *shine?*" Should not every church see to it that its whole influence is actively thrown on the temperance side in this conflict, so that to the world *outside* it may *truly* be "The city set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid?" Is the fact that this wonderful uprising is accompanied with excesses (as *all* public movements invariably are) any reason why Friends should stand idle, instead of organizing in their own consistent way, and through the appointment of judicious committees, assist in the laudable work of *enforcing* already existing laws restricting the traffic of intoxicating liquors, and in such ways as seem clear to them, aid in creating and sustaining a healthy public sentiment in this direction? The hour of conflict between the right and the wrong (on this important subject) has come. Have Friends (who have always borne testimony against intemperance) any doubts which side *is* right? Then, as a *Society*, let us buckle on our armor and be found in the field bravely fighting this terrible evil. "He that is not *for* me, is against me, and he that gathereth not *with* me, scattereth abroad." Is it not a grievous sin of *omission* to stand neutral now? Can we witness the countless crimes, misery and degradation beyond description all about us; the broken hearts and ruined homes, and our hearts not yearn to be soldiers in this war—not burn to "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" Our individual effort in this direction, however faithful, is, as years of experience have proved, sadly deficient, unless accompanied by combined effort against the traffic. While temptation is meeting our sons at every corner, not only in the bright, cheery, inviting saloons, but at hotel tables, grocery stores, and alas! too often in our private houses, what else can we look for than the dissipation we see? Can we combine too earnestly against this common enemy? Can we make it too odious? Can we fight the use of it in our cooking, or the offering of the glass by women (under *any* circumstances, as a beverage), too constantly? Friends, let us look to it! Our Society must choose sides. We *must* serve, we *are* serving, "either God or mammon!" If our only weapons are *love*, "Peace on earth, and good will to all men," our warfare will lead us on to victory in the sure "path of pleasantness and peace."

A. M. S.

Richmond, Ind., Third mo. 27th, 1874.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

BENJAMINVILLE, 3d mo. 26, 1874.

Thinking some items from Benjaminville would be interesting to Friends, I send the following for publication in the *Intelligencer:*

Blue River Quarterly Meeting was held at Benjaminville, Second month 28th, 1874, with a very good attendance. There were Friends present from Clear Creek and East Jordan Monthly Meetings, and from Fulton, Tazwell County, Peoria and Hoopeston. All appeared interested in the business of the Quarterly Meeting, which was transacted with love and unity. Surely all felt that it was good to be there. After a solemn silence, the Meeting concluded to meet Sixth month 27th, 1874, at Clear Creek, Putnam County, Illinois.

The Quarterly Meeting was held in the new meeting-house. It was the first meeting

held there, and although the house is large for the West, on First day it was nearly full. There were several ministering friends in attendance, and all seemed interested in the advancement of Truth.

The First-day School Conference met on First day evening, which was well attended, and much interest was manifested in the cause. There are no schools in session now, and there was not much business to be transacted, but several expressed their views on the subject, which were interesting. The Executive Committee that was appointed last year made a report of its work, and was released, and a new one appointed, some from each Monthly Meeting.

All that were then present met on Second-day morning and organized, and are ready to work when the schools are opened, which they usually do in next month.

The school at the Penn Institute, conducted by Sidney Averill, closes its winter term this week, with forty names enrolled. The school has given good satisfaction, and after a short vacation the spring term of twelve weeks commences. There is a Lyceum conducted by the school and others interested. The exercises include original remarks, reading the paper written by the members, select reading, declamations and debate. It is attended by both old and young, and all endeavor to improve. REBECCA ALLEN.

A Friend in New York has kindly furnished the information from which the following is condensed:

In almost every neighborhood where meetings are established there are those to be found who, by a similar course, might be brought in and made useful members of our religious Society.

Where persons have been educated as Friends, (perhaps being descended from them), and manifest their interest by a regular attendance of our meetings, I have long thought they should be encouraged to make the application and become one with us in membership, without our expecting them to put on a peculiar garb, or to wait for some manifestation of Divine displeasure by their withholding. ——— J. M. T.

At Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, N.Y., held 2d month 12th, the following, having been previously considered by a committee of three Friends, was unanimously approved by both men's and women's Monthly Meeting, and a joint committee appointed to visit those referred to in the minute and offer them a membership again.

To Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, held 2d mo. 12, 1874.

Whereas, in time past the religious Society of Friends has made many disownments for a breach of discipline in relation to marriage, without charge of immoral conduct.

Now our Discipline is so changed that no member who wishes to retain membership need be disowned for only accomplishing marriage out of the order of our Society.

Many of our dear friends who have been thus separated from our religious Society, have continued attached to our principles and testimonies—being Friends indeed, although separated as members. This should not be so. They may have felt a delicacy to prevent their asking the power that disowned to reinstate or receive them. If so, it becomes us to offer our hand in truth and sincerity, that they may accept our token of esteem toward repairing the loss we have caused them to sustain.

In view of our improved discipline, the advanced and liberal age in which we live, with feelings of love and sympathy, and true regard for them, it is proposed to reconsider, jointly with our women friends, any such cases that have occurred in this meeting where the parties have manifested their attachment to Friends by a continued attendance of our meetings, and reinstate them members of our religious Society, with their consent, and appoint a joint committee to visit and present them with a copy of this minute in relation to the exercise and concern of this meeting on their behalf and report to a future meeting.

At the Monthly Meeting 3d month 12th, this committee reported the names of three Friends of each sex who came within the specifications of the minute, and would like to be reinstated, having been disowned over forty years ago.

The six were cordially received, as were also a middle aged man and woman on their own request.

A few months ago a request was made for membership by a young man lying at the point of death, who had long felt this duty required of him, but neglected it. He was received immediately, without the usual preliminaries of a committee, Friends who had visited him, reporting his condition of mind. He died three days after receiving notice of his request having been granted, happy in having obtained his wish, and was buried from the meeting-house just one week from the date of his reception into membership.

A CLEAN, fresh, and well-ordered house exercises over its inmates a moral no less than a physical influence, and has a direct tendency to make the members of the family sober, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other.

From the British Friend

JOHN KENDALL'S CHARITIES.

John Kendall, of Colchester, was an eminent member of our Society at the commencement of the present century, both as a minister and an author.

He was greatly respected by his fellow townsmen, though, in appearance and habits, he was rather eccentric. A friend, long since deceased, who knew him well, has related to me that on one occasion, when there was a grand public dinner at the principal hotel in the town, John Kendall felt a concern to enter the room and extend a tender caution to the company not to indulge in excess. They listened to him respectfully, and at the conclusion of his exhortation, after he had withdrawn, a gentleman rose and proposed that they should drink the health of their worthy fellow-townsman. The toast was accepted, and, as John Kendall descended the stairs, his ears were greeted with the ringing acclamations of the company.

A garrison being stationed at Colchester, John Kendall endeavored to extend good counsel to the officers by various little devices, one of which was to drop his walking stick when he saw one of them approaching him in the street. They, of course, would pick it up for the old gentleman and hand it to him. He would then thank them, and this would serve him as an introduction to any little serious remark or advice that he wished to convey to them.

In his personal appearance he retained the style of dress of his early years, as far as his tailor would permit him, who took care to modify it a little with every new suit of clothes. The flaps of his coat were distended by the skilful insertion internally of pieces of cane, producing the curiously formal and stiff appearance which we recognize in the costumes depicted in Hogarth's engravings. The cuffs of the coat were so large that a man might hide his face in them, and literally laugh in his sleeve.

But, dismissing his personal peculiarities, he was a man, though not wealthy, yet of large benevolence, in which he was warmly seconded by his wife, who was a charming gentlewoman of the old school. They had no family. Their intellectual tastes may be deduced from the fact of their having erected an observatory on the top of their house. John Kendall established a school foundation by his will, which has secured the existence of a Friends' Boarding School for Boys at Colchester, nearly ever since his death in 1815. He was a bookseller by business, and knew a rare book when he met with it. By his will he left his library to the school foundation, but it was too recondite for the scholars, and was practically useless, while the old folios received much injury by the thoughtless levity of the boys. Besides this, as the school was removed in the course of years from one place to another under successive masters, it was found extremely difficult to find house-room for such a large library. A stranger once applied to me many years ago to assist him to obtain a sight of the books. We went to the school, and I was shocked and greatly ashamed to find them piled up in a loft over a stable. The loft was also used as a laundry, and damp linen was hanging on lines to dry, while on a heap of the precious folios stood a basin of soap-suds. The library was afterwards removed for safety to a room at our meeting-house, and having myself become a trustee, I promoted the sale of these valuable but burdensome books. The trustees obtained the sanction of the Charity Commissioners, and the library was sold for a sum sufficient to add £300 stock to the school fund. I incurred some odium in certain quarters for promoting the sale of this library, but as our meeting-house, where it was deposited, was afterwards burnt down, there seems ample reason to be satisfied, that, previous to the fire, the library was dispersed by sale amongst those who could appreciate the value of the books.

Another of John Kendall's charities was the building and endowment of a block of Almshouses, which, with assistance from Friends and others, resulted in a second block being added. They were designed for the reception of widows, who, on the death of their husbands, in Winsley's Almshouses, were compelled to leave that asylum. If no such widows are candidates, then other poor aged women are admitted. Altogether there are sixteen rooms, affording a much-prized residence for sixteen women. The weekly allowance to each is three shillings, and in addition a ton of coal annually. As the acting trustee of this charity, I am sorry to say, that owing to the reduction in the rate of interest, and also the decease of many old subscribers, it is not likely that the present pittance can be continued at the customary rate. . . . .

JAMES HURNARD.

Lexden, Colchester, 2d mo. 12th.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I felt quite disappointed when I found, yesterday, I could not see and mingle with my friends at meeting. We thought of you when assembled, and desired that being thus together might be to general and also individual comfort and edification.

While we sometimes experience a qualification to offer an acceptable offering unto the Lord when in retirement, and no human eye sees, nor human ear hears, yet it is good to join in with our fellow-probationers, putting our offerings together, and witnessing the incense to arise and spread over the meeting, until heart joins heart, and all become united in thanksgiving and praise. This is truly a holy service, under which engagement a bond of union is formed, and we become each other's helpers and comforters in our struggle through life, bearing one another's burdens, and thus fulfilling the law of Christ.

A band of worshippers thus united will realize the condition spoken of in Scripture; if one member be afflicted, other members are brought into sympathy with him, and if any one is tempted, the remembrance of being a member of this little band helps to put aside the temptation, that the bond of union may not be broken. The assurance that we are remembered and felt for by our fellow-members in seasons of temptation and under our various trials and afflictions, is as "a strong hold" for the spirit, and while some are privileged generally to meet with their friends in social worship, those who sit in solitary places will not be forgotten, but they will be visited with feelings of brotherly interest, and with desires for their realization of the blessed truth, that our Father is with His children everywhere to guide and to sustain.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 11, 1874.

ERRATA.—In "Local Information," last number, editorial column, third paragraph, instead of *and speak* read, *an ephah;* and in sixth paragraph, same article, for *so* read *Lo.*

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.—The propriety of legal enactments to secure the attendance of children at school is claiming much attention from thoughtful minds in different parts of the country. It seems, at first glance, an oppressive interference with the rights of parents, to define by law the degree of instruction which they shall permit their children to receive. The true ideal of government is the least possible interference with the individual and the family. It is evident, however, that there are matters of such vital interest to society, that it is needful that the State shall exercise a care over them. No plea of individual rights is considered sufficient to justify any person in sustaining any business which is likely to cause disease in the community, nor in resisting measures which may be adopted by the body politic for the protection of the general health. Ignorance is so great and dangerous an evil to a republic, that it is at least a question whether compulsory measures for its correction are not necessary. The State, having provided gratuitous instruction for all its youth, would seem to be justified in requiring that none of its future citizens shall be kept from the light of knowledge.

In the State of Illinois the census of 1870 showed that ten per cent. of the inhabitants were quite illiterate; and this state of things seeming to require a prompt remedy, a bill for Compulsory Education has been introduced into the Legislature. The proposed law provides that every parent or guardian of a child between the ages of nine and fourteen, who resides in a district where there is a school within two miles, shall send the child to some school for at least three months of each year, unless an equal amount of instruction is given at home, or unless the child is reasonably proficient in the ordinary English branches. The school officers are required to prosecute for any violation of this law in their respective districts. Provision is made for the supply of books to indigent children, and cases where they have not suitable clothing, to supply that also.

A similar measure is now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and has been reported favorably by the Committee on Education. If it is possible, by any legal enactment, to confer the blessing of judicious training on the neglected children who throng our cities, and thus open to them the portals of a life of honor and usefulness, every friend of humanity will rejoice to see the needful steps taken.

No oppressive or unpopular law can be carried into effect, and it should be the aim of our legislators to so arrange the detail of the proposed measure, that it may not conflict with the domestic rights of the people, and thus arouse their hostility.

FACTS *versus* THEORIES.—In view of the controversy in regard to Sex in Education, as introduced by the work of Dr. Clark of Boston, and the several replies it has called forth,

we are glad to see our own experiment of co-education at Swarthmore College receiving due attention from those interested in the subject of higher culture for *all* the rising generation.

We find in the *London Friend* extracts from the late report of the board of managers of Swarthmore College, taken from the New York Independent, which throws a clear light on this important subject. A few facts are worth many theories in an honest search for truth.

"SWARTHMORE (PA.) COLLEGE, under the direction of the Society of Friends, has a total attendance of 269, of whom 176 are in the preparatory department. The board of managers, in presenting their latest report, take occasion to give their testimony on the subject of co-education. They say:

"Our confidence in the co education of the sexes has been fully confirmed by another year's experience, the results of which clearly disprove the fallacies of those who oppose the system. The objection to co-education, and even to all higher education for women, based upon supposed injury to their health, which has recently been so urgently pressed upon purely theoretical grounds, and supported by the citation of a few strongly-marked exceptional cases, is completely disproved by our experience. The five young women who graduated at Swarthmore last year had quite as good health at the end of their four years' course as at the beginning of it, and the amount of work which they accomplish would compare favorably with that of any class of young men in a four years' college course. It may well be doubted whether the health of an equal number of young women in any other pursuit in life is better than that which exists to-day among those who are pursuing their studies at Swarthmore. Our experience has been that the proportion of boys and young men absent from recitations during the year on account of sickness is fully equal to that of the girls and young women. The statistics of Swarthmore, as of Michigan University, of Oberlin, and of the various colleges and high schools of the West where this system has been fairly tried, lead to conclusions directly opposite to those reached by the opponents of co education."

"It is worth noticing, however, that these results have been secured by the aid of an excellent and thorough system of physical training:

"Regular exercise in the open air at stated periods has been rigidly insisted upon, with the most beneficial results. All not physically incapacitated are required to take regular exercise in the gymnasium, under a teacher appointed for that purpose. The general good health of the students throughout the year proves the wisdom of the sanitary regulations to which they have been subjected."

A USEFUL LIFE.—The late Joseph Harrison, Jr., whose death occurred on the 27th of Third month, 1874, was widely known as one of the most enterprising and successful mechanics and mechanical engineers of the day.

His honorable and useful career is full of instruction for the young men of our times. His only advantages at the outset were the teachings of good parents, good sense, integrity of character, and a determination in all things to do the very best work which was possible, and to make every improvement within his power.

Study, industry, steadiness and straightforward integrity, were the foundation on which his character and fortune were built, and these are within the reach of every youth who desires to make himself a career of like usefulness.

To his mechanical skill we are indebted for some most important improvements in locomotives, now almost universally adopted, and for a steam-boiler said to be absolutely safe against destructive explosions. The Harrison boiler has now been thoroughly tested and approved, and is extensively employed in New England.

As early as the year 1840, the reputation acquired by the firm of Eastwick & Harrison attracted the attention of Russian engineers, who were sent to this country by their government to examine and report upon the American railroad system, with a view to its adoption in their own country. Through the influence of these engineers, Joseph Harrison was invited by the Russian authorities to visit that Empire in 1842. In his unpublished autobiographical notes, he gives an interesting account of his experiences:

"As a member of the firm of Eastwick & Harrison, locomotive builders, Philadelphia, and under a verbal understanding with Count Melnikoff, who, with Colonel Kraft, of the Russian Engineer Corps, visited the United

States in 1840 to examine our railway system, I went to St. Petersburg in the spring of 1842. My going at that particular time was by direct invitation of the Russian Government, conveyed to me by letter by Count Melnikoff and George W. Whistlar, the latter an eminent engineer, who in the year 1842 went to Russia as consulting engineer of the Russian Railway Department. Before my departure I had no agreement whatever, and went at the risk and cost of myself and partner, Andrew M. Eastwick, with a view of making a contract for the manufacture, in St. Petersburg, of the rolling stock of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway. I found on my arrival that, fearing that I might not come under the invitation sent, it was ordered that we were to be paid two thousand dollars, to pay my expenses in case I failed to make a contract. Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, went with me to Russia, to put in operation a locomotive built by his father for the Russian Government, and it was deemed advisable to associate him in the negotiations. Much time was spent in arranging terms to suit both parties, as well as to overcome the claims of competitors, and it was not until December, 1843, that the contract was signed and business commenced under the title of Harrison, Winans & Eastwick. The chance of success seemed very small through the first months of my stay in St. Pstersburg, during the year 1843. Every one spoke of the impossibility of making a contract to do business in Russia without paying the officials. I had left America with $500, and received but $200 more from home previous to the contract being signed. Thomas Winans had brought but a few hundred dollars with him from America, and we, therefore, had no money to pay for a contract. It was hinted by Colonel Melnikoff, Major Whistlar, and a few others desirous of our success, that we must not attempt to do business in the way which seemed the rule, and in our estimates we made no allowances for anything but honest, straightforward toil. We could not afford to pay any one.

. . . . . .

"It became a very grave question at the outset, and we were very anxious about it, as where to be able to get working capital to carry out a contract of several millions of dollars, as it was understood from the first that the Americans had no money to place in this new business, and that we came only to risk our skill and our time. The Department of Railways, according to Russian law, could not advance us money except upon adequate security. The capital needed was managed in this manner. By the conditions of the contract of 1843 it was stipulated that the contractor should receive advances in money up to the full value of any material to be used in the work, which they might cause to be delivered within the precincts of the head mechanical works. Said advances were not to exceed the sum of three hundred thousand silver roubles, or about $225,000. These advances were to be refunded to the Government by the deduction of ten per cent. on all work delivered, until the entire sum was liquidated. Out of this arrangement, and by purchasing materials on credit of six months, all capital needed for the commencement of the work was obtained.

. . . . . .

"Ere I had been two weeks in St. Petersburg, after my arrival in 1843, a letter was addressed to me, sent by Messrs. Macareff and Mizariene, agents of Prince Demidoff, who was, as is well known, the largest producer of iron and copper in the Empire of Russia, and one of its wealthiest citizens, offering to sell to me any amount of suitable materials that they could furnish, on such terms of payment, as to time, that I might name. Prince Demidoff was the proprietor of the mines of Siberia whence comes the rare and costly green substance malachite, a beautiful specimen of which was presented to me by the agents of the Prince. Under this liberal offer was purchased a large amount of material, upon which, when delivered at the works, we received cash advances, thus obtaining the first capital for commencing our business. We had no means at hand to make any financial arrangements other than by advances on materials. We were greatly in debt to Messrs. Macareff & Mizariene for their confidence in the outset of our undertaking. We could not have bought the same amount of suitable material at the time from any others at St. Petersburg, and in all respects the transaction was most opportune for us.

. . . . . .

By the terms of our contracts of 1843 and 1850, the Alexandroffski head mechanical works of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, built by the Government, came under our control, with the single exception of the police arrangements, which, we stipulated, should remain in the hands and at the cost of the Government. We had to keep employed about five hundred men and boys from among the Government people occupying the village, paying them, whether they worked or not, a certain rate of wages, averaging about thirty cents per day for men and twelve cents for boys. We also furnished each family, in proportion to number, with a certain amount of rye flour and fuel each month. The entire wages would have averaged about forty five cents per day for men and twenty cents for boys, the youngest of which came into the

works at twelve years. Their houses we also kept repaired at our own cost. It was stipulated in all our contracts, except that in reference to the Neva Bridge, that we should have no interference on the part of the Government officials inside the workshops, unless at our own request, and then only to repress disorder of any kind. The working people were greatly deficient in skill, and very drunken and dishonest; but by good treatment, and by paying nearly, if not quite, double wages to many of the worthy and skilful, we managed to use them to good advantage. Those serfs of the crown that we had to employ constituted less than one-half of our entire working force, the addition being made up of what were called free men (Russians), and such Swedes, Germans, and of such other nationalities as we could pick up.

"On the extreme right and left of the Head Mechanical works, facing the river Neva, were situated two elegant and commodious mansions, surrourded by beautifully-planned gardens. In one of these houses, located nearest St. Petersburg, I resided with my family, and in it my daughters Alice and Olga and my son Theodore were born."

MARRIED.

CONRAD—GARRIGUES.—On the 5th of Third month, 1874, at the residence of the bride's parents, Jarrettown, Pa., under the care of Horsham Monthly Meeting, John M. Conrad, of Plymouth, to Elma B. Garrigues, of Horsham, Pa.

DIED.

HOAR.—On the 22d of Third month, 1874, at her residence in Salisbury, Lancaster Co., Pa., Sarah Hoar, in the 84th year of her age.

Interment at Friends' burying ground, at Sadsbury, on the 25th inst.

WIDDIFIELD.—Suddenly, on the 30th of First month, 1874, in Noxbridge, Ontario Co., Province of Ontario, Benjamin Widdifield, in the 61st year of his age; an esteemed elder of Pickering Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"SIR HENRY HOLLAND."

Before proceeding further in arranging extracts from "Recollections of Past Life," by Sir Henry Holland, some acquaintance with the author will, probably, be acceptable. This may be agreeably attained by reading the following from the introductory portion of the narrative, dated London, December 9th, 1871. E. W. A.

"Autobiography, where justified at all, may generally best be left to the discretion of those who come after the subject of it. The estimate a man makes of himself, and his concerns in life, is often a very mistaken one. The "Recollections," embodied here, were first put into writing about four years ago. This was done at the solicitation of my children and several friends, who desired to obtain some record of a life already long in its duration, and possessing a certain interest beyond that personal to myself, from its relation to many others of more note in the world. As I saw that a mere manuscript would not satisfy this desire, I printed, privately, a small number of copies, which I was led, subsequently, to reprint, with considerable additions." "These," he says, "have long been exhausted." And, at the solicitations of friends, he prepares this last publication in his eighty-fourth year, which is a record of persons and events, "remarkable in the history of the time, and mainly connected with his various journeys—abstaining from anecdotes pertaining to his medical practice," deeming this a professional obligation. In the retrospective contemplation of his life, he says:

"But for the loss—inevitable as time goes on—of many endeared to me by the ties of family and friendship, I might fairly speak of it as untouched, up to this moment, by any serious misfortune. My health, with rare exceptions, has been singularly good, enabling me to maintain, to this advanced age, most of the habits and interests of earlier life, even those in which physical activity is chiefly concerned. Except in the single instance of a severe surgical operation, which confined me for some weeks, I have never, in more than fifty years of practice, been prevented from attending to the maladies of others by my own illness. The travels, which, taken collectively, form so large a portion of my life (a rough calculation would make it more than twelve years), have only once or twice been interrupted by illness, and never marred by any serious accident, though several times menaced by the urgent danger of such.

"These travels, repeated every year, have had an inexhaustible interest for me. The liberality of an excellent father, and my early professional success, saved me, even from the beginning, from those pecuniary anxieties of early life, which so often, for a time, painfully fret the minds, even of those who eventually reach professional fame and fortune. This exemption from pecuniary cares has continued to the end, and enabled me to follow my professional career, and to withdraw from it in the manner most consonant to my wishes. What may well rank higher in the scale of human blessings, my children have never been other than a source of satisfaction and happiness to me. I may further note, as a fortunate condition in life, that, with one exception hardly worth remembrance, I have been wholly free from any personal controversy or quarrel, during this long period of

years—a benefit best understood by those who have themselves suffered under such social or professional turmoils.

From Delaware Co. Republican.

GREAT LAVA FLOOD.

At a late meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the State University, gave an extended and deeply interesting lecture on the great lava flood of the Northwest, which he had studied carefully on several exploring tours through the lava region. The great overflow of lava was one of the most remarkable convulsions of nature met with on the face of the earth. The principal point of eruption from the great central cauldron was at the Cascade Mountains, in Oregon, which were of themselves one solid mass of lava. From this centre the lava overflowed a great portion of Oregon, Washington Territory, all of Northern California, and vast sections of Nevada, Montana and Idaho. The lava flood covered an area of at least 200,000 square miles, as far as explored, and it would probably be found to extend over a surface of 300,000 square miles, as its limit northward had never been determined. The depth of the lava crust varied from upwards of 2,000 feet in the Cascade and Blue Mountain region to one and two hundred feet, and less at remote points on the outer edge of the overflow. Where the tremendous gorge of the Columbia cut through the lava bed, it had a depth of 3,500 feet.

The explorations of Professor Le Conte had determined that the great lava flood pertained to a comparatively recent geological period, and he assigns the eruption to the latter part of the miocene, possibly extending to the post tertiary. In the great canon of the Columbia river, beneath this immense layer of lava, he had discovered the petrified stumps of trees, beds of leaves, and all the evidences of a great forest once existing on a level corresponding with the present surface of the river. Above this forest came a drift period, and it was buried in a heavy layer of conglomerate before the overflow of 3,000 feet of lava. In tracing the collateral streams that had cut deep gorges through the lava, extending a mile or two back from the main river, these conclusions regarding the formation had been fully verified. Professor Le Conte dwelt with much enthusiasm on the details of his wonderful observations in the Cascade regions, and he considered it one of the most interesting fields for geological study to be found on the earth.

He that doubts the existence of mind, by doubting, proves it.—*Colton.*

THE GREATEST CROP OF THE WORLD.

A question widely discussed involves the relative value of the wheat, cotton, tea and hay crops of the world. Which of these products employs the greatest amount of the world's capital? It is said that hay leads the rest, and the items that enter into the account as stated are somewhat startling. Cotton and tea are local crops, while hay is produced everywhere the world over, and thus the hay crop greatly outweighs either of the other two. The aggregate reported value of all farm products for 1870 was $2,447,538,658; but as this includes additions to stocks, "betterments," &c., it is probably too high. Now the hay crop for that year—that is the grass dried and cured for use or sold—is reported at over 27,000,000 tons. This, at half the selling price in the large cities, would amount to $405,000,000, and is far greater than the aggregate home value of the cotton crop or any other crop. But the cured "hay" is but a portion of the grass crop. The other portion is used on the ground, and it requires considerable calculation to get at the value so used, even in the roughest way.

In the first place live stock, including horned cattle, horses, sheep, swine, &c., to the value of $1,525,000,000, were fed from it that year. Averaging the lives of these at five years we have one-fifth of that sum as representing the grass fed to them in 1870, namely: $305,000,000; next we find the value of the animals slaughtered for food in that year to be $309,000,000, and as this is an animal product, the whole of it will for the present be credited to the grass crop; next we find that the butter crop of 1870 was 514,000,000 pounds, which at the low average of twenty-five cents, amounts to $128,000,000, and this goes to the credit of grass; next we have 235,000,000 gallons of milk, which, averaged at the low estimate of ten cents per gallon, adds $25,000,000 more to the credit of the grass crop; then we have 100,000,000 pounds of wool at twenty five cents a pound, adding $25,000,000 more; and, finally, 53,000,000 pounds of cheese, at ten cents, adding $5,000,000 to the total of these credits to the grass crop of 1870, which aggregates $887,000,000.

Now let us add the value of the "hay" crop as given above—viz: $405,000,000—and we have a grand total for "hay" and the product of grass consumed on the ground amounting to $1,292,000,000. This is, of course, subject to the deduction, as the meat, butter, milk, cheese, and wool-producing animals consume other food beside grass and hay. To make ample allowance for this, we deduct the entire value of the corn and oat crops of 1870, estimated at $270,000,000, and this leaves a remainder of $1,082,000,000 to be

credited to the hay and grass crop of that year, when the reported aggregate of all the farm products was $2,448,538,658. If our estimates make even the roughest approach to accuracy, the value of that crop was two-fifths of the aggregate value of all farm products, and hence we may infer that two-fifths of the capital then invested in agricultural pursuits was devoted to the grass crop, and this in the United States equals (in round numbers) $4,575,000,000. From these figures the deduction is palpable that King Cotton is uncrowned and dethroned, and we may be forced to admit that all "flesh" and all else is hay if not "grass."—*Memphis Appeal.*

GIRDING THE EARTH WITH POSTAL SERVICE.

The Cunard steamship Parthia, which arrived at Boston on the 26th day of January last, brought, among other mails, that for the Australian colonies, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands, etc., from London, consisting of one hundred and eighty sacks. These were forwarded to San Francisco for the steamer which sailed on the 31st of the same month. This was the first mail landed in the United States in connection with the establishment of the new mail line of steamships between London and Australia via San Francisco, opened for service on the 13th day of January. The connections were promptly made, and, it may be added, the fact illustrates the rapidity with which the commercial world is moving toward a complete, rapid, and universal postal system, involving the closer interchange of trade between the United States and England's great colonies in the Southern seas, and creating mutual advantages calculated to bind the two countries in still closer bonds of friendship.

This great mail-route of over ten thousand miles, girding the earth in about fifty days, has only been established after repeated efforts. Thrice had the attempt been made, but never before with greater prospects of permanent success than those which now present themselves. The previous mode of communication to Australia from London, for mail purposes, was via Suez, and the time consumed in making the trip over fifty days. The steamers now employed under the new arrangement will be only temporarily employed; four fast steamers, of 2,500 tons register each, are being built, to be ready for service some time next summer. The McGregor, which arrived at San Francisco January 25th, was the pioneer antipodal steamer of the line. She brought dates from Sidney, New South Wales, to December 20th, and from Auckland, New Zealand, to December 22d. Upon her return, which was January 31st, she carried the mail to the Sandwich Islands and to the Australian colonies, stopping at Cordova, a station in the Feejee Islands, to connect with a steamer to Sydney and another to New Zealand. In this connection, consequent upon the establishment of this mail line, the New Zealand Navigation Company has placed, on the passage between Aukland and Poverty Bay and Napier, a steamer, and also one to engage in the coast trade.

The establishment of this mail line of steamships is worthy of more than passing notice. It is a striking feature in the romance of commerce and the advance of civilization. While among the stupendous ideas of modern commerce, we have an inkling of traversing by rail a distance of six thousand miles, by the Euphrates Valley Railroad to India, through Turkey, extending to and crossing the Bosporus by ferry, thence straight to Adalia, on the Mediterranean, thence through the Euphrates valley, and along the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Arabian sea to its destination; while the railway under the Alps will shorten and cheapen the distance between the extreme East and the West; and from Egypt to London in a week, and to New York in seventeen days, will, sooner or later, be reduced in time, and from New York to Bombay in eighty days instead of ninety-three, we are reminded, in a very striking manner, that the "iron horse" is jealous of the marine engine; that the palace-car vies with the sumptuously appointed cabin of the magnificent steamship. Viewed in the light of inter-commercial progress, the establishment of the new postal line between London and New South Wales, via the United States, is one of the results, and perhaps the direct result, of the establishment of submarine cables, in connection with land telegraphs, around the world. The girdle between England and Adelaide, South Australia, distance 12,650 miles, has tended to bring commerce nearer the millennium of its destiny. The telegraphs, quickening the currents of trade, and tending to reduce the whole bu iness world to a level, has created additional lines of steamships, as a commercial necessity. The merchant in his counting-room at New York, for instance, can now direct his agent what to do daily, but he cannot have the patience to wait an hundred days, or even fifty days, for his goods or his letters. As there is now nothing impossible in the realms of telegraphy, so there is nothing impossible in commercial co-operative alliance, establishing new steamship lines and postal routes, bringing the distant parts of the earth in still nearer and closer commercial friendship.

The connection of the British colonies with the United States makes America a link between Australia and England, and the inter-

change of commodities which will no doubt take place by means of this route between the colonies and this country will increase the intercourse. America is peculiarly interested in the growth and productions of those colonies. New South Wales has an area of 300,000 square miles, and, with its adjuncts, a population of nearly 2,000,000; and the colonists export wool, hides, tallow, wheat, gold, sugar. wines, etc. Australia, in 1840, produced less than 10,000,000 pounds of wool; but, in 1869, contributed 158,000,000 pounds, and in 1870, over 175,000,000 pounds. The number of sheep in the British colonial possessions in 1870 was nearly 70,000,000, or twice as many as in the United States at that period. The dependence of the American woolen manufacturers upon the sheep industry of the colonies with which the new mail steamship line has been connected, is well known. The value of American exports to Australia has now reached a large figure, and this commerce is constantly growing. Australia itself is a continent, with an area of 3,000,000 square miles; and Melbourne, adjoining New South Wales, has a population of 150,000. The distance from New York to Melbourne, via Cape Horn, is 13,390 miles; via Cape of Good Hope, 12,895 miles; and via Panama, 11,165 miles. The distance by the new mail route is still shorter, as three thousand miles of it is overcome by railroad—traversed in seven days. The progress of Australia has been rapid, and now has the aspect, in some respects, of an old-settled country. New Zealand, of which Auckland is the chief port, consists of three islands in the South Pacific Ocean, and 1,200 miles southeast of Australia. The population is about 150,000. The country is mountainous, but its flora is remarkable, while even tropical fruits may be raised. The British colonists have divided the country into seven provinces, and the exports consist principally of wool, tallow, flax, gums, and copper-ore. The value of the exports now amount to millions of dollars annually, and the imports to a sum more than twice as much. Auckland, the most northerly province, has a population of about 35,000, and the Bay of islands, a small settlement fifty miles north of the city, is much resorted to by American whalers, and is the seat of a United States consulate. The Feejee Islands, where the mail steamships touch on the way to New Zealand, also lie in the South Pacific, and extend over an ocean area of 40,000 square miles, and the population is estimated at 300,000. The port of Cordova has a good harbor, and here, as well as near by, is where most of the white residents live. The first commercial intercourse between the Europeans and the natives commenced in 1806. The islands support a paper called the *Feejee Gazette.* A late number contains interesting items respecting the growing commercial industries of the group and their relation to other countries.

The steamers composing the new Australian mail-service are the McGregor, Tartar, Mongol, Mikado and Cyphrenes; and the rates of fare from San Francisco to Sydney, first class, $200; to Melbourne, $225; to Auckland, $200; to Wellington, $230, etc. The through fare from London to Melbourne is less than $500, according to the printed rates. It now no longer takes a letter or passenger three or four months to travel between London and Melbourne, as was the case only a few years ago, but we are promised despatch between the two points in forty days upon the completion of the new steamships.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Philosophy of Life.—Never were truer words spoken by man than those which fell from the lips of Charles Sumner in a lecture before the Boston Lyceum, February 18, 1846: "Time is the measure of life on earth. Its enjoyment is life itself. Its divisions, its days, its hours, its minutes, are fractions of this heavenly gift. Every moment that flies over our heads takes from the future and gives to the irrevocable past, shortening by so much the measure of our days, abridging by so much the means of usefulness committed to our hands. Waste or sacrifice of time is, then, waste or sacrifice of life itself; it is partial suicide."

Selected.

LOVE OF GOD.

Thou grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O, love of God, most free!

When over dizzy steeps we go
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O, love of God, most wise!

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O, love of God, most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toilworn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O, love of God, most kind!

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O, love of God, within!

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O, love of God, to Thee!

Selected.

DICK'S WATCH.

Dear little Dick, curled up by the fire,
Sat watching the shadows come and go,
And the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,
Flooding the room with a mellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,
And he turned for a moment a listening ear,
"Mother," cried he, "I've got a watch!
I can feel it ticking right under here."

"Yes, Dick, 'tis a watch that God has made,
To mark your hours as they fly away;
He holds the key in His mighty hand,
And keeps it in order night and day.

"Should He put aside the mystic key,
Or lay His hand on the tiny spring,
The wheels would stop, and your watch run down
And lie in your bosom a lifeless thing."

He crept to my side, and whispered soft,
While his baby voice had an awe-struck sound:
"I wish you would ask Him, mother dear,
To be sure and remember to keep it wound."

Let man learn wisdom from the bee,
That by its instinct knows
That honey from the thistle comes,
As well as from the rose.

As out of darkness sprang the light,
As oaks from acorns grow,
So out of error truth may come,
And good from evil flow.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

THIRD MONTH.

	1873.	1874.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	6 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	2 "	3 "
Snow, including very slight falls	6 "	8 "
Cloudy, without storms	2 "	4 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	15 "	11 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1873.	1874.
Mean temperature of Third mo., per Penna. Hospital	38.35 deg.	41.27 deg.
Highest point attained during month	62.00 "	66.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	8.00 "	20.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.24 in.	1.59 in.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for 1873 and four for 1874,	1,678	1,181
Average of the mean temperature of 3d month for the past 85 years		39.16 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1871		48.70 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1843		30.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1873.	1874.
Totals for the first three months of each year	13.88 inch	8.62 inch

The month just closed has certainly redeemed its character for genuine old fashioned "March weather." Quite a number of *snows* are chronicled, though amounting to but very little. In fact all are not recorded above, as we find, by a note made on the last day of the week ending on the 14th :—"There have been a few flakes from passing clouds *every day* this week until to-day." In contrast to this, the snow-storm on the Pacific coast is characterized as "*the most* severe *ever known* on the Central Pacific Railroad."

News from San Francisco of the 9th stated that "one of the severest snow-storms ever known here has prevailed for the past few days in the Sierra Nevadas, and the mountains are full of snow, greater in amount than for many years. The trains on the Central Pacific Railroad are delayed, but the road will be cleared in another day. Large gangs of workmen and many snow-plows are at work."

Followed on the 10th with information that all the freight trains caught in the snow blockade on the Central Pacific have been abandoned for the present. In Summit Valley the snow is twenty-five feet deep on a level. Several snow-plows and engines are off the track. One eastern-bound passenger train is still at Alta, and one at Halleck's. A western-bound passenger train is at Reno, and others lie at Toano. At Cisco over six feet of snow have fallen during the present storm.

While on the 17th intelligence was received that "the Central Pacific Railroad is again blockaded near Emigrant Gap. The telegraph poles are buried out of sight half the distance from there to Truckee, the snow being 25 feet deep."

Graphic accounts of all these, with thrilling details, have been published, but too voluminous for insertion here. Nor was the storm of the 9th confined to this country, as per the following cable:

"LONDON, March 9th.—A heavy snow storm commenced in this city last night, and still rages with great severity, accompanied by a heavy gale. Dispatches from all parts of England speak of a severe storm." Followed the next day by another, stating that "a furious snow storm prevails in England to-day. In some places the storm is accompanied *by lightning*;" accompanied with the further information on the 12th, that the Caledonia Railroad was blocked with snow—with some of the trains buried in the drift—also, that the "fall of snow had been unprecedented."

We also append the following "clippings" simply by way of a pleasant contrast:

Third month 12th.—"The tuneful mosquito is already flapping his midnight wings in Richmond, Va."

Third month, 14th.—"The upper Hudson is again closed by ice."

But to return to the temperatures, &c., of our locality. Notwithstanding the "old-fashioned March weather" of this year, referred to above, if we compare the figures, we will find them to have been *in excess* nearly all through. High winds have been unusually prevalent; on the 13th we dotted down "*the sixth day in succession of remarkably high winds.*" A gentleman, who is a far more closer observer of the weather than we are, informed us, on the *fifth* day of these high winds, that such a *succession* of them was very unusual. The 24th and 25th were very cold; on the former the mercury ranging from 20 degrees to 22 in the city, dropping down to 18 degrees out of town.

The *decrease* in the quantity of rain this year thus far is worthy of notice, being about five inches and a quarter less than for the first three months of 1873.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 2d, 1874.

NOTICE.

A meeting adjourned to be held at the Bethany Mission School-house, on Brandywine Street near Sixteenth Street, on Sixth-day, the 17th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., if so permitted, to which those concerned for the unity of all claiming the name of Friends are invited.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS WITHIN WESTERN QUARTER.

Oxford, Chester Co., Pa., Fourth month 12th, 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Association of Friends for the Promotion of First-day Schools (Philadelphia Yearly Meeting) will hold its annual meeting on Seventh-day of next week, Fourth mo. 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M., in Race Street Meeting-House. To facilitate business, reports should be sent a few days previously to the clerk at 717 Willow Street, and those attending will please be punctual to the hour. A general invitation extended.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., }
ANNIE CALEY, } *Clerks.*

The Executive Committee will meet at same place, on Sixth-day evening, at 7½ o'clock, and Seventh-day morning, at 8½ A. M.

ROBERT TILNEY, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Fourth mo. 17th, at 4 o'clock, at Race Street. WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

NEAR Merrillan, Wis., is a curious bluff known as the Silver Mound. It contains about 300 acres, and consists principally of hard quartz rock, being circular in form, about 200 feet high, and having a depression of about 60 feet in the centre. There is evidence of ancient mining about the mound. At the top, shafts were sunk 15 or 20 feet, and a drift runs from the bottom of one of them perhaps 40 feet. Hieroglyphics are carved in a sandstone ledge.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN a recent lecture on "Liquids," at the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall mentioned that he had learned from Captain Shaw, the head of the London Fire Department, that a scratch in the nozzle of a fire engine delivery pipe, which an ordinary workman might overlook, will reduce its throwing power from 200 feet down to 150 feet.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT FAIRMOUNT PARK.—A number of improvements have recently been completed in the Zoological Gardens at Fairmount Park.

A handsome gate house has been erected, and a large building, to be used exclusively for monkeys, has been finished at a cost of $6,000. The walks have all been vulcanized, and plans for a restaurant have been submitted, together with an offer of ten thousand dollars for a lease of the building for five years. The old "Penn Mansion" has been restored to its original condition. An artificial lake is soon to be constructed, and many of the buildings and cages for the reception of animals have been completed. The bear pits will soon be finished. There will be three of them in a line, with connecting passages. The deer houses and enclosures are already finished. The animals now in the gardens number about two hundred. Among them are two buffaloes, one grizzly bear and one cinnamon, two black and two brown bears, elks, black tail deer, marmosets, foxes, prairie dogs, several varieties of wolves, hedgehogs, ravens, eagles, parrots, and a large number of other kinds of birds..

Theodore L. Harrison has presented to the Zoological Society his collection of birds, which will be placed in the garden as soon as an aviary, which is now in course of construction, is finished.

A letter has just been received from the superintendent of the Garden, dated at Melbourne, Australia, stating that he has secured a large collection of birds, kangaroos and other animals, which will be shipped to Philadelphia via San Francisco on May 4. He was then about to leave for India for the purpose of securing a number of lions, elephants, etc., which he expects will reach Philadelphia in time for the opening of the garden.

A large aquarium is soon to be built, the sum of $10,000 having been given to the Society for that purpose, and a prairie dog village has already been completed. It is intended to be a fac-simile of the dog villages which are frequently found on the prairies.—*Ledger.*

A SPHERE FOR TRADE UNIONS.—English correspondents in Egypt paint a forcible and highly colored picture of the miseries of the laborers there. Is a canal needed? An order is issued from Cairo, and one or two hundred men are drafted under direction of a Sheik. They are bound to provide themselves with hoes and baskets, and with bread to last for fifty days. In going up the Nile by Dahaubuah we saw steamers towing barges, loaded with at least 2,000 men, their taskmasters among them running about over their heads, and with long whips keeping them in order. In this way 30,000 are sometimes carried together to one district; many are brought a distance of 330 miles. They are a fine, strong race of men. They work fourteen hours under a burning sun, with the thermometer 106° in the shade. The numbers engaged on certain public works under this compulsory labor system reminds us that Egypt is the land of the Pyramids and the Pharaohs. Upon the canal from Assiout there are 30,000 of these men employed, and 80,000 are at work cutting a new canal at the head of the Delta.

ARSENIC EATERS.—It seems almost incredible that any person can be guilty of the madness of resorting to the use of poisons, either internally or exterually, for the purpose of improving the complexion. Arsenic in any form in which it is used—although not in a pure metalic state and before oxidation—is a terrible poison. If taken in sufficient quantities it causes death, after excruciating suffering. In small doses it produces very unpleasant effects, and undoubtedly shortens life. The habit of eating arsenic once confirmed cannot be broken off. A person is to be looked upon as idiotic who will deliberately adopt the practice of taking such an injurious and dangerous drug, merely for the purpose of whitening the skin. But there are other substances much more commonly used than arsenic for their effect upon the complexion, which are also highly deleterious. Many of the cosmetics which are sold contain lead, and there are few poisons which produce results more to be dreaded than those occasioned by lead. Even as used in hair dyes, it occasions neuralgia, paralysis, suffering and death. Seek good looks by seeking health; by early-rising, out-door exercise, wholesome food, a clear conscience, and the cultivation of a cheerful temper, and not by the use of arsenic or any other poison.—*Boston Transcript.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 18, 1874. No. 8.

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Epistle from Friends of the General Meeting held in London the 31st of Third month, 1672.

Dear Friends and Brethren:—From that niversal love and care which the Lord our od hath begotten in us towards one another, His church and people, these things following re opened in us by His Holy Spirit, to preent both unto you, who are called forth in a easure of the heavenly gift to labor and ravel abroad to minister unto others, and unto ou who are more resident in the several counies and meetings, who have a care and overight committed to you by the Lord, in your espective places, counties, and meetings, for he good order and comfort of the church.

First.—To those that are called forth with testimony for God, and those that are enued with a heavenly gift for that end,—our ender advice and counsel in the Spirit of life nd true love is, that you all wait and dwell n the heavenly life and spirit of the gospel, herein both true judgment and mercy is; hat thereby you all may be made manifest n men's consciences and be a good savor to od, both in life and doctrine; that your conersations, as well as your words, may preach ruth, and shine in your sobriety and holy exmples; and so be instrumental in His hands or the conversion, salvation, comfort, and esablishment of others. And our earnest esire is, that you all may be so preserved, in iligence and subjection to the power of an endless life, as that none may run on too hastily or forwardly in any exaltation of spirit, away from the sense of the arising of the pure life and testimony; nor yet any to quench its arising, motions or testimony, through fear, negligence, doubtings, secret dispute, or backwardness; but that every one may dwell in that living sense, willingness and diligence, as tends to your enlargement and growth, and to the increase of your gifts and measures in the life. And that every one who ministers may be kept in the lowness, in subjection and tenderness of spirit to the Lord and his counsel; so that a clear and heavenly understanding may be opened and increased in them, and so in true humility and meekness retained, as that, and in the spirit of the gospel, they may be enabled gradually to demonstrate the Truth, to the opening of the understandings, and for the convictions of the consciences of the hearers, before either they pass positive judgment upon Truth's adversaries or their principles. Also, that the first principles of the true light, repentance, and remission of sins through the name and power of our Lord Jesus Christ, be kept to, held forth, and preached to the world, for the preparing their hearts for God; and none suddenly to rush into, or strive out of God's counsel to speak of, the high mysteries of the Gospel, nor cast pearls before swine. Neither hastily, or at first entrance, out of their own measures and attainments, to assert the highest doctrines, as that of perfection or

height of attainments, before people's minds are prepared by the secret power of God for the first principles or beginnings; that they may not be stumbled, nor their minds biased against Truth by any hasty or untimely asserting matters beyond their measures and capacities—that is without a deliberate progress in the work and travail of the gospel; and that Christ, His death, blood, and resurrection, be reverently spoken of according to Scripture expressions.

That none be forward or hasty in traversing the ways and principles of professors, to propose objections, nor to make or raise more in preaching than they clearly answer by the plain evidence of the Spirit, lest any lose their matter, entangle themselves, and leave the hearers more dark and doubtful than they found them. And we warn and charge all concerned, both in England, Scotland, and elsewhere, in the presence of the living God, to take heed of coming too near the disobedient, hypocritical spirit of contentious professors, to gratify them with unsound words and nice distinctions, which tend to darken knowledge and veil the simplicity of the gospel, and to pervert the holy Truth. Again, when any one in speaking comes to feel both strength of life and matter of ministry to be wanting, we advise such not to strive to bring forth and enforce words, but then to be still, and wait till life arise to bring forth its own testimony: for that is the way to be enlarged, and to be further accomplished in the work. And not to run over or beyond the living sense of the heavenly life, nor into vain repetitions, either in preaching or praying, through striving or eagerness of mind, but to keep low and tender in the true sense and feeling of the holy seed and divine power, which gives life and strength.

We desire and exhort all such as are young and not thoroughly experienced in the service and work of the gospel, to keep in their own proper gifts, measures, and orders of the life; and out of all striving or straining beyond their line, to be heard or seen of men; and so to be kept clear, in the true sense and exercise of their own proper gifts, out of all mere imitations and formed habits, which are not to edification. And every one so keep in the peaceable wisdom and life in your travails, out of all extremes and whirlings, which tend to draw out and unsettle people's minds. And avoid all imagined, unreasonable, and untimely prophesyings, which tend not only to stir up persecution, but also to the begetting airy and uncertain expectations, and to the amusing and affrighting simple people from receiving the truth; for this practice God's wisdom neither leads to nor justifies. And take heed of aggravating reflections and forward clashing at persons or people, with unseasonably and rashly using names of distinctions; which will be resented as reproachful to them, and not only stumble and prepossess their minds with prejudice, but also hinder their convincement; whereas our endeavors have been and are, to open men's understandings, and to convince their consciences, that they may repent.

Be careful and labor in the peaceable gospel, to settle, stay and establish people's minds in the holy principle of life and light; that they may not be puffed up, nor run into hurryings or confusion in their own wills; but that the living praises of God may naturally break forth in His own life: [that they run not into] any singularity to admire or wonder after any particular man or person; for this tends to the hurt, both of themselves and of some that labor amongst them, and hath been hurtful. Our labor and travail hath been, and still is, to preach Christ, as servants for his sake, and to gather to Him, and not to ourselves; nor to seek popularity, applause, or praise of men, nor any self-interest; for if any do, they will fall, and the power of God will work them under, and without repentance cast them out.

And speak not evil one of another to the lessening one another's reputation, or testimonies for the truth; but be tender of one another's testimony, not to weaken it,—we exhort you in the name and power of God. As also to let no strife, hard thoughts, nor jealousies, lodge in any of your minds one against another; but, in brotherly love and tenderness, speak privately and gently one to another, to remove all offences, jealousies, and aggravations whatsoever. And be sure do not judge, nor reflect publicly, to the weakening or hindering the least gift or testimony that is in any one for God and His truth; but where there is a sincerity and a tenderness, and the least budding or breaking forth of life, or heavenly gift, let it be nourished and encouraged, and those that are young watched over and holpen in the tender love of God. Let there be no harshness nor severity exercised, to the hurt or prejudice of any, but feel the life and spirit of the Lamb through and over all.

Secondly.—And you, our friends and brethren, who have a care and oversight committed to you in your several places and meetings, being set as pillars in the house of our God,—if any of you shall at any time come to see any weakness, want of wisdom, or miscarriage, either in doctrine or practice, by any who come abroad to labor or minister among you,—we tenderly request and earnestly desire that you would, in brotherly love and tenderness, speak privately to them for their good and preservation; that they and

he testimony they have for the truth, may e preserved, and rightly improved; that none who have a call from God may be discouraged, nor any gift of God quenched. And o, all forbear public judgings and reflections pon such as have a gift given them, and a incerity in their intentions; though for a ime there may be a want of wisdom in some, n the management thereof, yet do not discourage and wholly crush them under, but elp them in the love and counsel of God. And as much as in you is, stop all false, deraving, and hurtful reports, whisperings, tatles, and backbiting; and set true judgment ver all sowers of strife and discord, we beeech you for the Truth's sake.

And we desire you would be exemplary in our families, and careful in the education of our children in the holy nurture and fear of God; that thereby it may appear unto the world that you are of the true seed of Abraam; of whom God testified, that He knew hat he would command his children and household that they should keep the way of he Lord.

And we beseech you for the Truth's sake, with the power of God, stop all busy, discontented spirits, (if any appear among you,) rom reflecting upon and meddling with the owers, or those in outward dominion,—and ll further discourses of that tendency and ature, which, with that old discontented professor's spirit, (which is neither valiant in imes of suffering, nor contented in times of iberty,) are to be shunned, rejected, and reroved, whenever met withal; that all among s walk innocently and peaceably with a good onscience before all the world; for that gives rue boldness and confidence.

And all of us to eye and mind the supreme ower and over-ruling Hand, which commands the seas, and stops the floods, and stills he winds and storms; and can restrain the emainder of men's wrath, and turn them like aters, as seemeth good in the sight of Him, he Lord our God,—to whose love, oversight, are and protection, we commit you all, with His whole family; desiring that His peace nd unity may remain and increase in and mong you, and the multiplying of all spirit al blessings and refreshments of life unto ou all, who are of the same mind and spirit ith us in that eternal truth, love, and life, herein we dearly salute you all. Your faith l brethren in the Lord.

(*Signed by Geo. Whitehead, Stephen Crisp,* nd eighteen other Friends.)

Let the day have a blessed baptism by iving your first waking thoughts into the osom of God. The first hour of the morng is the rudder of the day.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 108.)

I was born at Knutsford, in Cheshire, October 27, 1788. If venturing to associate this insignificant fact with the history of the time, I might say that I was born on the very verge of the first French Revolution. Of how many later revolutions of that great country has my long life made me the spectator, one of them, and perhaps the strangest in all its circumstances, is actually in progress while I am penning this paragraph. Concerning the first ten years of my life I can say but little; nor indeed do I recollect much—perhaps less than is usual in the common memories of childhood. If this be so, it is probably owing to the multiplicity and rapid change of objects which have crowded succeeding years, erasing impressions which a quieter life might have preserved. The field of memory, large though it be in many cases, has yet its limits in all; and the events of infancy and boyhood come back to myself dimly and without continuity—a straggling one now and then darting through the mist of years, evoked by those strange associations which link together things the most remote in the history of life.

These early years were passed in my native town of Knutsford; with no other absence than an occasional visit to my maternal grandmother at Newcastle-under-Lyne, and to her brother, Josiah Wedgewood, at Etruria. This admirable man, to whose memory a high public tribute has recently been paid, was endeared to all around him in domestic and social life. Even as a child I received kindness from him which I gladly keep in remembrance, and which made Etruria visits always pleasant to me. Through him I came into family connection with his eminent grandson, Charles Darwin, a long and intimate friendship with whom I have more pleasure in recording than any mere family tie. Whatever be the fate of his doctrines, he has given to the greatest problem of Natural History a new framework and direction of research, which will ever remain a monument of his genius and persevering labors.

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In January, 1799, having entered my eleventh year, I went to Newcastle-on-Tyne, as the pupil of Rev. W. Turner; and in the house and under the care of this excellent man I resided four years. The love of travel, even thus early awakened has left on my mind several traces of this first journey, made more than seventy years ago. I remember well the interest I felt in crossing for the first time the summit of Blackstone Edge, then a long and hard horse-labor above ground

now accomplished by a few minutes of railroad tunnel underneath. Next came the sight of a tide-river and ships, also new to me; and, a few months later, my first view of the sea from the edge of the cliff at Tynemouth Castle, to which spot I was led blindfold, to enhance the effect of the sight by its suddenness. I attach a certain sentimental interest to this particular memory, associated as it has become with that of my numerous voyages in after years, and their various incidents of peril and enjoyment. Visiting Tynemouth a little more than a year ago, I stood for a while on the exact spot whence I thus looked on the sea for the first time precisely seventy years before. A few days afterwards I embarked on a voyage of 5,000 miles to Jamaica. Such relations of time to events are not common in the history of a single life.

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In 1803, I left Newcastle, and went for a year to the school of Dr. Estlin, near Bristol. Here I was placed at once in the position of head boy; succeeding as such to John Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughten, who had just quitted the school.

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My most intimate friend here was Richard Bright, with whom I afterwards travelled in Iceland, and who, as Dr. Bright, held such high and well-merited place in the medical world.

The Christmas vacation of this Bristol school I passed in London, or rather at Stoke Newington, with Dr. Aikin, a very old friend of my father. His sister, Mrs. Barbauld, who lived close to him, and his daughter, Lucy Aikin, gave a certain literary repute to this then tranquil village, since absorbed, like so many others, into the huge mass of the metropolis. I met in small parties, at one or other of these houses, several writers of repute of that day, now almost or wholly forgotton—the warm admirers of Mrs. Barbauld's masculine understanding, and gentle feminine character; she well merited this admiration. Of the excellence of her English prose style, it is enough to say that I have heard it warmly praised by Mackintosh and Macauley. Each specified the "Essay on the Inconsistency of Human Expectations" as an example of this excellence.

This was my first visit to London, and sixty-six years have since elapsed. Having known our great city through all its intermediate changes, I have some difficulty in recalling its exact picture at that time, and the impressions made upon me.

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I returned to Bristol to complete my allotted year there, and with this, my very short school life came to an end.

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When leaving Bristol, I made the journey to Knutsford wholly on foot. Setting out thus with the view of seeing Tintern Abbey only, and the valley of the Wye, the sense of pleasure in bodily prowess urged me onwards to complete the journey as a pedestrian. I refer with some interest to this trifling matter, as the early expression of a particular temperament, which has continued through a long life. Much, indeed, of the philosophy of the human mind, both practical and theoretical, lies in these inborn specialties of character, which time and events may modify, but can never wholly eradicate.

Though not sixteen at this time, I was called upon for some decision, conditional at least, as to my future course in life. My leaning was to a mercantile life. Somewhat reluctantly, my father yielded to this wish; and I became an articled clerk in a great Liverpool house, with the privilege reserved to me, through the friendship of a principal partner, of passing two sessions at the Glasgow University, in furtherance of my general education. These two sessions (1804–'5 and 1805–'6) virtually decided the course of my future life. I went back, indeed, to the office in Liverpool in the interval between them; but the suspicion gradually ripened into certainty, that I had greatly erred in this my first independent judgment; and at the close of the second session at Glasgow, I sought and obtained a release from the articles which had bound me to a merchant's desk. It would be well if all mistakes in the great adventure of life could be thus early and easily retrieved.

This decision, which was simultaneous with the choice of medicine as a profession, I have never had a moment's cause to regret. I even look back, especially during the commercial crises which periodically invade us, with a sort of nervousness at the alternative I so narrowly escaped. This feeling came strongly upon me in 1866, (a year notorious for great commercial distress), at the time of my penultimate voyage to America, when passing through Liverpool to the place of embarkation, I found myself accidentally in the street, and on the spot, where my short mercantile career began and came to an end.

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Among the youths at Glasgow with whom I was associated, was one who afterwards attained high and merited reputation as the occupant of ——— Dugald Stuart's Chair, and as the most learned of Scotch metaphysical writers. This was Sir W. Hamilton. Exactly of the same age, we became intimate, and I well recollect frequent arguments on those subjects which gave occupation and fame to his later life. He died seventeen

years ago, after an attack of paralysis. It may be that his life was thus shortened by its devotion to topics requiring intense and concentrated thought. The mind can seldom be turned inwards upon its own workings without a sense of confusion speedily coming on, suggesting or compelling a cessation of this effort of reflex consciousness.

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At the time of quitting Glasgow the Board of Agriculture was engaged in completing their valuable series of County Reports; and through the suggestion of my friend, Sir John Stanley, (afterward Lord Stanley, of Alderly,) I was entrusted to draw up that of Cheshire, founded upon a short report of earlier date. Variously and efficiently aided in this work by those more competent than myself, I completed it within the six months of my vacation. The volume was published in the ensuing year; and I received from the Board £200, being double the sum proposed—a substantial satisfaction to the pride of authorship at eighteen, even thus prosaically directed.

[For Friends' Intelligencer.]

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.

Continued from page 55.

Dr. Lord's course of historical lectures closed with a review of the life of Pope Leo the tenth, one of a line of twelve of that name, and Savonarola, a Florentine monk, whose advocacy of Truth and denunciation of error made him obnoxious. They lived in a period when the existence of great evils called for the exercise of great energies. Savonarola planted the seeds of reformation in Italy as did Luther in Germany, but he fell a victim to the effort.

Leo the tenth was born at Florence in 1475, the second son of Lorenza de'Medici. From his infancy he was destined to the service of the church. His education was entrusted to the ablest men of his time, and they so mould ed his mind that his future years placed him among the foremost patrons of literature and art. He was created Cardinal at the age of thirteen, and at thirty-seven was chosen Pope. He loved learning himself, and encouraged it in others. He was a liberal patron of Michael Angelo and Raphael. He projected the rebuilding of St. Peters, and the means adopted to raise money for the purpose, led to the sale of indulgences that grew into such iniquitous proportions. It was this that roused the spirit of Luther, who kindled the torch of reformation, which threw its light upon a system of corruption that had never been exceeded in the annals of the world.

The student of history recoils from an investigation into these records of crime, that grew under the permission to do anything that hatred, malice or cupidity might suggest, and obtaina bsolution therefor, then, and forever, by the payment of such sums as the vender should indicate. But these evils reached a culminating period, as all such will.

Experience teaches that moral deformity as well as physical disease seems to have this crisis, and, when it comes, some master mind appears qualified to mould and lead the masses, and lift them out of the yawning gulf.

Leo appears not to have known the extent of the corruption which had grown in the hands of subordinates. He regarded the controversy with Luther as a squabble among the Friars, though he inquired into his propositions, and condemned them with lenity.

Leo's private character was beyond all imputation of censure. His habits were more in accordance with those of a munificent and enlightened scholar than an austere and ascetic ecclesiastic.

Jerome Savonarola was a political as well as religious reformer. He was deeply imbued with a sense of the corruptions of the age in which he lived, and with a fiery zeal, not always tempered by mercy, he sought to correct them. For a time he was successful, and obtained great ascendancy over the minds of his countrymen; but his teaching was weakened by superstition, and his unfulfilled prophecies lessened his hold on the public mind. He experienced a transition which not unfrequently overtakes a public leader. He passed from popularity and influence to indignity, persecution and martyrdom.

The Doctor closed his discourse by a few remarks on the uses of history, and an expressed desire that the lessons imparted might be useful in the future. It is too often the case that the student of history is met by the details of battles, the victories gained, the territory acquired, and evidences of the prosperity of a nation, as indicated by its accumulated wealth. But history teaches a better lesson, when it shows the results of an unselfish and humane policy—of the cultivation of sound principles based upon the law of kindness, indicated by a disposition not only to "live, but to let live"—of a generous effort to educate and lift the masses, and to be governed by those springs of action which cultivate the spiritual and moral growth of a nation. We know that these stepping stones of progress are few and far between, but when they can be discerned amid the rubbish, they serve as beacon lights to those who follow. We cannot make a more fitting conclusion to this report than by appending the resolutions which were offered and heartily adopted by the audience, at the close of the last lecture:

"*Whereas*, The Rev. John Lord, LL. D.,

having now closed his brilliant and instructive course of lectures, this audience, wishing to express its high appreciation of his eminent literary services in this city, both last winter and this, during which he has delivered some fifty historical discourses of great merit, take this occasion to offer him the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That we cordially extend to Dr. Lord our thanks for the very great pleasure and profit we have personally derived from his admirable discourses, and we desire to express our admiration, not only of the eminent literary ability of these lectures, but especially of the enlightened and catholic spirit with which he has treated so many of the great events and characters of history.

"*Resolved*, That our best wishes go with him, for the continuance of his useful life and labors in the numerous cities of our country, in which for so many years he has been imparting lessons of moral wisdom, giving dignity to the rostrum, and elevating the standard of popular education." E. P. C.

"When Christ gives us the victory and self is quelled, and duty reigns supreme within the breast; when 'the immortal soul becomes consistent in self-rule,' then the weary strife of frail humanity is at an end, and a repose—oh! how deep, how tranquil, how sublime!—diffuses itself through the spirit,—a repose in which there is at once calmness and power, the sweet serenity of an infant's slumber, yet the strength of an angel of God."

LOCAL INFORMATION.

A short time since we attended an indulged meeting, recently asked for by a few friends residing in a country village some two miles from their usual place of worship.

It was held under the care of a committee on the afternoons of the first day of the week. As the company gathered, we were gratified to see so many young persons coming in and taking their seats, and when assembled, we found but few elderly friends except the committee. We learned that there were not many elderly Friends in the place. It was encouraging to know that the concern to have the meeting was principally with those in the younger walks of life, and some others who were not members of our religious Society.

The serious countenances and staid demeanor of those assembled gave evidence of such thoughts as indicate a spiritual power at work in the heart. But few words were spoken. Silent impression appeared to be doing a good work, for it seemed as though there were seeking minds, searching within themselves for the treasures of a heavenly kingdom, and for riches of an enduring character. The loving kindness of our heavenly Father was spoken of and acknowledged, and at the close of the meeting there were greetings which demonstrated the satisfaction that had been felt.

This recognition of a secret power, filling the heart with divine love and awakening desires for everlasting welfare, will not lose ground in communities where Friends are faithful. There are many who do not yet clearly comprehend our views on the subject of divine revelation who are ready to gather to us, scarcely knowing why it is so. They see those who are faithful, in the possession of a peaceful spirit, manifesting in their daily walks uprightness and contentment, and they are anxious to become better acquainted with a Power which enables the mind to overcome temptation and strengthens it against evil suggestions.

To the humble seeker after Truth, consistent Friends have ever been bright examples, throwing out rays of light and cheering comfort in every direction. In their little meetings many of the weary have found rest; in words of sympathy they have found encouragement, and freely have they partaken. Through this help, their minds have been lifted up from earthly cares, and they have been enabled to join the body in thanksgiving and praises to the giver of every good and perfect gift. * * *

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

With the two articles signed L. J. R. in your paper (of 11th 3d mo.), one prose, the other poetry, I was *very much* pleased. The comparison of children to "buds" was most happy, and it awakened many pleasing reminiscences, one of which I feel induced to tell thee.

About four years ago I was very sick for some weeks, and I felt myself so near the thin partition that separates the world of life from the spirit world, that I thought, in my weak condition, I could hear the sweet voices of the angels on the other side, and I was daily *expecting* to join their company, and as near *wishing* to do so as a patient acceptance of *all* the Divine dispensations, which I regard a paramount duty, would allow.

On my dear wife coming into the chamber one morning when I was in very great suffering, I said to her, in the language of Herder, when near his close, "Give me a great thought to refresh my spirit.' Just then a neighbor entered the chamber, whose wife, knowing I was fond of flowers, had sent by him a most

beautiful bouquet of fuschias and other Fall flowers. As soon as he entered the room, "There," said I, "my dear, is just what I wanted; these *are great thoughts.* Each of those flowers is the embodiment of what has occupied the Divine mind," and as they sat on the mantel before me they occupied my mind pleasantly all the remainder of the day, and caused me to forget my suffering.

If flowers are such "great thoughts," and can exert so happy an influence, how much more of both attach to those "buds" to which L. J. R. likens them? Well may she say:

"But brighter than sun-ray—dearer far
Than voice of song-bird free:
The ringing laugh, and the merry shout,
And the children's minstrelsy."

"Oh! rich are the homes, and blest the hearts,
Where these buds of promise grow;
The purest and truest joys of life
From their careful culture grow."

Many years ago a valued friend of mine, now deceased, advanced the sentiment that no two persons would acquire the *same ideas* by reading a page of any book. Much would depend upon the *mind of the reader*—its culture, experience, powers of imagination, association, and perhaps mood and temperament—and this sentiment of my friend was confirmed, for I do not believe any other reader would have had the *same ideas* awakened by reading the "Buds," by L. J. R., that were brought before my mind. And must it not be in great measure the condition of the individual heart that enables us to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and *good in everything?*"

With the prose article of L. J. R., in the same number, I was equally well pleased. The writer represents the value of a "doubt" in a striking and poetical manner when she says, "The mind never reaches out after the *new* until it *doubts* the *old.*" I once attempted to express the same idea, in a communication to the *Intelligencer*, perhaps. "In investigations, a doubt is of great value, because it leads the mind to a re-examination of the subject, when it may detect the error or confirm the truth of its position." But I prefer the dress in which L. J. R. has clothed the idea. I must quote, too, in approval, the following beautiful sentiment: "I am never so melted into sympathy with the unrest of the world in its searches after God, as when in the society of a man who, from the positive side of the Universe, sees the *Divine only* in the path through which he has traveled.

In the first sentence of the last paragraph of this beautiful and instructive essay, I am inclined to believe that the word "alone," after "intellect" has been accidentally omitted, and that it was intended by the author to read: "It is not by intellect alone that man comes to a knowledge of his Redeemer." He certainly cannot come to this knowledge *without* intellect. The understanding and the heart or soul are *both*, when in a healthy condition, illuminated by the *same* glorious effulgence which proceeds from the eternal source of light, truth, and love.

In reading a chapter in the Bible this morning I was arrested with the thought of David, when he says, "The Lord is my strength and my Redeemer." Many religious professors attach great importance to what is called the outward atonement or personal sufferings of Jesus as being the only means of man's salvation. Are we to understand that all who preceded Jesus were left without hope? Nay, for David says, "The Lord is my strength and my *Redeemer.*" And again, he says, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" David evidently had an experimental knowledge of a present power that could save from all evil. He also says, "I have trusted in the Lord, therefore I shall not slide."

Surely the redeeming Power has been the same in all ages. I cannot receive as truth any view that conflicts with the positive Scripture testimony, "I am God, and beside me there is no Saviour."

We are saved from sin through a submission to the sanctifying power of divine grace, and of this grace we have all received. This accords with the testimony of the New Testament, "The grace of God, that *bringeth salvation*, hath appeared unto all men." The older I grow, the more earnest are my desires that we may receive the Truth in its simplicity as taught by the life and precepts of the blessed Jesus. Many are his testimonies to the importance of an upright walking before God and man, and nowhere do we find him enforcing this or that abstract dogma as an essential to acceptance with our heavenly Father. He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, &c." Again, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, for this is the law and the prophets," and He shows there is nothing in mere profession—"Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

I do not regard the Scriptures as the law or word of God, for I believe this would not have been left in a form so subject to alteration, perversion, or even annihilation, *at man's will,*

when it could be written indelibly upon the heart and thus be always with us. I do not wish to be understood as undervaluing in the least the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as they have come down to us, but I desire to place them where I believe they were designed to be kept.

We, as a Society, acknowledge the inspiration of our ministers, but their communications are generally imbued with some evidence of individual thought. So also with the Scriptures; we acknowledge they were inspired, but as they were written amid the surroundings of a superstitious age, they are not wholly free from that spirit.

When I read the recorded experience of inspired men, who lived thousands of years ago, and find therein that which is corroborative of my own knowledge of the dealings of the Most High with His children or people, I am strengthened in the conviction that He is unchangeable—that He is and has been the same from the foundation of the world, and here the Scripture record is a strength and help to me.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 18, 1874.

DIED.

BROWN.—At Mulberry Grove, near Winchester, Va., on the 5th of 3d mo., 1874, Jane C., daughter of the late Wm. H. and Martha Brown, in the 63d year of her age; a member of Ridge Particular and Hopewell Monthly Meetings.

CANBY.—On the 8th of 3d mo., 1874, at her residence in Yarmouth, Ontario, Canada, Elizabeth B., wife of Amos G. Canby, in the 67th year of her age. The deceased was an exemplary member of the Society of Friends, manifesting in her life and conversation a possession of that Divine grace which is sufficient for our help. Gentle and loving, she was an example of meekness and patience under the many and various trials which beset her path. Her illness was lingering, and her desire was often expressed, that she might be enabled to bear with patience to the end.

RIDGEWAY.—On the 8th of 3d mo., 1874, of paralysis, Rebecca Ridgeway, of Colerain Township, Belmont Co., Ohio, in the 87th year of her age; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting. She moved to Ohio with her father, John Pickering, in 1802, from Frederick Co., Va.

GARRETSON.—On Seventh-day morning, the 28th of 3d mo., 1874, at the residence of Wm. McMillan, near Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson Co., Ohio, Jazer Garretson, in the 87th year of his age; an Elder of Short Creek Monthly Meeting. In the full possession of his mental faculties up to the time of his last illness, he calmly and peacefully descended, step by step, the declivity of time, evincing by his deportment and character that religion to him was not a mere form, but a life.

HUSBAND.—Of disease of the heart, on the 27th of 3d month, 1874, Mary R., wife of Thomas J. Husband; an Elder of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, held at Spruce Street. This valued and much loved Friend was of a meek and gentle spirit. She was faithful to the principle of Life and Light manifested in her own mind, which enabled her to walk in the path of Divine appointment—the path "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

ACTON.—On Seventh-day, the 14th of 2d mo., 1874, at his residence, near Deerfield, Cumberland Co., N. J., Clement Acton, in the 31st year of his age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting.

LUKENS.—On the 7th of 2d mo, 1874, at her residence in Horsham, Montgomery Co., Pa., Martha, wife of Isaac Lukens, in the 71st year of her age; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting.

PROGRESS OF ANTI-SLAVERY AMONG FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 93.)

1713. The epistle from London makes the following reply:

"You had better first have advised with other plantations and so have stated the case conjunctly; for want whereof we shall say the less, until such time as it is more generally represented. Only this we think meet to impart to you, as the sense of the Yearly Meeting, that the importing them from their native country, by Friends, is not a commendable nor allowable practice; and we hope Friends have been careful to avoid the same, remembering the command of our blessed Lord, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*Michener's Retrospect.*

1714. Extract from the epistle of the Yearly Meeting at London: "We also kindly received your advice about negroe slaves, and we are one with you, that the multiplying of them may be of dangerous consequence, and, therefore, a law was made in Pennsylvania, laying a duty of twenty pounds upon every one imported there, which law the Queen was pleased to disannul.

We could heartily wish that a way might be found to stop the bringing in more here, or at least that Friends may be less concerned in buying or selling of any that may be brought in, and hope for your assistance with the government if any further law should be made discouraging the importation. We know not of any Friend amongst us that has any hand or concern in bringing any out of their own country.

And we are of the same mind with you, that the practice is not commendable or allowable amongst Friends; and we take the freedom to acquaint you that our request unto you was, that you would be pleased to consult, or advise with Friends in other plantations where they are more numerous than with us, because they hold a correspondence with you, but not with us, and your meeting may better prevail with them, and your advice prove more effectual.

1715. If any Friends are concerned in the importation of negroes, let them be dealt with, and advised to avoid that practice, according to the sense of former meetings in that behalf, and that all Friends who have, or keep, negroes, do use and treat them with humanity and a Christian spirit, and that all do forbear judging or reflecting on one another, either in public or private, concerning the detaining or keeping them servants.

1716. Chester Meeting's report mentions their concern about the practice of buying negroes imported, urging that former minutes and orders are not sufficient to discourage their importation, and, therefore, request that no Friends may buy any negroe slaves that may be imported for the future.

As to the proposal from Chester Meeting about negroes, there being no more in it than was proposed to the last Yearly Meeting, this meeting cannot see any better conclusion than what was the judgment of the last meeting, and therefore do confirm the same.

And yet, in condescension to such Friends as are straightened in their minds against the holding them, it is desired that Friends generally do as much as may be to avoid buying such negroes as shall hereafter be brought in, rather than offend any Friends who are against it. Yet this is only caution and not unsure."

It would appear there are some who would not allow their earnestness to be curbed by the minute of 1715, as the following old manuscript evidences in the disownment of a minister for his faithfulness to principle:

"A minit of the Quarterly Meeting of ffriends, held at Philadelphia the 3d of 12th month, 1717–18.

A paper signed by John Harmer, direct'd to this meeting, relative to slaves and casting of lotts, was read; whereupon the ffriends of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting reported that they had dealt wth the said John Harmer for disorderly practices in reading and publishing papers tending to division; and the minit of the said meeting was also read, showing that they had admonished him to give up the said papers to that meeting, and to desist from those practices; which he refusing to do, they concurring with other meetings who had before dealt with him, did lett him know that he should forbear to offer his gift publicly, either in Minestry or prayer, for that ffriends could not receive it from him as one in unity; from which judgment he appealed to this meeting.

Now, notwithstanding the said John Harmer doth not himself appear in this meeting to prosecute his said appeal; yet being informed that he still continues the same practices which may be of evil consequence against the peace, unity and charity which ought rather to be maintained and cultivated among ffriends; and this meeting being also informed how fully and tenderly the said John Harmer hath bin dealt with by ffriends, both at Rhod Island and at Philadelphia, in their meetings of ministers; and haveing fully considered and duely weighed the whole matter, doe see it necessary as much as in us lyes to endeavor to put a stop to such pernisious practices; and in order thereunto this meeting doth confirm the judgment of the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, and give this as our further sence and judgment, viz: That the said John Harmer cannot be accounted or esteemed a member in unity among ffriends until he forbare such practices as are contrary to the established and known discipline among ffriends as aforesaid, and particularly to the caution and advice of our Yearly Meeting in 1715, and that he condemn the same to the sattisfaction of this meeting.

True copy, RICHARD HILL.

1719. Advised that none among us be concerned in the fetching or importing negroe slaves from their own country or elsewhere. And that all Friends who have any of them do treat them with humanity and in a Christian manner, and, as much as in them lies, make them acquainted with the Principles of Truth, and inculcate morality in them.

In 1729, Chester (now Concord) Quarterly Meeting sent up, "Inasmuch as we are restricted, by a rule of Discipline, from being concerned in fetching or importing negroe slaves from their own country, whether it is not as reasonable that we should be restricted from buying them when imported.—*Michener.*

1730. Friends of this meeting resuming the consideration of the proposition of Chester Monthly Meeting, relating to the purchasing of such negroes as may hereafter be imported, and having reviewed and considered the former minutes relating thereto, and having maturely deliberated thereon, are now of opinion that Friends ought to be very cautious of making any such purchases for the future, it being disagreeable to the sense of this meeting: and this meeting recommends it to the care of the several Monthly Meetings to see that such who may be, or are likely to be, found in that practice, may be admonished and cautioned how they offend herein.

From The Christian Union.

COLOR OF THE STARS.

In a transparent atmosphere, especially in a southern clime, the stars do not all appear with the white brilliancy of the diamond; here and there they are discovered sparkling in every shade of red, green, blue and violet. This play of color is most conspicuous in the

double stars, so called because they consist of two or more suns kept together by the bond of mutual attraction, and revolving in orbits according to their mass, either one around the other, or both around a common centre of gravity. To the naked eye their appearance is that of a single star, on account of their close proximity, but on the application of sufficient magnifying power, they are found to consist of two or more suns intimately connected. Such a system is found in the beautiful constellation of Orion (in the Sword), consisting of sixteen stars, when to the unassisted eye there seems but one. A peculiar interest attaches to double stars from their great diversity of color, which occasioned Sir John Herschel to remark, in describing a cluster in the Southern Cross, that it resembled a splendid ornament composed of the richest jewels. While the majority of single stars shine with a white light, in double stars the companion is almost always blue, green, or red, thus contrasting with the white light of the larger or central star.

The cause of these colors has long been a subject of inquiry. Zollner was the first to express the idea that as all known substances, in their transition from a state of incandescence to that of a lower temperature, pass through the stage of red heat, so the fixed stars, in their process of development from the condition of glowing gas through the period of an incandescent liquid state, and the subsequent development of floating scorial, or gradual formation of a cold non-luminous surface, must be subject to a change of color, as well as to a gradual diminution of light.

Huggins remarks that as the source of stellar light is incandescent solid or liquid matter, it appears very probable that at the time of its emission the light of all stars is alike *white*. The colors in which we see them must, therefore, be produced by certain changes which the light has undergone since its emission. It has been shown from observations with the spectroscope, by a method which our limited space will not permit us to describe, that the colors of the stars are, without doubt, produced by the vapors of certain substances contained in their atmospheres.

It is hardly possible that any man or woman can go far through life testing every purpose by a high standard of duty, without eventually coming to feel that there is something more eternal than the things that are seen, that there is a sovereign righteousness and wisdom over all things, or without having enkindled strong hopes, if not a firm trust, in the existence of his moral part beyond the grave. G. A. Thayer.

TOO MUCH EXPLANATION.

A bright lad being asked how he liked his teacher, replied, "Very much; he is very kind and very anxious that we may learn, only he explains too much. I like to have a chance to see things for myself."

In regard to explanation, there may be too much of a good thing. Some attempt to explain that which needs no explanation—that which no explanation can make clearer. All such efforts must be very tiresome to a class. It is fatal to the habit of attention. A pupil may be induced to attend to an explanation which explains something to him, though the explanation may be dull. He cannot be made to attend to that which gives him no new ideas, and causes no mental activity. Some err by explaining at large that which the pupils could be led to think out for themselves. It is a great mistake for the teacher to supercede the necessity of effort on the part of the pupil. What the pupil needs is not merely to understand the subject but to understand it if possible by his own efforts. The latter is much more important than the former. The proper exercise of the mind in acquiring knowledge is often more beneficial than the possession of the knowledge. The mind was made to acquire knowledge, and to acquire it in a certain way. It is only when knowledge is acquired in the way designed by the Creator that its highest benefits are received.

It may be objected that time will be lost by leaving the pupil to think out the explanation; that the teacher may in a moment put him in possession of knowledge which it may take him hours to acquire. That may be so; still it may be asked, May not this effort to get the explanation for himself be more valuable to him notwithstanding the cost of time than receiving it second hand would be? The amount of knowledge would in both cases be the same; but not so the condition of the mind. In one case, the law of mental growth has been obeyed. In the one case that was the positive exercise of power; in the other, the passive reception of knowledge. The pupil need not be left to think out the desired explanation alone. The recitation hour should be one of vigorous mental activity. The members of the class should be led to think out many things in the class room. They can be led to do this by judicious questions on the part of the teacher.

To think out an explanation, is to see what is true in relation to the subject. The object of the explanation is to present such truth as being seen will make the subject understood. What the pupil needs is to see the truths. Instead of telling them, the teacher

hould ask questions which will turn their ttention to the desired truths.

Questioning is pointing the mental eye in he direction of the truth. When you wish o have your friends see a beautiful tree or a orgeous cloud, you cause him to turn his yes towards those objects. You thus place hem within the range of his vision and he sees hem. The teacher wishes his pupil to under- tand, that is, to see, certain truths. By skill- il questions, he turns the pupil's mind to- ards those truths. He places them within nge of his mental vision. The pupil thus es them for himself, though he might not ave done so without the action of the acher. The office of the teacher is to lead e pupil to see and to act for himself.—*The Moravian.*

From The [London] Friend.

THE COUNTESS MATILDA VON DER RECKE VOLMERSTEIN.*

Prominently among the men who, after the rrible wars of the first Napoleon, strove to nd up the wounds which Germany had suf- red, was the name of Count Adelberdt von r Recke. Young, earnest, and full of the hristian "enthusiasm of humanity," he de- ted his whole time and property to the good others; but his chief work was at Düssel- al, in Westphalia, where he turned an old ppist Abbey into a home for orphans, of om there was, no doubt, an unusual num- r in Germany at that time. Like Mr. üller, at Bristol (of whose Orphan-house isselthal seems to have been the prototype), carried on his work by faith and prayer, owing that his own future was insufficient all that he had undertaken, but trusting God to supply his need by putting it into e hearts of Christians to help him.

In the spring of 1824, when he was trav- ing on behalf of his Institution, he found nself at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, ong many friends hitherto personally un- own to him, but who knew him well by the ort of his noble life. Among these was a untess Burghaus, who had long been inter- ed in his work, and now acted as his hostess Breslau. Her niece, Matilda von Pfeil, l been brought up at the Moravian school Gnadenfrei, and had there received deep gious impressions, which do not appear to e been weakened on her return home, ugh her parents were not at that time de- ed Christians. It is this niece, as the der will have conjectured, who is the cen figure of the biography before us. Ten rs younger than Count von der Recke, she, too, had heard of his philanthropic labors, and had sold her jewels and ornaments for the good of Düsselthal, and evidently cherished the thought of him in her heart as that of a true Christian hero.

Such was the state of matters when Count Recke was brought to visit Matilda and her parents at their country house, not far from Breslau. His introducer was Baroness Seidlitz, a lady who had taken a motherly interest in Matilda's spiritual growth, and had co-operated in her modest efforts on behalf of Düsselthal.

"The morning hours flew fast by in animated conversation on things whose aim and end is eternity—intercourse such as quickly unites hearts which think and feel alike. Before he left Wildschutz, Count Recke, who as builder of Düsselthal, took a great interest in such things, was taken over the house, which had been rebuilt a few years before, and came into Matilda's large and pretty sitting-room, where her journal was lying on the table. Baroness Seidlitz knew with what child-like humility Matilda looked up to the friend she had long known at a distance, and how often she felt the want of such counsel; she knew, too, her young friend's frank and unsophisticated nature, all the truthfulness and simplicity of her heart; so she ventured to take the journal from the table, and, with a look of interrogation at the owner, to hand it to the Count, who, however, turned to Matilda and said, 'I can only open the book with your permission. May I take it with me?' Her unbounded trust in him, and her wish that he might help her to the way to holiness and God, caused her to consent without a blush, and without hesitation; though she knew that in these pages, for the last year and a half, every secret thought of her heart had been written down; a record of her faults, and a transcript even of long past sorrows; recollections of afflictions which had been laid upon her; a picture of all the blessings and joys for which she had every day so heartily thanked God."

"The Count took the book with thanks, to look through it, as Matilda supposed, in Breslau, and return it to her by Baroness Seidlitz, with his advice. But his time there did not allow of this. He took it with him; and sitting in the carriage on his long homeward journey, he read page after page with growing interest, till a voice seem to speak ever more loudly and clearly in his ear and heart the suggestion that had darted through his mind at Wildschutz, 'This would be the right mother for your poor children, and the fitting wife for you.'"

This was the conclusion which he came to in the secret of his heart; but Matilda knew noth-

* Recollections of the Life of Countess Von der ke Volmerstein. Seeley, 1874. (Pp. 326.) (Trans- l from the German by Margaret Fox.")

ing of it then, and even had to wait for more than five months before she received any tidings from the Count. Our readers will probably agree with us that this was almost too hard a trial for a young and ardent spirit; but in those days posts were slow and infrequent, the business of the Orphan Asylum was absorbing, and, perhaps, there may have been in its founder a little of that detachment of mind from personal thoughts and interests which has often made great philanthropists, like great poets and great philosophers, unconsciously somewhat harsh in their relations towards the more sympathetic nature of woman. If it was so, and if Matilda was tried in some slight degree like Milton's wife, she bore the trial nobly, and came out of it ennobled and purified. After five months she received a letter from the Count asking her to come and help him at Düsselthal. This her parents refused to allow, but a friendly correspondence continued between them, ripening soon into a matrimonial engagement. Many difficulties had to be overcome, but at length, after eighteen months of separation, the bridegroom, whom she had only seen once for a few hours, came to claim her as his own. On the 9th of October, 1826, they were married, and after some months spent at Berlin, he took her back with him to the arduous duties and noble pleasures of his Düsselthal home.

How she fulfilled those duties,—how the young bride of twenty-six occupied the post of mother to the 375 orphan children, as well as that of secretary and treasurer to her husband, often sorely harrassed with work and money troubles,—our readers will find out from the biography. An extract or two may give an idea of the clouded and anxious side of their life for twenty years (from 1827 to 1847) at Düsselthal; the happier side cannot be so easily indicated in a mere outline sketch.

18th December, 1827.—"The report I mentioned before, that Düsselthal was bankrupt, brought together in a short time such a mass of creditors, whose claim was often a mere trifle, that in the first fortnight after our return from Elberfeld I could not lay down the pen of the account-book, or the key of the cash box. We had nothing, and daily just so much came from the hand of the Lord that every one went away satisfied, though we never retained more in the cash-box than what we required to cover the demands of the day."

On the 1st of May, 1828, her eldest child, a little girl, was born. "In the following October, she discharged an incompetent housekeeper, and again undertook her work. While a young girl watched by the cradle of her sleeping child, the young mother was to be seen soon after five in the morning in th dairy, busily skimming the cream; then i the store room; later, in the dairy again washing the butter herself; then overseein everything in the great house, giving ou work, visiting the sick, and later by the child' cradle with the great account-books. A mid-day again in the kitchen; and I remem ber that one day, about ten years later, tire out with cutting two hundred helpings meat, she fell down faint by the kitche table."

1839 (a letter from her husband, detained Berlin by business): "My beloved, darlin wife,—You will now have the joy of havin your Adelaide, the friend of your rose-colore years with you—or are the years which yo have spent with me the rose colored ones Well, at least to me they are the dearest an rosiest of my pilgrimage, and therefore th time I am obliged to spend here without yo is very heavy and bitter to me."

She writes, apparently in 1840: "We ha to pay a bill of exchange on a certain da without having an idea where the money w to come from. I prayed the Lord to provi for it, and He gave me the joy of confidenc which rose each day, the more our secretai troubled us with his unbelief, and daily aske 'But where shall we get money for the pa ment?' The day appeared and with it money, and yet our faith did not waver, b grew to firmness; and Adelberdt said to t secretary, 'Go to the post, and learn to ashamed of your unbelief!' without bei able to foresee that anything was really the but trusting solely in the Lord that, havi seen our need, He could not abandon us it, but help us out of it by His might; f He knew it, and He helps those that as The secretary went off with the words, 'B if I do not find it, what then? 'Only g was the answer of my husband, and o prayers accompanied him. When he ca back, he handed us, with tears in his ey the empty envelope which had contained t one thousand dollars, with which he had pa the bill. The Lord knew our need before knew it, and had provided for it. In Ber lived a good pious baker, who came one e ning to a dear friend of ours, and asked h he could safely invest one thousand dolla The friend named several safe means of d posing of his capital; but the other shook head, and said, 'No, that is not what I mea I want to know that it is used to the honor the Lord, and I only wished to ask where t could best be done.' The friend answer 'Well, then, give it to Düsselthal,' and th were the one thousand dollars for which had trusted, and which arrived here just the right hour."

"A Saturday seldom closed with much in he money-box; more often, indeed, it was mpty, after every one had received what was ue. And what were so many people to live n in the next week? Never, to the honor of he Lord be it said, was the needful wanting."

Soon after this entry we meet with an allu- on to the visits of some members of the So- iety of Friends—William Allen, with whom he exchanged many letters, Samuel and Jo- eph John Gurney, and Elizabeth Fry. She escribes very graphically the sweet dignity, hich some of us can well remember, as char- cteristic of the last-mentioned Friend; and dds, "Then her friend, the venerable Allen, oke of the happiness of the children of God ere below; of the importance of asking the oly Spirit to guide us into all truth; and id so earnestly, 'Be ye reconciled to God, nd see and taste how good the Lord is,' it as quite beautiful to hear."

Years after this interview the only descend- nt of the "venerable Allen"—William Al- n Hanbury—married the eldest daughter of ountess Matilda; and it is, we believe, to r pen that we are indebted for this beauti- l record of a beautiful life.

That life was not closed amidst the cares Düsselthal. There came a time when in od's good providence Count von der Recke as able to leave that work to younger hands, d to retire with his wife to their estate of ashnitz, in her own beloved Silesia. Even re he made for himself work (especially in nnection with an Asylum for Idiots which founded), but it does not appear to have en of such an exhausting kind as that to hich he had devoted his prime. There is a arming description of the festivities which arked their "silver wedding" in 1851, for hich we must refer again to the biography. he time for the "golden wedding" is not t come; it is still two years off in the fu- re, and when it comes the celebration of it nnot be on earth. The aged and honored unt lives still, but his younger partner died the 5th May, 1867, in the 66th year of her e.

. . . . . .

THOMAS HODGKIN.

THE formations of the great States of the rthwest and of the strata underlying the great ain of northern lakes, of which, at present, re is but little accurate knowledge, afford ne field for students of geology, and may nish the key to some of the mysteries of logy that are now accounted for by dis- ed hypotheses. Copper was recently dis- ered on Isle Royale, Lake Superior, in a t which extended from the northeast to southwest, apparently across the whole island. It seems to have been deposited in a gorge, and consists of globes of conglomerate rock, from two to twelve inches in diameter, imbedded in copper. The stones seem to have been moulded by the action of waves, and to have then been forced with the molten copper into the crevice where they are now found. Somewhat similar formations are found in other copper mines in the neighborhood, and large hollow globes of copper have been found filled with rock from one of the lowest layers of rock.

LONELY, BUT NOT LONESOME.

Ye call me a lanely auld woman,
Wi' naething that's dear by my side.
For the bairnies that ance were anear me,
My Father, He wadna let bide.

But aye in the licht o' the mornin',
An' aye when the shadows are lang,
Come hame to me troops—sweet fancies,
An' voices that murmur in sang.

And aft in the Spring when the birdies
Are busy an' buildin' the nest,
I sit wi' my seam at the window,
As gay an' as pleased as the best.

Why na? when the gowans are liftin'
Their bit bonny heids frae the world,
An' my heart in the joy o' their comin'
Is fu' as it ever can hold.

Sae dinna ye name me in sorrow,
I'm down in life's evenin' alane,
But hame is na distant to win to,
An' a' by the way is my ain.

—*Christian at Work.*

DIFFERENT PATHS.

I lately talked with one who strove
To show that all my way was dim,
That his alone the road to heaven;
And thus it was I answered him.

"Strike not away the staff I hold,
You cannot give me yours, dear friend;
Up the steep hill our paths are set
In different ways, to one sure end.

"What, though, with eagle glance upfixed
On heights beyond our mortal ken,
You tread the broad sure stones of Faith
More firmly than do weaker men:

"To each according to his strength;
But as we leave the plains below,
Let us carve out a wider stair,
And broader pathway thro' the snow.

"And when upon the golden crest
We stand at last together, freed
From mists that circle round the base,
And clouds that but obscure our creed.

"We shall perceive that, though our steps
Have wandered wide apart, dear friend,
No pathway can be wholly wrong
That tends unto one perfect end."

—*From Good Words.*

Selected.

TRUST.

God, Thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in Thy arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in Thee abate.

And this faith, I long have nursed,
Comes alone, O God! from Thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.
Hast Thou still some darling plan
Cleaving to the things of earth?
Leanest Thou for aid on man?
Thou wilt find it nothing worth.

Rather trust the One, alone,
Whose is endless power and love;
And the help He gives His own
Thou in very deed shall prove.
On Thee, O my God! I rest,
Letting life float calmly on;
For I know the last is best
When the crown of joy is won.

In Thy might all things I bear,
In Thy love find bitter sweet;
And with all my grief and care,
Sit in patience at Thy feet.
Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me; keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.

WATER.

On the evening of the 23d ult., Professor Chandler, of Columbia College, New York, delivered in this city a very interesting and instructive lecture upon the composition and properties of water, springs, artesian wells, oceans and inland seas. We select from the *Evening Telegraph* of 3d mo. 24th (which reported his lecture in full), some of his remarks in connection with the importance of pure drinking water.

"The products of the decomposition of animal matter in water is, however, the most objectionable impurity. Organic matters, produced by the decomposition of vegetable substances, are not especially dangerous, but the products of decomposing animal substances are highly dangerous, even when in minute quantities. These impurities do not make themselves apparent to the taste. On the contrary, such waters are frequently considered unusually fine in flavor, and persons go a great distance to procure them. Nevertheless, they contain an active poison. Many diseases of the most fatal character are now traced to the use of water poisoned with the soakage from soils charged with sewage and excremental matters. Sudden outbreaks of disease of a dysenteric character are often caused by an eruption of sewage into wells, either from a break in the sewer or cess-pool, or from some peculiarity of the season. Such contamination of the water is not indicated by any perceptible change in the appearance of the water. The filtered sewage, clear and transparent, carries with it the germs of the disease.

"At a convent in Munich, thirty-one out of one hundred and twenty-one of the inmates were affected with typhoid fever. It was found upon investigation that the well was polluted by sewage, and the disease disappeared as soon as the proper repairs were made.

"At Edgewater, on Staten Island, in 1866, the inmates of a small block of houses were afflicted with typhoid fever, several deaths occurring. On making investigation, the health officer found that a neighbor, through whose land the underground drain passed, had taken the liberty of closing up the drain, thus sending its contents back upon this block of houses, contaminating the well, and thus actually murdering the unfortunate victims with sewer poison.

"Dr. Stephen Smith, one of the health commissioners of New York city, describes an interesting case that came to his knowledge. He visited an old school-mate, a clergyman, in the country, and in the course of conversation his friend told him of a family in which typhoid fever had made its appearance, five members having already died, while another was then fatally sick. The physician called the attention of his friend to the fact that typhoid fever is now attributed to the poisoning of the water by animal refuse. This was new to his friend, the clergyman, who had not thought of attributing it to anything else than to the visitation of Providence. They went together to visit the locality, and found the house situated on an elevation, with all its surroundings admirably arranged for health. One readily believed the statement that there had not been a case of sickness in the house for twelve years. A few weeks before the fever appeared, when the laborers on the farm were busy taking in the crops, one of the valves of the pump got out of order. Being unable to get their usual supply of water, and being too busy to send for the pumpmaker, they sent a man down to a neighboring spring to draw water, who, findin that it was not easy to dip the water of the spring, from the shallowness of the pool, drew his supply from a brook near by. From this source the family was supplied for two or three weeks. This stream, higher up, ran through several farm-yards and received the surface drainage. The first symptoms of poison by this water were a slight nausea and mild diarrhœa; after several days typhoid fever in its worst form was ushered in. (

he entire family but two escaped an attack, nd they did not use the water.

It is a common saying in villages and owns that "There was health in the old ouses, while there is death in the new." his is owing to the fact that, when villages ere first settled, the houses were supplied ith water from the springs on the hill-side, hile, as the dwellings multiplied in number, hese sources of supply proving insufficient or oo distant, wells were sunk in the valley, hich, of course, received the drainage of the ocality. Hence diseases such as typhoid and yphus fevers, diphtheria, &c., which were nknown to the early settlers, ultimately be- ome prevalent.

"Cholera, though it does not originate from olluted water, is disseminated chiefly by the id of wells, and other impure water supplies.

"At Exeter, England, in 1832, one thou- nd deaths occurred from cholera. A purer pply of water was then introduced from a ocality two miles higher up the river, above ne point at which it received the sewage of ne town. When the cholera again invaded ne city in 1849, only forty-four cases oc- urred, and in the cholera season of 1854 here was hardly a case.

"Another very striking instance occurred London. The famous Broad street pump pplied water in one of the most fashionable calities of the West End. During the visi- tion of 1848–9, this pump killed five hun- red persons in a single week by disseminating holera. The wealthy people of the West nd went to Brompton, a fashionable sum- er resort, about five miles up the Thames, nd soon the cholera broke out among them here. The health officers soon discovered, on vestigation, that these people had been in e habit of sending to the Broad street pump r tea-water, and had brought the cholera ith it. A curious case was that of an old inster, who had moved to Hampstead, three iles from the pump, but who sent her maid ily for a kettle of the highly-prized tea- ter. She and her maid were the only per- ns who suffered from cholera at Hampstead.

"From these facts it is seen that water aids disseminating two of the most fatal dis- ses which affect the human race—the ty- oid fever and the deadly cholera. During e ten years, from 1856 to 1866, there were ,000 deaths from cholera in England and ales, and 150,000 deaths from typhoid ver. There is every reason to believe, that least three-fourths of these deaths might ve been prevented had proper attention en paid to the purity of the water supply. is poisoning by bad water is now fully ablished, and must awaken communities to vital importance of securing a pure and un- failing supply of this indispensable beverage.

"Water is frequently rendered impure by the metallic tubes used to conduct it. Or- ganic matter, nitrites, chlorides, &c., and in some cases even pure water, attack certain metals, causing them to dissolve.

"Cases of sickness have occurred caused by water drawn through copper pumps, cop- per having been actually detected in the water.

"Lead is by far the most common material used in the construction of service pipes for water, and this metal is the one which is the most easily dissolved by water, and at the same time most poisonous in minute quanti- ties, being a cumulative poison.

"A celebrated case occurred in the royal family of France, at Claremont, where one- third of the persons who drank of the water were affected. This water contained only one-tenth of a grain of lead in a gallon. As little as one-hundredth of a grain of lead to the gallon has been known to produce palsy in persons who habitually drank it. It is a great pity that the peculiar advantages of lead as a material for the manufacture of water pipes are more than counterbalanced by the danger of lead poisoning."

. . . . . .

"Certainly no pains should be spared to impress upon servants the importance of allowing the water to run for a few minutes before taking it for drinking or cooking pur- poses, specially early in the morning, after the water has stood all night in the pipes. The habit of filling the kettle from the boiler, or of using water from the boiler for any pur- pose except washing, is very dangerous.

"I have endeavored, as far as it is possible in a single lecture, to sketch the important relations of this all-pervading fluid, and have shown you that it is the source of all our health and well being; but I shall have failed in my effort if I have not fully impressed you with the great truth that it may bring disease and death instead of health, and that our sources of supply cannot be too carefully studied."

THE world is inexorably conditioned, and conditions us; and we sometimes weary of our estate and pine as in bondage. The home- sick soul demands its release. Oh that we had wings to lift us above the confining tasks and drudgery of life! The only way to es- cape this bondage is to give ourselves to it with mind and heart; to find our life in our task, our freedom in our obligations; to make our good-will as broad as our necessity. Re- sist the law of duty and it galls you with an iron grip; seek to evade it, it pursues you with a merciless lash; accept it and it be- comes a law of liberty.—*F. H. Hedge.*

The Annual Meeting of "Friends' Boarding-house Association," will be held on Sixth-day evening, 4th mo. 24th, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room. A report from the Managers will be read, the selection of officers and managers for the ensuing year, and such business as may tend to advance the concern. All interested are invited.

Jos. M. Truman, Jr., } *Clerks.*
Lydia Gillingham, }

NOTICE.

The Committee in care of Circular Meetings within Western Quarter, will meet at London Grove the 20th inst., at 2 o'clock. It is *very important* that all of the Committee should attend punctually.

David Fell, *Clerk for Com.*

NOTICE.

The Publication Committee of "Scattered Seeds," wish to call attention to the fact, that by the reduction in the club price, which was made at the beginning of the last volume, the cost of its issue has considerably over-run the gross receipts. They, however, propose to give the present rates a fair trial.

If our friends in different parts of the country will make active exertions to secure new subscribers, it is thought the circulation can be so increased as to make it again self-sustaining.

Will not all who are interested in the success of this little paper aid us, so if possible we may begin our next volume with two thousand additional subscribers ?

On behalf of the Committee,

James S. Hulme, Ellwood Michener,
Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Clem't M. Biddle,
Louisa J. Roberts, Annie Caley.

ITEMS.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, whose name has been frequently mentioned in connection with the death of Senator Sumner, is said to be a son of the late Captain Edward Brown, of Philadelphia. Captain Brown was a shipmaster. His son was born in Mauritius, 1817, and, as is the custom in some places, joined the name of his parents. The father was losr at sea while endeavoring to procure provisions fot a brief famine. The son, partially educated on the island, completed his education in Paris, and gaining a diploma in 1840, very naturally sought this country.

Limit of Perpetual Snow.—The altitude, above sea-level, of the limit of perpetual snow, has been the subject of some observations and deductions recently presented by Grad to the Paris Academy. He shows that not only the diminution of temperature in the higher strata, but, also, several other conditions, must conspire to fix this altitude ; such as the depth of the annual fall of snow, and the dryness of the atmosphere, the direction of the winds, and the amount of the cloudiness. Grad finds the altitude of the lowest limit of permanent snow, to be less within the tropics than under the latitudes of twenty to thirty-five degrees, whence again it diminishes to three thousand feet in the latitudes sixty degrees south and sixty-five degrees north. For no known part of the globe does the belt of perpetual snow descend to the level of the sea, or to within less than a thousand feet of altitude ; not even in the region where the average temperature of the cold half of the year is below freezing, as in Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is only the glaciers that descend to the sea-level in the country south of forty-five degrees south latitude, and north of sixty degrees north latitude, by reason of the excessive falls of snow accompanying most winds.

Snails and Slugs.—Will you state to your lady readers and fern-lovers, if you think the information worth having, that the snail, so annoying in Wardian Cases, may be found easily at night, by searching for them with a lamp? They seem to come out of the ground after dark.—L. L. in *The Gardeners' Monthly.*

The Peabody Fund.—The report of the Peabody trustees shows that they had expended, up to the close of last year, in land and buildings, £300,000. Upwards of £66,000 of this sum is at present unproductive, as two sites are not yet built upon, and the dwellings upon two other sites are not finished. The number of families now in residence at the trustees' buildings is 882, occupying 1,875 rooms. The average rent per room is 1*s.* 10*d.* per week, and the average weekly earnings of the head of each family is about £1 3*s.* 1*d.* Although the cost of labor and building materials is constantly increasing, the trustees have not up to the present time advanced their rents, except in a few exceptional instances. The expenditure during the year, for land and buildings, exceeds £39,000, and the income of the two trusts amounts to £12,973 5*s.* 8*d.* The net income derived from the buildings is about 2½ per cent. per annum upon the out-lay.—*London Echo*, 3*d.*

In regard to the reported adulteration of syrups, concerning which so much has been said in New York recently, the "American Grocer" states that there is a syrup made from starch, a thick, heavy, whitish syrup, not as sweet as cane-sugar syrup, which is sold for what it is by the manufacturers to the trade direct, or to manipulators of syrups for mixing with low-grade molasses or sugar syrups to give them body and brightness. This syrup, properly made, is entirely unobjectionable, so far as adulteration is concerned, and may be made from corn, potatoes or any other starch-yielding vegetable substance. It is manufactured largely in Europe, and imported to this country under the name of "glucose." It is used to a great extent by confectioners. "The Grocer" further states that Prof. Chandler, President of the New York Board of Health, to whom the subject of adulteration of syrups was referred by the Grand Jury, says that out of a large number of samples of sugar and syrup procured from a variety of sources, where, if ever adulterated articles would most likely be offered for sale, not one of the samples of sugar showed any adulteration, and but one of the samples of syrup. His report will be made public in a few days.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Agassiz Memorial.—It has been suggested that a fitting memorial to the late Professor Louis Agassiz would be the completed museum which he began and partially built. To perfect the plan which was prepared by Agassiz himself, three hundred thousand dollars will be required, of which about one-third would be used in enlarging the building and two-thirds would be funded for the payment of professors and assistants in charge of the School of Experimental Zoology on the Island of Penikese. A memorial committee has been appointed to have charge of the preparations for completing the museum, which includes Professors J. P. Lesley, Joseph Leidy and R. E. Rogers, of this city. The treasurer of the committee is Sebastian B. Schlesinger, Esq. of Boston.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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It is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at e beginning of the volume.*
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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind*

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ACTION OF REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE OF N. Y. YEARLY MEETING.

We have been furnished with the action of he Representative Committee of New York early Meeting on the subjects of Temperance nd International Arbitration. The appeal o their own members and the memorials to he Senate and House of Representatives are s follows:

PPEAL FOR ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING BEVERAGES.

o the members of our Religious Society and others:

The use of intoxicating beverages is attended with corrupting and ruinous effects.

It leads to intemperance, producing injury the health as well as to the minds of those ho give way thereto, bringing misery on its victims, and sorrow, distress, and ofttimes overty on their families and friends.

It also causes an alarming increase of vice nd crime in the land.

Moderate drinking, tippling and sipping rams, the social custom of the use of wine nd other intoxicating beverages upon festive nd other occasions, should be carefully and rupulously avoided, for though such as are these evil practices may not suddenly beome drunkards, yet they are often led on to e greatest transgressions, and even some ho have had the good example of virtuous rents, have from small beginnings, arrived to a shameful excess; to the reproach and ruin of themselves, and the great injury of their families.

Though much has been done with good results for the encouragement of abstinence and sobriety, the great evil against which we are constrained to make this appeal assumes large and serious proportions. Official returns for the fiscal year of 1873 show an increase in the manufacture of, and traffic in intoxicating beverages, as compared with preceding years, the amount exceeding any previous year of our national existence. In the one city of New York there are over seven thousand licensed places for the sale of strong drink, about one for every one hundred and thirty inhabitants.

In view of these facts, and of the attending results, overcrowded prisons and poor houses, the appalling social vice, physical disease, and the alarming death rate which alcoholism occasions, we appeal affectionately and earnestly to all to abstain from partaking of any intoxicating beverages as a personal duty and a right example to others.

In the spirit of Christian love and for the promotion of the cause of truth and righteousness, opposed to which intemperance is so great an obstacle, we send forth this appeal.

At a meeting of the Representative Committee of the Yearly Meeting of New York, held Fourth month, 6th, 1874, the foregoing

appeal was united with and directed to be sent to our Quarterly Meetings to be distributed to our Subordinate Meetings and for general distribution to others.

WM. H. MACY, *Clerk.*

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

Your memorialists, the Representative Committee of the Yearly Meeting of New York of the religious Society of Friends, acting on behalf of the said Yearly Meeting, do respectfully represent, that we feel deeply impressed with the great and manifold evils which result from the use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage. It leads to drunkenness, which brings misery and ruin on its victims, and sorrow and distress on their friends. It brings desolation and woe into the family circle, which often fall with crushing force upon the women and innocent children of the household. It is a fruitful source of pauperism, crime and outrage; and tends to the destruction of good morals in the community. Indeed, its fruits are altogether evil.

Under a solemn sense of the importance of these considerations, we feel drawn, respectfully, but earnestly, to solicit that your legislative acts may be of a character that will tend to check this evil, which is so alarmingly prevalent in the land.

We do not deem it to be our duty to offer any suggestions as to the character of the legislation which may be proper to promote this important end, except to propose, that when the majority of any community shall desire to prohibit the sale of these articles within its limits, it seems to us to be eminently proper, that they should be enabled, by appropriate laws, to accomplish such prohibition; and we respectfully ask that such laws may be enacted.

We would respectfully suggest, that no amount of revenue, or income, which may be derived from the manufacture of, or traffic in these articles, can be equivalent to the evils which are entailed upon a community in which their use, as a beverage, prevails.

WM. H. MACY, *Clerk.*

New York, 4th month 6th, 1874.

To the President, the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States:

Your memorialists, believing the War method of settling differences to be unchristian, barbarous, as well as expensive and detrimental to the best interests of mankind, respectfully ask you, by appropriate legislation, to adopt and to recommend to other nations the adoption of arbitration as a just and practical method for the determination of international differences.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Representative Committee of the Yearly Meeting of New York of the religious Society of Friends acting on behalf of the said Yearly Meeting.

WM. H. MACY, *Clerk.*

New York, 4th month 6th, 1874.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY J. P.

The "Intelligencer" of the 4th inst. has been received with the article signed "B. I am not disposed to enter into a protracted argument with "B.," for the reason that the premises assumed by him are antagonistic to the principles enumerated in the letter which he assumes to answer; but I will offer a few words of explanation, and if we can come to the same starting-point we may probably pursue the same course of logic, and reach common result. He is pained that the "Intelligencer" should give place to views opposite to his own on this subject, and thus indicates a tendency to exclude from the public mind a fair consideration of this important subject from every possible standpoint. He misstates me when he attributes to me the remark, that the efforts of Friends should be confined to the *effects* of alcoholic disorder, and if he will turn to my letter, he will find that Friends are invited to join with others "to discover the true *source* of evil in me touching this matter." I am confirmed in the belief that the *source* of this evil is *in me*, and that in our dealing with it we can work effectively on this basis.

That it is "a pernicious error" to call the "a lawful trade," which is sustained and protected by law, I am unable to conceive. Now as to "excess:" On this point there is a decided variance of opinion, which is apparently irreconcilable. It is difficult for me to conceive of anything being taken in excess to which there is no limit of moderation; to take in excess implies that the limit of moderation is transcended. I regard the popular teaching, that, "*all use* as a drink is excess," as simply contrary to experience and philosophy. If this is true, and also, that such excess is sin, then all our fathers and elders in the church, who in times past used the "goodly fruits of the earth" with moderation and gratitude, were guilty of the sin which "B." complains of. So all good men who now use such things moderately, are guilty of sinful excess. I am not prepared to admit any such teaching, nor is the Society of Friends, if I have proper appreciation of their principles and testimonies upon this subject. They are a peculiarly moderate people.

Now a word as to the "natural appetite." How does "B." know that "man has a natural appetite for strong drink?" The infant has no developed appetite for anything

but the maternal milk; but when it begins to have teeth, its appetites begin to vary; as it grows into maturer life, they become more varied, and they are selective of such things as the inherent condition of the individual demands. If that condition is one of perfect health, they will have an appetency for food and drink, very different from such as are by nature enfeebled or perverted in their tastes, and who may seek supplies which, if used in excess, would do them harm. Natural appetite varies materially with the nature of its possessor. It cannot be established or measured by a uniform standard.

"B." may have a natural appetite for certain kinds of food which it might be unnatural in me to indulge in, and if indulged, might do me harm. So the appetite for alcoholic liquors, though not natural in the infant, may be developed in the evolution of life, and at certain periods, in different individuals, may manifest itself. Indeed, the history of mankind demonstrates this fact. I therefore cannot recall the statements made in my letter, but reassert them with renewed confidence in their verity. As to the Scriptural argument, it cannot be entered upon in this brief article. If it could, it might simply exhibit our respective views of interpretation, and would leave the whole subject as open as it is now. While it is true that Divine Truth is absolute, it is equally true that human interpretations of Divine Truth are almost as various as men themselves.

I am glad to be corrected in my apprehension that the "attacks on the traffic in liquors" originated in a motive to prevent drunkenness. I find from "B" that this is not the case; and as he appears to be authority on the subject, I reluctantly accept his statement, though I honestly supposed that the friends of local option and prohibition were influenced by such considerations, and am sorry that they are not.

If the motive is simply to break down a trade which has had existence almost from the beginning of time, and which is essentially interwoven with the civilization of the present day, and to antagonize the persons engaged in the traffic, by the use of such weapons as personal invective and political trickery, then I avow myself as much less the friend of such measures than ever before, and trust that the eyes of Friends may be opened in like manner. I trust, also, that both "B." and myself may cultivate a charitable spirit toward our erring brethren, remembering that we ourselves may become castaways.

Fourth month 4th, 1874.

THE highway of the upright is to depart from evil.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA.

John 2d ch., 1st to 11th verses.

The arguments drawn from the Scriptures in favor of total abstinence from all that intoxicates as a beverage are not complete without a consideration of the miracle which Jesus performed at the marriage in Cana of Galilee.

It seems presumption in any one of less scholarly attainments than the learned doctors and theologians, who have so lately declared that "nobody but an ignorant zealot can draw a direct argument from the *Bible* in favor of total abstinence," to assert to the contrary.

The right of private judgment and a measure of common understanding to apprehend the meaning of written testimony, joined to an earnest seeking after the hidden meaning of revealed truth, afford a stand-point from which the humblest Christian may draw conclusions more satisfactory *to his own mind* than all the verdicts of Hebrew and Greek scholars.

The greater covers the less, as much in metaphysics as in physics. This axiom being beyond controversy, it is neither fanaticism nor ignorant zeal to assert that Jesus, in summing up the whole duty and obligation of the moral law as pertaining to our relations one with another, made the ground so broad that it covers every form of wrong that one individual may inflict upon another, and that there may be no mistake of its reaching to the inmost conscience of every capacity, the judgment seat is set up in each human soul. Hence he says, "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and least there might be some doubt on the mind, He declares that the individual *who cherishes an unholy thought has committed sin already in the heart.*

This is the touch-stone to which every human appetite and passion must be brought; if the *thought of evil*, as he declared, *defiles the soul*, does not Jesus set a ban upon every form of social, moral, or political pollution that now exists or may be developed in the future?

Does he not push to the wall every defender of *moderate evil* or moderate drinking who seeks to make a bulwark of the undoubted evidence that, in His intercourse with the world, He drank wine and manufactured it for the use of others. In the language of one of these same learned expositors, His "first miracle was the manufacture of an intoxicating beverage." This is an assumption that begs the question at the first outset, and has not even the shadow of a fact to sustain it.

Now let us take up this first miracle and

consider it in the spirit of the age in which it took place, and in harmony with the life, teachings and character of the Christ-man, that we may, if possible, find its true significance and be instructed.

Wedding feasts then, as now, among the Syrians, were occasions of great festivity, lasting seven or eight days, and according to the customs of the country much wine was used. This feast that we are about to consider was in progress, and the supply of wine exhausted. "They have no wine." That they were not too poor to purchase it is evident from the language the governor addressed to the bridegroom. The most reasonable conclusion is that there had been more guests than were anticipated. The mother of Jesus informed Him of their dilemma. Expositors have taken great pains to vindicate his character from a charge of rudeness or want of respect, in the answer he gave; it certainly does not, as it now stands, convey to the minds of modern readers the idea of filial duty that we recognize; there must be an error in the rendering, for we cannot for a moment entertain the suspicion that the Christ would set so unworthy an example.

Water-pots of stone were set; these were only used for water. The Jewish law forbids the applying of any vessel to other purposes than those for which it is set apart. So there could be no mistake about these stone pots containing anything besides the water which the servants were directed to fill them with. They were filled to the brim, simply with water, sparkling water from the fountains of Cana.

The command is given, "Draw out now and bear to the governor of the feast," and he drank, not knowing whence it was, *but counting it the best*, declared to the bridegroom, "Every man at *the beginning* doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drank then that which is worse, but thou has kept the *best wine* until now."

That best wine! We know that no man who drank of that wine went reeling home to the wife of his bosom with red eyes and a thickened tongue. We know there was no "worm" in the vessel from which was distilled *that* refreshing beverage.

Just here it will be right to controvert the assertion that Jesus on this occasion "manufactured an intoxicating beverage." It is distinctly stated that the wine furnished from these vessels of water was the "*best wine.*"

Albert Barnes (whose fairness as an expositor has never been impeached) says that, according to the highest authority among the ancients, the best wine was that which was without strength, "innocent, harmless," and it was considered wholesome in proportion to its purity, that is, its freedom from any admixture, it being the pure juice of the grape.

> "With *Thracian wine* recruit thy honor'd guests,
> For happy councils flow from *sober feasts*,"

was the advice of the Grecian sage Nestor, whose name is a synonym for wisdom even now.

So far from a true interpretation of this miracle, is the assumption, that the wine was intoxicating, or in any degree corresponding to the compounds called by that name now in use, that it is a reflection upon the purity and honesty of Jesus, and casts dishonor upon His name. It matters not that he *was called* a wine bibber. The inquirer asks, Did His life and precepts prove Him one? and the answer that must result from a careful study of the gospels refutes the charge.

Travellers tell us that the use of water as a drink is the exception, in Syria, and the inferior quality of very much that is offered renders it necessary to supply the want with juicy fruits, hence they find the trees and plants of that region furnish an abundant supply of such fruits as allay thirst, and at the same time are palatable and healthy.

Think of the Christ-man at a feast where nothing was drank but intoxicating beverages! Can we inflict a greater wrong on His marvellous character than to associate Him with such a gathering and accuse Him of contributing to its revelry? The soldier who pierced His side with the spear wounded Him not so cruelly as does this wanton charge of his professed followers. Truly may it be said of Him, He is wounded in the house of His friends.

Since preparing this essay I have been gratified to see, by a late paper, that the Methodist ministers of Chicago, in conference expressed the same views respecting the "first miracle" that I have advocated.

L. J. R.

PATIENCE.

Extracts from a discourse by F. T. Washburn, in the Christian Register.

"[But] let patience have her perfect work."—James i, 4.

Patience, to the common eye, is a homely virtue. It does not flash and blaze before the imagination, or stir the blood and inspire us with a passionate ambition to possess it like some of the more brilliant and more admired virtues. It beams with a subdued and sober light, whose steady clearness wins us slowly and gradually. From the confusion of patience with its counterfeits, and from the difficulty of discerning it, and especially from its opposition to the excitement, heat and

violence to which our nature is so prone, patience stands among the homely and retired virtues.

. . . . . .

To bear with that which we have not desired, but which, nevertheless, comes upon us; to meet the loss of health or fortune and yet not give up; to meet our own faults and sins, and the sins of those around us, and yet not despair; to see our hopes checked, our plans obstructed; to see good enterprises crippled, and the general movement of society thrown into disarray, and yet keep our inward firmness, our control of mind and steadiness of action—to keep the lamp within us burning under every pressure—tasks the powers of our souls. And yet one or another of these trials which demand patience from us is never very far from us at any time.

. . . . . .

We all of us, for instance, want to be well and strong—want to be in pefect health. Oh, for the secret of health which shall keep us always well! The quacks who thrive upon the credulity of mankind touch that powerful spring. The secret of health, they say, we have discovered, and it is only because the experience of mankind has found that what they have discovered is not the secret of health, but the secret of growing rich upon the ignorant weakness of their neighbors, that these charlatans do not have an even wider influence than they now have; but the wiser portion of mankind have discovered that the secret of health does not lie in any one herb, or liquor, or curious concoction, but in obedience to the physical and moral laws of our nature. Providence says to us, through our experience, This health you seek is more precious than you think; you cannot buy it in a bottle, you cannot get it or keep it in any cheap, mechanical way; if you would be well, be patient and persevering, obey my laws constantly, observe the truth of your nature, and live steadily and patiently according to it, and you will be as well as you can be. But this will demand patience and perseverance of you. Yet if we follow this we find the promise of Providence fulfilled with overflowing measure, for we shall not only keep in health, but shall find that in doing it we have learnt patience, and temperance, and self control, and firmness; and the care of our health, wisely and bravely kept up, will strengthen our moral natures.

Or take our higher health, the health of our souls. What would we not give for the secret of life, the secret of the soul's blessedness, for the word of God which should set all within us to music, and unite our spirits with the perfect life of God and of His children? What an universal longing of the human heart is there to cast off all sin, and fear, and lifelessness, and be at peace with our own hearts, our brethren and God, and be one with them in common life and blessedness! We do not want to wait for this; we do not want simply to live in hope of it; we do not want simply to rest in faith for it. We want to *know* that we have the secret; we want to be sure now that we are one with the saints in the eternal life. We will put up with nothing less than an absolute assurance.

. . . . . .

If I rightly interpret the experience of mankind, Providence tells us here, You cannot gain heaven with one jump, but only by patient climbing. You want to know the secret of your life? Wait, watch, seek, pray, consider what this means and what that means. Do your present duty, use your present opportunity, use your opportunities of experience and thought, and wait in faith for the clearer light, and strive in patience for the perfect will. Do the will of God, says the Redeemer; grow into the love of God and man; thus wilt thou draw near the kingdom, and, by your patient faith, and patient continuance in well-doing, into the darkness of your soul will come at first the faint light, then the increasing dawn; then, if your heart be pure, your faith persistent, will the grace of God shine in upon you, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. But by patience only can we overcome our errors and sins—only by patience. It is very hard to bear with ourselves, and not give up once for all, and look upon our faults as final, fixed parts of our character. Then we begin to excuse ourselves, and indulge ourselves, and consider that other people have worse faults, and we need not trouble ourselves about ours; and thus we are in danger of gradually surrendering the high desire for perfection and aspiration for the true life. We must be patient with ourselves, and bear with humiliation and self-abasement the recognition of our faults and failings, and persist in our efforts to correct them. Only thus can we weed them out of us.

And in our life with one another, who would not like to have everybody better than they are—more wise and thoughtful, more considerate, and kind, and just, and generous, and merciful? Who would not like to have around him those whom he could admire, reverence, trust and love in the highest degree? The high fellowship of soul with soul; society bound together in mutual trust; truth, love, and joy, and peace prevailing—that has been a very general hope. But in fact we find as much trouble with our neighbors' sins as with our own. Our fellowship is a fellowship of suffering and sorrow as well as of

joy. We find that, as we must be patient with ourselves, we must be patient with one another. And our patience with each other will add to our fellowship a depth and tenderness which a wholly prosperous companionship can hardly know. By patience only can we help one another in our common life. And if we observe the Christian patience, we shall recognize a positive and healing power in it. . . . . .

Let no one think himself patient when he is only weak; true patience is strong and vital. It does not consist in folding the hands, and shutting the eyes, and thinking despairingly, What can I do? and giving up. It is that in us which does not give up. It is that in us whereby we endure when endurance seems wise or necessary, but endure strongly, with the concurrence of our judgment and our will; it is that in us whereby we face each fresh assault of trouble with a fresh, unflinching strength; whereby we grasp difficulty after difficulty, and by gradual approach and steady perseverance fulfill our endeavor. "Let patience have her perfect work." It is that in us whereby, not content with half performance, we hold on through all until our work be perfected; or, if our aim be too high for perfection here, until our earthly life be ended, with the perfect purpose still inspiring our hearts. . . . . .

Meekness, humility, patience, simple truthfulness and modesty—to these virtues it sometimes seems to me as though our times were specially blind. But doubtless there is something in the nature of these rare and fragrant virtues which hides them from the public gaze. They are rather private, personal and intimate, known only of those who feel their blessing, than conspicuous and apparent to the world. Yet I am inclined to reproach some of our most widely-read writers for ministering to the popular prejudice, which indeed they doubtless shared, in showing a special skepticism about these gentle and inward traits of character which our age too sadly needs to be skeptical about them.

However rare the highest patience may be, however difficult to attain and keep, examples are not wanting in human history, nor, I trust, in our own experience, which assure us that men have endured and persevered through every kind of difficulty to the perfect end. And in these examples we have one of the grounds of patience. Virtue is indeed its own reward. There is in every worthy trait of character a native beauty. To live worthily is life in the true sense. Our moral nature feels itself in tune when it is living in accordance with the moral law, and rejoices in the harmony. But we are not left with this ground only for our moral life. Every faithful person whom we have known in history, or in our own experience, is a pledge to us of the reality of the moral world. We ground our patience not alone upon itself, upon its fitness with the constant conditions of our life, but upon those who have shown it in their lives, upon those who have lived it for our comfort and our example. Here upon earth the good and faithful souls build the unseen kingdom which is not of this world though present in it; here they build the unseen kingdom not for themselves alone, but for all who, led by right desire, seek to join them in their faithful life. And looking at the hearts of these faithful ones, and at their works, we are persuaded that the kingdom which they form and build is indeed the kingdom of God. To the virtue and the grace which we behold in them there is something answering in us, something rooted deep in us—the mystery of faith and worship which unites us with them in sympathy and hope, and turns our hearts with theirs to God. In the reality of His being lies the deep foundation of our hope of virtue. By bringing His truth into our lives, by uplifting our hearts with the highest faith and the best hopes to which we can attain, we may grow into that grace of spirit of which the special virtues are the fruit. And among these various fruits of the spirit is this virtue of patience which begins, indeed, with common tasks, but which rises gradually into a high, exalted grace, upholding the heart, healing evil, perfecting our life and work.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Temperance.

The dangers involved in the passage of a bill now pending with our Legislature at Albany, designed to open wider the traffic in intoxicating liquors, was the cause of much interest to a small conference of Friends assembled at Twenty Seventh Street Meeting-house, on the evening of Fourth mo. 6th, 1874, and as a hearing had been granted for the following day to the friends of temperance, by the committee in charge, it was the wish of all that Jacob Capron represent on that occasion the temperance view of Friends, as embodied in their Discipline.

The following petition was hastily drawn up, which, with the names herein annexed, was placed in his hands for presentation:

PETITION.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

"The undersigned, members of the Society of Friends, of New York, believing intemperance to be a prolific source of pauperism, vice and crime, respectfully ask you to enact that the traffic in alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes, shall hereafter be illegal in this State." Signed by nineteen men and women.

We hear from one who attended, "that he delegates were very courteously received, nd that the probable result of the hearing vill be to cause the committee to report ad- ersely upon the easy license proposition, vhich the liquor manufacturers and dealers re so earnestly advocating." R. W. U.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

[In introducing the following extracts from letter, received during the past week, a few ords of explanation seem requisite. The uthor is a valuable young man residing in e West, who, a few years since, in view of ining another religious organization, offered resignation of his right of membership in urs, to one of the Monthly Meetings in this ty. The Clerk, in giving him official infor- ation of the result, felt called upon to add mething, as expressive of his own and the elings of others, upon the occasion. To this, his recent letter, he thus refers:]

"In looking over my papers the other day, found an official notice of the acceptance of y resignation as a member of the Society of riends, and accompanying it was a very nd letter from thee, upon the reception which, *seven years since*, and now, after ch a long interval of time, I again feel a wing of love to thee, and would say that I ve the religious organization of Friends of ich thee remarks in thy letter, 'Thy parent- e, thy early surroundings and associations, re all such, that a deep sympathy was ex- essed, that one thus situated should conceive peace of mind was best attained, by vol- tarily bidding adieu to a religious organiza- n with which he has been connected all life.'"

After this reference, the writer proceeds:

'My idea of a true, inward church or re- ious organization is as follows: The blessed us said, 'I am the Vine, and ye are the nches.' Christ, the living Church, the ne—and the *branches* are the members of living Church, united to the Vine Christ us by a living faith, before we can realize piritual life. A mere name on the records he church books will not suffice. We must joined to Him as branches, or there is no in us."

Now, to my mind, the figure in this Par- e has a special force and meaning. The e is an humble tree, not great and tall like edar or the oak, so the blessed Son and sent of the Father came in an humble way, as it was foretold of Him, 'He shall grow up before him as a tender plant, as a root out of a dry ground,'—signifying humility and meekness. And, again, the vine is valuable only for its fruit—the wood is of no use. This refers to the fruitfulness required of *every member* of the Church; mere profession is nothing; it is not doctrines nor creeds, forms nor ceremonies—*they cannot give us life.* My Father is the Husbandman—the Owner and Cultivator of the vineyard, the great Head of the Church, the Dresser of the vine and the branches."

"I love the simple faith of my father and mother, that needs no *bondage* of creed or confession to sustain it. My past life has been an eventful one, and I am indeed a monument of my kind and loving Heavenly Father's grace and mercy. . . . I know that my precious mother's prayers, that followed me so many years, and that were continually ascending to the Throne of Grace for her son, have been answered; and I humbly trust I shall be permitted to meet her in the Church triumphant."

Here follows a quotation from the eighth chapter of Romans, on which he comments thus:

"We see by the above, as we are obedient to the blessed Spirit of God, we realize a growth in grace and knowledge every day, and, as we take food to supply the wants of the natural body, so do we receive food, day by day, and hour by hour, to supply the wants of the soul; and as we grow in years and go down the hill of time toward the river that separates time from eternity, we realize that we are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens. We, indeed, realize that we are the sons and daughters of the Most High,—that we are going home to our Father and our God,—that death, the pale messenger of dread, the king of terrors, *is our friend*, an angel, sent to open the door of Paradise for us."

"I have felt that if the Society of Friends had been more watchful to the manifestations of God's will, the prayer of the Son and sent of the Father would have been nearer realization than it is now. 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'

Oh, that the ministry may be a real living ministry, who know the voice of the Great Shepherd of the sheep, and one truly empowered and anointed by Him to feed the tender lambs, to water the precious seed that is taking root in the hearts of the dear young people of the Society."

"When I revert to the days of my childhood, when but a child in years, when the Spirit of God strove with me, many a time have I sat

in meeting when not a word was spoken, tears streaming down my face, and my little heart filled with melody and praise unto Him who is indeed the Teacher of His people Himself, whose grace hath appeared unto all His rational creatures." . . . . .

In the perusal of the above, a renewed sense was awakened in my mind of the importance of parting with any of the members of our Society, whether by resignation or otherwise, in that spirit of Christian charity and good wishes for their future welfare, which should ever characterize our labors with such. Its perusal has also strengthened a belief I have long entertained, that an individual, once experimentally convinced of the truths of Quakerism, will ever be found abiding therein *at heart*, notwithstanding any external forms and ceremonies with which he may subsequently permit himself to be surrounded. Let, then, the mantle of charity be thrown over all, and to the honest traveller Zionward let us bid a hearty *God speed*, no matter in what fold he may be found. E.

Philada., Fourth month, 1874.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 25, 1874.

OUR APPROACHING YEARLY MEETING.—The near approach of the time for holding our annual gathering offers an appropriate occasion for thoughtful inquiry and examination on the part of those who expect to participate in its deliberations.

We feel that we are not going beyond the proper limits of our position in presenting a few suggestions, which we trust will be received in the spirit that "thinketh no evil."

Coming together as we do, representing various sections of our own and adjacent States, bringing the peculiar interests and concerns that belong to the several meetings composing the body, and feeling a proper desire that these be recognized and deliberated upon, there, of necessity, arises an obligation which each owes to the other, and which is best expressed in that exhortation of the apostle: "Forbearing one another in love."

This forbearance, the "Charity that suffereth long and is kind," will enable us to transact the most weighty business of the Society with credit to ourselves, and acceptably to the Divine will; without it our coming together will be unavailing.

There are many topics of interest that will, doubtless, be presented, some of them, probably, capable of various interpretations, and on which divergent views are held. The earnest, *living* concern of many to advance the cause of truth, as held by the Society of Friends, and to see it rise in its might for the defence of all those noble testimonies which are held to be of vital importance to us and to humanity at large, and the conviction that as the ages roll on new processes of thought are eliminated, and new avenues for good and for evil are opened up — all these things brought before us and claiming our serious consideration, will make the coming Yearly Meeting as important as any that has taken place for many years.

There is great and pressing need for all whether they be active participants or silent burthen bearers, or whether they be only listeners, to inquire of themselves in the quiet retirement of individual consciousness, How may I best promote the cause of truth and humanity among us, and make this annual gathering a blessing to myself and my fellow-members? If Christ's Spirit animates us, we cannot fail of a good meeting. Our heavenly Father is ever ready to bless. It rests with ourselves to be able to say at its close, "It was good to be there."

INTEMPERANCE. — We admit the article signed "J. P." only because it professes to be the correction of a misunderstanding; for we would prefer, now that the subject has assumed the air of a *controversy*, that it should have ended with the two communications. When a difference of opinion becomes personal, it is not easy for disputants to be just and candid. We did not understand "B." to express pain because "the *Intelligencer* gave place to views *opposite to his own*," but because the views differed from what he supposed were those of the Society of Friends. Had "B." carefully read the editorial, he would have found our objections to "J. P.'s" article were there stated, and the stand taken by Friends in their discipline advocated.

We must admit that both of "J. P.'s" articles *appear* to favor the moderate use of alcoholic liquors, and, if so, they are opposed to the publicly professed views of Friends; yet we

ave confidence in the intelligence of our aders, that they can appropriate whatever is value in the essays under review, without ing moved from the *safe* course of abstinnce from all intoxicating liquors *as a drink.* he subject of intemperance is a momentous ne, and should receive the grave considerain it deserves.

In the multiplicity of opinions upon this uestion, and the honest suggestions everyhere made towards mitigating the evil, we ay recognize much that is valuable; and as at intense sense of an evil, which is sometmes branded as fanaticism, is generally the recursor of reformation, we need not be surrised at the most radical measures. These voices in the wilderness" may prophecy of ne coming deliverance.

We devote considerable space this week some of the numerous articles on this subct that we have received.

MARRIED.

MOORE—THORNE.—On the 2d of Fourth month, 874, with the approbation of Pilesgrove Monthly eeting, Joshua, son of Allen Moore, to Miriam, ughter of Nathan Thorne, all of Woodstown, N. J.

DIED.

BIRDSALL.—At his residence in Purchase, Westnester Co., N. Y., on the 13th of Third month, 1874, mes F. Birdsall, in the 73d year of his age. In e demise of this dear Friend another voice has come silent; another testimony-bearer summoned om works to rewards.

During a long acquaintance, we have known this riend as a lover of the good order of society, alays bearing faithful evidence to the value of those stimonies, that are looked upon as peculiar to the ociety of Friends.

Faithful in the attendance of meetings; giving roof that he was concerned to seek after that comunion with the Divine Father, through which the ul is lifted up into eternal life. Some years ago e felt himself called upon to bear public witness what he knew of the power and operation of the irit and love of God. In the Tenth month of the ar 1872, his gift in the ministry was acknowlged by Friends of Purchase Monthly Meeting. is ministry was earnest and impressive in its haracter, free from ambiguity of expression, and lling all to the light of God in the soul, as the ly true and living Saviour. Possessed of a poetal and cultivated mind, of great power for enterinment, he will be much missed from our social atherings. His illness, which was severe, was orne with great fortitude, giving evidence that his ind was supported by that Power which, when in ealth, he was concerned publicly to recommend others. Although a trial to part from his family, e expressed himself as entirely submissive to s heavenly Father's will, and with childlike nfidence and trust quietly breathed his last, and he has, no doubt, entered into that peaceful rest prepared for the righteous.

We cannot close this brief word concerning our dear friend without calling the attention of the living to the importance of being prepared to replace the broken ranks, as one by one are called from works to rewards, that there may be a continuance of those who can, and will, bear testimony to a free gospel.

WILSON.—At his residence near Barclay Mills, Whiteside County, Illinois, Joseph M. Wilson, in the 70th year of his age; a member of East Jordan Monthly Meeting of Friends.

FAWCETT.—At his residence in Loydsville, Belmont Co., Ohio, Fourth mo. 2d, 1874, Elisha Fawcett, in his 83d year; for many years a valuable Elder of Plainfield Monthly Meeting. Those who were most intimately acquainted with this dear Friend know best his true worth. Although for many years he was deprived of his eyesight, and could not discern light from darkness, he never lost his interest in the Society. He was a regular attendant of meeting when health and opportunity permitted, his mental faculties remaining remarkably good for one so far advanced in years. His cheerful, meek and resigned spirit has left an example worthy of imitation, and he calmly passed away as one falling into a sweet sleep. P. M.

TRUE religion involves self-denial. Its great characteristic is the subjection of our wills, desires and lives to the will of God from the conviction that what he wills is the perfection of virtue, and the true happiness of our nature. There are seasons when to be *still* demands immeasurably higher strength than to act. What power it demands to calm the stormy elements of passion, to moderate the vehemence of desire to throw off the load of dejection, to repress every repining thought and to turn the wounded spirit from dangerous reveries and wasting grief to the discharge of ordinary duties!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PROHIBITORY LAW.

"If we have whispered truth
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the trumpet does,
Sterner and stronger."

The recent amendment of the fourth query in which members of our Society are restricted from the sale of intoxicating beverages of every kind, seems to me to be opening the way to a more extended field of usefulness individually, and I trust, ere long, collectively.

I have been an interested reader in much that has appeared in the columns of this paper on the subject of intemperance, and particularly with the proposition of Gideon Frost—that our Legislatures shall be solicited to enact a law authorizing women, of competent age and qualifications, to vote for Supervisors and other officers, who, by law, are empowered to decide upon the pertinency of

granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating beverages.

As women are largely sufferers from this unrighteous traffic, it seems to me to be eminently just they should have a right to vote on this subject. Their vote would infuse more of the moral than political element into it, which renders every reform more enduring. As some of our Yearly Meetings are approaching, may we not hope the Representative Committees may find the way to open in the light of Truth, to prepare something to present to the Yearly Meetings which may relieve the minds of many Friends from the responsibility they now feel of complicity in the present licence law, unless they protest against it, or petition for a Prohibitory Law?

R. H.

Salem, N. J., 4th mo. 9th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer

AGRICULTURE.

I have noticed with regret, for many years past, an increasing desire on the part of young men in the rural districts, to leave their agricultural pursuits to enter our large cities; some with the expectation of living easier, others actuated by the desire to attain wealth.

I feel anxious that such may consider the subject well, and endeavor to be guided by truth's requirement in the undertaking; otherwise their future usefulness in life may be seriously impaired.

If the object of any of these, is to live an easier life, they may be greatly disappointed; for the life of the merchant is often harrassed and perplexed with difficulties which cause great anxiety. And if the motive be acquisition of wealth, let such inform themselves as to the number, who really succeed in this undertaking, and they will be astonished with the result; as it would probably be seen by investigation, that not five in a hundred realize their expectations in this particular.

But apart from this consideration of the subject, the *desire* to become rich is, itself, likely to dwarf all the finer sensibilities of the soul; and let us remember, that "they who will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare," and often "pierce themselves through with many sorrows;" and such are not likely to suffer alone. It frequently involves aged parents, and other near and dear relatives and associates in life. None should despise agriculture, for it may truly be said to be the substratum of national prosperity. I think that the young of both sexes in our country should be educated to regard it so. Many worthy men, in different ages of the world, have advocated similar views.

Abraham Cowley, a witty poet of the seventeenth century, retired to rural occupa tions, and afterward spoke freely of the grea benefits derived from the change. He say: "we are here among the vast and noble scene of nature: we are there (in cities) amon the pitiful shifts of policy." Further on h remarks, "The antiquity of this art is cer tainly not to be contested by any other. Th first three men in the world were a gardene a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any ma object that the second of these was a mu derer, I desire he would consider, that as soo as he was so, he quitted our profession an turned builder."

The author of the pithy work entitled th *Probe,* has an excellent article on this subject He says: "More independent than any othe calling, it is calculated to produce an innat love of liberty. The farmer stands on a loft eminence, and looks upon the bustle of cities the din of commerce, the intricacies o mechanism, and brain-confusing, body-killin literature, with feelings of personal freedon peculiarly his own; constantly surrounde by the varied and varying beauties of nature and the never-ceasing and harmonious opera tions of her laws, his mind is led to contem plate the wisdom of the great Architect o worlds and the natural philosophy of th universe."

And when we reflect upon the great amoun of labor-saving machinery which has bee introduced among agriculturists during th last half century, tending to lighten the toil of the laborer, we are led to hope that it effect will be to render agricultural pursuit more interesting and congenial to the youth of our day, and that they will yet prove it t be not only the safest and most healthful but also the most honorable and independen position they can occupy in life.

AARON C. MACY.

Fourth month, 1874.

SCANDAL.—A story is told of a woman wh freely used her tongue to the scandal of others and made a confession to the priest of wha she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top told her to go out in various directions an scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering a the penance, she obeyed, and then returne and told her confessor. To her amazement, h bade her go back and gather the scattere seeds; and when she objected that it woul be impossible, he replied that it would be stil more difficult to gather up and destroy all th evil reports which she had circulated abou others. Any thoughtless, careless child ca scatter a handful of thistle-seed before th wind in a moment, but the strongest an wisest man cannot gather them again.—*Methodist.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

No. 35.

The report from Cornelia Hancock and bie D. Munro for the Third month shows t our Mount Pleasant, S. C., schools con- ue in a prosperous condition.

With seventy-eight on the roll, the average ndance was *seventy!* Of these, 63 are ding either in the first, second or third der; 66 are in arithmetic; 44 in geography, l 14 are studying grammar; 28 write on es, and 50 in copy-books.

The teachers add to the statistical portion their report: "With the close of this th we enter upon our spring holidays. e attendance during this month has been y good, as the *average* will show. The etable season is upon us, and the children be very busy picking them for shipping, earning their *ten cents*, which are of so h account to them. The country chil- n drop off gradually, but we are encour- l in being able to keep the greater part ur more advanced pupils together, as yet. are still in good health, though pretty l just now."

es, faithful laborers, we should think you e indeed *tired* with your long continued but we feel comforted with the mental rance that you will have your reward.

ust as we were closing this article, the wing *clipping* turned up, but we cannot call to mind from which of our public ers it was culled. Bearing as it does on subject of the education of colored per- , this seems a fitting place to introduce it. fact therein stated is certainly a very ifying and important one.

COLORED TEACHERS.—At the last exami- on of colored applicants for certificates to h in the Camden public schools there e eleven candidates who received averages tling them to such certificates."

J. M. ELLIS.

hiladelphia, Fourth month, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A CORRECTION.

Friends' Intelligencer of Second month, , page 811, I find the following state- t:

Most common, and perhaps coarsest of our estic nuts is the black walnut, *Juglans a*, the nut of Jove of the Romans. It is osed to be a native of Persia, and is ably the 'Persian nut' mentioned by phrastus. The richer and sweeter *Jug- regia*, the English walnut, has never be- naturalized here."

his is a singular confusion of names to iate from a club of scientific men, and looks more like the hasty blunder of a transcriber than the deliberate statement of a well-informed student.

The black walnut (*J. nigra*) is a native of North America, and was unknown to Europeans before the discovery of America. The nut of Jove (*Jovis glans*), the Persian nut of Theophrastus, is the *Juglans regia*, erroneously called English walnut, because first brought from England to this country. In England it is called Madeira nut, and perhaps for a similar reason. There seems no reason to assert that it has not been naturalized in America. The trees have been raised from the nuts at Germantown for more than forty years past, and many such trees of native growth are in bearing in that neighborhood at the present time.

S. W. MIFFLIN.

Columbia, Fourth month 13, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INTEMPERANCE.

I have been much interested in reading the several articles that have appeared in the *Intelligencer*, of late, on the subject of temperance, and would add my efforts to encourage Friends to embrace every right opening to stay the ravages of this great evil; for truly whiskey seems to be the most potent enemy we have to contend with, both in political and social communities. It seems to be the power behind the throne, that not only controls legislation, but permeates nearly all branches of society, and how can its waves be stayed, is the most difficult problem we have to solve. In the *Intelligencer* of Fourth mo. 4th, R. S. H., in his letter says, in speaking of the women's movement, (which he believes is of the Lord,) "their work will necessarily be imperfect and incomplete, if it is not followed up by others." It seems to me we may look with more confidence for good results from those the Lord has called to the work, than from others who may follow in their "wake," who may be delegated by human power. I would ask, in what way are Friends to engage in this mission? Must we send out a band of praying women, by commission of human power, to visit those haunts of vice and pollution, and take possession of their habitation, and resist the evil until they yield to our persisent efforts to coerce submission? It seems hardly consistent with the teachings of our great Pattern, who taught His disciples not to pray standing in the synagogues, or on the corners of the streets. I would query, what is prayer? Is it something we can engage in at the instance of a brother, or is it at our command at fixed times and appointed places? Have not the views always held by Friends been to wait for the promptings of the Spirit?

It may be all right for those women who have never been called to the position Friends occupy, but is it for us? There is one important step we may take in the direction of striking at the root of the evil, and not compromise any of our testimonies. We are, most of us, aware that the engineering to political position is much of it done in the retail liquor shops that are, lamentably, thickly distributed over our country, whose licenses are allowed by our courts or judges; and we also know that, in very many districts, Friends hold the balance of power. Are we not, then, directly responsible for the acts of the officers whom we have assisted in putting into positions that enable them to grant those licenses?

If Friends would steadfastly adhere to their temperance principles in the exercise of their franchise, (for, with but few exceptions, they generally vote,) would it not have a telling effect upon the state of society? Are we not too prone to wink at the deviations of some of our favorite party men, and shrink from duty in this particular? I believe very much in the effectual preaching of example, and that it is a truth that the influence of a strictly consistent Friend is felt for miles around, one who always bears the standard aloft. I have witnessed great effects produced by the simple declaration of an individual, "I never drink," when thrown in the society of those who do not always abstain from indulgence in the intoxicating bowl. I would encourage every one who feels an interest in this very important subject, and I cannot understand how any truly concerned mind can feel indifferent to this desolating evil, which is daily carrying on its broad stream thousands of the youth, the hope of our age. Let us be faithful to every intimation of duty, and when we see a neighbor destroying the happiness of many a fireside, let us not wait for any commission of organized bodies, but go to him as God's annointed messenger; for we are told, and I believe it, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." However much we may desire to see this great evil suddenly arrested, we can hardly believe that it will be; it takes time to make great reforms. They are generally accomplished by individual faithfulness, and often from small beginnings, as we see in the silent but powerful workings of nature. The invisible vapor that is gathering in the mighty storm, makes no commotion and noise in the beginning, but produces wonderful effects. May this not be so with Friends? We often grow impatient that we are not doing more wonderful works, when there are such fields of labor open before us; but it seems to me that where Friends have been true to the "Light within," they have already done, (and may yet do) great good our country. The free and enlightened gove ment under which we live and enjoy libe of conscience, we must feel is the resul a divinely illuminated Penn, who first l the corner-stone of an independent republ and before we enter into the whirlwind storm that may be passing by, let us en into a strict examination of our own hea and see if all is clean therein. Even our o Society is not yet as clear as it may be, while this is so, can we labor availingly side of it. We may be too much like missionary, who, while engaged in convert the heathen, found that he was not him yet converted. W. C. H

Forest Hill, 4th mo. 11th, 1874.

I KNOW nothing which life has to offe satisfying as the profound good understand which can subsist, after much exchange good offices, between two virtuous men, e of whom is sure of himself and sure of friend. It is a happiness which postpones other gratifications and makes politics commerce and churches cheap. For, wl men shall meet as they ought, each a be factor, a shower of stars, clothed with thoug with deeds, with accomplishments, it would the festival of nature which all things nounce.—*R. W. Emerson.*

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Come Holy Spirit from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O Light Divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly;
Without Thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity—
Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed!
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy seven-fold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above.

—*Translated by Dean Stanle*

CHARLES SUMNER.

The following lines from the Delaware *State Journal*, e written by a member of Friends' Social Lyceum of mington, and read at one of its recent meetings.]

wail of sorrow floats upon the air,
The free South's breezes bear the mournful tone
r stricken hearts, and lowly homes, to where
Bow'd Massachusetts weeps above her son.

r her's alone; the glory of his name
s ours, the nation's watchword of the free
every race, while his undying fame
Is echoed from the lands beyond the sea.

lm and serene he laid him down to rest
Though worn with pain, and sadly failing breath,
doubts disturbed the noble, peaceful breast
But *human rights*, his ruling thought in death.

rtyr for freedom in her struggling years,
n the stern grapple with the powers of wrong,
wavered not, but cast aside all fears,
And bravely dared to "suffer and be strong"

t hearer only of the written word,
But follower of the meek, forgiving life,
would destroy all traces of the sword,
Our banner cleanse from every stain of strife.

eat crowning act, for which his native land,
With hasty passion laid its hand in blame,
that "last making of accounts" shall stand,
The noblest record placed against his name.

! ye who in his footsteps dare to tread,
On whom is laid the work he left undone;
! bind his triple wreath about your head,
His mantle seek, his spotless robe put on.

en battle in the cause for which he fought,
To which he gave the blossom of his youth,
e fruitage of his riper years and brought
The mighty weapon of his stainless truth.

hile tears of millions consecrate the earth,
n which we, sorrowing, lay his mortal part,
e "nation's grandeur" s—it gave him birth,
And that it bears him henceforth on its heart.

P. T. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 117.)

I went to Edinburg, then the medical school highest repute, in October, 1806, when actly eighteen years of age; and at this int my medical life may be said to begin.

. . . . . .

My first foreign travel—a voyage to Iceland, in 1810, and a residence of four months that extraordinary island—had at that ne much of adventure as well as novelty out it.

. . . . . .

After a period of sixty-one years, accomnied by my second son, I paid a second visit that island.

. . . . . .

Irrespectively of the strange and striking pects of nature in Iceland, this singular sociation of the latest with the earliest of my many voyages was deeply interesting to me, in its sudden revival of old memories, and the comparison, as far as such was possible, of juvenile impressions, with those—matured, I would fain say—rather than enfeebled by a long intervening life.

. . . . . .

In less than two years after the voyage to Iceland, having recently taken my degree in Edinburgh, I devoted a year and a half to a larger and more various scheme of travel, embracing almost all that was then acceptable in Europe, Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Isles, Greece, and some other parts of Turkey.

Again quitting England in 1814, passed a year in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, in attendance as physician on the Princess of Wales.

This, with the exception of a short tour in France and Holland, was my last absence from England, before settling as a physician in London. But my life as a traveller was far from being closed. During more than half a century, which has since elapsed, only two years occur (and those devoted to Scotch and Irish excursions) in which I have not passed two autumnal months in journey or voyage abroad, accomplishing greater distances as nearer objects became exhausted, and finding compensation for growing age in the increased facilities of travel. In the series of these annual journeys, which seldom exceeded the time just mentioned, I have visited (and most of them repeatedly) every capital in Europe, have made eight voyages to the United States and Canada, travelling over more than 26,000 miles of the American continent—one voyage to Jamaica and other West Indian islands—have been four times in the East, visiting Constantinople, various parts of Asia Minor, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Cairo; have made three tours in Algeria, two journies in Russia, several in Sweden and Norway, repeated visits to Spain, Portugal and Italy; voyages to the Canary Isles, Madeira, Dalmatia, etc., and other excursions which it would be tedious to mention.

When first settling in London, I was menaced by the opinion, coming to me from friends, and not without justification from prior experience, that this scheme of annual travel would be injurious to me professionally. I have in no way found it so. Had I not been attached to my profession, and had it not happened that my practice lay chiefly among the classes who are absent from London in the autumn, the result might have been different. But my early resolution as to this matter of travel, steadily persevered in, has proved a gain to me through all succeeding life. I have come back each year

refreshed in health of body and mind, and ready for the ten months of busy practice which lay before me. On the day, or even hour, of reaching home from long and distant journeys, I have generally resumed my professional work.

The new method of inter-communication, since steam and electricity have held empire on the earth, often enabled me to make engagements for the moment of my return. I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came from the mountain heights—not more than two hundred miles from the frontiers of Persia. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge to take me to a consultation in Sussex Square; the communication in each case being from points on my homeward journey. More than once, in returning from America, I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station. I mention these trifling incidents, chiefly as showing the facility that may be gained, of taking up instantly an accustomed occupation after a total abstraction from it by distance, change of scene, and all that concerns the wonted habits of life.

My residence in Edinburgh previous to taking my degree in 1811, was singularly fortunate in circumstances, affording not only present pleasure and profit, but telling in various ways on the prosperity of future life. Edinburgh, at this time, was justly proud of the many eminent persons forming its society —Walter Scott, Dugald Stuart, Playfair, Jeffrey, Henry Erskine, Murray, Allison, Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Thomas Brown, Jameson, Leslie, Sir James Hull, Lord Webb, Seymour, Brewster, &c. Though merely a student, I was more or less intimate with all these men. I still hold in happy memory the little suppers (a meal now lost to social life) at Walter Scott's house in Castle Street, of which he was the soul and spirit; his countenance, heavy in its ordinary aspect, kindling suddenly into life and merriment at the racy Scotch stories, which he ever had at hand to point and illustrate the matter of converse. A little political sarcasm now and then stole into his conversation, but rarely, if ever, showed itself in any harsh or ungenerous personality—a feeling alien, as I believe, to his nature, though I have heard him accused of it. I passed two days with him at Abbotsford when those perplexities of business were just beginning to press upon him, which so deeply affected the later period of his life. His cheerfulness, however, was yet unchanged. My intercourse with him was more distressingly renewed at different times during the long infirmity which ended in his death.

. . . . . .

I saw him in London on the day of his return from the Continent, and each day of his stay here—in a state of hopeless paralysis and imperfect consciousness. His wishes, so far as they could be understood, all pointed to Abbotsford, and he reached there only to die. His frame was fitted for a longer life than sixty-one, and I cannot doubt, that it was shortened by the anxious and compulsory labors of his later years. I possess a beautiful silver vase given to me by his four children soon after his death, their names inscribed upon it. Not one of them now survives. One descendant only is left of the family of Walter Scott.

. . . . . .

My intercourse with Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Jeffrey and Allison, was as intimate as the difference of age and position permitted me to be.

. . . . . .

With Lord Jeffrey and Lord Murray the friendships of my early college life continued until the death of these accomplished men, strengthened, indeed, in the interval by various collateral ties.

THE LITTLE LABORERS OF NEW YORK.

It is estimated on trustworthy grounds that over 100,000 children are at work in the factories of New York and the neighboring districts, while from 15,000 to 20,000 are "floaters," drifting from one factory to another. Of these the envelope factories employ about 8,000 children, one-quarter of whom are under fifteen years of age. The average earnings of the little workers are $3 per week. The ventilation in these factories is generally good. The gold-leaf factories employ a large number of children, though the exact statistics of the number cannot be given. The occupation requires much skill and delicacy of touch. It is not severe, but demands constant attention. The outside air is carefully excluded from these factories, owing to the fragile nature of the material used. The girls employed are mostly over fifteen years of age. The burnishing of gold, silver, and china ware is mostly done by girls, some of whom are under thirteen years of age. Singular enough, it is said that men in this business require to wear breast-plates, in order to prevent injury from the steel instrument employed, while the girls who labor at it sit at long tables, their undefended breasts pressing against the handles of the frame.

Paper-collar factories are a very important branch of children's labor. Fully 8,000 girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age,

nployed in it. A girl can count and box 3,000 collars in a day of ten hours.

Paper-box factories, embracing all sorts and zes, from a match to a work-box, employ at ast 10,000 children. These become very xpert, and often invent new patterns. The aterial being cheap, the children are per-itted to take home enough to do extra work, id are thus, in fact, excluded from night hool.

In regard to factories for making artificial owers it is extremely difficult to obtain trust-orthy information, as access to the shops is gidly refused. After considerable investi-tion, it seems to us that from 10,000 to ,000 children are engaged in them, of whom arly 8,000 are under twelve years of age. any are only five and seven years old. The tter are employed preparing and cutting athers for coloring. Employers claim this be a healthy business; but, judging from e pale and sickly countenances of the girls, doubt the assertion.

Another important industry employing ildren in the city is the manufacture of to-cco. The tobacco factories contain fully ,000—of whom 5,000, at least, are under teen years. The youngest child we saw nployed in them was four years of age. He s engaged in stripping tobacco, and his erage earnings were about one dollar per ek. Many laborers work all their lives these factories. We saw persons as l as eighty years in them. A man seventy ars of age told us he had spent thirty years one factory. His two boys had entered e factory with him at the age of ten and elve years, and were now at work as men the same shop. Another, the foreman and neral workshop manager, had entered that ctory thirty-five years ago, when a boy ten ars of age. In some of these factories boys der fifteen years are employed in dusky llars and basements, preparing, brining, d sweetening the weed, preliminary to stemming." The underground life in these mp, cavernous places tend to keep the lit-workers stunted in body and mind. Other ys from ten to twelve years were squatting the floors, whetting the knives of the cut-g machines with a mixture of rum and ter, applied with a sponge. The rapidity th which the girls work is wonderful. A l of 16 years can put up thirteen gross of ckages of chewing tobacco in tin-foil and enty-two gross in paper in one day. Girls d boys from twelve to fourteen years earn this business from four to five dollars per ek. Some little girls only eight years of e earn three dollars per week. The fact is t these children are often able to perform e same amount of this light labor as adults, while they only receive a portion of the pay given to older laborers. Thus the children who ought to be in school are made to deprive older laborers of their employment and remuneration.

Still another branch absorbs a great number of children—the twine factories. No accurate estimate can be obtained of the number of little laborers in these, but it is known to be very large. In one up-town factory alone 200 children, mostly girls, are employed. This work is dangerous. The "hackling machines" are generally tended by boys from ten to fifteen years of age. Their attention must be riveted on the machinery, and cannot relax for a moment, or the danger to life and limb is imminent. The "twisting machines," attended to by girls, are equally dangerous. Many have lost their fingers or joints of them, that were caught in the twine. Only great presence of mind has saved many of these girls from losing the whole hand. We knew in one instance, in a single night school in New York, five factory girls who had each lost a finger or thumb. It is evident that strict legislation is needed here, as it has been in England, to protect these young workers from dangerous machinery. The air of these twine factories is filled with floating particles of cotton and flax and must be exceedingly unhealthful.

It will be seen from these condensed statistics what an immense population of children in this city are the little slaves of capital.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Do anything innocent rather than give yourself to reverie. I can speak on this point from experience. At one period of my life I was a dreamer and a castle-builder. Visions of the distant future took the place of present duty and activity. I spent hours in reverie. I suppose I was seduced in part by physical debility. But the body suffered as much as the mind. I found, too, that the imagination threatened to influence the passions, and that if I meant to be virtuous, I must dismiss my musings. The conflict was a hard one: I resolved, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience.—*Channing.*

"Would you weather the tempest of life and sit calm and unmoved amid the noise of its many waters? Let your eye rest on a living God, a loving Father, a heavenly Pilot. Let Faith be heard raising her triumphant accents amid the pauses of the storm: 'O Lord, our God, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee! Thou rulest the raging of the sea! When the waves thereof arise Thou stillest them!'"

ERASMUS ON WAR.—If there be in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which it is proper uniformly to explode, and incumbent on every man by every lawful means to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is, doubtless War. There is nothing more unnaturally wicked, more productive of misery, more extensively destructive, more obstinate in mischief, more unworthy of man, as formed by nature, much more of man professing Christianity.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Central Committee on Indian Affairs will be held on Fourth-day, Fourth month 29th, at Race Street Meeting House, at 11½ o'clock A. M. MARY JEANES, *Secretary.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS FOR 1874, WITHIN FARMINGTON QUARTERLY MEETING.

4th	mo.	26th,	South Farmington, 3 P. M.
5th	"	24th,	Junius, 3 P.M.
6th	"	28th,	Collins, 11 A. M.
8th	"	2d,	Orangeville, 3 P. M.
"	"	9th,	Boston, 9 A. M.
9th	"	27th,	Wheatland, 3 P. M.
10th	"	25th,	Galen, 3 P. M.
11th	"	29th,	Rochester, 3 P. M.
12th	"	27th,	Buffalo, 3 P. M.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room, on Sixth-day, Fifth month 8th, at 3 o'clock P. M. The general attendance of the Committee is very desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

THE Executive Committee of the First-day School General Conference, adjourned to meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Seventh-day, Fifth month 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M. It is desirable to have the general attendance of the Committee.

JOSEPH T. McDOWELL, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

REPORTS from the districts affected by the recent famine in India show a great improvement in the situation. The measures taken by the government to relieve the distress of the people have proved very effective. There are now no actual cases of starvation outside of Tirhoot, and in that district there are but a few.

THE New York Herald notes the fact that several of the steamship lines have resolved to adhere to fixed routes of travel across the Atlantic, and insists that steam lanes should be fixed and followed by all the steamers crossing the ocean, and that this belt, of determined width and situation, should, by treaty, be constituted and declared the Great International Highway, not to be trespassed upon by sailing crafts of any nationality or class. . . . . 1368 trips are made every year across the Atlantic, and nearly 100,000 lives are jeopardized every season, to say nothing of the heavy losses of freight consequent upon the same calamity that destroys the passengers.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE streets of Yokohama, are wide and straight. Each house is built of wood, without an atom paint, and is a real toy-house, a genuine Liliputia Swiss chalet, built with a taste, a nicety, and neatness which are admirable. The Japanese a wonderful workers in wood, and it is a pleasure see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supporte by walls which are made, like the side-scenes in theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which a pasted sheets of a cottony, transparent paper. the evenings, when the lanterns dispense their so light round the inside of these white buildings, th spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lanter During the daytime the sides of the houses a slipped out, as side-scenes are, and the hou becomes only a roof resting on the four light corn posts, the whole interior being thus opened to th air. Every part of the house is exposed to vie and everything done in it can be seen, while behir it appear the charming verdure, the cascades, ar the diminutive plantations of the little garde situated in the rear.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

CAOUTCHOUC FROM COMMON PLANTS.—The exte sive demand for India rubber, and the comparati scarcity of the supply, has augmented the pri until it now stands at nearly one dollar per pou in this market. The crude matter comes from tro ical regions, and is derived mostly from certa trees. A variety of attempts to find substitutes f rubber, or new sources of supply, have been mad In the matter of substitutes, several valuable cor positions have been invented, which are used place of rubber for specific purposes. Among th new sources of supply are the fruits, seeds a juices of various plants, which have been succes fully treated by Mr. D. M. Lamb of Strathro Canada. By fermenting the asclepia or comm milkweed plant, followed by pressure and evapo ation, he separates a gummy liquid having the cha acteristics of rubber, and, like it, capable of vu canization. From the bamboo berry grown in th South, from flaxseed and other seeds, he also obtair in this manner, a similar gum, from which, it said, a good article of vulcanized rubber may made, and also an excellent waterproof varnis It is alleged that these substances may be produced a cost not exceeding twenty cents per pound, a that a company with a large capital subscribed about to introduce the manufacture.

THE OCEAN ILLUSTRATED.—The principles involv in the circulation of the waters of the sea we beautifully shown before the Royal Geographic Society, recently, by a simple experiment. A trou with plate-glass sides, about six feet long and a fo deep, but not more than an inch wide, was fill with water. At one end a piece of ice was wedg in between the sides to represent the polar co while the tropic heat was represented at the oth end by a bar of metal laid across the surface of t water, the projecting end of which was heated wi a spirit-lamp. Red coloring matter was then put at the warm end, and blue at the cold end, so th the currents could be traced. The blue wat chilled by contact with the ice, immediately f down to the bottom, crept slowly along, and grad ally [illegible]se towards the surface of the equatorial er after which it gradually returned along the surfa to the starting point. The red water crept fi along the surface to the polar end, then fell to t bottom just as the blue had done, and form another stratum, creeping back again along t bottom and coming to the surface. Each co made a distinct circulation during the half-hour which the audience viewed the experiment.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AND THE DEATH PENALTY.

The following is copied from a local paper, and bears the impress of credibility. It is headed "A Hard Case":

"Samuel Ulm of St. Joseph Co., was sentenced to the Michigan State Prison in 1856 for life, for the murder of one Eastabrook, and it has just been discovered that he is innocent. Mr. Ulm is now seventy years old, and after having passed nearly twenty years of his life in prison, it is hardly likely that he will care whether he is shown to be innocent or not. The law has done its worst, so far as he is concerned, and reparation is impossible."

Some twenty years ago or more, humane citizens of Michigan, by persevering efforts, succeeded in having life imprisonment substituted for the infliction of the death penalty. It was doubtless owing to the efforts of these benevolent persons that this innocent man was not made to suffer an ignominious death upon the gallows at the time of his conviction. During nearly twenty years, his wife and children grieved and languished under the imputation of having a murderer for their nearest relation in life. Who can conceive the immeasurable grief, under the load of which he himself has agonized during that term of years. This, and similar instances of judicial error, should be accepted as conclusive arguments against the infliction of the death penalty; and also of the injustice of convicting upon circumstantial evidence.

Some years ago, when the inexpediency of capital punishment was under consideration, the Superintendent of Michigan State Prison was addressed inquiringly as to the tendency of the death penalty abolishment. The response was a remarkable testimony in favor of the general good deportment of the prisoners confined for life in that institution. This hapless sufferer was doubtless one among the number commended for their good deportment.

The question which concerns us all is, who is responsible for the great wrong that has been inflicted in this and similar instances of judicial error? Are not all of us, who are willing to quiet our consciences with the argument, "Oh, there is not one of a thousand, perhaps, of convicted persons, who suffer death wrongfully?" But when we inquire, Art thou willing to be that one? their argument is generally brought to a speedy termination.

Although Friends generally are much further advanced than most other societies, still there is need of further improvement, even on the part of some of our own members; and a frequent discussion of the subject will doubtless contribute to an increased enlightenment.

Connected with the question of the death penalty, is that of convicting upon circumstantial evidence. The instance of false conviction and imprisonment, as before stated,

was likely one of that character, and it might be added, that a large proportion of capital convictions are based upon circumstantial and not positive evidence. Among the dangers of convicting upon such evidence, is the uncertainty of personal identification. The assurance and positiveness with which witnesses will sometimes pretend to identify, even when liberty and life are imperilled, is almost shocking, and the unquestioning credulity with which some jurors accept doubtful identification, is no less so.

Instances have occurred, in which a number of persons have testified with positiveness, in regard to the identity of an individual, and yet subsequent disclosures have evinced that they were entirely mistaken.

I dwell more especially upon the subject of circumstantial testimony, from the fact that I do not remember seeing it presented for consideration through the columns of a Friends' periodical, in either branch of the Society, and from the additional consideration, that a large proportion of capital convictions are based upon the same questionable authority.

A few years ago, Governor Hoffman of New York, when investigating the claims of State Prison convicts for pardon, became acquainted with one prisoner, whom he reprieved; and he assigned as a reason therefor, that inquiry of the judge, the prosecuting attorney, and other persons concerned in his trial, warranted the belief that he was not guilty of the crime for which he was undergoing a long and cruel punishment,—having then suffered an imprisonment of fourteen years.

Another instance was that of a colored man, who was convicted of theft entirely upon circumstantial evidence; and after an imprisonment of two years was liberated, through the interposition of his friends who had entire confidence in his integrity. He lived afterwards to an advanced age, with a character unsullied by suspicion, either before or after the event alluded to.

I have often remembered an expression of our valued departed Friend James Mott, of Philadelphia, "that we live in an age of barbarism,"—alluding especially to judicial procedures. The law of Moses, promulgated some three thousand years ago, contained a provision greatly in advance of some portions of our own criminal code. The equity of that provision was remarkably verified upon the trial of the virtuous Susanna. The law required the testimony of two witnesses, and the shrewd young lawyer Daniel, known after as the prophet Daniel, converted that fact into an occasion to cause the two witnesses to contradict each other, which saved their intended victim from an ignominious death, and caused their own destruction.

A correspondent of Western New Yor writes, that a prisoner under sentence of deat in the State Prison at Auburn, attempte suicide, and being so reduced by the loss blood as to preclude all hopes of recover confessed he had committed four murders, f one of which an innocent person had bee executed.

In conversation with a member of th Legislature, when a bill for the abolition the death penalty was pending before tha body, he stated that in the county where h lived there was a family, consisting of a ma his wife, an infant child, and a colored gir The child died suddenly, and an examinatio indicated the presence of arsenic in th stomach. The colored girl was tried, and co victed upon circumstantial evidence, and w executed; and yet the poor, hapless creatu was innocent. The mother afterwards, upo her death-bed, confessed that she administere the poison. Whether she was laboring und temporary insanity does not appear.

Another instance, of which I have recentl read, gives additional weight to the argume against conviction upon circumstantial ev dence, and also against the death penalty i fliction. The incident appears to have occure in England. A man was found dead in th fields, having evidently died by violence. Th finder, who was his neighbor, when exami ing into the cause of his death, unthinkingl stained his own clothes with blood, and reflec ing that it would be a very suspicious circun stance against himself, returned to his hous changed his blood stained clothes and co cealed them, from an apprehension that the would prove a strong evidence against him; b the stained garments were discovered, whic with the fact that it was known there we hostile feelings existing between him and t deceased, were considered as sufficient groun for his arraignment and trial. Althoug making the most earnest protestation of h innocence, he had no defence but his ow averment, for he admitted that he was t first to find the body, and his concealed blood garments were deemed conclusive eviden against him. Upon retiring for deliberatio eleven of the jurors, to their surprise, disco ered that their foreman refused to acquiesce a verdict of guilty. The judge was no le astonished, and reprimanded the foreman for h unaccountable refusal to find a verdict wh the evidence was so irrefutable. The for man, however, was immovable, and the oth jurors were induced to render a verdict acquittal. In after years, the foreman, und promise of secrecy, confessed to the judge th he was the man-slayer; that the murder man was a tithe collector; that they m accidentally in the field; that the titl

gatherer used irritating language; that they became engaged in a personal contest, and in the heat of passion he assaulted the tithe collector with a hay fork, which he had in his hand, and killed him. "The alternative, then, was to confess my own guilt, and suffer death myself, or adopt the course which I did, which was to get myself impaneled on the jury, and also elected as their foreman, both of which purposes were accomplished by great labor and expense also."

One other instance, and I will close this chapter of judicial errors and suffering victims. The incident about to be related occurred in Ireland, and was recited by a spectator, in whose veracity I have entire confidence. The prisoner about to be executed, was convicted of the crime of manslaughter, upon the testimony of one witness, who deposed that she saw him inflict the blow which caused the death of the murdered man.

Having ascended the scaffold, he addressed the assemblage of spectators who were present to witness the solemn spectacle of his execution, and said, "I am innocent of the crime for which I am about to suffer, and having no hope of pardon, and knowing that nothing that I can say will now avail me anything, my anxious concern is that other innocent persons may not, through similar mistakes, suffer the terrible destiny which now awaits me. The only witness who testified against me was a woman, who had no previous knowledge of me; and although I have no reason to suppose she was actuated by malicious motives, she was mistaken in the person." Continuing his address, he said, "I most earnestly implore all who now hear me, to take every possible effort to have the law altered, that authorizes convictions and executions upon the testimony of one individual. I never rest," said he, "until this law is changed." In the most heartfelt and affecting manner he continued to implore those present, during the few brief moments that intervened between him and eternity.

In reflecting upon such sad scenes as are therein portrayed, the question presents, Are not actual felonious murders sufficiently appalling without adding judicial and legalized murders to the dreadful catalogue of human sufferings? The impressive verse of Burns is sometimes recalled to memory—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, Long Island.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

The following, in the experience of John Comly and others, remarkably illustrate the position assumed by the Society of Friends in regard to the exercise of the ministry among them. John Comly says:

"The afternoon passed in great conflict and discouragement. To add to the depression of my mind, our kind hostess, seemed to want to give vent to her feelings, and related many of the trials and difficulties under which she labored, arising from the prejudices of her neighbors against Friends, and the opposition of some of them to Friends having meetings among them. She further stated, that in a late meeting appointed there by a Friend, some public opposition had been made by a Baptist, and other disturbance.

These remarks being made in my hearing, all looked very gloomy and discouraging to my stripped and deeply tried mind. I could feel nothing of the sustaining power of Truth to give any confidence, that I should be enabled to stand through a meeting of opposing spirits to the honor of Truth. I examined some Scripture passages that occurred to my recollection, applicable to such states and cases as I apprehended I should meet with. But all this would not do; it was like toiling and rowing, and getting no nearer to firm ground. I tried to sleep for relief to my outward tabernacle, but could not. After passing several hours in such agitation, anxiety, and deep sympathy with the seed of the kingdom in some visited minds about Setauket, I was at length favored with a calm. Oh! then, if I could only have had these tender, seeking minds in a select opportunity by themselves, I thought it would have been comfortable and cordial to me; but a public meeting was appointed, and must be attended, and all the mixture, opposing spirits, and prejudices, might be expected there. However, after a long struggle for resignation, with desires that the Divine will might be accomplished in me, by me, and through me, my confidence was renewed in His goodness and care, and I felt a living faith in the Divine power and efficacy of Truth.

A precious covering of gospel love then clothed my spirit with a belief that we should have a good meeting. And so it proved, even a memorable one to me, and I believe to many others. If a record of the dealings of Infinite Wisdom, with a mind sincerely desirous of doing His will may be a means of encouragement and instruction to such as afterward may follow in a similar path, surely I have cause thankfully to acknowledge that He hath led me about and instructed me, and as mine eye hath been single to Him, He hath opened a way where human wisdom and human reasoning could find no way. In this blessed opportunity, all my toiling, and spinning, and contriving, and searching the

Scriptures, proved of no avail whatever. My mind was opened entirely on other subjects, so that I believe not a single text of Scripture that I read in the afternoon came into my mind when speaking to the people. Thus it is that Divine Wisdom chooses His own offering to be offered on an altar of whole stones, where no hewing or hammer of human contrivance or premeditation has had anything to do with the business. Meeting began at seven, and held till near ten o'clock. As an evidence of the feeling produced, several aged people, who looked like Presbyterians, came to me, as well as younger ones, with expressions of love and prayers for my preservation. "Dear brother in Christ," said one, "may God bless you and prosper you." Another said: "Dear brother, God is no respecter of persons, but he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." Many other testimonials of unity and satisfaction were given by men and women in taking leave of one another. Let all the glory and honor be ascribed to Him who is forever worthy, and the Lord Almighty prosper His own works in the hearts of the people."

We have an account of William Penn being written to upon the subject of his ministerial labors, who stated in reply: "that as I am furnished upon the occasion, so it goes."

And good old Abel Thomas, when out on one of his missions of love, in writing to a Friend, compares himself to a pedlar with his pack, but his master had the keeping of the key, he was therefore dependent. If his master did not hand him the key he could not show his wares.

I have heard it stated that Jesse Kersey said that, when a subject presented to his mind, when in meeting for communication, he could see his way all through, which appears to me to be very likely, because of the admirable connection throughout his lengthy communications.

When I was a young man, a minister visited the meeting of which I was then a member, (I believe by name, Isaac Hammer, from Indiana.) It was stated that he had said that he did not know when he rose to speak what he had to communicate. The first was a motion to rise, and after that the subject was presented, and I have no doubt in my mind but that it was even so, for it appeared hard work for him to get along; for when one sentence closed he appeared to await to receive the next. His communication at the aforesaid meeting was of a very remarkable character. After rising, he said: "What! husbands not good to their wives!" That seemed the burden of his exercises, and was believed to be very appropriate. W. B.

Octorara, Fourth mo. 14th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A CONCERN.

My thoughts are frequently turned towards the younger members of our Society, who are in a measure, isolated from Friends, their business pursuits leading them to settle in homes remote from our Meeting Houses; so that they seldom have the opportunity of gathering together after our manner in social worship. It may be that many carry with them, into new localities, the impressions that were made upon their minds in childhood and can better disseminate views, adapted to spreading a knowledge of truth, than they could have done, had they remained in the neighborhood of their kindred.

The influence of those with whom we associate is powerful over our own minds, and will most likely either assist in establishing us in the religious sentiments which we as a people entertain, or lead us away from that dependence on the Divine word, which Friends have ever held as essential to salvation.

It is little by little that our faith becomes firmly established, and it is little by little that we are drawn aside from paths of rectitude and virtue.

I desire to encourage our young Friends who are settling in life, and who are anxious about their future prospects, to seek for places of business where they can have the advantage of Meeting Houses and schools, as well as the counsel and assistance of their friends in time of trial. This, however, cannot always be accomplished, and hence the present concern for those who are under the necessity of seeking for homes in remote localities. Let them ever remember that the tender mercies and the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father extend over all the earth, and that we may all be baptized in His love and be truly united in spirit, though widely separated in person.

I have been interested in a letter from a young married woman, who had left the neighborhood of her earlier days and was writing to one of her former Friends. She is now living in one of the oldest towns of the State, where the name of Wm. Penn is more honored for his statesmanship, than for his religious sentiments, and where Friends' views are comparatively unknown. She writes thus:

"We have but few callers, as we are not members of the popular church. I am afraid that I feel myself too much of a stranger and an outsider, ever to be entirely at home among my new neighbors. My simple language seems to puzzle and confuse them, and I always feel that they leave me with an odd impression."

"The Society of Friends appears to be almost unknown; the plain language mystifies them, and we are addressed always as Quakers, (not Friends) and this in the land of Pennsylvania. Does it not seem strange? There have been wonderful revivals here in the Churches and many 'converts,' as they are termed, have been added to the goodly number. Occasionally, of an evening, we join these earnest seekers after truth, but we continue our own simple mode of worship on First-day mornings. Oh! I would not forego the joy and peace which these gatherings into the stillness give me, for all the world could afford. Do not think we always abound, for oftentimes discouragement prevails, and we are bowed in spirit, but it has bound us with one cord of sympathy in a love which, I believe, will increase in strength as years pass by, and our experience deepens."

A Friend gave me, yesterday, the following account of his own experience. It harmonizes with the concern just expressed, showing the influence one mind may have upon another, and the importance of faithfully occupying the talent we may have received, even though at the time we may see no fruits of our labor:

He was brought up in a small town in New Jersey. The families in his neighborhood were generally of the poorer class. About fifty years since, he was interested in a small Sabbath school in the place, and did what he could to instruct his poorer neighbors. Passing through the street a short time since, he was accosted by a man who inquired if he knew him. He replied that he did, calling him by name, and saying that they had formerly lived in the same town. The man said "Yes," but did he not remember anything more particular about him? The reply was "No, there was nothing particularly impressed on his mind." The man then said: "You know that my father was a poor, worthless man, addicted to drink. You were interested in keeping up a Sabbath school there, which I attended, and the instruction you gave me has ever been a blessing. I am doing well in the world. I am myself engaged in teaching a Sunday school now, and I thank God every day for the opportunities afforded me then."

Many, many lessons there are of this kind in the world. W. P. S.

Fourth month, 1874.

AN APPEAL TO THE RISING GENERATION OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Issued by Friends in Sidney, Australia, who were disowned a few years ago by the body of Friends in England.

To the descendants of Friends and to those who claim fellowship with them, and especially to the young people of the Society everywhere.

Give heed, we entreat you to a word of exhortation.

We perceive from those who have visited us from time to time, some coming even with authority, that there is a grievous lack of the heavenly and inner life, and, consequently, of a faithful knowledge of the TRUTH, of the spiritual character and calling of the Society, of the marvellous Light of Christ, and of the true nature of the kingdom of heaven now existing in the earth, among the children of men. There is a manifest indefiniteness and surrender of principle to court and conform with the carnal and conflicting factions of a degenerate and merely *college-made* Christianity; yea, even submitting to and justifying its forms and ceremonies, its empty rites and ordinances. In consequence of this there is a general tendency to ignore the faithful testimonies and principles of our forefathers, by whom, through the Power of the Eternal Word, this noble Society was called forth to be the Lord's witness in the earth, turning people from darkness to the Light, from shadows to the Substance, from the dead *letter* to the Living *Word*, from forms and imagery to the *real* inheritance of eternal life. Not that ye should be merely imitators of the ancients, and so make the special leadings of the Lord in them a *form* for you; but that *ye* give heed to the *special leadings* of the same Living Word *in yourselves*, and so abide in the *spirit* and *power* of your forefathers. This will lead you immediately and specially also, into the things he requires of you.

There has undoubtedly crept into the outward Society, of which ye form a part, much of the spirit of Antichrist, transformed as the TRUTH, drawing her beloved children into the "confusion of tongues," the great Babel of profession all around us. Know ye not, the Scriptures testify that the Almighty is "the same yesterday, to day, and forever?" So must His Truth be unchangeable and eternal as Himself. How is it, then, that some of those who call themselves by the name of Friends do not hold the Truth as did their forefathers? Were the ancient ones wrong? Or has the everlasting Truth to be altered and modified by men, to suit the worldly age of general profession in which we live? Such, we fear, has been the case, and hence the loss of life so apparent.

In very tender regard for your spiritual life, dear young Friends, and also for a general, faithful testimony for the Truth, we give forth this paper, to warn you that ye be not drawn aside by such, for they *in a sense*, are "denying the Lord who bought them," by denying that of God in man which is His

GIFT for our good, namely, a *divine Light*, by which all evil will be manifested to you, and is the only power that will enable you to cease from sin. This glorious visitation and manifestation of God through His Spirit—Christ in them—they cloak and put under a bushel, and therefore they feel, as do all sinners, that they must sin in this life, that there is still a "condemnation," because out of Christ—the Truth—the Power. Indeed, the Light that is in them has, through unfaithfulness to it, become obscured; hence "how great the darkness!" Let not such lead you, dear tender ones, but be ye led by the Spirit of God in you, that ye may be truly His children. If ye wish the same spiritual life, health, and power as we believe was possessed by Friends two hundred years ago, ye *must* derive it from the SAME ROOT; no other root can produce the same fruit, and that "root" is CHRIST IN YOU.

Oh, we beseech you listen not to the manifold "lo! here's" and "lo! there's," which are so abundant all around; but turn you, as did your fathers, to that principle of God *within*, which he has bestowed upon you for your salvation, which the Scriptures testify to as the "Seed," which is Christ, "who enlightens every man that cometh into the world." In this lies your ability to overcome evil and enter the kingdom; while out of it ye will be as a wave of the sea tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine; neither will you find rest (spiritual rest) for the sole of your foot, till you return to the Ark of the New Covenant, which again we testify of, as "CHRIST IN YOU"—*the living, moving, acting power*, springing as from a little "Seed" at first (as promised when sin first appeared) and is now to be your "Life," overcoming, crucifying, and purging from within you, all that is not of the pure and peaceable kingdom of God. This is not only a heaven hereafter, but lo! even now fulfilling within all who receive it, that peace which passeth all human understanding, which neither the world nor any outward profession nor ritual can give—the "better part" that shall not be taken from you.

In the beloved John's words we say unto you, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols"—from the mere appearance of things in ordinances. Everything which perishes in the using "*touch not, taste not, handle not.*"

There are those, who, being off the "Rock," are building a fabric of hay, wood, and stubble, adorning it with forms and ceremonies, with types and shadows, to make a pleasing and attractive affair for the outward natural eye; and this is all they can offer, because it is all they possess. They have not the spring of "Life" ruling in them, which again we say is "*Christ in you,*" springing up into everlasting life, of which if ye drink ye shall never thirst. Go not to such false builders to draw.

David testified of the Hidden Power when he said, "*Thy Word* have *I hid in my heart* that I should not sin against Thee." It is by this Word ye are to live—the Word of faith—the Gospel—the wisdom and power of God preached *in you*. Receive and give place to it, and you shall live in perfect peace, being reconciled to the Father, feeling no condemnation because in Christ, and in the Father. Reject it and you die, for there is none other Word under heaven whereby you can be saved, and be kept safe.

Oh, young friends! again we lift up the voice of warning, and beseech you to shun all such as would teach you anything contrary to Christ's spirit *in you*, working for you without outward forms and ceremonies, a *perfect, present salvation.*

It is for you to hand to the yet unborn generations a testimony. Let it be a *true one*, and one worthy of the noble name ye bear. Oh, care not for the approbation of a world lying in wickedness, nor yet for the pharisaical profession. The one is enmity against God, and the other He hates; it is an abomination in His sight. But come out from them and be ye separate from such, and fear not to partake in common with the ancients, of the scorn attached to the name of "Quaker." They were a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *holy* nation, a peculiar people, showing forth the praise of Him who called them out of darkness into His *marvellous Light.* Oh, believe in and give place to the Light, that ye may be the children of the Light. Let that abide in you which ye have heard from the beginning, and be not carried away by any strange voice. If that shall remain in you, ye shall continue in the Son and in the Father. And this is the promise that he hath *promised*, even *Eternal Life.*

These things have we written unto you concerning them which seek to seduce you; but the anointing which ye have or may receive of Him, shall *abide* in you, and ye need not that any *man* teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you all things and is *Truth* and is *no lie*, and *even as it teacheth you*, so abide in it,—in Him.

Fare ye well under such divine anointing.

Signed on behalf of the meeting,

WILLIAM TUTING.

451 *Pitt Street, Sydney, 20th of 4th mo.*, 1869.

"To be amended by a *little* cross, afraid of a *little* sin, and affected by a *little* mercy, is a good evidence of grace in the soul.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

A few Thoughts from Avondale.

"Local Information" of a late number of "Friends' Intelligencer," gave some account of an indulged meeting, held under similar circumstances to one held in our village during the past winter season; and we trust the impression made upon the visiting Friends, that there were seeking minds there, searching within themselves for the treasures of the Heavenly kingdom, may also be applicable to us.

Many of us, who have been gathered at our little meeting on First-day afternoons, are in the younger walks of life, and we believe have presented ourselves there with an earnest desire that the Holy Spirit might find an abiding place in our hearts, and we be spiritually strengthened to perform better our duties, both toward God and man. And although we have oft times tremblingly taken our places, lest we might not have our hands cleansed or our hearts purified sufficiently to perform acceptable worship unto our Heavenly Father, yet we have felt that the wing of His infinite love and mercy has overspread our gatherings, causing us to enter into closer covenant to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God. But words cannot express how our hearts have swelled in grateful acknowledgement to the Author of all good, when, through the promptings of Divine love, some of our older Friends have come and sat in worship with us, handing forth to us whatever might be in store, whether words of counsel and encouragement, or the silent flowings of love and sympathy. We have indeed realized the Scripture text, "As iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Even the cordial greetings from our dear aged friends when meetings were over, have said to our sometimes faltering and discouraged hearts (though not expressed in words), Turn not aside from your labor of love and duty; give not out, neither the eye overwhelmed with fear, but gird on the armor of the Lord, and press forward. It is not likely our meetings will be continued during the summer, but that we may give evidence of profitable gatherings, and a renewal of strength and spirit by an increased earnestness and faithfulness in the attendance of our regularly-established meeting, is our ardent prayer.

E.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Unless a Spiritual Power accompanies the spoken word" that will *reach* and *stir* the souls of hearers, they will not be edified, strengthened and comforted. But there are different spiritual conditions, both in hearers and speakers, so that a speaker may deeply stir one, while others are unmoved.

Our dear Friend and Elder, Roger Brooke, some fifty years ago, related to me an interesting incident illustrative of this point. He was at a meeting in Baltimore, when Ann Poultney, sister to Philip E. Thomas, both deceased, was engaged in public testimony with her sweet, musical voice and some tone, when Roger said to himself, with something of impatience—"*What good can such preaching do?*" The thought had scarcely passed through his mind, when he saw sitting before him Samuel Thomas, who was about his own age, melted under her ministry, till the floor was wet with his tears. He said it was a lesson of instruction that he had never forgotten, and his relation of it, sealed it indelibly on my mind.

In this connection I may state that I lately found among my papers a little memorandum, I made at the time, of the remarks of Daniel H. Griffin, of New York State, at the opening of the Select Yearly Meeting in Baltimore, in 1871. They then impressed me, and did again when I read them lately, so I concluded to place them at thy disposal.

Substance of the Concern expressed by Daniel H. Griffin of the State of New York, at the opening of Baltimore, Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, Tenth mo. 28th, 1871.

The growth of the spiritual seed in the human soul, may be likened to that of a grain of wheat. Having the roots in the ground they, together with the stalk and blades, assimilate from the surroundings the elements necessary to their growth, and develop the head and chaff, which are essential in the economy of the plant, to the evolution of the grain—the crowning effect of the combined powers of all the other parts.

So, in the nature of man, his physical, intellectual and moral powers, are *all* brought harmoniously into requisition to effect the evolution of the *true seed*—the *bread*—which nourishes the soul unto everlasting life, and qualifies and strengthens it to perform every good word and work to the glory of the great Husbandman.

As the stalk and chaff are to the seed, so are the body and the mind to the soul, or the immortal part of man. These are alike essential in the Divine economy, to develop and evolve the crowning part, in which is the *germ* of a *renewed* life. This office fully performed, the stalk and chaff decay, and their elements mingle again with the earth, as do the corresponding parts of man; while the seed rises again into life and beauty, and continues to fulfil the active purposes of the All-Wise Creator.

I was much disappointed in not being well enough to be out on Fifth-day. I had looked forward to mingling with you, in the hope of being *fed*. I was glad to hear that your little gathering in the afternoon was a season "of unusual life and expression." No doubt we sometimes, yes, often, are the losers for want of a simple, child-like utterance of the stirrings of the spirit; while at other times, and on different occasions, we may suffer from the superabundant flow of words. The beautiful testimony to silent, spiritual worship, is not duly appreciated, even by our own members, some of whom are as prone to look for outward ministerial help, as those who have their *regular* services in the hour appointed for Divine worship. We shall fail to impress others with the efficacy of "waiting upon God in the silence of all flesh," unless we, ourselves, are brought into the state wherein the Minister of ministers is pleased to teach His people, through the illuminations of the Holy Spirit or Light within. I am aware that the conditions of our assemblies often call for instrumental ministrations; but I long to recognize among our professedly experienced Friends, a fuller acknowledgment of the glorious principle of the *inspeaking word*, evidenced by an inward travail for the arising of life ere the silence is broken. If this were the case, should we not oftener be baptized together, and be permitted to drink of the same cup, and be made witnesses of the *blessing* of the barley loaf, that might be found with some comparatively obscure individual.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRTH MONTH 2, 1874.

Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities of the State of Pennsylvania.—We acknowledge the receipt of this valuable volume, also the report of the same Commissioners in answer to "the resolution of the House of Representatives of First month 31, 1874, relating to the Insane."

From these we learn that only "four of what are designated State Institutions are absolutely under State control, viz., the Eastern and Western Penitentiaries, the State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg, and the Hospital for the Insane at Danville. The others are private (charitable) corporations which the State has in the past provided for as it has done for the four mentioned above, and most of which also have heretofore been largely aided by one or more *municipalities*.

By the new Constitution the State is forbidden longer to extend aid to these except authorized by a *two-thirds vote of all the members elected to the Legislature*.

The detailed accounts of the Penitentiaries give much important information respecting the educational and industrial relations of the criminals.

It is worthy of thoughtful consideration that few persons committed had served an apprenticeship to any trade or calling; over two-thirds had attended public school; about one-fifth did not go to school.

In the Reformatory schools, as the House of Refuge, *idleness* and *disobedience* are found to be the first causes of falling into error.

Details of jails and almshouses in the several counties of the State are given. There are fifty-eight almshouses in all; thirty three of these are County, and twenty five local, established by a "poor district," and altogether will comfortably accommodate 13,207 paupers. In eight entire counties the township system is in operation. Under this system the overseers receive proposals or bids for the maintenance of paupers, and annually contract, board or hire them out at so much a year, month or week. If no overseers are elected, it becomes the business of Road masters or Supervisors to look after them.

Statistical accounts of all Hospitals and Reformatory Schools are also given, and much careful thought and study of the manner of conducting the same accompany them. Special attention is directed to the change in the Constitution by which "it is forbidden to aid any charitable or educational work conducted in any institution which is not absolutely under State control excepting by two-thirds vote of all the members elected to the Legislature."

By this clause they assert, that there is absolutely no provision made for the education and training of the neglected and destitute children of the State by the Legislature or any municipality within the bounds of the commonwealth, except such as the alms-house afford, as this class of children are not reached by the public schools. The Board says "The State that neglects the education of her youth, prepares them for vicious, degrade

riminal lives, which are spent in depredating upon society, and inflicting, by example, contaminating and debasing influences on the lives of others who would otherwise prove exemplary and useful."

The condition of the insane, especially the pauper portion, is very fully set before the Legislature. In the report called for by its recent action, it appears that the total number of the insane in the State is 4,442, of these 3,842 are maintained in institutions and by other authorities. Beside these, there are 2,250 idiots.

It is estimated that twenty per cent. of all the insane are curable. In the best hospitals, under skilful treatment, about seventy-five per cent. of recent cases will be cured in six to twelve months, while in the poor-houses, not more than seven per cent. will be cured in one year.

They further state that "there are now twice as many of the insane poor languishing in the dens and dungeons of this Commonwealth as there were when Miss Dix made her appeal for their relief, and the Hospital of Harrisburg was built in response to her touching memorial." The Board condemn in unmeasured terms the practice that prevails in that Institution, of giving precedence to applicants of moderate means, who can pay a small sum for their board, over those who have none but the State to look to for their support—the "absolutely destitute and friendless," for whom the Institution was originally designed,—two-thirds of its inmates have been paying patients, to the exclusion of that number of the former class.

To prevent the continuance of the present system, they propose, "That in all cases the poor and friendless, those who cannot pay, should, in the State institutions, have precedence of the rich, or those who can pay, and that recent cases should have precedence of those of long standing," and they ask that the laws be forthwith so amended as to secure a more just conformity to the plain duty of the State."

They call special attention to the insane convicts, and urge that proper provision be made for them without delay.

Signed by George L. Harrison, President, and others.

It is well that the State has been awakened to the condition of its insane poor, and that the investigations instituted have been entrusted to men who have proved themselves, in the report before us, to be competent and indefatigable.

The institutions of a State for the suffering and needy, should ever keep pace with the community in its development of better means for their comfort and restoration. Our civilization and Christianity, alike, hold the State responsible for the humane care of all its inhabitants, who, by disease or misfortune, are unable to take care of themselves, as well as to restrain those whose vice and crime render them dangerous to the public safety.

To the social scientist it offers a valuable field for the study of the conditions from which the evils of our modern civilization mainly arise. The aid that such minute investigations afford cannot fail to eventuate in a better understanding of the relations that exist between ignorance and mental impotence, and crime.

"The Inebriate's Record."—The first number of this paper has been received. It is a small sheet, conducted by the inmates of "The Maryland Inebriate Asylum," and published monthly. The object for which it is issued is "to aid in creating and cultivating a healthy public sentiment on the subject of Intemperance and of Inebriate Asylums."

No subscription price is asked, but any contributions towards defraying the expense of its publication are gladly received.

The Institution is known as "Harlem Lodge." It is superintended by Dr. Joseph Parrish, to whom all who desire further information are requested to apply. His postal address is Baltimore, Maryland.

DIED.

ASH.—On the 21st of Third month, 1874, of dropsy of the chest, Oliver Howard, eldest son of Samuel S. and Sarah J. Ash, in his 14th year.

MACY.—In St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 15th of Fourth month, 1874, Louise Coleman, wife of Aaron C. Macy, Jr. Interred at Hudson, New York.

CHEVINGTON.—Fourth month 8th, 1874, [illegible]e, wife of Judah Chevington, a member of Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting, in the 71st year of her ag

ROBERTS.—Of paralysis, on the 14th of Twelfth month, 1873, in the 70th year of her age, Rachel Roberts, widow of the late Jesse Roberts, of Horsham. She was for many years an elder of Horsham Monthly Meeting, but, at the time of death, she was a member of Gwynedd.

BURTON.—On the 16th inst., at her residence in Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., of phthisis pulmonalis, Jane Burton, daughter of the late Dr. William Burton, in the 50th year of her age; a member of Falls Monthly Meeting.

MARTINDALE.—Suddenly on Seventh-day, the 18th inst., Hannah A. Martindale, wife of Isaac C. Martindale, of Camden, N. J., aged nearly 40 years.

TILNEY.—Suddenly, on the norning of the 19th, Mary E., wife of Robert Tilney, Jr., in the 32d year of her age; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

MEMBERS AND "PROFESSORS WITH US."

The following letter from a beloved Friend in New Jersey, written after reading in a recent number of the Intelligencer, the action of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, forwarded by Robert S. Haviland, is here offered for insertion in the Intelligencer:

MOORESTOWN, Fourth mo. 10th, 1874.

My dear Friend:—It is said there is "strength in unity," which, from experience, I can set my seal to as truth, as I feel on the present occasion from thy remarks, and an accompanying abstract on the subject of receiving members. I have for years thought much about some remarks of our valued Friend, John Comly, while on a religious visit to New England, (see his journal, page 269) in 1818.

"About sixty years ago, and prior, it was the practice in New England for any sober, steady persons, who attended Friends' Meetings (if they inclined) to accomplish their marriage among Friends, and thenceforward be *considerd members without any form of reception.*"

"About that time the Yearly Meeting revised or collected a code of rules of Discipline, in which was proposed by a committee to all such, for the time being, that, if they wished, they should be considered members, but, if not, they could not be permitted to marry among Friends."

"Here seems to have been introduced a systematic form of receiving members. Antecedent to this, *all* that chose to acknowledge themselves Quakers had the liberty to do so, without any formula of rules, and this appears by many of the old records of Monthly Meetings in New England."

"How far the present mode is a *real improvement* in all its bearings, may be examined by its effects in society, and on those who are one in principle with us, but stand without, by reason of many Friends, active in discipline, requiring more than they have attained of the growth of a perfect man."

I felt it right, yesterday, at our Monthly Meeting, to introduce the subject (after an application was made by a mother for herself and two children), knowing there are many of the class mentioned in the Chappaqua minute among us, and some who would be glad to be members, yet who look to an application as requiring more than they fear they are worthy to express. These, on First days, are diligent in their attendance of meetings, some of them often attend our other meetings, and are Friends in principle and practice, equal with our members generally. If *nothing more can be done* than to strengthen the desire of such to apply, and then to make the way as easy as practicable, it may be one step in the right way, and a means, not of adding to our numbers merely, but to our strength and the strength of some discouraged minds, to whom strength, even by the Society as an instrument, may be afforded.

M. S. L.

The change in the New England Discipline, as mentioned by John Comly, is doubtless that alluded to by Samuel Fothergill in his letter to Abraham Anthony and Jacob Mott, two Friends of Rhode Island, dated Nine Partners, Ninth mo., 1755. (See Friends' library, volume IX, page 162.)

"In the fellowship of the suffering seed amongst you, I affectionately salute you, and hereby inform you, that the situation of the Society, in your parts, hath been, since I parted from Rhode Island, the frequent and painful companion of my thoughts, in which I have deeply looked to see how it might be helped, and have carefully looked at the proposal of entering, in writing, the names of such as are to be deemed members of our Society, which, upon the whole, I cannot fully fall in with. I believe, as through the remissness of the watchmen, the present disorder hath entered, by the labors of the watchmen the remedy must be obtained.

It appears to me the likeliest method to know who are of you, will be to consider that all such who have a birthright in the Society or have been admitted upon request, or been employed in offices of the church, must be deemed members and under the care of Friends, and that a visit be paid to all such as frequent meetings, and have not a right of membership by the means aforesaid; the visitors taking the queries agreed to last Yearly Meeting, and solidly reading them to the parties, may acquaint them that those queries, or the substance thereof, are universally agreed to amongst Friends everywhere as the rule of their outward conduct; and, if they desire to be accepted as members, it is

expected they concur therewith, and be governed thereby. If such submit thereto, and testify their concurrence by a personal appearance at the Monthly Meeting, or to Friends satisfaction, a minute may be made of their being deemed and accepted as members of the church. If, on the contrary hand, any declare that they will not be governed by such rules, after deliberate waiting, and visiting them, they ought to be deemed strangers to us, and the Society no ways answerable for their conduct; but as they belong not to us, I cannot see the necessity of our making any minute against them.

This method, I apprehend, will fully distinguish who are of you and who are not, &c."

In D. Pettit's copy of old Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, the first allusion to membership that I have noticed was adopted in 1762, of which the following is a copy, viz.: "Apprehending it will be one means of discouraging mixed or clandestine marriages in future, and also conducive to the relief of Society, it is agreed that the children of such who have married contrary to the rules of Discipline, and either of them remain out of membership with us, should not be esteemed strictly as members of our religious society, until by application, made either by themselves or their parent or parents, &c., they be received as such. Nevertheless, as some tender regard appears due to them, it is desired that Friends have a watchful care over them, to advise and caution in the wisdom of Truth, when they see occasion, and should declare they are not of us, in case any scandalous conduct should bring a blemish on the Society, and justly call for such censure."

In a copy of what is believed to be the first printed edition of the Discipline, issued 1797, in my possession, the first clause on this subject is marked as borrowed from the New England Discipline, and is nearly *verbatim* the same as in our present edition to the middle of page 29, excepting the last sentence, at the bottom of the page, which was agreed to in 1828. The balance on this subject was substantially adopted in 1796.

It is worthy of notice that this matter of regularly-received members, was one that was urged by Geo. Keith in his "Gospel order and Discipline improved in men's and women's meetings of faithful Friends of Truth, for the effecting a more perfect separation from the world," written about the year 1690, or at before or about the period of his defection. His eighth proposition reads: "Whether it may not be convenient that the names of all true and faithful Friends belonging to every meeting, who are received into the number of Friends, be written and recorded in a book belonging to the Monthy Meeting; which may prove a witness and evidence of the faithfulness of such as continue in the Truth, and of the unfaithfulness of such, if they depart from it; which will be the greater aggravation and lay the greater load upon them, when they are put in remembrance, if by their own consent or subscription, their names were enrolled into the number of faithful Friends; and so its place may be made use of, in the wisdom of God, to move them either not to depart, or having departed, to return; for some having professed Truth, in part, and departed from the same, when dealt with to return, have said: They were never of the same profession with Friends; so excusing their departing; whereas their names, standing on record by their own consent, or by their own subscription, would witness against them. And too many children of Friends, who were reckoned Friends, and practiced the form of Truth, in some things have departed from the form of Truth, and left off coming to Friends' meetings; and have gone to the priests and to the vain customs and ways of the world, denied by Friends; and when blamed by their parents and others, they have excused themselves, saying, they were never convinced of the truth of Friends' religion; but did only some outward things, or come to meetings, to please their parents. And seeing Friends think it convenient to insert the names of their children's outward birth and the time thereof in a book, is it not of greater weight, and as tending more to the great comfort both of parents and children, that the day of their spiritual birth be recorded in Friends' book, to wit: How soon it is felt or understood that God hath begun his good work in them, and hath begot in them the true knowledge and love of the Truth, and Friends of it, by which they have been made willing and desirous to declare their being united and joined to Friends. But not as that a great necessity is to be laid on recording Friends' names in a book, only that it may have a present conveniency."

G. K. did not approve of birthright membership, and, perhaps, with this exception, all the suggestions made by him in these propositions have been incorporated in our discipline, although at that time opposed by Friends.

How this result was brought about may be guessed at.

In a paper loaned to me, addressed to "the Monthly or Quarterly Meeting of Ffriends, in Philadelphia, 1691–2," and signed by Geo. Keith and several of his adherents, after stating that, "Whereas it is reported that some are dissatisfied wth the publishing of a little book, entitled 'The Christian ffaith of the People,' called Quakers in Rhode

Island, vindicated, &c., and after endorsing said book themselves, they say, 'And we do desire that you would make no opposition to the said book, either as to the matter or manner of printing it. It having been perused and ordered to be printed (as we understand) by faithfull ffriends of the Monthly Meeting in Rhode Island, which is a meeting more antient than Philadelphia, and who, no doubt, saw great cause to publish the same, being so publickly charged with the denying the fundamentall principles of Christian doctrine; and certainly the ffriends of Rhode Island and elsewhere will think strange that so publick and faithful a testimony for Truth should be any way opposed by ffriends of Philadelphia."

We may presume this book was in harmony with G. K.'s doctrines, and that a large number of New England Friends sympathized with them, and hence in the course of time his views on church order became incorporated in the Discipline.

G. K. became an apostate from the faith, and have we not followed his lead in this respect long enough to see and know that a disadvantage has resulted; and would it not be well to go back somewhat towards the former practice, at least to place "a discretionary power in Monthly Meetings, to inquire of the class named, 'would you like to be recorded as members? You are acquainted with our Discipline, and can you conform, at least as near as our own members commonly do?' From George Fox's days sincere Friends would be glad of such accessions, and doubtless such were added and kept up the vitality in former times."

I suppose there are some who regard this and other parts of our discipline as incorporated by Divine inspiration, and yet, from the above, it is quite likely G. K. was the first to propose it, and he is regarded by our people as having departed widely from the true foundation. I do believe it very questionable whether this clause ever had the Truth for its basis.

J. M. T.

"EXTRACTS FROM MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE."

The following is a letter taken from the above work, a book that has interested many readers. It is the memorials of the Hare family of England, and the letter quoted is written to Maria Leycester (afterwards Hare), by an elder sister, and contains advice, though intended for the young, equally applicable to many maturer minds.

"C. S. to M. L:

"*July 28th*, 1809.—The first and great object of your reading should be to improve your own knowledge, and thereby enlarge your mind, and give you a guide in the most important duties of life, by furnishing you with the opinions and examples of others, and by enabling you to form opinions for yourself. When you sit down to your book, then consider that you are not taking it up to amuse and pass away the present hour, but to give you some information you have not had before, to acquire some new ideas, or perhaps to see some of your own ideas put in a better form than you would have been able to put them yourself.

"There are many who read with constancy and diligence, and yet make no true advancement in knowledge. They are deluded with the notions and things they read of as they would be with stories that are told, but they make no observations upon them, learn nothing from them; their eyes glide over the pages, or the words over their ears, like the shadows of a cloud flying over a green field on a summer's day. If, when you have shut your book, you have also shut your mind; if you never call yourself to account for what you have been reading and learning; if you skim over the pages and read only those parts which can amuse or divert your mind at the time, without bestowing one thought upon it afterwards, though you read every day and all day, you will have made no improvement in any way, and would have been doing almost as much in counting the grains of sand upon the sea shore, could that have been any amusement to you, though you would probably be shocked at the idea of so wasting your time. Books of amusement—mere amusement—are naturally pleasing and alluring at your age, and, indeed, at any age, and, with a disposition and desire to improve as well as amuse yourself, there is no book of mere amusement, unless it be very silly indeed from which you may not gain something and, even in a silly book, you may exercise your judgment by finding out what is foolish and how it would have been better otherwise. What I mean to impress upon your mind is that you are not to fancy yourself fond of improving yourself merely because you are fond of reading, for reading, without observation while you are reading, and reflection afterwards upon what you have read, is, as I have said before, little better than loss of time.

"I wish you to write down your observations and remarks upon every book you read of whatever kind it is, in your MS book. Put down in it the pages which have particularly pleased or interested you, or those which have given you any new ideas, if you think the subject sufficiently important to be remembered and fully understood, which little consideration will soon enable you

udge of; give a short account of the contents of the book, or the contents of any part of it, which you have especially liked. Any book hat is worth your reading is worth these pains, for your own experience will tell you hat you have but a faint recollection of the books you read a year or even half a year ago,—at least, if you were called upon to give an opinion about them, and point out any parts you liked or disliked, though you might have a general idea of whether the book on the whole pleased you, and of the general nature of its contents, its details will completely have faded from your remembrance, and you would be unable to give any opinion concerning it, or to recall any observations which occurred to you while reading it. What I have been recommending to you will obviate this entirely; you will have your opinions of books in their first clearness and freshness to refer to, besides having them more deeply impressed on your memory by the very act of writing them down and thinking about them more than you would otherwise have done.

"You are now in a progressive state of improvement; every year makes a more sensible and perceptible difference in your powers of mind *now* than perhaps it will do some few years hence. If you would look back even into the *last* year of your life, into all your feelings and thoughts for one day, you would probably be surprised to find them so different from what they are now, and you would wonder what pleasure you could take in things which then appeared to you the height of happiness, and how you could be so stupid as to find no pleasure in things you now delight in. And in future years, when you look back upon your present enjoyments, you will be able more accurately to estimate your advance in knowledge, etc., by having a few of the remarks and ideas of different periods of your life to refer to, than by any other means I can think of. Do not let your observations be confined to the things you particularly *like;* mark also those passages you do not understand, either to have them explained by some abler head than your own, or that you may explain them yourself *to* yourself at some more advanced period of knowledge. A few books read in this way, I need hardly tell you, will be of more service than a whole library swallowed as children usually swallow books—*whole*, without either chewing or digesting them, so as to render them service able to the general welfare of the mind. You are not too young to begin this, because the moment you can know and feel that you have a mind capable of improvement, it becomes your duty to improve it to the utmost extent of that capability." . . .

Selected.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body, brings our end more nigh;
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the sugeon's knife;
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it c ser, carer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne.

Behold we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick and tired, and faint and worn;
So! all things can be borne.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee,
Thus would'st Thou have it still—thus let it be.
There is a secret chamber in each mind,
Which none can find
But He who made it—none beside can know
It's joy or woe;
Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care,
And find Thee there;
So full of watchful love,—Thou know'st the why
Of every sigh.
Then all Thy righteous dealings shall I see,
Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee.

The joys of earth are like a summer's day
Fading away;
But in the twilight we may better trace
Thy wondrous grace.
The homes of earth are emptied oft by death
With chilling breath;
The loved departed guest may ope no more
The well-known door;
Still in that chamber seal'd, Thou'lt dwell with me
And I with Thee, my God! alone with Thee!

The world's false voice would bid me enter not
That hallowed spot;
And earthly thoughts would follow on my track
To hold me back,
Or seek to break the sacred peace within,
with this world's din;
But by Thy grace, I'll cast them all aside,
Whate'er betide;
And never let that cell deserted be,
Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee.

From Friends' Review.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

Fourth mo. 18th, 1873.

We came to the quiet, quaint old town with two names, Birr and Parsonstown, in the western part of Ireland.

After attending the small meeting of Friends in this place, in the afternoon, our kind host, Henry Davis, suggested a walk over the domain, and to the telescope of Lord Rosse, directly opposite the Meeting House. It was one of those unexpected privileges we have often found strewn along the path of duty, which it was a real pleasure to accept.

Our friend being well acquainted with both the premises and the proprietor, we were kindly shown, not only the telescope, but the work shops where it was constructed, and many other objects of interest and beauty on that princely estate.

Lord Rosse himself was absent in England. He is the son of the astronomer who constructed the telescope. The father died about five years ago. His favorite pursuit is continued by the son.

The telescope is mounted between two stone walls, 72 feet long and 50 feet high. Its tube is 56 feet long and 7 feet in diameter. It is a reflecting telescope, and in the lower, fixed end, lies the great Reflector or speculum, 6 feet in diameter, and weighing three or four tons. It was in the forming and finishing of this speculum, that the great difficulty to be overcome, and the great success to be achieved in the enterprise, lay. To ascertain the best metals for the purpose, and the best proportions for their combination, and the casting, and the grinding, and the polishing, cost years of study and experiment, and a vast expenditure of means. When at length the requisite knowledge was gained, and the means provided for its manufacture, the utmost care and skill were necessary in every part of the work, to secure first the desired metal, and then the desired mirror upon it.

The materials were melted in crucibles and poured into a mould, the bottom of which was made of concentric metallic rings, so formed that the expansion and contraction in heating and cooling might not mar the speculum. It was then conveyed into a heated oven, to be sixteen weeks in cooling, or annealing.

And now the speculum is successfully formed, without a fracture or defect to spoil its use. But it is still perfectly useless for the purpose designed. Not until it has been subjected to a long process of grinding and polishing, is the mirror produced upon its surface to reflect the heavenly bodies.

And then, when thus prepared and perfected, in order to effect the great result designed, it must have its proper setting, *in the right place*, and its proper adjustment on ever occasion when it is used, by means of variou machinery, and the harmonious co-operatio of many agencies, under the direction of on controlling mind.

Beside the great telescope there stood smaller one. While the smaller could nc possibly serve the purpose of the greater, th greater would scarcely be of use at all, with out the smaller, *as a finder*.

As all these things were explained to u we could not fail to see in them an instructiv illustration of those processes by which th Lord of all prepares and uses His instrument

In order to bring to human vision the re flected glories of invisible worlds, a *new meto* had first to be formed. And then the gradua preparation, to its perfect fitting for its plac and use, was a work of *time* and of *patienc* and of *skill*. Our Heavenly Father in Hi work *takes time*. The eternal years are His.

In creation, every stage of which was pr nounced "good," it was not until the sixt day (and the length of those days who ca tell?), that the completing and the crownin work appeared, when man was made in Hi image, and set over the work of His hands In the new creation, from stage to stage th work progresses towards the more gloriou completion, when that image shall be full restored and *reflected* upon all who are create anew in Christ Jesus.

They who have most purely and steadil reflected the light and glory of the heavenly have been most under the preparing Hanc They have known something of the crucibl and the furnace, and the long continued attr tion by which the perfect polishing is wrough

In our impatience to get away from suffe ing, we may mar the work in ourselves.

In our haste to realize results, failing t work *with the Master*, and *in His time*, w may fail to accomplish the highest purpose to build as with gold, and silver, and precio stones, in which He will "establish the wor of our hand." J. B.

Iowa.

Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "Th little that I have seen in the world an known of the history of mankind, teaches me t look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger When I take the history of one poor hear that has sinned and suffered, and represent t myself the struggles and temptations it passe through—the brief pulsations of joy; th tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose the scorn of the world that has little charity the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, an threatening voices within; health gone happiness gone—I would fain leave the errin soul of my fellow-man with Him from whos hand it came."

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FROM HAYDEN'S "GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE TERRITORIES."

No matter whether we are enthusiatic admirers of nature's works or not, the simple fact that we are gazing upon the snowy summit of the great Rocky Mountain Range, has in it a charm that, for the first time, at least, arrests the attention even of the giddy youth and suffering invalid. This first impression fixes itself so indelibly upon the mind, that no matter how often we may visit this region, how various our duties may be, and how intensely we are devoted to them, yet after we have returned, often as our minds revert to that section, the mountains will stand in the foreground. Nor is this strange, for they constitute the leading and prominent geographical feature of the great West.

Instead of being arranged in continuous ridges, as was for a long time supposed, this immense belt is broken and irregular, at one point grouping its loftiest peaks and ridges in a compact mass, while at another, isolated ranges have wide wastes lying between them. The water divide between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, in some places being the crest of the loftiest ridges, running a tortuous course, winding right and left, yet with a general northwest and southeast direction; at other points, it is an undefinable line on a broad and apparently level *artemisia* plain.

The mountain region reaches from the eastern slope that descends to the great plains, to the Sierra Nevada; but the true Rocky Mountain belt, although vast in its proportions, is much more limited, extending, in the latitude of Colorado and Southern Wyoming, from the eastern flank to the Wahsatch Range, a distance, direct, of some three hundred and fifty miles. Here, in the western half of Colorado, eastern part of Utah, and southern border of Wyoming, is the heaviest mountain mass in the Union. Extending east and west from one hundred and fifth to one hundred and twelfth meridians, and north and south from the thirty-seventh to the forty-first parallels, it covers a quadrangular area of nearly one hundred thousand square miles, within these bounds are collected a large number of the highest peaks and ridges of the entire Rocky Mountain belt. It is split into two parts by the valley of Green River, which traverses the entire area from north to south the eastern moiety containing the heaviest portion.

The eastern range is exceedingly rugged, broken up into sharp peaks and tortuous ridges. On the eastern slope, it is composed of an irregular series of ridges, leaning one against the other in ascending order towards the west; these at a few points separating, so as to leave large depressed areas, as the parks and upper Arkansas valley.

This form, connected with the great elevation of this entire mountain area, has a very important bearing upon the agricultural resources of the plains and valleys at the eastern base, as it affords immense reservoirs for the accumulation of winter snows, from which the streams can draw a supply of water.

As a general thing, they are covered with heavy forests of pine and fir, except where the altitude exceeds the line of arborescent vegetation. I would call special attention here to this fact, as I wish to allude to it hereafter—the connection between the rugged, rocky surface and forest growth. In the parks and other spots there are heavy deposits of drift, evidently brought down from the surrounding heights; as a general thing there are no forests, occasional groves of stunted cedars or piñons being the chief exceptions.

Long, straight-lined foot-hills are often to be seen shooting out from the mountain side, their tops flat and almost or quite level. They are generally very smooth, without forest growth, but grassed over as evenly as a mown meadow. These singular formations constitute a very remarkable feature of this section, and give a peculiar charm to the landscape.

IDLENESS is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

By request we publish the following notice of the "Taylor Academy" which appeared in the *Every Evening* of Wilmington, Delaware:

"TAYLOR ACADEMY."

An old Institution under new Management.

Prof. J. K. Taylor, brother of the late T. Clarkson Taylor, and now principal of the Virginia Normal Institute, at Hamilton, Loudon County, Virginia, has purchased the Taylor & Jackson Academy building, at the corner of Eighth and Wollaston streets, in this city, for $10,000.

Prof. Taylor designs establishing a school of high grade for both sexes, to be known as the "Taylor Academy," commencing September 7th, 1874.

Mr. Taylor is not a stranger to our people, a great many of whom, the writer amongst the number, remember him well, first as a pupil, and subsequently as assistant teacher with his lamented brother at the Friends' school-house on West street, in this city.

Subsequently he established a flourishing academy of his own in Chester County, Penna., and relinquishing that some years ago, he returned to his native county in Virginia, where he engaged to his own advantage and that of the community in various enterprises, establishing at Hamilton in course of time the academy above alluded to, which has won a high reputation in that and surrounding counties. We know Mr. Taylor well as a gentleman of genial manners, enterprising disposition and fine executive ability, and, we doubt not, he will meet with a brilliant success in his new venture.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Fifth mo.	3.	Chichester, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	3.	Providence, Montgomery Co., 10 A. M.
"	3.	Norristown, " 3 P. M.
"	3.	Port Elizabeth, N. J., 3 P. M.
"	17.	Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	17.	Warminster, Pa , 3 P. M.
"	24.	Cape May, N. J , 3 P. M.
"	24.	Junius, N. Y , 3 P. M.,
"	24.	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
"	31.	Octorara, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	31.	Pennsneck, N. J., 3 P. M.
"	31.	Pilesgrove, N. J., 3 P. M.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room, on Sixth-day, Fifth month 8th, at 3 o'clock P. M. The general attendance of the Committee is very desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting at 818 Spruce St., on Fourth-day evening next, Fifth month 6th. All who feel interested are invited.

N. E. JANNEY, *Sec.* WM. J. JENKS, *Prest.*

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held at Race St., on Sixth-day evening, Fifth month 8th, at 8 o'clock. A general invitation is extended.

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, JR., } *Clerks.*
ANNA SMYTH, }

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATON.

Stated Meeting on Sixth-day evening, Fifth month 8th, at 8 o'clock. ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

CIRCULAR MEETING.

The Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room, on Second-day evening, Fifth month 4th, at 7½ o'clock. Fall attendance desirable.

WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

THE Executive Committee of the First-day School General Conference, adjourned to meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Seventh-day, Fifth month 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M. It is desirable to have the general attendance of the Committee.

JOSEPH S. MCDOWELL, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE Department of Agriculture has very favorable information of the condition of the winter wheat crop throughout the country. In the South the crop is luxuriant, and in the Middle States the promise is good, especially in Pennsylvania, where nine-tenths of the counties make favorable returns. Three-fourths of the counties of the Ohio Valley report an average or favorable condition. Missouri and Kansas make even a better report. In California it is estimated that the crop will be forty millions of bushels.—*Public Ledger.*

THE steamship Maliva, with the body of Dr. Livingstone on board, arrived at Southampton on the 15th ult. His funeral took place on the 18th, in Westminster Abbey.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE has been doing a useful work recently in connection with the present overflow of the Mississppi river, by announcing several days in advance the approach of each one of the three great floods that have successively moved from Cairo to New Orleans since the 1st instant, sweeping away in their resistless course, vital portions of the protecting levees. Special warnings were telegraphed to the threatened points, and ample time given for such action by the inhabitants as their judgment and a knowledge of their danger seemed to justify.

The system of reports established by the chief signal officer two years ago, by which each city on the principal Western rivers is notified daily of the stage of the water at the other river towns with which it has business connections, has grown steadily in favor and popularity by furnishing regular and reliable data for their guidance in making shipments. Sufficient experience appears to have been now obtained by the signal office to justify it in issuing river probabilities and warnings, which will doubtless prove as beneficial to river interest as the weather probabilities and cautionary signals have been to our ocean and lake commerce during the past three years.—*Evening Bulletin.*

ASTRONOMERS will be interested to learn that among the numerous able men whom the president of the republic of Ecuador has gathered to its capital in order to develop the university of Quito, there has appeared one, Father Menten, whose interest in astronomy has been such as promises to settle the long-mooted question as to an observatory in the city. Menten has now returned to Quito laden with a portion of the instrumental outfit that he was ordered to secure at Munich. Among the apparatus is a six-inch meridian circle. Father Menten was some time ago a pupil of the eminent Argelonder.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE cause of cremation appears to be rapidly gaining ground in Germany. The merits of the new system of disposing of dead bodies are shortly to be tested by practical experiment in Saxony, the two principal towns of which, Dresden and Leipzig, have offered to legalize it, as an optional course supposing its advocates can practically make good their assertions in its favor. A furnace for cremation is now actually in process of construction by Frederick Siemens, a civil engineer. Its cost is estimated at 5,000 marks, or £1,250, and it is calculated that the complete combustion of a human corpse will take about an hour.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE freshet in the Mississippi this spring has caused more overflow and destruction of property than has ever before been known, the river having risen seven inches higher than at any previous period. A Correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin* writes from New Orleans upon 18th ult :

"The high water in 1867, and probably that of 1862, will almost certainly be attained before we find any relief from its subsidence : and from present indications there will be few levees this side of Memphis, on either side of the river, that will be able to withstand the pressure. Already thousands of acres of the richest and most productive soil in the Mississippi Valley are under water and the torrent is still pouring down upon us, the levees offering no protection whatever to the planter. Below this city, especially below the mouth of Red River the situation is very alarming and the water nearly even with the top of the banks at nearly all places where it is not actually running over; and while the taxpayers are contributing thousands of dollars to the support of levee contractors, the only return they receive is an inundation of their farms and the sweeping away of their crop prospects by the relentless waters of the great inland sea."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 9, 1874. No. 11.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

OGRESS OF ANTI-SLAVERY AMONG FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 93.)

Before giving other extracts from the an- nt Discipline, it may not be out of place allude to the labors of two persons about is period, viz., Benjamin Lay and Ralph ndiford, condensed from memoirs of them, the late Roberts Vaux.

Benjamin Lay was born in Colchester, nty of Essex, England, 1677, and care- ly instructed in the principles of Friends. ter working as an apprentice at glove- king, and subsequently on a farm, he ered upon the life of a sailor. He thus ited various sections of the globe, until, in 10, he married and settled in his native n.

He appears to have taken an interest in ne of the public topics and controversies of times. He presented, in person, to George First and Second, a copy of Milton's phlet, "considerations touching the like- t means to remove hirelings out of the rch," and on the last occasion was ad- ted to a private audience of the royal ily.

t is presumed he exceeded the limits which brethren deemed right, for he appears to e been disunited in 1717, although no oral conduct was ever preferred against

n 1718, he removed to Barbadoes, and engaged in mercantile business. The cruelty of the African Slave-trade had a great influence on his mind, and he became an earnest opponent of this system of bondage, zealously pleading with the oppressor for clemency, and manifesting practical benevolence towards the oppressed, always noticing them with kindness and commiseration. They soon became generally acquainted with his views and exertions on their behalf, and on First-days would assemble around his house to the number of hundreds, when he would give them suitable advice, and furnish them food gratuitously.

Popular clamor was raised against him, and he was denied the satisfaction of showing his tenderness for this class. After having endured the conflict for several years with little apparent prospect of effecting a change, he resolved to remove to Philadelphia, which he did in 1731. Here slave-holding was general, although milder than in the West Indies, but he found himself almost alone in combatting the evil. Being disappointed at his reception, he purchased a few acres not far from the present village of Milestown, Philadelphia county, where he built a cottage resembling a cave, and removed into it in 1732, adopted habits of the most rigid temperance, self-denial and frugality, drank nothing but water and milk, and subsisted altogether on vegetable diet. His clothing was of tow fabric of his own spinning, and

of the natural color. He was conscientious against eating or wearing anything procured at the sacrifice of animal life, or in the remotest degree connected with the labor of slaves.

He was constantly engaged in promulgating his views, and sometimes adopted very singular ways of doing so. On one occasion, during an annual meeting of Friends at Burlington, whose principles he always avowed, he went to that city and placed himself in a conspicuous place in the meeting-house.

He had previously filled a bladder with poke-berry juice and placed it within the cover of a large folio volume from which the leaves were removed. Clad in a military coat, with a sword by his side, over all of which was thrown his great-coat, of simple style, he addressed them in substance, thus:

"O, all you negro masters who are contentedly holding your fellow-creatures in a state of slavery during life, well knowing the cruel sufferings those innocent captives undergo in their state of bondage, both in these North American colonies, and in the West India islands; you must know they are not made slaves by any direct laws, but are held by an arbitrary and self-interested custom in which you participate, and especially you who profess 'to do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you,' and yet in direct opposition to every principle of reason, humanity and religion, you are forcibly retaining your fellow-men from one generation to another in a state of unconditional servitude; you might as well throw off the plain coat as I do." (Here he loosed the button, and the great-coat fell off, exhibiting his war-like appearance, and proceeded:) "It would be as justifiable in the sight of the Almighty, who beholds and respects all nations and colors of men with an equal regard, if you should thrust a sword through their hearts as I do through this book." Drawing his sword he pierced the bladder, sprinkling its contents over those near him.

On another occasion, he stood at the meeting-house gate, with a deep snow around, his right leg and foot bare, and to the cautions of those who went in, he replied: "Ah, you pretend compassion for me, but you do not feel for the poor slaves in your fields who go all winter half clad."

In 1737, he published a book entitled "To all slave keepers that keep the innocent in bondage—apostates—pretending to lay claim to the pure and holy Christian religion, of what congregation soever, but especially in their ministers, by whose example the filthy leprosy and apostacy is spread far and near; it is a notorious sin which many of the true friends of Christ and his pure Truth, called Quakers, have been for many years, and still are, concerned to write and bear testimony against; as a practice so gross and hurtful to religion, and destructive to government beyond what words can set forth, or can be declared of by men or angels and yet lived in by ministers and magistrates in America.

"The leaders of the people cause them to err. Written for a general service, by him that truly and sincerely desires the present and eternal welfare and happiness of all mankind, all the world over, of all colors and nations, as his own soul."

This work contained many interesting facts and powerful appeals, and doubtless made a deep impression upon many who read it. He distributed it gratuitously, and particularly among the young.

Having passed his sixty-third year, and feeling the infirmities of age, and to relieve his wife (who was an approved minister among Friends) of domestic cares, he removed and boarded with John Phipps, near Abington meeting-house, where his wife soon after died. This was a severe affliction to him, but it did not interfere with his efforts, both by speech as well as publications, to create an anti slavery sentiment.

Loving frequent retirement, he improved a natural excavation in the earth, so as to afford a commodious apartment, where he kept his library of near two hundred volumes.

His attention was not entirely directed to slavery. He also suggested ideas in reference to punishment of criminals which have more extensively prevailed in more recent times and led to the melioration of the Penal code in Pennsylvania. He also objected to the introduction of foreign spirits, the general use of which would degrade and corrupt the people.

Notwithstanding his singularities, he was on familiar terms with Dr. Franklin and other distinguished persons.

He was only four feet seven inches high, hunchbacked, and otherwise very singular in appearance; and his wife, in some of these respects, was very similar to him.

He died Second month 3d, 1759, aged 85, and was buried in Abington graveyard.

Shortly before his decease a friend informed him that the Society of Friends had decided to disown any who persisted in holding slaves. After a few moments reflection, he rose, and in an attitude of devotional reverence, exclaimed "Thanksgiving and praise be rendered unto the Lord God," and shortly added "I can now die in peace."

Ralph Sandiford was born in Liverpool, 1693, of Episcopal parents, but he subsequently united with Friends and removed

Philadelphia when a youth, and his attention being directed to commerce, he visited the West India islands and the American provinces. His humane heart soon became impressed with feelings of opposition to oppression and a convincement that "The holding of negroes in slavery is inconsistent with the rights of man, and contrary to the precepts of the Author of Christianity." After being robbed by pirates, and twice wrecked, he finally reached Charleston, South Carolina, where, unexpectedly, a wealthy person made him an offer which would have realized to him a large sum of money, but as his conscientious convictions in reference to slavery would be violated, he declined and hastened to Pennsylvania.

From the time of his first arrival in Pennsylvania until 1729, he was zealously engaged in promulgating his opinions regarding slavery. In the thirty sixth year of his age, he resolved to publish a work entitled "The Mystery of Iniquity in a brief examination of the practice of the times." When issued, and a copy of it reached the hand of the Chief Justice of the Province, he threatened him with severe penalties if he persisted in circulating it. But disregarding this as well as the opposition of all others, he distributed the work wherever it would be of use. It was an efficient auxiliary in advancing his opinions. Its style was plain, but energetic, and exhibited a mind fortified by manly firmness, and influenced by Christian solicitude and benevolence.

For nearly two years thereafter, he was incessantly occupied in combatting objections which were raised against the arguments it contained.

His bodily health became impaired, and his mental energies almost prostrated. He, therefore, purchased, in 1731, a small farm on the road to Bustleton, about nine miles distant from the city, and resided in much simplicity in a log house. Here he died Third month 3, 1733, aged forty years.

He was small in stature, and his physiognomy is represented to have been characteristic of his mind—strongly marked with intelligence and benignity. He was conscientiously opposed to habits of luxury—his clothing very simple, and of the natural color. He was hospitable and kind to the poor, and though he had many enemies on account of his anti slavery efforts, he was universally acknowledged to be an upright and honest man.

The efforts of these two men doubtless had a great influence in changing the position of the Society of Friends, and John Woolman, who was born 1720, Anthony Benezet, and other worthies, carried on the work to its greater perfection.

I will now give further extracts from the minutes adopted by the Yearly Meeting.

1735. "This Meeting, agreeable to former advices, thinks proper to repeat the caution to Friends against encouraging the importation of negroes by buying them after imported.

1737. "This Meeting repeats their advice and caution against encouraging the importation of negroes by buying them after imported, and again recommends it to the several Quarterly Meetings belonging to this Meeting, not only to be careful within the verges of their respective meetings in this particular, but to return an account thereof to the next Yearly Meeting.

1738. "Divers Friends in this meeting expressed their satisfaction in finding, by the reports of the Quarterly Meetings, that there is so little occasion of offence given by Friends concerning encouraging the importing of negroes. And this meeting desires the care of Friends in their Quarterly and Monthly Meetings in this particular may be continued.

1739. "The care of Friends in respect to preventing or encouraging the importation of negroes (by buying them after their being imported) is desired to be continued.

1742. "This Meeting repeats their caution against Friends importing negroes, and against buying them after they are imported, and that the Quarterly Meetings make report of their care herein to the next Yearly Meeting.

1754. "Dear Friends:—It hath frequently been the concern of our Yearly Meeting to testify their uneasiness and disunity with the importation and purchasing of negroes and other slaves, and to direct the overseers of the several meetings to advise and deal with such as engage therein, and it hath likewise been the continued care of many weighty Friends to press those that bear our name to guard as much as possible against being in any respect concerned in promoting the bondage of such unhappy people; yet as we have with sorrow to observe that their number is of late increased amongst us, we have thought proper to make our advice and judgment more public, that none may plead ignorance of our principles therein; and also again earnestly exort all to avoid in any manner encouraging that practice of making slaves of our fellow-creatures.

Now, Dear Friends, if we continually bear in mind the Royal Law of doing to others as we would be done by, we shall never think of bereaving our fellow creatures of that valuable blessing—liberty—nor endure to grow rich by their bondage. To live in ease and plenty by the toil of those whom violence and cruelty have put in our power, is neither

consistent with Christianity nor common justice, and we have good reason to believe it draws down the displeasure of Heaven, it being a melancholy but true reflection, that where slave-keeping prevails, pure religion and sobriety decline ; as it evidently tends to harden the heart and render the soul less susceptible of that holy Spirit of Love, Meekness and Charity, which is the peculiar character of a true Christian.

How, then, can we, who have been concerned to publish the gospel of universal love and peace among mankind, be so inconsistent with ourselves as to purchase such who are prisoners of war, and thereby encourage this unchristian practice? And more especially as many of these poor creatures are stolen away, parents from children and children from parents, and others who were in good circumstances in their native country—inhumanely torn from what they esteemed a happy situation, and compelled to toil in a state of slavery, too often extremely cruel.

What dreadful scenes of murder and cruelty those barbarous ravages must occasion in these unhappy people's country are too obvious to mention !

Let us make their case our own, and consider what we should think and how we should feel were we in their circumstances. Remember our blessed Redeemer's positive command, "To do unto others as we would have them do unto us;" and that "with what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again." And we entreat you to examine whether the purchasing of a negro, either born here or imported, doth not contribute to a further importation, and consequently to the upholding all the evils above mentioned, and promoting man-stealing, the only theft which by the Mosaic law was punished with death. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death." (Ex. xxi, 16).

The characteristic and badge of a true Christian is love and good works. Our Saviour's whole life on earth was one continued exercise of them. "Love one another (says He) as I have loved you." How can we be said to love our brethren, who bring, or for selfish ends keep, them in bondage? Do we act consistent with this noble principle, who lay such heavy burdens on our fellow-creatures ? Do we consider that they are called, and sincerely desire that they may become, heirs with us in glory and rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God, whilst we are withholding from them the common liberties of mankind? Or can the Spirit of God, by which we have always professed to be led, be the Author of those oppressive and unrighteous measures? Or do we not thereby manifest that temporal interest hath more influ ence on our conduct herein than the dictate of that merciful, holy and unerring Guide?

And we likewise earnestly recommend t all who have slaves to be careful to come u in the performance of their duty toward them, and to be particularly watchful ove their own hearts; it being by sorrowful exp rience, remarkable that custom and a fami iarity with evil of any kind hath a tendenc to bias the judgment and deprave the min And it is obvious that the future welfare these poor slaves, who are now in bondag is generally too much disregarded by tho who keep them. If their daily task of labo be but fulfilled, little else, perhaps, is thoug of; nay, even that which in others would l looked upon with horror and detestation little regarded in them by their masters, suc as the frequent separation of husbands fro wives and wives from husbands, whereb they are tempted to break their marriag covenants and live in direct opposition to t laws both of God and man.

And, dear Friends, you who by inheri ance have slaves born in your families, v beseech you to consider them as souls con mitted to your trust, whom the Lord wi require at your hands, and who, as well you, are made partakers of the Spirit of Gra and called to be heirs of salvation; and let be your constant care to watch over them f good, instructing them in the fear of God a the knowledge of the gospel of Christ, th they may answer the end of their creation, a God be glorified and honored by them as w as by us, and so train them up that if y should come to behold their unhappy situ tion in the same light that many worthy m who are at rest have done, and many of yo brethren now do, and should think it yo duty to set them free, they may be the mo capable to make a proper use of their liber Finally, brethren, we entreat you, in t bowels of gospel love, seriously to weigh t cause of detaining them in bondage; if it for your own private gain or any other moti than their good, it is much to be feared th the love of God and the influence of the Ho Spirit is not the prevailing principle in yo and that your hearts are not sufficiently deemed from the world, which that you wi ourselves may more and more come to witn through the cleansing virtue of the Ho Spirit of Jesus Christ, is our earnest desire.

1755. The consideration of the inconsi ency of the practice of being concerned importing or buying slaves with our Chr tian principles, being weightily revived a impressed by very suitable advices and c tions given on the occasion. It is the ser and judgment of this meeting that where a

ansgress this rule of discipline, the overseers ight speedily to inform the Monthly Meeting f such transgressors, in order that the meet- g may proceed to treat further with them, s they may be directed in the wisdom of ruth.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BRIEF NOTES.—No. 20.

"SPIRITUAL PREACHING." WHAT IS IT?

Professor *J. M. Hoppin*, in a late number f the *Independent*, writes, that preaching

"Is the wisdom and power of God to men's lvation.—

"It is human agency put forth under the mediate guidance and aid of the Holy host.—

"It is the earnest struggle of soul with ul in the methods of the Divine will.—

"It is the electrical power that passes from eacher to hearer, in which the love, the ill, and the whole impelling personality of e speaker is charged with the higher cur- nt of Spiritual influence; the Holy Spirit ploying the medium of human forces to ar down upon the soul, and subdue it to rist.—

"I speak of Spiritual and Scriptural preach- g, mightily reasoning with, and persuading en with the Divine motives and truths of e gospel, and not lectures on moral and ental philosophy, or ecclesiastical history, dogmatic theology, or the geography of lestine, or political economy, or church mbolism, or the poetry of nature, or the usic of the spheres."

This idea of *Spiritual preaching, under the mediate guidance of the Holy Ghost*, is not new doctrine, however much it may have en ignored, and even rejected, with ridicule d contempt.

Away down in the centuries which have ssed, there lived a memorable *preacher*, om they called JESUS. His teaching was this wise:

"It is the Spirit that *quickeneth;* the flesh *ofiteth nothing;* the words that I speak unto u, they are *Spirit*, and they are *Life*."—ohn vi, 63.)

"He that sent me is true; and I speak to world such things as I have heard of m."—(John viii, 26.)

"I speak not of Myself, but the Father t dwelleth in me; He doeth the works."—ohn xiv, 10.)

His last, parting command to His chosen llowers, was:

"Go ye, and teach all nations; teaching m to observe all things whatsoever I have nmanded you; and, lo, I am with you ways, even unto the end of the world."—at. xxviii, 19.)

But mark the injunction with which this command is coupled:

"Behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be *endued with power from on high*."—(Luke xxiv, 49.)

Again:

"Yeshall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."—(Acts i, 8.)

On another occasion, He commanded His disciples:

"Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you, in that same hour, what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father, which speaketh in you."—(Mat. x, 19, 20.)

One of the followers of this same *Jesus*, who was named *Peter*, and who appears to have possessed much of the *Spiritual animus* of his Leader, has left this positive injunction upon all preachers, for all coming time:

"If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God. If any man minister, let him do it of the *ability which God giveth*."—(1 Pet. iv, 11.)

For many of the centuries which have since rolled into the past, this idea of *Spiritual preaching*—this necessity to wait until *endued with power from on high*—this seeking for the *ability which God gives*—this dependence on the *inspeaking Word in the soul*, appears to have been wholly lost sight of. Instead of seeking for these Divine qualifications, men resorted to colleges of human learning for instruction in spiritual things, and the result has been most disastrous in its consequences.

So complete was this *departure* from primitive Christianity, that when George Fox, more than two centuries ago, began to call the people back to *first principles*—to that "*Light* which lighteth every man that cometh into the world—*to the immediate revelation and power of the Spiritual Christ manifested in the soul*, instead of the *carnal Jesus* on the cross—the world denounced him as fanatical and insane; a pestilent fellow that was turning the world upside down.

Though the professed advocates of this doctrine may be comparatively few in number; yet, ever since its re annunciation by George Fox, it has been gradually and silently spreading in the minds of the people, until there are few Protestant professors who will wholly disavow it. "The stone which the builders rejected is [fast] become [ing] the head of the corner."—(Matt. xx, 17.)

It is gratifying to find that Prof. Hoppin has so fully accepted the doctrine of the early

Christians, and of *George Fox.* The strong contrast which he has drawn between *Spiritual preaching* and the fashion of *pulpit lecturing*, is quite significant.

The *one* is a mere scholastic exercise of the intellectual faculties; the outgrowth of an education in some Princeton or Andover, and may be compared to the pattering of rain-drops on the outside of the window-pane—some noise, but not enough to awaken the sleeper within.

The *other* is the loud and startling call of the Holy Spirit, speaking in thunder tones, through the lips of the preacher, the awakening voice of God in the soul; and may be compared to the sunbeam which pierces the window-pane—the corporeal man—and goes directly into the deep and dark recesses, where the slumbering soul dwells, warming, illuminating, and invigorating it with the genial influences of a more healthy action.

Our author further says: "It is a reform greatly needed in the pulpit, that men should return, once more, to the living wells * of the Bible, as Luther, and Bunyan, and Chalmers did, and as all *great preachers* do, after they have wandered forty years in the wilderness" of sin.

If this exposition is any approximation to the state of the ministry in all or any of the churches, it becomes a subject for serious inquiry—why is it so? If the *great preachers* are obliged to compass the wilderness for forty years before they become qualified to cross over Jordan, and enter the promised land of Spiritual aid and guidance in their ministrations, what must be the fate of the *small ones*? Surely there must be some grievous wrong in the preparation, or some terrible, besetting sin in the exercise, of the ministry. Perhaps there may be both.

In relation to the greatest of all preachers, Jesus of Nazareth, He was an obscure, illiterate youth. No wonder that His preaching should occasion the inquiry: "Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary? And His brethren and His sisters, are they not all with us? Whence, then, hath this man all these things?"—(Matt, xiii, 54, 55.) The wise and prudent cannot tell, for these things have been hid from them. *Reader, canst thou tell?*

Jesus, it must be remembered, chose poor and illiterate men to be His ministers. And when this chosen band was sent forth to herald His coming, He commanded that they should not take anything for their journey, save staves only.

* The "living wells" here alluded to are not found in the Bible. It only directs the Christian traveller how and where to find them.

It was an unhappy thought, whoever may have been the thinker, that a young man may be fitted and qualified for the ministry by mere human training, and with a view to its promised emoluments, its honors, and its place. No marvel that such should be allowed to tarry long in the wilderness of sin, before they are permitted to cross over the river of judgment.

I would not detract from the advantages of a good education; but I wish to show to the reader that human learning is not an essential qualification for a minister of the gospel of Christ—and, may I not add, it is too often a dangerous one.

Nor do I call in question, that the best and holiest intuitions of a young man may lead him to look to the ministry as a manifest duty and afford him an assurance that, as he is faithful and obedient, he will receive a qualification for the service. But it is to be feared among the thousands who annually enter the theological seminaries, these are only *exceptional cases.* Whatever may have been the preparation, The Light, of which John spake "The indwelling Spirit," the Christ in the soul is the only Power which can properly qualify, authorize, and commission any one to become a true minister of Christ.

And just here comes in the imperious demands of *woman:*

Do not I possess a soul as well as my brother?

And wherein does my soul differ from his?

Is my soul less susceptible of the Divine influence than his?

Wherein is the difference between my spiritual organization and his, that I should be thought less capable of receiving the impressions of the Holy Spirit?

"Ye (men) are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you (men)." Does not this apply, equally, to us as it does to you? Did you never read that "God created man in His own image; in the image of God (spiritually) created He him; male and female created He them?"—(Gen. i, 27.) In their physical organization, they were necessarily made different; *Spiritually,* they were alike equally constituted in the image and likeness of God.

Neither the common sense of mankind, the civilization, nor the Christianity, of our day will warrant a negation of these interrogatives. If we answer affirmatively, we at once acknowledge the equal right of woman to preach the gospel, under the same qualifying influences with her brother man.

Perhaps woman has a yet *higher* claim. Her effeminacy (not her weakness or inferiority, but) her gentle, unobtrusive manner, her sympathy for suffering; her loving kind-

ness; her suasive loveliness, may soothe and subdue the stubborn, stony heart, which would resist the more masculine methods of her brother preacher.

The success of the recent temperance movements, in Ohio and other places, seems to favor the idea of woman's superior fitness to cope with the most hardened and insensate transgressors. EZRA MICHENER.

Toughkenamon, 20th of 4th mo., 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS ABOUT INSPIRATION.

At a social meeting a short time since (an occasion of deep and solemn interest) the subject of Paul's Epistles came up for discussion, and the remark was made that inspiration was tinged by the medium through which it passed—was colored by preconceived ideas and prejudices. I could not at first assent to this, having always accepted the word as Webster defines it: "The supernatural influence of the Spirit of God on the human mind, by which prophets, apostles and sacred writers, were qualified to set forth Divine truth *without any mixture of error.*" But the thought has grown, so that from day to day it is watched for and recognized in every phase of spiritual and social life. Each prompting to kind word or deed, each conscientious omitting of what might hurt, now brings up the grand word inspiration—the very inbreathing of the loving Father. Then comes the thought of how needful that we keep ourselves pure for the high office of transmitting it to others. The constant care, and watchfulness, and "prayer without ceasing," necessary to preserve us as mediums, through which it may pass without being tinged or warped by selfish aims, are sublime processes for humanity to pass through. And may we not attain to just such truthful, transparent lives, and thereby incite others to "a closer walk with God?"

How few of us are free from some latent prejudice, that cools our manner and subdues even the tone of voice, to some who need our kindness and the help of our sympathy more than those on whom we lavish such graciousness in their shrinking presence? The writer of this has suffered deep compunction recently on account of a circumstance of this kind, and calls attention to it with a warning voice. The inspiration to kindness had been clearly experienced, but the remembrance of a glaring fault was permitted to tinge the expression of love. The "swift witness" stood ready with the "flaming fire" that Paul told the Thessalonians about, to punish the selfish spirit of disobedience with "everlasting destruction," I trust.

David's prayer seems now the irrepressible cry, and comfort comes with the very utterance: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." J.

Maryland, Fourth mo. 24, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

APPALACHICOLA, FLA., Fourth mo. 15th, 1874.

To-day I ate the first ripe tomato from the open ground. We have cucumbers as large as one's finger, squashes half-grown, and snap beans plenty; one stalk of corn showing tassle prematurely; many plants and even trees in poor soils come into bearing when quite small; there are in town now two orange trees that came from seed since First month of this year, that have bloomed, and one of them has set and commenced growing the fruit, though the tree is not over four inches high. I raised an oleander from seed last year that bloomed during the summer, though only some eighteen inches high. Morning-glories, marigolds, daturas and zennias, all bloom in poor sand when so small that the bloom is often larger than the remainder of the plant. Mulberries are ripe here now, and the enormous amount one tree can bear is wonderful. I measured one twig, only one inch round, on which I counted one hundred and seventy-six berries, yet some had ripened and fallen off. The trunk of the tree measured three feet around, and every limb on it appeared as full as it could be. This tree was just as full last year. The crop ripens so early that the tree has time to grow before the next crop time arrives. Not so the orange trees; many of these, after giving a heavy crop, fail to do so again for two and three years. The orange crops of Florida are far less valuable to man than the apple or peach crop of the north, for several reasons. One is the small amount of nutrition they contain, causing the large per cent. that are unfit for market to be of little use to sustain life. The uncertainty of a crop in so much of the State, and the perishable nature of the fruit, causes such loss that it is poor encouragement to the planter to persevere in his efforts. By the cracking of the fruit just before ripening and the windfalls, fully one-half of the full-grown fruit is wasted. O. T.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

There are many who think that the mission of our Society is at an end; but to these I would say, that many precious seeds, sown by our fathers, have lain dormant for the reason given by the blessed Jesus: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now;" and even Friends, as a

body, have never been able to realize the fulness of that day which faithfulness to their cardinal principle, "mind the light," would have led them into. But the minds of the people are opening to receive the truth, and, perhaps, there never was a time when the principles *professed* by Friends were more widely disseminated than now; and though these may often appear to be dormant, yet, like the little leaven, they are surely at work and will eventually bring all into one nature and likeness. These principles were not original with Friends, but were declared to Adam in the garden, and have been realized more or less by the faithful from that time down to the present; and if we permit our share of the work to pass unfinished, we need not marvel that those who come after should be preferred before us. I was much gratified recently in listening to a conversation with Ex-Governor Edmonds, of Dakota Territory, on our Indian troubles. By virtue of his office, he was one of the commissioners, in 1862, to form a treaty with some of these same Sioux that are now giving so much trouble, and as the easiest means of access to them, they passed up the Missouri in a boat, stopping from time to time, as occasion offered, to hold talks with the natives; and in order to accomplish this the more readily, they sent runners ahead to notify the Indians and bring them to certain points on the river to meet the commissioners. On one occasion, having reason to believe a large number of natives were in the neighborhood, the Governor landed, and, against the remonstrance of the captain of the boat, accompanied only by his interpreter and entirely unarmed, set out on foot to seek them. They succeeded in finding one of the party, and having made known to him their wishes, they sent him in quest of the rest, while they returned to the boat; and they soon had the satisfaction of seeing several hundred warriors, thoroughly armed, coming over the hill, and upon the gangway being run ashore, they came aboard and almost filled the boat. This might be said to be rather a critical situation, as the whites were, probably, not more than thirty in number. Yet, when the commissioners had explained the object of their visit, and, as an earnest of their peaceable intentions, showed that they were entirely unarmed, the Indians, after some little talk among themselves, quietly withdrew to the shore, stacked their arms, and then returned to the boat and said they were now prepared to meet the commissioners on the same ground; that not knowing what was intended, they had come prepared for any emergency. The interview ended very satisfactorily. The ex-Governor also stated that on no occasion in his travels among these hostile Indians, had he carried any arms with him. He considered himself more secure without them. This illustration of the truth, that "like begets its like," coming from the source it did, impressed me so forcibly, that I trust I shall be excused for multiplying so many words in the recital of it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 9, 1874.

Co-education.—Dr. Clarke's little book called "Sex in Education," which ran through several editions in a very short time, has brought the subject prominently before the public mind, and it is being fully discussed in the newspapers and in private circles.

The interest manifested indicates the general appreciation of its importance, and a desire for a better understanding of what is really meant by co-education. The Doctor admits that, so far as intellect goes, woman can acquire learning quite as readily as man. It is not her mind that is at fault, but her sex. The whole force and argument of his book rests upon this.

A review by E. B. Duffy, called "No Sex in Education," sent to us by the publisher J. M. Stoddart and Co., 720 Sansom Street Philadelphia, presents a woman's views on this subject in a clear, forcible manner, and denies the assumption that "the ill health of girls is due to their education being conducted in the same manner as boys." He book is worthy the careful perusal of every one who takes any interest in the guarded education and proper development of our youth.

Dr. Clark seems to have lost sight of the fact, that colleges for women have been in successful operation in this country for a quarter of a century, from which, thoroughly educated and well qualified students have graduated with honor to themselves, and conferring honor on the profession of medicine.

These women have won and are winning the confidence of their sex, and in all that constitutes the individuality of woman are qualified to give a judgment, because *they are* women and can speak from that highest possible authority—their own personal experiences.

He seems to have forgotten, too, that the earnest, determined manner in which woman has forced her way into the highest walks of science and literature, and the firmness and courage with which she maintains the ground so hardly won and so reluctantly conceded by a majority of the other sex, give to her, she being the party interested in this vexed question, greatly the advantage.

All that can be said about the pathology and physiology which characterize and influence her structure, and the conditions "which test her material resources and cradle the race," is already known to her as a medical practitioner. Is it not fairly deduced from the Doctor's argument that the Infinite Being, in giving to woman a mental and moral nature equal in all respects to man, has created an antagonism between the aspirations of her mind and the necessities of motherhood?

He has scarcely stopped to consider where such assertions as he has made, when fairly and candidly examined, may lead. That few who really think for themselves will accept his conclusion may be safely assured. It is to be hoped that none will be led, from *his* representation of the "weaknesses and hindrances" that, in his judgment, unfit the sex to enter into the broader fields of mental or physical labor, to doubt the capability of woman to pursue any study or occupation that her talents or inclination may lead her to adopt.

While there is much in Dr. Clarke's little book *that is worthy* of thoughtful consideration, I cannot apply to those higher walks of academic life that pertain to the curriculum of the university, as no student is admitted into such institutions until she has passed beyond the period of early womanhood. That our Public Schools, with their high pressure in study, close confinement and long sessions, are fruitful sources of invalidism in boys, as well as girls, cannot be doubted. It is a marvel that any of our girls, especially, are at all able to pass into vigorous, healthy womanhood, when we consider the various dissipations, with the unreasonable fashions, that surround girl-life in our cities and larger towns. If there was not a vitality that is nearly irrepressible, we might indeed look with gloomy forebodings to the future of the race. Make the schools educational institutions in the sense in which Dr. Clarke understands the term "education," and there is no more to be feared from co-education than there is in the commingling of parents, children and friends in the home circle.

Indeed, the home circle is oftener at fault than the seminary or college in the matter of health, and it is from this well-known fact that one of the strongest arguments for a thorough education for woman must be drawn. She is the centre of that circle. Let every faculty of her mind, every function of her body, be so trained and developed, that she can safely enter upon and worthily fulfill the responsible duties that lie before her. Man has need of a "help-meet" in a truer and nobler sense than a majority of the sex has as yet sought after.

He that is awakened to a clear perception of what true womanhood really is, will ask for *more* than a beautiful toy to amuse his hours of relaxation.

To Correspondents.—Several articles are omitted for want of room, but will appear in a future number.

DIED.

ELLISON.—Suddenly, in New York city, on First-day, the 24th ult., Wm. C. Ellison, formerly of Philadelphia.

STRATTON.—At his residence in New York city, Fourth month 10th, 1874, Robert M. Stratton, in the 71st year of his age.

This dear Friend was a member and minister of New York Monthly Meeting. He was one possessed of a vigorous and energetic mind, and when that which was presented to him as a duty was sufficiently clear, he embraced it, and it then became, with him, an all-pervading obligation to fulfill it. It was this that changed the general tenor of his life, and brought him, at middle-age, into close religious fellowship with Friends. Keeping near to the teachings of the Gift within, he grew into usefulness in the Society, and finally appeared in the ministry, which, being acceptable, was acknowledged by his friends.

His health failing within a year or two after this, he was often confined to his home, and eventually to his chamber.

His sickness continued for several years, and during a portion of it, his sight failed him. Yet he ever retained a cheerful, patient demeanor, apparently waiting for the moment when he might be released, and be permitted to realize that state of blessing and of peace in the future, which had, at times, been opened before him.

WILLITS.—In Philadelphia, Fourth month 22d, Edith W., widow of John H. Willits. She was a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race St.,)

and seldom absent from her accustomed seat. Her meek, placid countenance was a ministration of encouragement to the weary and afflicted.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," may be truthfully applied to her.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PUBLIC TABLE FOR LABORING MEN AND WOMEN.

It is gratifying to the friends of temperance to perceive that the editors of *Friends' Intelligencer* have so freely opened its columns to the subject Many thoughts have thus been well and wisely elicited. The times demand earnest thought and judicious labor.

Intemperance is by no means confined to the poor. Its victims are found in all classes of society, and the cry that comes from the stricken mother, wife, or sister, is no less a cry of agony, because her cherished one is sheltered by the influence of wealth and position from the world's scrutiny and censure.

Example is often more potent than preaching. Let us, as Friends, take the initiative in this matter of abstinence, and show to the world that we *can* bear a faithful and consistent testimony against the unnecessary use of all alcoholic stimulants. Let us see to it that it enters not into any article of food upon our tables to render it more palatable to the taste.

My young sisters, you who are commencing life as housekeepers, be not afraid to say that you have a testimony to bear in this respect; and let your husbands, brothers and friends see that you are true to it. Thus may you be to them a strength in weakness,—a safe refuge in the hour of temptation.

If there are few to buy there must necessarily be few to sell, and the necessary use will be confined to narrow limits.

The primary object of this article is to introduce to the readers of *Friends' Intelligencer* a narrative of the working of an experiment originating in Glasgow, and spreading through the United Kingdom. It has for its object the improvement and comfort of the working classes, and has so far been a very great success. It is from the pen of Kate Field, the *Tribune's* correspondent. We will let her speak for herself.

She says: "I doubt not that you will agree with me, when I assert that it is useless to tell badly-fed, miserably-housed, overworked men and women, whose lungs have been poisoned by foul air, or worse—whiskey, that they must touch nothing but cold water. They must have something warm, and the practical road to temperance is to find a hot, palatable substitute."

It is not probable that the American operative or day laborer will compare with those in England and Scotland of the same class; but we do know that very many of them have poorly-organized homes, and a comfortable meal at convenient hours is not always within their reach. Many undoubtedly resort to the use of rum and tobacco to supply the deficiency, and if the suggestion here offered should meet with favor from those who have means at their disposal, a self sustaining method might be adopted to increase the comforts of the poor, and lessen the amount of drunkenness and crime. E. P. C.

HOLLY TREE INNS.

To the Temperance Men and Women of New York.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS—FACTS AND FIGURES.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

SIR:—It seems to me that a vast deal of good intention, energy and money are being wasted upon the matter of Temperance. That drunkenness rather than money is the root of most evils, and that its abolition is absolutely necessary to the well-being of society, no thoughtful person will deny. How to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished is the problem of the moment over which earnest souls are pondering, disagreeing, and, at times, showing their own intemperance by losing temper. Now, whether reformers be total abstinents, or, in the real sense of the word, temperance advocates, they ought to be willing to meet on whatever ground will advance the cause they have at heart, which is to diminish the sale of alcohol. Praying-bands may avail in small places—though the recent elections in Ohio hardly justify this hypothesis—but certainly their possibilities are exceedingly small in New York, and what most concerns us is to do the work that lies next us. . . . .

You are of course aware that Glasgow is about the most immoral and intemperate town in all the United kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, therefore what can succeed there must succeed here, and what I relate is a condensation of a Social Science Tract written by William Chambers, LL. D., of Edinburgh: One day, at the close of 1862, this well-known gentleman visited Glasgow, in order to make himself personally acquainted with a remarkable system of supplying meals on a cheap and extensive scale, organized two years before by Thomas Corbett, an opulent merchant. Influenced by the belief that the working classes of Glasgow might be supplied with cooked food of a wholesome and agreeable kind at a much cheaper rate than that which they had hitherto paid, Mr. Corbett conceived the idea of opening an establishment for the purpose, and adopted the term, Great Western Cooking Depot. Such was the popularity of the scheme, that branch after branch

was added at the rate of about one every two months, and now there are thirteen branches, with a prospect of fresh additions. What is the nature of these depots is best shown by reproducing one of their bills of fare:

Great Western Cooking Depot, Specially Opened for the Working Classes, No 74 Jamaica-st. These premises are the most commodious and handsome that have ever been opened for the working classes in any country, and have accommodation for dining comfortably 400 persons at one time.

PRICES.

Bowl of broth	1 d.	Bread and cheese	1 d.
Bowl of soup	1 d.	Boiled egg	1 d.
Bowl of porridge	1 d.	Lemonade	1 d.
Plate of potatoes	1 d.	Soda water	1 d.
Cup of coffee	1 d.	Ginger beer	1 d.
Cup of tea	1 d.	All of the best quality, and always ready.	
Bread and butter	1 d.		

The sale of the above rations now amounts to 80,000 weekly. Separate rooms for women. All the daily papers. Every one is invited to the free use of reading-rooms.

N. B.—These establishments are conducted on the strictest business principles, with the full intention of making them self-supporting, so that every one may frequent them with a feeling of perfect independence.

Another handbill is as follows:

As the economy of cooking depends greatly upon the simplicity of the arrangements with which a great number of persons can be served at one time, the upper hall will be specially set apart for a public breakfast every day, from 8¾ till 10¼, consisting of the following dishes:

Bowl of porridge, bowl of milk, cup of coffee, roll and butter; fixed charge, 3d. The hall will also be specially reserved for a public dinner every day, from 1 till 4 o'clock, consisting of the following dishes: Bowl of broth or soup, plate of beef, hot or cold, plate of potatoes, plum-pudding; fixed charge, 4½ d.

N. B.—Prices of each article at all other hours, and in all other parts of the establishment, same as usual.

It is one of Mr. Corbetts's excellent theories that the difference between a little elegance and downright shabbiness is not 2½ per cent. on the entire outlay, and it sinks to nothing when we reckon attractiveness and comfort. In Mr. Corbett's finest depot there is nothing like huddling or dividing into small rooms. The extensive floor is open, with rows of neat tables, six feet long, covered with painted cloth, mahogany pattern, every table having a form on each side. These forms are fixed on cast iron supports and have wooden backs—a comfortable arrangement. The glossy table top is easily kept clean, and is preferable to the common variety of eating-house table-cloth, decorated with tracery of by gone gravy. In the middle of each table stands a capacious crystal carafe, full of pure, cold water, with a number of small crystal tumblers arranged round it, ready for use.

Mr. Corbett disclaims all wish for profit, but equally repudiates the notion of imparting a charity. What he specially desires to prove is that, properly conducted, these cooking depots will pay, and that by resorting to them, working men and women will feel that, while being fairly served, they really pay for all they get, and are in no way treated as paupers. Mr. Corbett receives an interest of 5 per cent. on the money he has so beneficently invested. Each depot is under the immediate charge of a matron, generally a woman, selected for her superior character and abilities. Under her are the requisite number of girls employed as waitresses and for kitchen work, all of whom are given their day board, but go home at night. The servants are under a principal manager, whose duty it is to look after the important department of buying, and whose aim is to procure every article of best quality at lowest cash prices. He has three or four male assistants, one of whom acts as cashier; he collects the cash drawn at each branch every morning, and keeps correct accounts with each branch, for which the matrons are held responsible. From experience, it is known what amount of cash should come in from a certain quantity of material given out. There is, too, an inspector, who visits the various branches at all hours, to see that everything is in order.

Is there any waste—any bad remnants left over? No. The demand is so well known, that it is easy to prepare the exact quantity to be consumed. Casual customers, after the specified hours, use up the surplus; and should anything be left on hand it is sold at half-price to poor persons, who send at the hour of closing. On no account is any food kept over until the next day. Every morning the depots start with fresh materials. Any considerable cheapening of meals in public establishments must depend on two things alone: first, a large number of customers; and second, the preparation of a few simple dishes and no others. The object to be attained is mechanical reiteration. Just as a power-loom will go on working at the same kind of cloth without intermission, or as a printing-machine will turn out an endless quantity of one newspaper, so, by the like principle of mechanical reiteration, may a few ordinary articles of food be cooked and served up on a gigantic wholesale plan, at the merest shade of profit over the first cost of the articles. Equally successful are the Dining-Halls at Manchester and Salford. On the first day that the first dining-room in Manchester was opened, about 500 working people came for the mid day meal, and the number constantly increasing amounted during the first three weeks to 25,661. Carlisle, too, has its cheap cooking depot for the sale of soup, disposed of to private families of humble class, at a price below that for which the

could make a small quantity. And here is Carlisle's receipt for a nutritious soup:

For 100 gallons.—Beef, 100 pounds; pot-barley, 67 pounds; whole white peas, 53 pounds; onions or leeks, 10¼ pounds; salt 10¼ pounds; black pepper, 10 ounces. For 60 gallons—Six-tenths of these quantities; other quantities in the same proportion.

The description of beef is necks and sloats and houghs; that is, the coarsest and cheapest parts. Heads are never used, because they require too much cleaning, although very good for the purpose in a small way. The beef is cut into small pieces, the size of a walnut, and the bones chopped into pieces or cracked, so that the marrow can be boiled out. The peas are put into bags, tied slack, each of 20 or 30 pounds weight, with a strong string attached to the mouth to lift them out when boiled. The beef and peas in the bags are set on at 8 o'clock, and boiled throughout the night; by 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning the pot barley is put in loose; by 4 o'clock the pea-bags are taken out and emptied into tubs, and with a heavy bruiser beaten into a fine pea-pudding, and then returned to the soup without the bags. About 7 o'clock in the morning the salt and pepper are mixed together, likewise the onions, after having been peeled and chopped fine, and by 8 o'clock, or breakfast time, the soup is ready for delivery.

So much for Europe. Has any such experiment been tried in this country? Yes. Several years ago Mrs. James T. Fields of Boston, desirous of making life less hard and drunken to working men and women, founded what, in honor of Charles Dickens, she called Holly Tree Inns. To her I wrote for information, and from one of her letters I take the liberty of making the following valuable quotation:

"The Holly Tree Inns are entirely successful pecuniarily when they are well managed. Two men, who have two separate establishments near me, have not only cleared themselves of debts contracted before they started, but have really made money for themselves. For these establishments, in the beginning, I paid the rent for six months, and furnished the shops thoroughly. I also paid a year's rent for one place, where the rent was high, until the man could get thoroughly established. There can be no doubt of the assistance these Inns have been to working men and women. At any hour of the day they can have a cup of hot tea, coffee, or soup, for half the price of bad whiskey. It is not always a craving for strong drink which carries men to the gin-shop. They simply need something hot, and such we have been able to help. We can distinctly trace cases of families saved from utter ruin by our Holly Tree Inns. They should be self-supporting to be what I consider successful. The people should show they wish them by going to them. If they go, 500 a day, as with us, the Inns must pay. The danger here is paying out money for service. That should be avoided as far as possible, by placing families in charge. Above all, 'patronesses' should never appear on the premises."

Now, are not Holly Tree Inns practicable in New York? Chicago and other Western towns have them; even Richmond, Va., hopes to establish one before long; why, then, cannot this great city display equal regard for the well being of her honest poor? Here is an opportunity for an honest hand-to-hand fight with vice. If, in the poorest and most populated quarters of this city, cheerful Holly Tree Inns were opened near by dirty grog-shops, and good tea, coffee and soup were offered for less than liquor prices, I am rash enough to believe that the grog-shops would lose many of their best customers, and that the children of those old customers would be saved from demoralization. During the Christmas holidays the Glasgow depots number 8,000 visitors daily—8,000 men and women who otherwise might congregate in vicious haunts. Shall we not give our working people a chance to cultivate that which is best in them before we talk about total depravity? What one Boston woman has done, one or more New York reformers may do, for comparatively little capital is necessary. Unfortunately I can only suggest. Who will act?

New York, April 11, 1874. KATE FIELD.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

More than a week ago the Albany papers chronicled the execution of one Emil Lowenstein; now we are told that, in Georgia, on the 17th instant, four others suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

In the first mentioned case, the condemned man protested his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, to the last moment of his existence.

Such protestations we know are often of little account, for the guilt fastens upon the accused with a certainty that admits of no doubts. But now and then there are death-bed confessions which reveal the sad truth that men and women have been tried, condemned and executed for murders of which they were entirely innocent.

A solemn and weighty responsibility rests upon the community where such tragedies are enacted. The possibility of evidence being adduced that declares an innocent person guilty and makes it the positive duty of the sheriff to see that the extreme penalty of the law is executed upon such, should awaken every man to the necessity of protecting himself from the remotest chance of such a fate. Then the odium that attaches to a felon's death; how it crushes out every ray of hope from the lives of those who are bound by the ties of kindred, "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth generations."

Though the man may be as innocent of the crime as when he nestled in the bosom of her who bore him, the world accepts the verdict, and has only shame and ignominy to give in return for the life it takes.

And what man shall say, "This can never happen to me! I stand on ground so high that no accusation of so foul a nature can cast its awful shadow across *my* path."

But while the law that demands life for life remains on the statute books, it points its avenging fingers at every one.

The teachings of our Christian profession lean to the side of mercy, and when our heavenly Father can be so patient and long-suffering, may not we, His children, learn the lesson of forbearance towards the wrong doer? No harm can come to any State or nation, by substituting imprisonment for life for the hangman's rope, and if in the course of time a tardy confession wrung from an accusing conscience places the guilt on another, the mere *thought* of such a result, outweighs all the arguments that can be offered in favor of the Death Penalty.

A prison cell gives reasonable security from further violence; and time, the adjuster of many wrongs, works out with greater certainty than judge or jury the true status of each individual. L. J. R.

THE THREEFOLD CORD.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

From The Christian Register.

BLESSEDNESS.

It is not happiness I seek,
Its name I hardly dare to speak;
It is not made for man or earth,
And heaven alone can give it birth.

There is a something sweet and pure,
Through life, through death, it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that Blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-borne tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above,
A conscience clear from wilful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within.

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour,
These, these my soul, make Blessedness;
I ask no more, I seek no less.

And yet I know these are too much;
My very being's life they touch;
Without them all, oh! let me still
Find Blessedness in God's dear will.

L. J. H.

From the Christian Union.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY D. B. STEVENS.

Valiant little flowerets, struggling thro' the snow,
Bursting from your prison in the realms below,
Welcome is the message which your footsteps bring—
"Winter's surely yielding to the breath of Spring."
Pretty little flowerets, faces all aglow,
Did the sunbeams paint you, nestling 'mid the snow;
Or the south wind, rudely, cause your cheeks to flush,
With the fair, soft tinting of a maiden's blush?

Fragrant little flowerets, filling all my room
With the balmy odors of your choice perfume,
While the sweet breath floating from your downy cell
Haunts the secret chamber of my soul as well,—
Stirs its silent harp-strings—wakes to grateful lay
Memories of kindness, blessing all my way!
Ye are Friendship's token, to a stranger shown,
Love, which yieldeth perfume, gracious as thine own.

Constant little flowerets, for where'er ye go,
Ye are breathing softly of the "Long ago."
Tales of childhood's rambles—haunts we loved to roam
In the wooded shadows, near the dear old Home.
Ah! how widely wander, now, that household band
From Atlantic's billows to Pacific's strand,
Roaming still 'mid shadows, seeking for the flowers,
Heralds of a Spring-time, which hath no wintry hours.

Darling little flowerets, nurtured 'mid the snow,
Budding into blossom while the cold winds blow;
Shedding forth rare fragrance from your lowly bed,
Striving earth's bleak places with fair flowers to spread.
Breathe your silent message: "Heart with gloom o'ercast,
Chilling 'mid life's snow-drifts, shrinking from its blast,
He who clothed in beauty, and kindly sheltered me
From wintry cold and tempest, *doth much more care for thee.*"

West Goshen, Litchfield Co., Conn.

From The Christian Union.

"FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER."

She is a washerwoman, and she lives in one of the northern cross-streets of New York, not far from the Hudson river. You may have met her sometimes hurrying along after night-fall, carrying in her arms that enormous bag of clothes, and bent under its weight. Week in, week out, she toils at her tub, at that hardest work that human backs are heir to; every muscle strained and bent, as she

soaps, and rubs, and rings. Day in, day out, she stands at the ironing table, lifting and passing to and fro the eight pounds of solid iron seven times heated, lifting and pushing it all day long. Standing, mark you, at table or tub, "on her feet," literally sixteen hours out of the twenty-four!

She supports by her hard work a husband, now quite an old man, and one child. She rents a small, six-roomed house, two rooms of which she retains for herself, and the remaining four she rents out to laboring men and their families. With the rent of these rooms and the profit of her own hard work, she has managed to "get along" comfortably, and to have a few dollars laid by for a rainy day.

The rainy day came in autumn. Every man of the four who rent her rooms was turned out of work. Good, honest fellows, sober and industrious, with their little families around them; facing the problem to beg, or steal, or starve; leaving home early in the morning with basket and shovel, walking the streets all day long in the vain quest for work; and returning at night hopeless. Hopeless! Desperate! save for one ray of light in the darkness; one link that bound them to their kind.

"I forgive them the rent," says Ann, the washerwoman, "and it's going on five months now."

"Sure an they've had but one meal a day the winter long, and that a little oatmeal. If they make a few pennies with shoveling snow, now and then, would it be I that would take it, and the children starving?"

Through all these five dark months has Ann, the washerwoman, scrubbed, and soaped, and wrung; has toiled over the hot irons, and carried home the heavy piled-up basket, rejoicing that it was heavy. Paying the rent for these four families, keeping, who knows from what extremity of crime and reckless despair, those four husbands and fathers. In her magnificent charity—for all greatness is relative—what proud name in New York can rival hers? In what proportion to our incomes, to our own outlay for luxury in mind or body, does *our* giving stand to this woman's mite? What man or woman among us, millionaire, banker or merchant, or gay leader in fashionable charities, has given of his substance, his all, and added to the gift, the hard-earned wages of every day, as "this one woman hath done?"

"Don't think that Nature (human or other) is corrupt; don't think that you yourself are elect out of it; and don't think to serve God by praying instead of obeying."

—*Ruskin.*

TEMPERANCE.

An Address to the Teachers of the First day School Union of Bucks Co., and by it forwarded to the Association meeting, Fourth month 18th, 1874.

So much has been said and written on the subject of intemperance, that it hardly seems as if the human heart could devise any new persuasion relative to it, or the human intellect any new argument. Yet we are told to "never weary in well doing," and, therefore, however feeble and powerless our words may be, we should hold it a solemn duty to do the utmost in our power towards uprooting this fearful evil. But while praying for the day to come when intemperance shall no longer fill the land with its victims, we can do much towards hastening that day by our words and acts. Benjamin Hallowell says:—"Every desire and effort to act rightly and do good, is practical prayer." Let it be our practical prayer that we instil into the minds of the hundreds of children who flock to our schools on First-day, this great principle of the Society of Friends—their life-long testimony against intemperance. It is easier to prevent than to cure intemperance. We have not the power to put to route this army of 60,000 confirmed drunkards that we are told, this year, fills the land; but we can do much towards preventing that army from being recruited hereafter. Upon us teachers falls a great responsibility—ours is a golden opportunity. These young minds, so quick to receive impressions, and so strong to retain them, will surely arise and call us blessed, if we strengthen them to resist this temptation. If we impress these little ones as we should on this subject, we shall have laid the corner-stone of many temperate, peaceful homes, that, but for our teaching, might be the homes of intemperance and want. Consider how much more extended a teacher's opportunity is than a parent's. A parent may have only two or three children to impress and warn, but to you, oh! teachers, are entrusted many souls; some with you only a week, perhaps, some for years. However long or short the time, forget not to utter this warning. Of what avail is learning, religion, or life itself, if this rank, poisonous weed of intemperance once takes root in a human soul? Of what avail to teach the young the history of the Bible, if we leave them ignorant of this history written in words of fire all over the land? "Can any religious teacher join with Paul in saying, 'I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God,' unless he has faithfully sought to present all attainable truth which bears upon human life and welfare?" Show them this rock on which so many have struck and gone down—men and women once pure and innocent. Plead with them, argue with them, impress them

with every pathetic story that comes to your ear, or touches your soul. Happy are you, if you have to *collect* these incidents, and do not have to quote them from the indelible record of your own experience? If our schools are to be a living light and strength to our Society, I believe this is one of the great works for them to take up. Let it be said of us that we teach temperance more than theology, religion more than history. We must put all our thoughts and strength into the work, and then will come a wondrous light and joy and recompense.

Bristol, 4th mo. 11th, 1874. C. S. W.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOURTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	14	10
Rain all or nearly all day	2	4
Snow, including very slight falls	4	3
Cloudy, without storms	6	9
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	4	4
Total	30	30

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1873	1874
	Deg.	Deg.
Mean temperature of Fourth mo., per Penna. Hospital	51.83	44.89
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	70.05	66.00
Lowest do do do do	36.05	24.50
RAIN during the month, do do	4.19 in.	7.50 in.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for 1873 and four for 1874	1,278	1,385
		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Fourth month for the past 85 years		50.26
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1871		58.18
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1794 and 1798		44.0$_0$

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1873.	1874.
Totals for the first four months of each year	18.07 inch	14.12 inch

That the month just closed has been an exceedingly unpleasant one cannot be denied. We read from our diary:

Fourth month, 3—Passengers to the Pacific by rail breakfast in the Sierras, with twenty feet of snow around them; four hours later they find wheat four inches high, and the next day see pear and peach trees in blossom.

Fourth month, 4—Very cold. Ice made last night, three-eighths of an inch thick by actual measurement. Yesterday it was reported that "snow from twenty to thirty feet deep, and solid as ice, is still lying in various parts of California."

Fourth month, 5—Snow at Hudson, N. Y., six inches deep, and still falling. The same evening three inches fell at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Fourth month, 9—Louisville and Memphis were visited by a severe snow storm, to the astonishment of their oldest inhabitants, who could not remember that such a thing had ever before happened in that latitude in April. The storm lasted nearly all day at Louisville, but only two hours at Memphis.

Fourth month, 10—Snow at Erie, Pa., six inches deep.

Fourth month, 11—We thus note frost in West Philadelphia this morning. The entire week ending yesterday has been very cold. This morning everything stiffened up with it. Plenty of ice about. Froze all day in the shade.

Fourth month, 13—Still very cold. We know of water having frozen solid in pipes measuring one inch in diameter in the inside, belonging to a steam engine in the lower part of the city, splitting said pipes so as to necessitate new ones.

Fourth month, 16—Nashville, Tennessee, was visited by a tornado, which is estimated to have destroyed property to the amount of $100,000.

Fourth month, 17—Snow fell at Binghamton, N. Y., to the depth of four inches.

Fourth month, 25—Snow storms appear to have extended over a large surface of country.

Fourth month, 28—Snow in New York.

Fourth month, 29—We hear from Washington: "For several hours this morning a severe snow storm prevailed, which is something unusual for this city at this season of the year. At 12 o'clock, however, the snow had almost entirely disappeared."

The year 1857 has been referred to by some, from memory, as furnishing corresponding weather with that of the present year for the month under review. Upon referring to our diary we find the supposition to be nearly correct. As we noted on the 6th, "mercury down to twenty degrees, having fallen *thirty degrees in one hour*, while *snow* is noted in various places between the 5th and 10th, but nothing so late in the month as those chronicled this year. The mean temperature of 1857 was 45.29.

It will be seen from the above that cold weather and *late snows* have been very extensive this season in almost every section of country. Terrible inundations and overflows have also occurred in the west. J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, Fifth mo. 2, 1874.

NOTICE.

FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

At the Annual Meeting, held on the evening of Fourth month 24th, a report from the managers was read, showing that, owing to the financial troubles of the past year and other reasons, the amount subscribed had not equalled what they desired, and that a much larger amount would be required before the Institution could be started with a fair chance of success.

Much expression was made by Friends in attendance, and some subscriptions reported.

A feeling of interest was manifested, and a determination expressed to persevere until the effort be crowned with success. It was thought that the new board should make a thorough canvass in order to realize the funds to start with at an early date.

It was proposed that a charter be obtained, and this was referred, for further consideration and action, to the new Board of Managers, who are as follows: Dillwyn Parrish, Wm. Hawkins, Henry Saunders, Stephen Cox, Mary F. Saunders, Elizabeth M. Cooper, Sarah K. Gillingham, Sarah Parrish, Dr. B. Franklin Betts, T. Ellwood Chapman, Mahlon K. Paist, Jos. Bacon, Sarah F. Middleton, Letitia G.

Haines, Harriet W. Paist, Emily H. Atkinson, T. Ellwood Longshore, Abraham W. Haines, Edmund Webster, Wm. J. Gillingham, Sarah C. Webster, Mary A. Tupman, Annie H. Bunting, Rebecca N. Webster. Treasurer, Henry M. Laing, 30 N. Third St.; Clerks, Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Lydia Gillingham; Auditors, Alfred Moore, J. Lundy Brotherton. The Collecting Committe were continued.

THE Central Committee of the Indian Aid Association of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will report to a General Meeting, to be held in Race Street Meeting house, on Third-day evening next, 5th mo. 12th, at 8 o'clock. A general invitation is extended.

MARY JEANES, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The Executive Committee will meet on Seventh-day afternoon, 5th mo. 9th, at 3 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia. It is desirable to have as many present as can conveniently attend.

JOS. T. MCDOWELL, *Clerk.*

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Adjourned Meeting in Race Street Meeting-house, on Fifth-day evening, 5th mo. 14th, at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, } *Clerks.*
ANNIE CALLEY, }

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE will meet for organization and other important business in the Central School Lecture Room, Fifth-day morning, at 8 o'clock. Full attendance very desirable. Those appointed by the several schools and co-operate with the visiting, are requested to meet with them.

FRIENDS' BOOK ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting will be held on Second-day evening next, 11th inst, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-house. Election of Managers and other business. Stockholders unable to attend can be represented by proxy. All interested are invited.

LOUISA J. ROBERTS, *Secretary.*
HENRY H. BENTLEY, *President.*

CHILDRENS' MEETING.

The annual gathering of children connected with First-day schools, will take place to-morrow (First-day) afternoon, at 3½ o'clock, in Race Street Meeting-house. Nine or more schools are expected to take part in the exercises. An invitation is extended to all who so incline to attend. Those connected with the several schools, are desired to meet in the South Meeting Room at 3 o'clock.

ITEMS.

PROFESSOR BUCKMAN, of England, claims to have discovered one of the causes of typhoid fever. A family in his neighborhood was attacked with a severe type of the fever. On a careful search of the premises, a spout in the family pump was found to be covered with a sort of gelatinous matter. Submitting this to microscopic investigation, it was found to be a fungoid growth, from which spores were constantly washed away by the flowing water. He followed up this discovery by a minute examination of the outlet of the sewer through which the drainage of the town flowed, and his scientific zeal was rewarded by finding fungoid growths of a similar nature to those in the pump spout. In the vicinity of this outlet the fever had also prevailed. Having cases of the fever in his own family, he followed up his inquiry by a chemical analysis of the water drank by the family, and found in it minute spores of the same fungus. His conclusion is a natural one, that the fever had its origin in the fungus matter taken into the system, where it ferments as yeast in beer, and poisons the blood.—*Boston Transcript.*

AT a recent session of the National Academy of Science at Washington, Professor Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory, a member of the commission on the transit of Venus, gave an account of the work already completed by the commission, and the plans decided upon for the observation in December next. It was also stated that eight parties will be sent from the United States, and arrangements have been made with the German, French and English governments to compare and exchange the results attained by the parties sent by those countries.

THE Signal Service has wrought a wondrous transformation as regards the perils of our coast navigation. And now, greatest triumph of all, it engirdles that dangerous coast from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras with a chain of life-saving stations, and links them together by a telegraph, thus bringing within immediate communication points hitherto far removed from the reach of any timely aid.

OUR OLD VOLCANO.—*An Eruptive Mountain in New Hampshire a Century ago.*—The volcanic symptoms in North Carolina which have lately attracted so much attention are singularly like some exhibited nearly a hundred years ago in New Hampshire, in one of the hills of the Connecticut Valley. The scene of this curious phenomenon was West River Mountain, which rises to the height of nearly a thousand feet on the east bank of the Connecticut, in the towns of Hinsdale and Chesterfield, in Cheshire county, in the south-west corner of the State, and a few miles from Brattleboro, Vermont.

The fullest account of the matter which we have seen is to be found in the once famous but now nearly forgotten "Travels in New England and New York," of the Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight, who was President of Yale College from 1795 till his death in 1817. The account is given on page 80 of the second volume. Dr. Dwight states that in 1798 he made a journey on purpose to West River Mountain to investigate the reported eruption, which he states occurred twenty-three years before his visit. He reports, as the result of his inquiries on the spot, that in 1775 the people of Hinsdale were suddenly alarmed by a loud noise, resembling the sound of cannon, proceeding from the mountain. One of the inhabitants, a Mr. Barrett, went to investigate, and found a hole forced through the side of the mountain, near the top—evidently, as he thought, by the action of internal fire. The hole was about six inches in diameter. A pine tree which stood near it was in a great measure covered by a black mineral substance, forced violently out of the hole, and consisting chiefly of melted and calcined iron ore strongly resembling the scoriæ of a blacksmith's forge. "It was forced out in a state partially liquid and driven with such violence against the tree as not to be separated without difficulty. The tree stood several years afterwards; but was cut down and carried away before we visited the place. The same calcined and vitrified substances were, however, still adhering to the rocks and earth in several places, and could not be broken off without a violent effort. From the whole appearance it was evident that it was driven against the cliffs in the same liquid state. The cliffs were of the common gray granite of the country, and exhibited no appearance of having been heated."—*New York Post.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From "Friends' Quarterly Examiner."

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

The assembling of the multitude together for the visible celebration of worship, is one of the few practices which have been inculcated by all forms of religion the world over. However varied the modes in which this public homage and worship of the Divine has been performed, it has throughout all ages been felt to be a necessary part of every religious system that its adherents should periodically meet together for the exaltation of their faith, and in open recognition of their allegiance to the Being whom they profess to adore. It has been ever held that visible congregational services, of some sort, must be engaged in by the votaries of every form of religion which would obtain sway over the minds of men.

Such being the case, it need be no cause for surprise that this act, which was common to all nations and races of mankind at the advent of our Lord (whether Jew or Gentile), is not more specifically enforced in the pages of the New Testament. The duty so forcibly enjoined in one place by the Apostle Paul, of "not neglecting the assembling themselves together," as the manner of some was at that day, and the records of the practice which obtained amongst the believers in the first age of Christianity, would alone be sufficient warrant for us in maintaining that, under the Christian dispensation, it is an indispensable duty for all who have the opportunity and the physical ability, thus to present themselves, as before their Lord, in order publicly to testify their allegiance to Him, and to confess His name openly before men by offering in the great congregation, as ability may be afforded, the incense of adoration and of reverent praise unto Him that sitteth upon the throne.

Apart from an intuitive sense of the essential fitness of such special homage being paid to the most High, there is no mode in which a public testimony to any cause can be so conspicuously borne before the world, as by its upholders associating periodically in open celebration of its objects and desires. In a religious sense, is it not this feeling of *combination* for a sacred cause that gave to the Songs of Moses, and to the Psalms of David, their thrilling potency, when the children of Israel "sang unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea;" or when, in Zion, the people magnified the Lord together, "Oh, come, let us worship and bow down! Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

This duty of periodical united gathering for worship appears to have been very urgently enforced upon the Jewish people. They were enjoined repeatedly by Moses, under the law, "three times in the year, to appear before

the Lord their God in the place that He should choose." They went up once every year to Shiloh, and afterwards to Jerusalem, and there assembling with their fellow-countrymen, took part in the national services at which sacrifices on behalf of the whole people assembled, as well as of individual supplicants, were offered by the priests before the altar.*

We know how efficacious this Divinely, ordained practice was in preserving amongst them the knowledge of the true God, and how quickly, when this gathering of the people was abandoned, they fell away from the worship of the invisible God of Israel, and substituted therefor the bowing the knee to the gross idols and false gods of the Heathen nations around them. May we not conclude that this remarkable provision for the periodical public worship of Jehovah by the Israelites, was based upon the very nature of man's constitution, which now, as then, requires, in addition to family worship and private devotions, the public gatherings and the public meeting-place?

But when the fulness of the times was come, and the middle wall of partition between the Jews and Gentiles was for ever broken down, the nationality of their religion was at an end, and the congregating of the whole of the Lord's people in one place, ceased to be either needful or practicable. It was then that our Saviour promulgated the memorable doctrine, that no longer at Jerusalem, nor on Mount Gerizim, alone, was He to be worshipped, but everywhere and in all places, in spirit and in truth. Yet, whilst thus abrogating the decree of assembling at any particular place, He re enforced the duty of gathering together everywhere in His name, accompanying it with the blessed promise that upon such *united* assemblies, even though it were but the two or three, His blessing should rest, and His heavenly presence be known.

. . . . . .

But whilst this privilege of publicly worshipping our God is enjoined on all believers in Him, various sections of the Church of Christ have made for themselves such provisions for a practical carrying out as they felt to be most adapted to the character of the people, to the climate in which they live, and the social condition and domestic duties which have surrounded them. Arrangements which may have been well adapted for the Jews in Palestine, for the wise Greek, or the warlike Roman in the first century of Christianity, may not prove to be the most expedient in this day, whether for the inhabitants of the regions of perpetual frost, for those living under a tropical sun, for the ignorant savage in the desert, or for the advanced civilization of Western Europe; and on this account we find, as might be expected, that for a religion which was to "cover the earth as the waters cover the seas," no definite laws were laid down by its Divine Author, or any distinctively defined practices enjoined upon His followers as necessary to their spiritual life and growth. By common consent, however, it has been held by Christians throughout all ages, and wherever situated, that the first day of the week should be occupied by at least one public gathering for Divine worship. With less than this, we believe it is impossible for any professing Christian church to hold together, however much they may inculcate and practice the duties of isolated religious retirement and of prayer in the secret chamber. The assembling of ourselves together has a binding influence over the souls of believers, the loss of which is only too visible in those who attempt to travel the heavenward journey alone, and apart from all public demonstration of homage and of allegiance.

If any community of Christians could have afforded to let go their privilege of united worship, it would seem to be the one which assembles without arrangement for vocal service of any kind; and yet, probably, there is no religious community which has more persistently upheld this great privilege, or which has in spite of blows, threats, fines, and imprisonment, persevered in the practice of public worship more diligently than the Society of Friends.

We have said that with meetings for public worship less frequently than once a week, we believe no Church organization can thrive or bear any adequate fruit to the praise of God; but it is surely most unwise for us to limit a real blessing to the fewest possible occasions. "Shall the King of kings, and Lord of lords (says the Y. M. Epistle of 1761) condescend to offer His Divine presence for our good, and shall we, His dependent creatures, set so light by His inestimable kindness, as, either wilfully or negligently, to let slip those precious seasons wherein we might receive His blessed assistance so necessary to our help and salvation? Shall the poor, perishing gratification of sense and self love, or any inconveniences of a trivial nature, be suffered to prevent our dutiful attendance upon Him in whom alone stands our everlasting interest? Shall a cloudy sky, a little wind, a little cold, a little ease to the flesh, a visit to a little earthly gain, or any common interest, furnish an excuse for declining this duty?

* Elkanah "went up out of his city yearly to worship, and to sacrifice unto the Lord of Hosts in Shiloh." 1 Sam. i, 3, 7 and 21. See also Luke ii, 41; Acts ii, 6, &c.

and thereby depriving ourselves of the blessed advantage, often vouchsafed to the faithful, of enjoying heavenly communion together in Spirit with the Lord of life and glory?"

. . . . . .

Passing now from the avowed duties of the Christian citizen on the Sabbath day, let us consider what may be required of him in reference to the other days of the week. If the blessing of Almighty God does evidently rest upon assembled worshippers, we know well that this gracious manifestation is dependent neither upon special times of meeting nor upon any special days.

The Society of Friends has uniformly set forth the great advantages arising from holding religious meetings in the week-day, and it is almost the only body which has systematically expected of all its members—men, women, and children—that they should break away from their secular concerns in the forenoon, to assemble for Divine worship in their various Meeting-houses. It would be impossible for us here to estimate the very great benefits and lasting blessings which have attended this practice. From the first rise of our Society, it has been the testimony of almost every Friend who has made progress in the Divine life, that his spiritual growth has been intimately interwoven with a diligent observance of this duty. But we need not turn to the records of those who have gone before us for evidence of the peculiar benefits of our Week-day Meetings. How many now living amongst us, how many, even of those who read these lines, can set their seal also to the truth that the blessing of God has very markedly attended them in these gatherings, and that by it they have been to them seasons of growth in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, though, perhaps, often held in outward silence; and, on the other hand, how many a wandering soul could also testify that a dwarfed condition, a lack of appetite for Divine things, was followed simultaneously with an habitual non-observance of this practice!

When, therefore, we look around and see how comparatively few (especially on the men's side amongst us in the present day) are carrying out this time honored and most profitable usage, it becomes us very seriously to consider what steps may be taken to quicken within the hearts of all our members an increased yearning for this Christian privilege. We believe that the very effort of thus pressing out for a short season the things of this life, and devoting to Divine things an hour more of the best portion of the business day, is in itself good; it also displays our testimony to the importance of the things of eternity in a way that no evening meetings on a week-day can accomplish.

. . . . . .

The position of those who are the week long immersed in this world's concerns, is one especially needing the spiritual help which is often vouchsafed at these week day gatherings. It gives the Christian tradesman a temporary respite from the all-engrossing cares of his business, and it may almost be said that the value of this safeguard against our being engulphed in the vortex of this world's affairs, increases in an inverse ratio according to the obstacles which array themselves against its accomplishment. The greater the difficulties in our thus sparing the time, the greater would seem the need that we should so do. Of this we feel assured, that they who are the most oppressed, and half-buried under worldly avocations, are the very persons who, in the language of this address, can *least* afford to dispense with all week-day meetings for Divine worship. They become almost a necessity for such, in order that they may rise above that earthly spirit which would envelope their very souls.

It is probably from a feeling of this kind, and from a desire to supply an inward want felt by Christian men of all classes, that those week day services, which have been instituted in the heart of the great city for men actively engaged in commerce, have been adopted by some other commercial towns. We cannot speak to the successfulness of these efforts in their highest sense; but if a portion of silence could be also introduced into such seasons of withdrawing from the multitude, and of drawing unto God, it needs no experimental evidence to establish the fact that such opportunities *must* be fraught with benefit to the world-oppressed denizens of commerce in our teeming cities.

. . . . . .

We feel that in thus striving to enforce the duty of public worship in the forenoon of week-days, there is occasion for great charity, and great sympathy towards those who may find the difficulties of thus periodically breaking off from business concerns apparently insuperable. But knowing how very largely we become the creatures of habit, and how very few concerns there are in which the principals cannot devote an hour in the morning for any urgent special business which may arise for money-making; we believe that if this religious engagement were placed in the same category of urgency and of *primary* importance to our prosperity, the way would very largely be opened for the religious men of commerce to break away from his secular pursuits.

The situation of those who are in a subordinate position, is, as we may readily perceive,

one of much greater difficulty. The number of persons employed in most trading concerns is so nicely apportioned to the work that has to be accomplished, that, practically, it becomes impossible for assistants or servants to abandon their work unless by the freewill and consent of their employers; and the good habit thus lost when young, is too seldom renewed when the youth becomes his own master. For such younger and dependent members, therefore, who are deprived of these precious opportunities for religious fellowship, the Church must ever have a deep sympathy. Any arrangement by which they can be assisted in their heavenward course should be welcomed by their more privileged brethren. They are often not on y unable to share in the benefits derived from these public religious meetings, but are very unfavorably situated for regular family worship or religious retirement. These do, indeed, need the pastoral care of the Church, and the shepherding of Christ's ministers; and for such we are assuredly bound, as a people professing oversight of its members, to make any arrangement for evening public worship which may be best adapted to their case. We are aware that in several places such a course has been adopted. We can heartily wish it Godspeed; but, as already expressed, we feel a great jealousy of allowing even this wise provision to *supersede* our ancient practice of morning meetings, wherein little children, and invalids especially, can mingle in worship with the aged fathers and mothers of the Church, with the strong men surfeited with business cares, and the anxious Marthas "careful over many things." * * * * * *

But whilst we would leave it to individual meetings to decide whether the forenoon or the evening be the time most adapted to their respective conditions, we cannot too strongly impress the importance of Christians generally not resting content with public worship on the Sabbath day alone. We all admit in theory the desirability that our religious and secular concerns should be more interwoven in our daily lives, so that the sharp lines of demarcation which we are apt to draw may be lessened. We rightly inculcate the doctrine that *all* our actions should be carried on with "fervency of spirit, serving the Lord," and that in whatever affairs we may be engaged, it is our bounden duty to keep the Lord ever before us, doing all in His fear, and as in His sight, so that the leaven of our religious life may permeate all that we undertake.

Seeing how very large a portion of men's lives is naturally and necessarily occupied with this world's concerns, can it be right that only a portion of *one* day in the week should be devoted to the public acknowledgment of the Lord's goodness, and to the worship of His ever excellent name? It is in vain that we preach with our lips the Saviour's doctrine to our children, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness," if we afford no kind of example in this respect. If we habitually devote the whole of six days in the week to business concerns absenting ourselves from all week-day meetings for worship, how can our children believe that we are in earnest in what we advise, or serious concerning the claims and needs of our own souls? Are we not thereby instilling into them the idea that "the one thing needful" is practically of less importance than success in life or the accumulation of riches? It is a true saying that actions speak louder than words, and if our actions on all the days in which we are allowed by law to work are for self aggrandizement, and in the pursuit of things temporal, what marvel if the children grow up into the same pernicious course of acting as well as thinking. It is this inconsistency of Christian practice with Christian principles that has turned many aside from the path of religious devotedness. Justifying themselves in following the example of those they love, the young insensibly adopt our worldly practices, irrespective of all our wise counsels and admirable profession. In consideration of these things may we take greater heed unto our ways, that by that most powerful of incentives to right action, an upright example, we may be amongst the number of the wise; for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Neither can we give place to the argument that because the Christian believer can serve God in secret at all times, therefore, these periodical gatherings are non-essential to his religious growth. Experience has invariably shown that those who are most diligent in private religious retirement are amongst the most regular in public worship; and the converse is, we believe, equally true, that those who most value public worship will be found amongst that number who most highly prize opportunities for private devotion and inward prayer. It is such as these that "go onward from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." They "renew indeed "renew their strength" by the reciprocal influence upon their souls of public and private devotion; they mount upwards as with the wings of eagles; they run without being weary, and shall walk and not faint.

We do not assert that the two practices must necessarily co-exist in the Christian life, but we look in vain for the man who is systematically remiss in public worship, and de-

ot also neglect the Saviour's command to nter into the closet, and having shut the oor, pray unto his Father in secret. So far, herefore, as our argument applies to the duty f publicly assembling together, it is not as etracting from, but rather adding to, the rimary duty of individual worship and in- ard retirement of soul; and if rightly arried out, it will increase our desires after ore frequent occasions of drawing near unto e Lord in secret, as well as increase the recious benefits resulting therefrom.

The remaining point in the address to which e would specially invite notice is, that they ho do habitually attend should seek to be repared, on meeting with their friends, to ft up their hearts in filial trust, that these asons may be indeed times of spiritual re- eshing and profit to others as well as to emselves.

It may be that for want of this fervency spirit and prayerful attitude *before* going our religious meetings, there is often a con- quent lack of spiritual sensibility and life the meeting afterwards. We commend in is respect the words of our late dear friend hn T. Rice, which, though uttered in pri- te, may now profitably be repeated: "For ny years (said he) I have never gone to eting without first asking, on my knees, a blessing on the assembly." This pre- ration of heart often enabled him at these sons not only to partake of the heavenly nna for himself, but to impart of that ich was given to him, to the edification l consolation of his fellow-worshippers.

A united prayerfulness of soul amongst all o assemble has oftimes caused a flowing "from vessel to vessel," so that during the e of silence, as well as of utterance, the rd's power is felt to reign over all. Then ts fullest sense are we enabled to compre- d the meaning of *united* worship, and the e fellowship of the Gospel of Christ. herever this inward experience of the vital- and beauty and majesty simplicity of ristian worship is *felt*, as well as descanted there will the living bread be broken, and living waters be discovered. Drawing joy the waters out of the wells of salva- for themselves, and having fellowship with another, the invitation will go forth others, in the language of the beloved iple, "That ye may have fellowship with and truly our fellowship is with the her and with His Son Jesus Christ."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WILLIAM J. BALL.

enclose a notice of the death of one of my students and friends. He came to my school in Alexandria, Va., in 1826, when a friendship began, which only ended with his death. His early opportunities were very limited, his father having died when he was only seven years old. He was one of those self-made men whose characters it is interesting to contemplate, and instructive to study. William J. Ball died at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 20th of Fourth month, 1874, in the 61st year of his age. He was born in Waterford, Loudon Co., Va., in 1814, went to Indiana in 1833, and became a distinguished engineer of that State.

B. HALLOWELL.

Sandy Spring, Md., 4th mo. 20th, 1874.

A paper of Terre Haute says of him:

"Mr. Ball leaves a wife and seven children. He was a man of deep culture. He was always profoundly interested in scientific subjects, and in matters pertaining to the growth of humanity and progress of the world. He had no inordinate veneration for the past, but great respect for the present, and faith for the future. He was an original thinker. He embraced few ready-made opinions. He held it to be the right and duty of every man to think and reason, and judge for himself. He was no worshipper at the feet of authority. He was of Quaker antecedents, and he held always to that beautiful and simple faith. It harmonized with his deeper life. Utter lack of display, ostentation and show, was one of his strongest characteristics.

"His extreme modesty is well illustrated by the fact that he once made a profcssional Report, covering between thirty and forty pages of legal cap paper, in which the personal pronoun *I* did not once appear, and he was entirely unconscious of the omission until a friend called his attention to it.

"He was 'a just and loving man.' He was a true and generous friend; and although the successful manager of large interests, he was guileless as a child. His last illness was a good exemplification of his patience and unselfishness. Though suffering greatly at times, his constant effort was that he should not be a source of trouble or anxiety to his family and friends." . . . . . .

From the Christian Register.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SPIRIT OF REVELATION.

BY E. B. WILLSON.

. . . . . The light that comes down from a star falls on a rock, on the desert, on the sea. It tells nothing. But somewhere on the broad face of the earth is a little lens which the palm of the hand might cover; it takes away a veil, and the glory of the starry heavens is made known to human eyes.

More. One human eye applied to the telescope sees nothing but a new accession of light,—a wider disc, a brighter blaze. Another, receiving the same optical impression, *and no more*, finds other veils drawn aside: magnitudes, distances, motions, attractions, all before unknown, are revealed.

The methods by which revelations of truth and the knowledge of God come are doubtless various, and are of various degrees of clearness and intensity. But all assume a spirit of revelation in man also; and that that spirit of revelation may be of various degrees of clearness, perfectness and power of vision. The apostle dissipates the idea that he deemed all revelations to be a matter of immediate and direct gift. For though he prayed God to give the spirit of revelation to his friends in Ephesus, he indicates immediately that he expected it to come by the natural channels of intelligence, as one, at least, of its methods of communication; for he adds, "The eyes of your mind being enlightened." The spirit of revelation, we must infer, would be a spirit desiring revelation, believing it possible, and seeking for the truth with an earnest zeal. It would be a spirit of teachableness and of humility; a feeling conscious of needing illumination, and glad of guidance through the shadowy paths of human ignorance. I have called to notice this expression, "The spirit of revelation," then, because of its contrast with that common idea that revelation was a finished, once-for-all disclosure of divine truth, when, as revelation, it was completed.

Many like it better so. They do not like to be always building or moving. . . . . Those revelations which concern the life, the affections, the true ends of character, for the most part cost us no very long or painful search. In other ways they cost us much. But it is not the cost of a long and painful search. They only require the spirit of obedience, which is the organ of revelation, as to whatever belongs to the path of duty. To be willing, desirous to do the will of heaven is fitness for seeing doctrine in that kind. But there is a longing for other knowledge as the mind of man advances and expands. He asks concerning himself: "Whence am I?" and "What am I?" and "What does this being of mine import, and whither tend?" and "Who, or what, is that Infinite Cause out of which I came?" "How much is possible to be known of human life, not as to its present order merely, but as to its ultimate destiny?" and "What other knowledge is there for me?" Now the inquiry has become a different one: full of interest. But we can live; can love and help one another; speak the truth; and seek to fulfill the law written on our hearts, if we cannot answer these questions, or till we can. This is a knowledge, nevertheless, how much to be desired! With what hunger of soul to be sought after! The revelations of God to this desire are found in the life of the soul itself. Its desires show its nature. They point to their answers. Experience throws light daily upon the questions who we are, and who he is, whose law and providence run through human life and all human history, and the entire universe as well. Our experience, supplemented by the experiences of others, shows us what humanity is; and the discovery is made that in all souls there is a substantial agreement in one great longing and hope, reaching out the hands ever towards the Infinite; infinite mystery of Might; infinite deep of Love, out of which our affections came; infinite life springing up to life within us, of which we know little more than that it is this: life behind all other life. That whereas our life is not ours, a stream from we know not whence, there is an inextinguishable faith in us which traces it back to the infinite Unknown out of which all things come; as every flowing stream is finally traced, not to the little spring among the hills, but to the clouds, and the ocean, and the unvisited regions of atmospheric space, in whose inexhaustible cells it had been gathered and stored, and thence distributed.

The spirit of revelation in us prophesies of revelations to come, expects them, watches for them, and receives them with a thirst and gladness that are never satisfied. By farther enlightening of the mind it hopes to see better. By the purifying of the heart it wipes the obscuring damps and dust gathered in the worldly ways from the soul's lenses of sight. By obedience to the truth it grows more sensitive to its touch, and surer of its nature and its meaning. By ceaseless pursuit and prayer it climbs to higher peaks, where the eye ranges farther, and with less obstructions. It meets the wisdom of God on its way, coming. The revelation from above always shining like the light, it learns to see from afar, to welcome with gratitude, whether it confirms or denies the forerunning desire and habitual thought; it withdraws the curtains of self-love, prejudice and darkening ignorance, or endeavors to, that whatever truth is shining in heaven may stream in unhindered. It is willing to live in tents; to have no resting-place of final belief, no house of knowlege all built, finished, sealed and touched with the topmost grace, if only it may grow in wisdom, and find new knowledge to guide its steps from day to day, and be conscious that, however its beliefs change, or its paths winds

its *faith, as a simple trust,* never wavers and never fears.

It is natural to some minds to desire and to demand clearness and distinctness in everything; in all knowledge; even in all prophecies and all visions. Vagueness creates a suspicion of unreality. What is not clear, and fixed, and possible of definition they have no ear for. And yet the very conditions of human experience, and the imperfectness of human nature and human knowledge show that almost all our knowledge is clear only in the side next us, and not very far. Soon we come to the limits of the clearly known; what is beyond we dimly perceive, we half know it, and must wait until we can come up with it and verify it. Of course this must be true especially with that science that relates to religion, to life, to God, and to our own destiny. A religion with no mystery, with no unknown depths and heights, no illimitable vastness, would be no religion at all.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," said the aged apostle. If the traditions of the church may be relied on, this was written by a very old man. In his youth he was the "beloved disciple," the most intimate friend of Jesus. His place had been in the bosom of Jesus. If any body might be supposed to have received all Jesus had to teach, it was he. Yet here he is vaguely saying, as he looks into the future, it doth not appear yet what we shall be. This much I see: that we shall all go on to be more than ever sons of God; more like him who taught us that we are sons of God. But I have nothing definite to teach beyond this present certainty that we are sons of God now, and shall become nothing less by any change. Paul illustrates it by the growth of a child to a man. When I was a child I saw things with a child's eyes; when I became a man I ceased to be childish. Yet the man is but a child man-grown. There was no precise day when the child disappeared, and the man came in his place. And so mental and soul growth came all by revelations, taking away successively the veils of ignorance, little by little.

Jesus was often indefinite and vague, or seemed so to those who heard. He seems often to have had occasion to say: "Ye cannot understand it yet. It is too new to you. You have not come to it. You will know by-and-by." In cases where he appears to have tried to be plain, and no doubt would have been so to minds more instructed, and capable of receiving the truth, they many times failed to grasp his meaning. Sometimes his words, not understood at the time, came back to them afterwards, when their experience had deepened, and their souls had grown, and their minds were expanded; and as they remembered it, they understood him better. In other cases they probably never knew quite what had been his meaning. It was natural that it should be so. It was inevitable. It will be so still. But if the spirit of revelation be in us, we shall see more as we go on. Revelation will follow revelation all the life long. Curtains will be drawn away from before the truths we long and seek for. The Spirit of eternal truth will find a witness within us. We shall know His voice. We shall recognize that strength that comes we know not whence, in the hour of need, as his; that peace which tranquilizes our troubled souls when beset by sorrow and calamity, we shall recognize as the breath of His Spirit; that energy of desire and aspiration, which struggles with the old man and his deeds and temptations, and would put on the new man, clothed in the strength of righteousness and the grace of truth, we shall know as the call of his Father spirit, to come up higher into life everlasting.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Charles W. Searing and wife, of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and Julia E Kester, of Macedon, N. Y., under appointment of the Indian Committees of Genesee and Ohio Yearly Meetings, have started for the Santee Agency, the latter to enter upon the duties of village matron. They are accompanied by John Searing, an approved minister and brother of Charles, and they propose to go by way of Omaha.

They hope to return in time to report to the Indian Committee before our approaching Yearly Meeting.

BENJAMIN CHASE.

Macedon, 5th mo. 4th, 1874.

MATTHEW HENRY tells a story of a great statesman in Queen Elizabeth's time, who retired from public life in his latter days and gave himself up to serious thought. His former gay companions came to visit him, and told him he was becoming melancholy. "No," he replied, "I am serious; for all are serious round about me. God is serious in observing us; Christ is serious in interceding for us; the truths of God are serious; our spiritual enemies are serious in their endeavors to ruin us, and why then should not you and I be serious too?" Don't laugh at religion!

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I have sometimes thought we fail of being all we might be to a fellow-traveller, by not

more freely unfolding our different experiences. Perhaps there are few of us who have not in the storehouse of memory some incident connected with our spiritual life, which, if related, would be to some other pilgrims as face answering to face in a glass, and thus be an encouragement, as showing that no new thing had happened unto them.

We may also be ourselves instructed by a review of our past steps, for on looking back we can sometimes understand more clearly or see more plainly the paths by which we have been led, than when under the pressure of the then present exercise.

These thoughts have brought vividly to my remembrance one of my early experiences, when travelling with a valued ministering friend as her companion. It shows the close connection between minds thus engaged, and the importance of individual faithfulness to the pointings of Truth.

On the occasion alluded to, the Friend had an appointed meeting in a county town where there were no Friends. A large company came together. Very unexpectedly to myself, my feelings were withdrawn from sympathy with my friend, and centered in an individual exercise, which I soon felt belonged to the assembled company, but to me it appeared impossible that I could take part of the vocal service of such a meeting. I therefore sat waiting for my friend to arise, but she was silent; and we sat long in what was to me an oppressive silence. At last I yielded, and expressed the few words that were on my mind. Immediately as I took my seat, my friend arose, repeated my last words, and continued the subject at considerable length. After the meeting, she turned to me with the query, "Why didst thou hold out so long against conviction? If thou hadst not spoken I could have said nothing, for I was in bonds."

After the lapse of many years, I have recently had an experience which enables me to sympathize more fully than I then did with my valued friend, when she said she "was in bonds," because of my unfaithfulness. At one of our late Monthly Meetings, my feelings in the first meeting were arrested, and brought under exercise, but my spirit was bound,—there was no liberty for expression. In the business meeting, the faithfulness of one of our young friends, whose voice is rarely heard among us, opened my way, and I was relieved by the expression of a few words, and comforted. We subsequently met, and opportunity offered for me to tell her that I could not have said a word if she had not opened the way.

Surely through individual faithfulness we may be helpful, one to another; and I want our young friends to feel that the travail of their spirits in our meetings is recognized by their older friends.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 16, 1874.

YEARLY MEETING.—The meeting of Ministers and Elders of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, convened at Race Street Meeting-house at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 9th inst. The attendance was thought to be unusually large. Several Friends from New York and Baltimore Yearly Meetings were present with minutes, which were read with acceptance, and a welcome was extended also to those who were there without minutes.

The gathering influence of heavenly love early overspread the assembly in a remarkable degree, under which various testimonies were borne, inciting to watchfulness and prayer, that our lives might be in correspondence with our high and holy profession of being led by the unerring Spirit. Utterance was given to an earnest petition for Divine guidance and protection, and that our approaching Yearly Meeting might be a season of favor and profit, and that the spirit of love might so abound that we should be qualified to enter into near sympathy, one with another, bear each other's burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ. The afternoon session was one of equal favor, and the business throughout was transacted in great harmony, calling forth a grateful acknowledgement of the favor, under a sense of which the meeting closed, to meet again next year, with Divine permission.

The meetings on First-day morning were well attended. The children's meeting, held at Fifteenth & Race Sts., in the afternoon, was large and interesting, and appeared to give general satisfaction, though very many persons present were unable to obtain seats. The Spruce St. afternoon, and the usual evening meetings were also held; and one by appointment of Samuel J. Levick, at Girard Avenue Meeeting House.

Both branches of the Yearly Meeting convened at the accustomed hour and place, on Second-day morning, with full attendance on the women's side. All the Representatives were present except eight.

Minutes for the following ministers and their companions were read, viz.: John and Mary Needles and Samuel Townsend, from Baltimore; Esther Haviland, from Chappaqua, and her companion Catharine S. Vail, and Wm. Way, from Nottingham. Expression was given to feelings of thankfulness, for the company of these and other friends who are among us, *without* minutes, from the various Yearly Meetings.

Reports were received from all the constituent branches, and from Fishing Creek half year's meeting.

Epistles from all the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond were read, and their contents felt to be of unusual interest. The subjects introduced by the above, called forth much expression. The evils that stalk through the land, like Goliah of Gath, of great stature, and defying the army of Truth and moral progress, were dwelt upon, and the duty of women to deepen their efforts for the removal of vice and intemperance, was feelingly and solemnly urged; and while there may be some laboring in this cause in a way that differs from our own, we were exhorted to be faithful and earnest, doing our part, as Deborah of old, through whom deliverance was wrought to Israel. The more men and women are united in earnest prayer and supplication for the suppression of intemperance, the greater will be the result. If we would be instruments, we must stand in the qualification that comes from above; this will give us weapons of warfare to availingly go forward. It is when we attempt to go in our own strength that we are in danger of being carried away.

We were earnestly exhorted to look carefully to our expenditures, that we be not found encouraging extravagance—to remember that we have two lives to live, and not suffer ourselves to be brought under the influence of wordly pursuits, to the neglect of the higher life. Words of encouragement were extended to the beloved young women, and they were invited to come into the beauty of that faith, that leads to moderation and temperance, to love and charity, that they may be strengthened and built up thereby, and know an overcoming of the world.

Tender allusions were made to the bereavements that have been experienced among our friends here and in other Yearly Meetings, and we were exhorted not to dwell upon these, but to number our blessings. Further information must be deferred till next week.

The stockholders of Friends' Book Association held their first annual meeting at Race Street Meeting-house on Second day evening. The attendance was not large, but much interest was manifested in the enterprise.

A report of the operations of the Board of Directors was read, and an election held for twelve Directors to serve the ensuing year. All the members of the former Board were re-elected. Interesting addresses by Samuel M. Janney, and others, were listened to with marked attention, and the remaining shares of stock were nearly all taken.

The active workers in this cause were much encouraged, and the belief was expressed that the Board would be able at once to proceed in the matter.

Holy Days.—"Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink or in respect of a holy day or of the new moon or of the Sabbath," is an Apostolic injunction, which Friends from their earliest existence as a body have upheld, believing that a proper respect for the rights of others, and a holy living, are more in accordance with the precepts of truth than the doctrines of meats and drinks and the observance of days.

Many of the forms and ceremonies that burthen the Christian church have their origin in Jewish traditions, many more have crept into favor, little by little, as the fasts and festivals that commemorate the events connected with the death of Jesus, and the symbolisms that typify the saving power of Divine love, when brought into living union with the human soul.

It appears to have been clearly the intention of the teaching, both of Jesus and His apostles, to turn the minds of the people to that gift of the Holy Spirit, which they declared would lead into all truth.

We believe that, as we are brought under the influence of that Power, a necessity for emblems and shadows of the "good things" that are being wrought in the soul cannot ex-

ist, for that of which they bear witness is already manifested.

The danger that the awakened soul might rest satisfied with accepting the material elements, "the sacraments," as they are called, and, resting there, fail to search for the *hidden manna*, which, after all, is the true spiritual food, led those earlier disciples of the "Light Within" to count them as "beggarly elements," and calculated to draw the mind away from the Divine witness and hinder the development of a harmonious Christian character.

The late decision of our State Legislature, by which another legal holiday is added to the calendar of the Commonwealth, has called forth much dissent from various portions of the Christian Church, who see in this action an entering wedge towards the union of secular and clerical power.

Claiming the inherent right of every rational being to liberty of conscience, we object to the passage of such a bill by our Legislators, and believe it an encroachment that should be remonstrated against.

It may be urged that no one is obliged to observe the new legal holiday except those who hold religious views that accord thereto, but from the secular and civil stand-point, *that is not true.* In the conduct of business every man who gives or receives checks in payment of debt, is made to observe such days.

Our children are directly influenced in favor of them by the closing of all the public schools. Our builders and manufacturers are interfered with in the prosecution of their lawful occupations, and in numerous ways the man who bears a testimony against the "observance of days," *is* obliged by *law* to do violence to his conscientious convictions.

Doubtless this is considered a small matter by very many who do not feel required religiously to keep the so-called Good Friday and Easter holidays; but how is it with that larger number, who solemnly believe those days are sacred, and must be observed by the Christian church?

Do we not see where the danger lies? Do we not know that it is by little things that great results are brought about? By *single* strokes the heaviest chains are forged. Drop by drop fall the rains that swell our rivers. By minute particles the vast snow-fields of the Sierras are formed, which, under the melting rays of summer, pour down their rugged mountain sides floods of destruction and death.

Friends have stood among the watchful guardians of human rights for over two centuries, and they are still animated by that flame of love that shone so brightly in the lives of the fathers.

Let the young men and women, who are now awaking to a realization of the claims that our holy profession has upon them, examine well every cherished principle held by the Society, and see to it, that in their intercourse with those of other denominations they so present this and all other points of faith in which we differ from them, as shall commend them to every honest inquirer after a deeper spirituality in religious life.

NOTE.—We have been requested to call the attention of our readers to a small pamphlet just published, entitled a "Short account of Peter Gardiner," re-printed from John Churchman's Journal; to which is appended Whittier's poem, "The Quaker of the olden time." For sale by T. W. Stuckey, printer, No. 624 Weaver Street, Philadelphia.

DIED.

ALLEN.—At his residence in Columbiana, on the 12th of Fourth month, 1874, Jesse M. Allen, in the 67th year of his age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

BROWN.—Third mo. 30th, at his residence in Byberry, Twenty-third Ward, Philadelphia, Barclay Brown, in his 68th year; a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting of Friends.

FELL.—On the 20th of Second month, 1874, at the residence of her nephew, J. Remington Fell, in Solebury, Bucks Co., Esther B. Fell, having just passed her 78th birthday. She was a member of Solebury Monthly Meeting of Friends, and during the whole of her long life had dwelt at the place of her birth. She was remarkable for the quiet, unobtrusiveness of her deportment, and the memory of her generosity and kindness will long be cherished by the poor of her vicinity, to whom she was ever ready, in proportion to her means, to extend a helping hand.

HEACOCK.—On the 23th of Fourth month, Esther, wife of Joseph Heacock, in the 70th year of her age; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting.

KESTER. — At the residence of her nephew, Amos K. Heacock, Mt. Pleasant, Columbia County, Pa., Martha M. Kester, aged 70 years. After many

months of severe suffering, she has passed from works to rewards. She was a member of Fishing Creek Monthly and Half-Year Meetings.

NOXON.—At his residence in Sophiasburg, Prince Edward County, Province of Ontario, on the 20th of Fourth month, 1874, Jonathan Noxon, aged nearly 75 years. He was a man of unwavering integrity, and universally respected and beloved in the neighborhood wherein he resided, and the society in which he mingled feels that it has sustained a loss not readily filled. He belonged to West Lake Monthly Meeting, and although residing seven miles from where meetings were held, yet he was seldom absent from them, even when the weather and roads seemed to preclude his attendance. When thus assembled with his brethren, he was frequently led to hand forth of the unfolding of truth in his own mind to the edification and encouragement of those present, he being an approved minister for about twenty-five years. His sickness was one of intense suffering, yet he was never heard to murmur. When near his close his sufferings seemed greater than he could bear, and he oftimes petitioned the Master whom he had endeavored to serve, to enable him to be patient unto the end; and his prayers were granted, so that his close was peaceful, and he died like one going to sleep. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

From our European Correspondent.

THE EIGHTH VOYAGE OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA."

As we steam up the Channel towards the harbor of Liverpool, I am reminded that the readers of the *Intelligencer* may be interested to hear some of the particulars of our voyage across the Atlantic on the Pennsylvania. As it draws near an end we sigh almost to take leave of the good ship, good captain and pleasant fellow-travelers, which have made our thirteen days voyage a real delight.

This eighth trip of the Pennsylvania is of special interest, since it immediately follows that which is made memorable by the sudden and tragic fate of Capt. Bradburn and his officers. The pioneer ship of the American line was looked on with great distrust after her narrow escape from great peril, and in consequence of this feeling, our company of saloon passengers consists of only ten persons of all ages. We are entire strangers for the first few hours, as we steam gently down the river, but when the gong summons us to dinner at six o'clock, and we sit down at table, common courtesy leads us immediately into conversation, and we soon find that we have common sympathies enough to form us into a pleasant social circle. At the head of the table sits the captain, Thomas R. Harris, a native of Eastport, Maine, and a mariner of long experience. We immediately take note of him as a fine specimen of physical manhood, and as he welcomes us heartily, and promptly enters into pleasant converse, we find his social qualities are as fine as his physique. Courteous, affable and simple, we recognize in him a worthy guardian in our ocean home. The surgeon and purser are also present, and help to unite our small company. An Italian gentleman, who has been twenty-five years a resident in our country, and has adopted it as his future home, is returning with his American wife and daughter to visit his native city of Trieste; an Englishman, with his wife and two interesting little children, who claim to be Americans, and Dr. R. H. Nassau, a Presbyterian missionary, returning to his labor among the negroes of Lower Guinea, make up, with our two selves, the entire list of cabin passengers.

We soon anchor, for the night is dark and stormy and we are soon at rest, spending our first night of steamship life on the Delaware. At the dawning of morning we move steadily down the river and soon are out on the billowy sea. We have despatched a few final letters to our friends by the pilot, who now leaves us, and in the gray and gloomy morning fix ourselves in ship chairs and wraps to enjoy the sea. But a paroxysm of sea sickness soon sends us utterly prostrated to our comfortable state-rooms, which are ready to receive us. All regretful looking back at the vanishing past, all hope of future good, all care for present surroundings, except those which promote rest, are lost, and your correspondent submits to the inevitable for a few hours. Another day and the trouble is over, and nothing but a feeling of comfortable weakness makes the state-room couch seem desirable, as we speed onward toward the sunrise country of our dreams. In the afternoon the pulsations of the strong engine cease, and we seem to rest for a little season and then resume our onward course. On inquiry for the cause of stoppage, we find that a steerage passenger was found dead in his bed this morning, and that his body has just been consigned to a grave in the vast and wandering waves. He was an Englishman, and with his wife was returning to his native land to claim a fortune of $12,000, which had fallen to his lot. The widow must now go on alone upon her quest. Two more pleasant days pass, and then as darkness was clothing the deep, we observed the captain was making rapid preparations for a storm.

He quietly tells us that he thinks, from present indications, we shall have about three days foul weather, after which we may hope for pleasant breezes and tranquil seas. His cheerfulness and vigilance inspire confidence, and we hear the fierce winds whistle through the rigging, and mark without alarm the increasing violence of the waves, as they dash in splendid fury against the ship. The morning of the 14th found us in that part of

the sea known to navigators as "The roaring forties," and the storm-wind is blowing fiercely as ever from the northeast. We progress but slowly against the terrible head wind, and the furious waves seem like advancing mountains, which gather strength as they approach us, and then seem to hurl their wrathful force against the trembling ship During part of the night of the 14th the engine stops, and we lie submissively upon the sea till morning. Morning comes, but it seems vain to think of rising, and it appears the part of wisdom to lie still and await more tranquil times. Rumors reach our state-rooms of falls and bruises, which have befallen the officers and stewards in the performance of their duties.

Towards evening, the violence of the wind abating, we venture to emerge from our state-rooms and ascend to "Social Hall," upon the deck. The wind has changed to the southward, and we find the sea agitated by a double system of fierce waves, which seem to wrench the ship powerfully. The captain and first officer were upon the bridge when an enormous wave from the southeast hurls itself against the ship, staves in a life-boat, breaks down some fifteen feet of the railing, wrenching off the strong iron rods and tears a hole in the deck. It dashes over the bridge and knocks the captain down against the mate, who, seeing the swift destruction that was coming, had firmly grasped a strong iron stanchion. The captain grasps the officer and they are saved. The water pours down the hole in the deck, and some of the steerage passengers are deluged in their beds, but no one is seriously hurt. All feel this to have been a great peril and a signal deliverance. The storm is now over, and the morning of the 16th finds us again speeding over smiling seas toward the desired haven.

The rest of our voyage has been with favoring winds, and so great is our satisfaction, that we unite in a series of resolutions, prepared by Dr Nassau, embodying our thanks to, and appreciation of, Capt. Harris. These, with a letter to the American Steamship Company (also written by Dr. Nassau.), commendatory of their staunch vessel, are read at our last breakfast, Fourth mo. 23, in Liverpool harbor before landing. The long line of the Liverpool docks is before us in the gray morning light, and, with a really homesick feeling of reluctance, we say farewell to our beautiful ship and her officers and step on board the tug, which is waiting to land us in the great commercial city of Liverpool. As we walk from the landing over devious ways to the Adelphi Hotel, we are strongly reminded of our American city of Boston, and can hardly realize that we are indeed in the greatest commercial city of merry England. S. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE MANTIS.

This insect belongs to the order Orthoptera, the same in which are placed locusts and grasshoppers.

The name Mantis (diviner) was given, it is said, by the Greeks, because of the peculiar attitude that the creature assumes. There are several varieties. The Praying Mantis (the *religiosa*) is common in Turkey, Greece and Southern Europe. The Turks regard it with great respect. It will erect the thorax at an angle with the body, and place together the large fore-legs like the hands of a person in supplication, and remain perfectly motionless for hours. In the eyes of the Languedoc peasants the *Mantis religiosa* is held sacred. According to Figuier, they firmly believe that it performs devotions. It is an object of worship with certain tribes of North Africa, and is venerated by the Hottentots.

They have no other claim to the title of Diviner than the position they assume, for they are described as carnivorous, feeding on flies and other insects, for which they lie in wait in the praying posture. They are extremely ferocious, and when confined together will attack and devour each other. . . .

They strike and parry with the edge of their fore-claws. The female glues her eggs upon plants, arranging them symmetrically. The larvæ are ametabolous, that is, do not undergo any metamorphosis, and they are represented as being quite as savage as their parents, and will tear each other to pieces, the victors feasting themselves on the vanquished. The *Mantis gongylode* is a native of India. Its habits are the same as those already described. L. J. R.

The following anecdote appeared originally in the *Boston Daily Transcript*:

AN ANECDOTE OF AGASSIZ.

Now that all who have ever known or seen Agassiz are remembering him, it may not be uninteresting to recall a little incident which happened, nearly twenty years ago, in one of the Massachusetts Normal Schools.

That honored old Commonwealth never did a wiser or more generous thing than when she engaged the two men, Agassiz and Guyot, to lecture in her normal schools to the young men and women who were to be, not only her own future teachers, but also the teachers in many other States. I was then a pupil at the oldest of them—the school in Framingham. Thither was wont to come Guyot, and, sojourning among us for a week or ten days, talk to us of earth and man, of Genesis and the creation, so simply, so kindly, that we forgot the distance between us. And thither

came also Agassiz, with his frank, noble, kindly face, to speak to us of the animal kingdom. It was during one of these stays that the incident to which I refer occurred.

During the noon intermission one of the girls had picked up and brought with her to her desk one of the little gray snakes so common in Massachusetts country fields, and while a group of girls were standing by, she suddenly produced it. There was at once a start, and an exclamation of disgust and loathing, and the expected sensation had been quite satisfactorily produced. Agassiz, who was standing on the platform talking with the Principal, and waiting for the school to be called to order, instantly came rapidly down the aisle to the excited and disgusted group, and on seeing the cause of the commotion at once took the little frightened creature gently, almost tenderly, into his strong hand, and as the snake twisted itself round his fingers and wrist, he said, quietly, as if it were a friend, "Oh! it is the Coluber DeKayi, so named from Dr. DeKay who first characterized it." The words were nothing, but the gesture and manner were indescribable, at once so protective and so reverential that they, as well as the whole scene, have always stood out clear in my memory with the vividness of one of Chaucer's pictures. It was as if the voice, instead of the simple remark of recognition which it actually uttered, had said—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I cannot answer for the impression on the others, but I know that to one at least that gesture and action, so characteristic of the man, struck the key-note of her teaching for many years afterwards, in many different places, and to thousands of pupils, and the grateful remembrance of it is to me now like a floral offering which I lay upon his distant, honored grave. ANNA C. BRACKETT.

New York, Dec., 1873.

From the Bucks County Gazette.

FALTERING.

How often, Father, Faith breaks down,
And zeal grows weary by the way;
And mist swells upward from my path,
Till twilight settles on the day!

Oh, then my heart gropes round for Thee
In blind distrust of all it knows,
Wanting a surer hope and guide
In search of wisdom and repose.

I turn from tomes of human thought,
From all the light of Learning's sky—
For every star I question there
Twinkles my soul no full reply.

I want new tokens of Thy care—
That what is weakness *now*, will be
Firmness and strength—that when these years
Are over, I come home to Thee!

Ah, why these curtains round me drawn,
Whose folds bedim Thy holy light,
Is not my will attuned to Thine,
My steps along Thy line of right?

I know the sunshine and the dew
Evolving here the germs of heaven,
Are but the kind and reverent life
By Thee to human welfare given!

Oh, make me pure, that I may see
The tender glory of Thy face;
Take *self* from out my selfish heart,
That *love of Thee* may fill the place.

Mould me for higher work than now
Wastes down the remnant of my days,
And make the humble songs I sing
Unfold the beauty of Thy ways.

Build me anew in vision clear,
In healing truth more sweetly free,
That all of this my narrow life
May widen out and flow to Thee!

Bristol, First month, 1874. S. S.

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman, who many years
Had plowed his field and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

As yet he spake, a breath had stirred
His drooping vines, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice is heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery;
Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work and watch and wait
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Rewritten with His rainbow pen:

"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."— *Selected.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA."

Colorado is sometimes called the Switzer land of America, which it is, only on a much more extended scale. The scope and field of the mountain territory and ranges are far more vast, The atmosphere is dry and salubrious. The scenery from Gray's Peak is grand beyond the power of words to tell. No description can give more than a faint and imperfect idea of the magnificent grandeur and wild sublimity of the view. We made the ascent of Mount Kelso in the summer of 1870. It is about 13 000 feet in height, a vast *canyon* only separating it from Gray's Peak, the highest of the range, which measures about 14,800 feet. We did not ascend the latter in consequence of the trails being filled with snow. Every few paces in our rugged ascent we had to stop for breath, my faithful guide holding me by the hand to steady my head. I not only felt fatigued, and great weakness of the knees, and tremulousness of body, but, at times, severe pain in my side. On and on we went, and up and up the fearful and giddy height. Sometimes a feeling of despair would come over the mind, and we would almost give out. But we were so near the top, a spirit within would whisper try, try again! This would give fresh and renewed courage, and on we would go as before, stopping every few steps and panting and blowing long and loud, the heart-beats being such that you could plainly hear them, causing the whole body to feel the force and tremor which they occasioned. At last the summit was gained; and what a sight! I stood upon the top of the continent. The rivers to the east flowed to the Gulf of Mexico and thence to the Atlantic, and those to the west found their way to the Pacific Ocean. The Rocky Mountain chain divides the continent, being two thousand miles or more in length, including the Mexican Cordilleras, and a hundred and fifty miles in width of range across the continent. The range wears a mottled appearance, many of the peaks being bald and dark, and apparently coming up out of great fields of snow. In this respect they differ from the Alpine Mountains, which present the appearance of eternal snows; and we miss in Colorado, among her mountain scenery, the *Glaciers*, which are objects of so much interest in Switzerland. The view from Mount Kelso is second only to that from Gray's Peak. In its vastness one seems lost "in *wonder, love* and *praise.*" The height of the mountains, the depth of the canyons, the small lakes and sources of the rivers, the vast fields of snow, and the mighty peaks towering upwards, present a scene of magnificent grandeur nowhere, perhaps, surpassed. It is so vast, that a description would fail to convey anything like a true idea of it. The descent of the mountain is difficult and often perilous. The air is exceedingly healthful, and so pure and dry that fresh meat will not putrefy, nor a ploughshare rust, when exposed to it. The soil is dry and almost a barren waste without water, but with irrigation the most wonderful results are produced. It is more like California, perhaps, than any other State. I feel a thousand times repaid for all it cost in making the ascent of Mount Kelso, in the grand the beautiful and sublime views there presented. It seemed to me like looking through natere up to nature's God; and I could bu mentally exclaim, "the Hand that made them is Divine."

Lake Tahoe is one of the most charming spots on the globe. It is a perfect gem, and nothing can excel in crystal purity its waters Objects can be seen at the depth of 150 feet It is clearer than the waters of Lake George The mountains around, far and near, ar partly covered with vast fields of snow. Th Lake is surrounded and nestled in among th mountains. The air is as pure and balm and bracing as the waters are transparent. A night the galaxy and stars shine with mor than their wonted splendor through the clea atmosphere. It seemed almost like a little para dise on earth, and on the fair bosom of th silvery Lake the thought would intrude itself-

"Thy birth was when the morning stars togethe sang with joy."

The Lake never freezes, which may b owing to its great depth, for at some points is fathomless, no bottom having ever bee found. Donner Lake, some twenty miles di tant, freezes hard, and furnishes the very be ice for the markets of San Francisco. Wh is this, may be a nice question for philosophe to determine. Lake Tahoe has another stril ing characteristic. A log, or even a boar will not float upon it. As soon as it becom saturated and its pores filled with water, goes down. It is very difficult to swim her It is, therefore, exceedingly dangerous to fa into the lake.

A little company of fifteen or twenty of spent the day on the Lake, in a little steame and among the charming mountains at Em erald Isle. The isle, bay and lovely scene reminds one of the charmingly picturesq views at Glena Bay, and the Queen's Cottag at the Killarney Lakes. There is a summ cottage here used by the renowned Hallida as a pleasure resort. He bought it of an o hermit, who had built it with his own hanc and for many winters lived hard by in a litt hut. He had no companionship of any kin not even the company of a cat or dog. Th hermit had on exhibition in the cottage a fi

model ship, of his own construction, which he took great pleasure in showing to tourists. One winter he was taken ill, and lay upon his rustic couch, in blankets, for three months. He had no fire, nor an attendant of any kind. He had placed his stimulants and crackers near, that he might help himself, and in case they failed and he was likely to perish, he had also put the laudanum bottle within reach, which he intended to resort to rather than starve. Time rolled on, and he found himself gradually improving. When he had recovered sufficiently to make the effort, he attempted to come to the hotel, some ten miles distant, in a row-boat near mid-winter. The boat capsized, and the old hermit, being filled with liquor, was thrown out, and remained for several hours holding on to the keel of the boat, being nearly up to his neck in water; when somehow he righted the boat, and crawled into it, and rowed to the shore. He was badly frozen, but was well cared for at the hotel, and gradually recovered, and still survives. He was one of the boatmen for our little company on the lake. He sat at my side at table, at the hotel, and gave me this thrilling narrative. It was fully corroborated by reliable witnesses. The spot at Emerald Isle, where he had lived for eight long winters in solitude, is exceedingly lovely. Our party took a lunch and had a little picnic there. The day was most delightful, and we were rewarded, just as night came on, with a grand and thrilling sight. It was a mountain on fire. The wood from the lake up the heights for some distance, in the shape of a cone, was in one blaze of fire. It presented a grand appearance, and reminded me of a prairie on fire, which we had seen in Nebraska. There are many trout in the lake, which are remarkably fine. We saw a man with a large bunch of them, which he had just caught, the largest weighing eight and three-quarter pounds. The altitude of Lake Tahoe is 7,000 feet above the sea level, spread out among the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is higher than the top of Mount Washington. All that tourists and writers have said in praise of Lake Tahoe does not seem too much, for the reality far surpasses any description.

THOMAS FOULKE.

New York, Fourth month, 1874.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA.

A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph, en route* from Berlin to St. Petersburg, writes as follows:—

The very cars are made for a realm of ice and snow. Built after the American fashion, they are divided into a number of separate compartments, connected by a long, narrow passage running right through them, and are warmed by stoves fed from the piles of wood logs stacked up in front of the stove. A Moujik, who appears to turn up from nowhere, and sleeps outside upon the steps, keeps feeding these stoves from hour to hour. The carriages are lit up with short, squat wax candles, which never get really alight, and are always guttering out. Very few passengers get out; and fewer still get in; and altogether a sort of phantom air hangs over the whole journey. The day is well on before the gray, dim light struggles through the icicle-befrosted windows, and then for some half dozen hours—rather less than more—the dull, dreary landscape of a Russian plain, where the snow lies deep upon the ground, shifts steadily before our eyes as we journey slowly northward. . . . . .

A wide expanse of snow, broken by patches of pine forests, whose dark sombre leaves are crested with white flakes, forms the never-changing background of the scene. Throughout the whole 560 miles which separate St. Petersburgh from the Russian boundary line, there is neither embankment, nor cutting, nor curve. Across a dead waste of snow the line stretches as far as the eye can reach. The roadside houses you pass in that long distance might be counted on the fingers of your hands; the number of roads you see from the carriage windows is scarcely greater. At regular intervals, usually some twenty miles apart, the train stops at some roadside station. No town, or even village, is visible in the distance. Half a dozen sleighs stand outside the station; a score of sheepskin-clad peasants loiter on the platform; a sentry, with fixed bayonet, stands at attention all the time the train stops; nobody gets in or out. The sole object of the halt seems to be to pile up anew the stacks of logs with which the engine's tender is provided. The names of the stations are unintelligible to the western eye, and the queer combinations of unknown, contorted, blue letters with which the walls of the railway waiting rooms are covered, bear little or no analogy to the Germanified versions provided by the time-tables. Koschedann and Swentziany seem in Russian to be spelt with much the same letters; and even the difference between either of them and Ostrow is barely perceptible.

Nor is there much in the outward aspect of these stations to distinguish them from one another. They are all alike, only varying in size. A long, low, wooden, barn-shaped building, planted in the middle of a waste of snow, is their invariable type. The train jolts slower and slower for some quarter of an hour, then at last comes to a full stop; the doors at the end of each long railway car are thrown open, the double windows lowered, and a mass of figures, swathed in furs and sheepskins, dis-

gorges itself slowly upon the platform. Out of the frosty air you pass into the refreshment-rooms, whose atmosphere is heated like that of a bake-house oven. There is a long table in the middle for travellers who wish to dine, a bar resplendent with stacks of colored bottles, where all kinds of schnapps and drams are dispensed; a side table full of glasses of tea, presided over by a woman in peasant's dress. The waiters are dressed in black, with white ties and white Berlin gloves. As the larger portion of the travellers are foreigners, there is a good deal of pantomimic language and action, and you constantly witness the spectacle of two persons jabbering fiercely to one another in different languages, each of the speakers being perfectly aware all the time that what he says is utterly unintelligible to the other.

"We should always try to be full of reverence for any manifestation of goodness in others, however feeble it may be, and however inconsistent. Our tendency, we know, is just the other way. We pay respect to great goodness because it awes and indeed overmasters us, but to a little goodness we are ready to show no quarter. We can detect the weak side of it, we can place it in a ridiculous light, we can despise its possible uncouthness, and its want of harmony with the rest of the character. And yet—and yet this poor, weak, faulty, blundering creature may chance to be a saint of God. . . . . Surely if there be any place where an admonition like this is specially needed, it is a society of the young such as ours is. How impatient the young are of anything singular or peculiar in those with whom they mix! how quick to detect inconsistency! how unjust sometimes to aspirations that are proclaimed, but not realized. And yet, if they would but reflect, goodness, like other things, must have a beginning, and be feeble, perhaps, in its first efforts, and present grotesque contrasts with much of its surroundings, and, misdoubting even itself, be greatly misdoubted by others."—*E. H. Bradley.*

THOUSANDS of people might be enjoying resaonable lives, with opportunities for self-culture, for social enjoyment, and for charitable effort, whose whole energy is absorbed in the desperate struggle to add superfluities to comforts.

NOTICE.

Nottingham Quarterly Meeting Association for the promotion of First-day Schools. The next meeting will be held at Eastland, on Seventh-day, the 26th of Fifth month, at ten o'clock. A general invitation is extended.

THOMAS P. KING,
MARY F. BROWN, } *Clerks.*

ITEMS.

THE MENNONITE IMMIGRANTS.—The Mennonites o Russia, who, to the number of sixty thousand, pro pose to settle in this country, ask of Congress tha land on the public domains equal to twenty o twenty-five thousand square miles be withdrawi from market, and set apart for them to purchase Should Congress grant this request, they will divid the tract into sections and quarter sections, and dis tribute it among members of the sect, and will pa ten per cent. of the purchase money, and begi settling immediately. About ten thousand wil come to this country this year, leaving the other to wind up their affairs in Russia. The Canadia Government has offered to present the Mennonite with more than four times as much land as the seek to buy of our Government, and to pay ther thirty dollars per person, if they will settle in tha country, but as they have alrendy been driven fro their own country by monarchical institutions, the prefer to make their new settlement in a land whe their religious freedom is assured.

THE Legislature of Mississippi has passed an a that henceforth no one can legally sell liquor i that State until he obtains the written consent the majority of the adult citizens, men and wome resident in the township.

SCHOOL SAVING FUNDS.—M. Laurent, a profess in the Ghent University, has devoted much time the establishment of savings funds in the publ schools of Ghent, and the experiment has alrea been successfully tried in Antwerp and Brugess, a is about to be tried in Brussels. Contributions a received by the teachers of the schools, and as so as the deposits of a scholar have amounted seventy-five cents, that sum is deposited in the go ernment savings fund, where it draws three p cent. interest. Of fifteen thousand pupils in t schools in 1873, thirteen thousand were deposito and had on deposit ninety-five thousand dollars, an average of $7.30 each. The savings funds s designed not only for the purpose of saving t money, but of teaching the sch lars the habits a the value of economy.—*Public Ledger.*

THE Tilghman Sand Blast, for engraving a carving on stone, glass, etc., which was invented this city, and is now used extensively for the maki of ground glass, and for cutting bass-reliefs in m ble, granite, and other stone, has been a great cu osity abroad ever since its introduction. Its effe upon the ground substance have lately been exa ined under the microscope by Mr. Wenham, of British Microscopical Society, who claims to h found that the roughened surface of the glass su jected to the process was something more than mere abrasion, being in fact composed of min fractures produced by the impact of the partic of sand driven against it with great velocity. E a diamond may be worn away by this batter process. A polished glass surface exposed to blast seemed to show that a particle of glass l been driven in by each impact of a grain of sa and that the wedge-like action thus set up l driven away the surrounding glass in small sca of fractured material. The glass, under the pol iscope, was shown to be under strain and ready yield to further fracture. This may explain brittleness sometimes produced in glass exposed a length of time to the action of sandblast, and r show there is a limit beyond which the batte down of the surface cannot be safely carrie *Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

In early life, I read a pathetic account of the convincement, and call to the ministry, of Margaret Lucas; and her simple narrative of the sufferings she endured on Truth's account, together with her testimony to the goodness of our kind Preserver, the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel, made a deep and abiding impression on my spirit. And as very few of the rising generation have probably met with it, I will suggest the propriety of republishing it in the *Intelligencer*, especially as it is not lengthy.

In reading the exercises of this dear friend, —only *one* of the "great cloud of witnesses" —we are forcibly reminded of the words of that practical writer, *Hannah Moore*, when she says: "Christianity bears all the marks of a Divine original. It came down from heaven, and its gracious purpose is to carry us up thither. Its author is God. Its doctrines are pure, sublime, and consistent. Its precepts just and holy. Its worship is spiritual; its service reasonable, and rendered practicable by the offers of Divine aid to human weakness." AARON C. MACY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, &C., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

I was born in the year 1701, in Fleet street, London; my father's name was James Brindley; he kept a china shop at the corner of Fetter Lane. I was the youngest of fourteen children. My mother died when I was a year and a half old; after which my father removed to Lambeth, to the place called Vauxhall, where he erected a pottery for making Dutch or stoneware. There my father married a second wife, who, dying before him, left two children. He died when I was about seven years old, leaving six orphans, two of them younger than myself, having no relation that we knew of, except my aunt, who was my father's sister, and married my present uncle, the person hereafter mentioned.

My father dying without a will, left things in disorder; and *Elias Turner*, who was one of the three directors of the South Sea company, proving himself my father's greatest creditor, sent for my uncle from Leek to London, and advised him to stand guardian for us. Three of us, at my father's death, were under the care of his house keeper, the wife of one of his clerks. She was very careful over us, and brought us up strictly in the Protestant religion. My eldest sister, being weakly, lived much with my aunt in the country, except in the time of her education; and my little brother and sister were taken down to Leek by my aunt, on her return from visiting us children, after my father's death; but the little boy did not live long. My uncle had a mind, at this time, to have taken me down also; saying that, upon seeing my innocent amusements, he had a particular respect for me; but Elias Turner would not

consent to it, and I, also my brother and sister, were continued under the care of the house-keeper some years longer. My uncle, at times, repeating his desire to have us with him, and it being left to my choice, in the year 1713 I went down.

I had conceived the country to be a more delightful place than I at first found it, and expressed to the maid that accompanied me, my dissatisfaction and disappointment. She staid with me till the return of the coach, and left me a little sad; yet my uncle and aunt were full of love towards me, and I was careful of my expressions on the different situation I was in; but what added to my grief at this juncture was the behavior of my eldest sister, whom I did not remember to have seen before my coming down. She gave my uncle so much uneasiness, that he sent her out of the town, and, though he strove to prevent it, she married his apprentice, and never was readmitted into his house while I lived there. On occasion of this, and the irksomeness of my situation, my uncle thought proper to board me at school, though not altogether on account of my learning, for I was then thought dexterous beyond most of my years; and indeed I have observed that, from a child, there was a flexibility in my temper, which, like the softened wax, seemed fit for impression and improvement. My uncle concluded I might meet with something there to improve and divert my mind, though I concealed my sorrow to the best of my power. He took me to governess Hyde's, in order to board me there; but there lived in Smithy Door, Manchester, a widow whose husband died some pounds in my father's books, and my uncle calling for the money, and telling her whose daughter I was, she said, if he pleased, she would board me, and I might go to school as a day scholar.

My uncle inquired into her character, and consulted with one Nichols, a yarn merchant, in Deansgate, who advised my uncle to accept the proffer, telling me, his house, if I did not like the other, should be my home; and here I always met with a kind reception.

My uncle staid with me a few days, and then left me with the widow and her daughter, the only child she had. I liked my situation very well, it being much more agreeable to me than Leek. This widow and her daughter were Presbyterians; but my uncle ordered me my liberty, and that I should go to church, which she never forbade, though she was very strict in her own way of worship, and kept good order in the house, with family prayer night and morning, which I never absented myself from, and I still remember the pleasure I then received from the books I read, from the repetition of my catechism, and those forms of prayer adapted to my years always estimating those I believed to be religious.

I staid at Manchester till the latter end o the year, and spent the winter agreeably bot to my uncle and myself. In the spring, h took a journey to London, and, as my younge sister had been brought thence while young he thought fit to take her with him for he improvement, and there she staid four year Though I was left at my uncle's, as by my self, I did not much regret the loss of thes two sisters, who were indeed but as strange to me; and amends were fully made by m uncle at his return, in bringing down m other sister, with whom I had lived und the care of our house-keeper.

This gave me, as it were, new life for th month that she staid with us; but her depa ture went very hard with me; and my uncl who, before I went to meetings, ever sough to make me happy, according to his notio proposed to take me to Manchester again. Th was pleasing to me, and the widow receive me kindly. She never asked me to go chapel, yet I many times went at pleasur and have since found occasion to rememb what I met with there. I staid with her ti the town was in confusion about tory a whig; and as she was afraid of the cons quence, she desired my uncle to take n home.

I was now past thirteen, and quite reco ciled to my station, growing in my uncle a aunt's favor, and in love towards them.

They punctually fulfilled their promi that I should want for nothing that was for me to have. And though I had learn to dance in London, a dancing master co ing to the town, my uncle sent me to him, being a diversion which it was said I was for, being very agile, and indeed I was ve fond of it. When I was past fourteen, brother came down to see me. My unc still studying my improvement, sent me learn to write, to make pastry, and (on the turn of my said master) to the dancing sch again. This gave me an extensive acquai ance, and as I had acquired, from the tea ings of my London master, a different air, it is termed, I generally went off with plause; and this seemed no less pleasing my uncle and aunt than to myself. He of showed his fondness for me at my retu taking me to his knee, asking if there was a thing wanting in my dress, which my acquai ance had, and I wished to have, saying would buy it for me. But his love preven my much asking, for no sooner did he se new mode than he mentioned it; nor d remember that I ever asked him for anyth which he denied me.

I was now past fifteen, and there coming two singing masters, my uncle sent me to them. I was taught by them to sing psalms by notes. I went with many more, having great delight therein, as also in the worship of God, as I had been taught.

Here, I cannot but observe how many different inventions there are to divert the minds of youth from opportunities of seeking after the one thing needful; yet it was in the midst of these hurries that I began to make reflections in myself concerning the clergy, and to account them worthy of double honor; esteeming them most happy, as their employment led them in their devotion towards God; and therefore concluded they had a peculiar advantage in the mysteries of Divine things, and a more thorough knowledge of the Lord than others; often saying, if I had been a boy, I would have been brought up at the university, as my brother was designed by my father to have been.

About this time some persons sought my company by way of courtship, but I gave them no encouragement, for I kept myself much reserved on that account, going on in most earnest pursuit of my duties, as I had been taught, which proved a comfort to my uncle and aunt.

When about sixteen, my uncle made me an assistant in the family, and on the first days I not only read and gave out the psalms, but also the family prayers, when my uncle was from home, or any way indisposed, so that now I stood high in their favor, both with respect to their religious and temporal enjoyments; and, indeed, I have many times since thought of my distressed uncle as similar to Micah, who, we read, thought himself blest when he had consecrated the Levite for his priest; but alas! how soon did the priest not only leave Micah, but take away his image; so, though I stole not my uncle's God, yet I broke his peace, and left him to contemplate the uncertainty of that delight we fix on transient objects.

My uncle now intending my advancement, as he said, would leave his own little, though convenient, house, to take a larger, for the better accommodation of me and my acquaintances, of which I had a great number; he little suspecting this removal destined to overthrow his purposed happiness; but so it was. His house stood opposite to the gates of the church, so called, where I was frequently reminded of the mortality of the body, and was thereby struck with many serious reflections on the state of eternity, and the immortality of the soul.

As I lived so near, I often waited upon the corpse to the grave, musing in myself how it must be with the deceased in the hour of death; for, though I had often heard that sentence pronounced by the priest, in which it is said, "we commit the body to the ground (note) in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life;" yet upon the strictest review, I could not find that I had any evidence of that hope abiding in me; and though my reasonings would have led me to conclude it was an immediate gift of God to the soul at the time of departure, yet my esteem for the clergy led me to believe that it was an assurance given to them, and that the people must build their hope thereon. But still my uneasiness was not to be so allayed, for that foundation was so shaken, that my faith could not stand thereon, and I grew more uneasy; but although it was such a mystery to my natural conceivings, that I could not fathom it, yet did I believe it was a matter necessary for a Christian to find while in health, the better to support his illness, and help him to submit himself to the will of God in his death; and surely my soul was at this time under a weighty pressure, and although I was then ignorant what it was, I have since believed it was no less than the drawings of the Father's love; yet as the natural man discerneth not the things that be of God, so he knoweth not where to seek them. Thinking I wanted that zeal which I saw in others, I was now increasingly fervent in my prayers; I made new additions to my private, and waited with attention on my public devotions; and sometimes went on with rigor in the repetition of those exercises.

(To be continued.)

From The Christian Register.

THE RELIGION OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The "ministry of reconciliation" must include a wise and faithful treatment of the new and pressing problems of industry and property.

We are leaving behind the wise folly which rails at "the things of this world" out of deference to those of another. There is more in a dollar, and in business, than the political economist has yet discovered. The wealthy treasures of Nature, to which man so freely helps himself, are meant to serve him in larger ways than merely by supplying bodily needs. His mind and heart, his will and conscience are put to school, and find their appointed development partly in these physical necessities and employments, and in the way of his getting, using and managing property.

Acquisitiveness is one of the provisions of the human constitution. Not one of the highest; neither is hunger. But these are important wheels in the large mechanism of our life. Say, rather, they are among the motor-powers by which that machinery is worked.

And they are conditions, or stages, leading toward something higher than themselves.

The moral or spiritual man is planted and grown in the soil of physical conditions and relations. Justice, honesty, honor, fidelity—noblest elements of character—find their vigor, as well as their trial, in our daily business. Not less important to virtue is the development of personal force, will-power. In going forth to take possession of the world, by industry and invention, stimulated by necessity and by the love of possession, man really gets possession of himself; finds his faculties, finds also his fellow-man, and so learns relationship and dependence, duty and good-will. Acquisitiveness is thus one of the lures by which Providence tempts our reluctant baby-powers into activity.

There is no rational promise of good in any "reform" which sets out with a proposal to cut human nature up by the roots. The outcry, "Down with property!" like that other outcry, "Down with religion!" is simply a blind and insane declaration of war against mankind. But not less fatal is the folly which takes no note of the abuses and perversions which have driven men to this frenzy. As much that goes under the name of religion can safely be spared, so much that is done and endured in the present processes of getting and using property can be usefully corrected. Let us cherish a brave faith in the possibility of righting every wrong. But let us remember also that it takes time, patience, wisdom.

We shall have "all things common" in the best sense, not when no man can call anything his own—his own to have, and hold and use,—but when each man holds his own subject to such conditions, and administers it in such a spirit and manner as will make it harmonize with and contribute to the general welfare. A man's title to property is not absolute and unconditioned; he holds it as a trust; but, because he is a trustee, he must hold it.

The joint interest, at bottom, of the whole community, the "solidarity" of properties as well as of people, is recognized by civil law, which protects every one in his possessions, yet takes from him, in taxes, what is necessary for general uses; and even takes *all*, when his hold or use of it is a public peril or a nuisance. Military confiscations, penal fines, and assessments for the helpless poor, rest on a reason, and point to a deep-seated conviction that we all hold property subject to society's right of eminent domain. A man's right to the dollar, or to the million, which he fairly acquires and justly uses, is good against the whole human race until that emergency arises in which the greatest good of the greatest number requires him to surrender it, or some part of it; then it is his no longer.

So we steer between the rock of individual selfishness, on which society is shattered, and the whirlpool of communism in which personal freedom and responsibility are engulfed. In addressing the greedy and grasping monopolist, we must emphasize the rights of society; in addressing the extreme socialistic tendency, we must emphasize the rights and needs of the individual. So doing, we preserve all rights and harmonize all interests.

THE differences which deeply divide good people from each other's fellowship will never be got over by mere toleration. They must advance toward each other, so as to see more clearly wherein they agree; must advance not merely along the road of the intellect, but by the path of the heart; not merely to compare notes about doctrines, to lock horns in controversy, and to push for victory; but that they may see each other's moral features, discover each other's principles, and thus recognize the deep-seated family likeness,—the unity of the spirit. Then there'll be some mutual surprises, tender confessions, and mighty embracings.—*C. G. Ames.*

A SUNBEAM.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would see it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a gnat would a straw. The play of these beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plants. Let but the eye drink in a little more sunshine at one pla

nan another, and it desolates a whole region. The marvel is that a power which is capable f assuming such a diversity of forms, and f producing such stupendous results, should ome to us so gentle, so peaceful, and in so npretentious a manner.—*British Quarterly Review.*

From the Christian Register.

OLD PEOPLE.

BY P. THORNE.

In early youth we seldom appreciate the harm of old people's society. Then we are pt to consider them slow, old fogyish, not up n the modern ideas. We expect to astonish nem, to show them what can be done, and ow it should be done, too. It is only when nany failures and downfalls have taken some f the conceit out of us, made us more hum-le and self-doubtful, that we are capable of ppreciating the old.

Their cheerfulness surprises us. Now we now enough of life to realize that it is some-mes but up hill work. How can these who ave lived such long lives, undergone so much, ot only endure but enjoy still living on? Then we are amazed to discover how much ld people know. The truth which just be-ins to glimmer on us, learned at cost of pain-il effort and experience in which we feel the ride of original discoverers, we are surprised o hear our old friend utter casually, quite s a matter of course. He knew it all the ime. Old people don't tell all they think nd know. They sit quietly in the chimney orner, regarding peacefully through their pectacles the stir and excitement of our liv-ng, saying nothing. Some of the shrewd nd sensible comments going on behind the pectacles would considerably astonish us, if evealed.

But old people live much within themselves. elf-assertion and demonstration, the desire f public acknowledgment and recognition, re all passed, for them. They have seen the anity of all that, and are content to be, ithout caring to seem. Perhaps part of heir peacefulness comes from this very fact. et more from the feeling that their life work s done. The time of struggle, of anxiety to o and get the most and best out of this one hort life, the fear of irretrievable mistake, have assed by. Be it success or be it failure, their ork is done. Nothing can change the record ow. Perhaps they sit quietly in the fast alling evening shadows, "always remember-ng," a softened light falls even on the fail-ires and wanderings, and they see, at last, hy much of this must have been. . . .

While old people live much in the past, hey do not overlook the present. Often no one s more interested in the daily paper and last new book than the oldest member of the family. There is no more agreeable companion than an intelligent and cheerful old person, who finds life full of interest to the last, who brings to the events of to-day the insight and experience of a long, well-spent life. A certain preciousness is given to intercourse with our aged friends, by the knowledge that it must necessarily be brief. Only two or three of the very old usually linger with us. With them will pass away the only links that bind us to their generation. If we let our nineteenth century hurry and busy-ness tempt us to neglect them, any day it may be too late to atone. And old people have such warmth, such cordiality, for the younger friends who drop occasionally into their lonely hours! They believe in us so much, it makes us ashamed of ourselves. Yet, after all, it is pleasant to be believed in. They never mistrust that our seeming merits are largely a reflection caught from their own serene goodness. Every one draws largely out of others the qualities he fancies he sees in them. . . . . Some people say they do not wish to be old, to outlive their usefulness and become a burden. But all of life is good. Every age has its charms. It would seem a pity to miss this peaceful twilight of life, this stopping to rest a little while and think it all over before we go away forever.

Surely we ought to begin now to be the sort of old people we mean to be by-and-by. Selfish, discontented, querulous young people will not, like wine, improve simply with age, and blossom out into the cheery, sensible old people we have been talking about. "We must fight if we would win;" fight, and fight, and continue to fight the hydra headed self-love that, like the "pusley" in "My Summer in a Garden," often seems to thrive and increase on being cut up. "It is our duty to wage the battle to the end, and our best comfort, apart from Christ, is that not to wage it, and to give in, is worse than to go on." But by-and by (to continue the quotation from Stopford Brooke) comes the time when "we can contend no more, we have scarcely anything left to contend against; we have slain all our foes in the power of Christ; we have exhausted all our doubts; and as the clouds disperse, the star of hope rises soft and clear in the pale, pure light of the heavenly dawn. We look on it, and are at rest; we lay down our armor; we lie back contented in the arms of God. We whisper, humbly, with St. Paul, 'I have fought the good fight.'"

SUCH is the blessing of a benevolent heart that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness, since it can rejoice in the prosperity of others.

THE CONFLICT OF THE DAY.

The Christian forces of the world to-day are struggling, like Esau and Jacob in the womb—quarreling as to whether or not the world's religious growth is to stand in its outward relations and regulations and doctrinal lines, or not. That is the struggle of the churches to-day. You may look through Christendom and you will find that there is everywhere a high and a low party—a party of liberty and a party of authority—though neither party altogether realize what they are doing or know what they mean. The struggle to-day is not between two parties—one that represents selfishness, and arrogance, and pride, and self-seeking, and the other that represents love as the central element, and demands that everything else shall be under its control; though that is the battle which must be fought out before the Lord shall reign in the hearts of men, but the conflict of the time indicates the rebellion of thinking religious men against the bonds with which ecclesiasticism seeks to hold them bound.

Look at the struggle in the Roman church abroad. What mean all these fitful outbursts in the direction of liberty under the lead of Père Hyacinthe and his German colleagues, in which men attempt to break away from the restraints of an external system which surrounds them? The quarrel is between the liberty of man's understanding and authority in externalities and in faiths.

Look at the condition of the Church of England. It is broken up into some four sects. If you were only to cut one or two of its hoops, four churches would spring out of the Church of England to day. There used to be a time when the Presbyterians and Congregationalists had their little pet quarrels on hand, and when the Episcopal church used to open its great slumberous doors, and say, "O brethren come into this harbor of peace and rest." The time was when they had good rest. They slept soundly! But they do not extend that invitation to those of other denominations any longer. It is too sarcastic. It would be absurd to throw open the great cathedral doors of England, and say to anybody, "Come in here, so as to get out of dispute and debate." Why, there are four fighting armies on the field spiritual there to-day.

Go and look at the condition of things in France and Germany, and see what the struggles of Christianity are. See how largely they are external. See how much is being written which relates merely to its outward features. See how all the schools are studying back along through books and libraries to establish the usages of the past. See how everybody is working to ascertain what are the relations of Papacy; what is the right of bishops; what is the condition of the ministry; what is the status of the priesthood; what is the nature of the organization of the church; what is liberty in a church; what is servility in a church; how far the observance of ordinances should be carried; what is right or what is wrong on this, that, or the other subject.

The whole Christian world to-day is embattled on these externalities; and the power of the church is not now, any more than it has been at any other time, concentrated in this: *Man must be like God in loving.*

Now, there will never be a conversion of this world until there is an enthusiasm of love; until men at last understand that the kingdom of God comes without observation; until it is recognized that Christianity may make use of anything which will promote its object, but that it does not stand in external forms, in governments, in orders, in ordinances, in a priesthood, in the ministrations of the sanctuary, nor in the scholastic appliances of any kind; until men believe that the kingdom of God is within them, and that it is made up of the fruits of the Spirit—love, peace, joy, humility, and good will toward men. If you throw this out, you throw everything out. You may erect your cathedrals till they kiss the heavens with gold, you may build your altars till they glow like the rainbow, you may drape your priests, and let them walk in solemn processions, you may have your songs, your chants, and your music in the sanctuary; and yet, without love, these things are nothing, or are like the bubble which the boy blows, which he tosses in the air, in which he sees heaven for an instant, and which is then gone forever.

H. W. B.

From the Boston Globe.

"THE LAND OF BROKEN PROMISE."

It must have been with deep sadness that the American poet, after spending months among the monarchies of Europe, of which we are wont to speak as if they fostered ignorance with all its brood of vices and crimes, referred to news from home as—

"Public scandal, private fraud,
Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud
Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
And all the unwholesome mess
The Land of Broken Promise serves of late
To teach the Old World how to wait."

Is this indeed the melancholy conclusion which our wisest and most thoughtful reach after a long sojourn in foreign lands, that America, which has been for a century making to the world loud promises of the rich results that would flow from her free institu

ons, has become in the eyes of the world The Land of Broken Promise," and the sson of her history is that other countries ad better wait some centuries yet before en- ring upon the same perilous experiment of reedom? We fear there is much to justify is conclusion. Has not Congress gone rough with the solemn formalities of a legal nactment, merely to break the promise of ie Government to the people? Have we not een surfeited with public scandal in the redit Mobilier transactions, the plundering the revenues by contract, the blackmail- g of merchants by Custom House officials, nd the connection of the public servants ith all manner of robberies of the public easury? Are not our daily records black- ed with accounts of "public fraud" in anks, railway and insurance offices, and the arts of trade; and have we not seen "crime aunting scot-free" in scores of cases, and ie ermine of our courts besmirched with foul spicions? And how often office is "made le to bribe unworthiness" and degraded to erchandise for the purchase of advancement security in high position, we all know too ell.

Must the humiliating confession be made at all this is the natural and the necessary sult of giving freedom and equality to all e citizens? Is there not virtue enough in man nature to make self-government safe, must there still be, for some centuries to me, a bottom stratum of irresponsible and ngerous men who must be kept in subjec- n, in order to preserve the tranquility and e decency of society? We do not yet give the experiment, although its progress thus r is somewhat discouraging. The great ant in this nation is conscience—that heroic gard for right and justice which cannot be ught at any price, and which sets these ralities above all the rewards of wealth and wer. There have been men in public and ivate station, and we do not believe the ce is yet extinct, to whom money is no re- ard for dishonor, and who value the con- iousness of rectitude above the huzzas of e crowd. This spirit is the leaven that must store sweetness to our social and political e, or they will go down in the darkness of ath and corruption.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

There has been too much worship of the al- ighty dollar, too much bowing down at the rine of Mammon. The prophet has veiled s face and gone to the mount of fire, and r people have set up a golden calf to rule er them. There is a love of display, a ndness for lordly mansions and showy equi- ge, a yearning for place and power, which have seduced with meretricious fascinations the hearts of those who should be the leaders and the teachers of the people. The mass have been dazzled and blinded by these concomitants of grandeur, and have forgotten that nothing is truly great that does not rest on the pillars of justice and truth. The loss of that simple grandeur of soul which consists of honesty and a love of right for its own sake, can find no real compensation in wealth or the temporary advantages that spring from official elevation. The salvation of this country must come from a restoration of the dominion of conscience over the minds of men. The first great lesson of a free people should be that the only safety for a person or nation is in doing right.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Fourth month, 30th, 1847.

. . . . . Yesterday morning there were about three inches of snow upon the ground and more falling, with a midwinter's wind, and the thermometer 31°. This morning all was calm and smiling; when I went to the door and looked out upon the lawn, the sweet voice of a dove came from the orchard, and with it the remembrance of the eloquent and instructive description of the "wise King," "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." A *literal* description of the scene then existed, and although beautiful and eloquent, it possesses great additional interest when regarded as representing the successive experiences in the spiritual condition of one who is not always in a "state of abounding" with sunshine and harvest—but who knows the cold and frost of "winter," with its dreariness and desolation, breaking up the rocks and hard soil, and kindly preparing it for greater fertility. Then the darkness, the chilliness, and the droopiness of the succeeding "rain"—all preparatory to growth and expansion. In this renovated condition, the soul finds a new life, and experiences joy to overflowing on the appearance of "flowers"—the promise of fruit—and the voice of harmony and innocent cheerfulness is heard "in our land"—in the soul. Thus a beautiful compensation exists, as I believe, in all conditions of humanity; and those alternating spiritual periods of winter, like the moulting of insects and birds, prepare for further development, and impart a greater intensity of enjoyment when the spiritual spring arrives with its flowers and

harmony, bringing a full equivalent to such as do not "always abound," and placing them upon a level with those who enjoy a perpetual spring and are ever in harmony.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 23, 1874.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—On Second-day morning, after the opening minute was read in Men's Meeting, several Friends were engaged in the ministry, and the time was occupied in reading the reports, the minutes of Friends in attendance, the epistles from other Yearly Meetings, and the appointment of a Committee to respond to them. In the afternoon session, the first query and answers were read, and most of the time was occupied in their consideration. On Third and Fourth-days, the meeting was engaged in an earnest consideration of the state of the Society, as exhibited in the reports from the subordinate branches, and it was gratifying to observe that an unusually large number of the younger class participated in vocal expression. In view of the deficiencies which from year to year are acknowledged in the reports, a proposition was made for the appointment of a Committee, to inquire into the cause of these deficiencies, and, also, whether some modification of our Discipline is not necessary to adapt it to our present needs. There was a large expression in favor of the proposition. but it was not acted upon. The hope was expressed by many that the subject might rest on the minds of Friends. The increase of interest among the younger part of the Society was attributed by some to the First-day school movement, in which so many are engaged, and it was an encouraging feature of the meeting that the religious, guarded education of the children was an object of deep concern, and had called forth the well directed efforts of the young and middle aged, in the various localities where Friends reside.

The minutes of the Representative Committee informed that, during the past year, the subject of memorializing Congress in favor of the passage of a Bill before it, providing for a commission of inquiry as to the results in the traffic of alcoholic liquors, and the evils resulting from their use, was seriously considered, but no way opened in the Committee having it in charge to recommend action.

Some books were purchased for distribution, and the Committee were encouraged to keep their attention directed to the purchase and circulation of such works as will extend a knowledge of our religious views. The subject of the publication of the proceedings of the Yearly Meeting, by reporters, for the public journals, also claimed the consideration of the Representative Committee, and they were nearly unanimous in the conclusion that the practice should be discouraged. While regret was expressed at the incorrect and often garbled statements thus published, a considerable number of Friends dissented from the conclusion of the Committee, and it was suggested that a reporter from among our members might be employed, who, with the aid of a judicious Committee of the Yearly Meeting, should prepare and publish such of the proceedings as were of general interest, but no action was taken on this proposition.

The report of the joint Committee on Education elicited much interest. They had appointed an Executive and a Visiting Committee, and requested the co-operation of the Quarterly Meetings. All of these responded, and many of the meetings within our limits have been visited, with a view of awakening more interest in this important subject, and the Committee think there is a fair prospect of opening schools in several localities where they have not before existed. Some properties belonging to the Society for school purposes are now leased to the public, and conducted jointly with the directors of the public schools, which is a state of things much to be regretted. Friends in those localities have been encouraged to establish schools in accordance with the discipline. Wherever these have been established and properly conducted they have been well sustained. Some material aid has been furnished by the Committee from the funds of the Yearly Meeting, and they believe much good has been accomplished. They were encouraged to persevere in their labors, and authorized, if needful, to draw upon the funds of the Yearly Meeting.

A delegation from Women's Meeting introduced a minute inquiring whether the language of the Discipline, with regard to the appointment of the Representative Committee, did not warrant the introduction of women into that body. The minute was read and laid aside for consideration. At a subsequent sitting it was again produced, and a united judgment arrived at, that there was nothing in the Discipline to prevent any Quarterly Meeting from appointing women on that Committee. A long and interesting report was read from the Indian Committee, giving in detail an account of their labors, and of the condition of the tribes under their care. The progress of the Indians in civilization is necessarily slow, but the Committee are much encouraged with continued evidences of improvement. The Indian Aid Association, through the Central Committee, composed principally of women Friends, has contributed largely in supplying wearing apparel and other necessary articles for the use of the several tribes. The Committee was continued with a few changes and an addition to their number.

The conservative and progressive elements, as they are called, are found in all healthful organizations, and our Yearly Meeting is no exception. The diversity of sentiment thus produced need cause no uneasiness, as long as brotherly love continues, and Christian freedom is encouraged. On Sixth-day afternoon the business of the Yearly Meeting was concluded, and after a season of solemn silence, in which Divine love was felt to overshadow the assembly, the clerk read the closing minute.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING (WOMEN'S) *Continued.*—Third-day morning. The replies to the first query called forth much expression relative to attendance of meetings. It was believed that where there is a deep concern, the difficulties will be overcome. Our best meetings are often those that we have had to make an effort to attend, as was feelingly expressed to have been the early experience of a dear mother in Israel. All were encouraged to press through the difficulties that lie around us, that we may be better prepared when we come up to our annual gatherings to show forth the praise of Him whom we serve.

The close connection between the first and second queries was dwelt upon, and children were appealed to to attend meetings with their parents, even if not called upon religiously to do so, and in the future they would themselves feel the obligation, on higher ground than that of parental duty, to mingle with Friends and offer the incense of Divine worship. The third query brought before us the consideration of true simplicity in the training of children, and the importance of encouraging such a mode of dress as requires little time and thought, whilst the idea of the beautiful is not wholly suppressed. Much exercise was expressed that we make a wise selection in our reading, and that we give the Scriptures of Truth their proper place. The young were exhorted carefully to avoid pernicious and sensational literature, and to cultivate a taste for such works as are of a moral and intellectual character.

The fourth query called forth the sentiment that we should not be satisfied with promoting abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but that we should aid and encourage, especially for the working classes, such substitutes in the form of attractive coffee-houses and reading rooms, as have been established in other places.

The importance of upholding a free Gospel ministry was urged. A dear friend queried, "How is it that so many of you are hungering for that ministry that ministers only to the intellect? We know that when we are hungering for the bread of life, we are glad of the crumbs that fall from the Father's table."

While the seventh Query was under consideration we were earnestly appealed to on the extravagance now indulged in in the dressing of little children. Not only are much valuable time and means spent in its ornamentation and useless appendages, but there is fostered in the susceptible mind of the child, a spirit of vanity and rivalry, destructive of the innocent unconsciousness of childhood. A sense of the evils thus resulting caused a feeling of sorrow in many minds. Mothers were advised to use their sewing machines as a means of lessening rather than

increasing their labors, that more time may be given to the cultivation of the mind.

The answers to the second annual Query, and the report of the Yearly Meeting's Committee brought the subject of education prominently before us. Those who have the means were appealed to in behalf of such young women among us as are seeking a higher education than they can afford, to spare of their abundance and to aid them in the accomplishment of this object.

Many living exercises were given forth in relation to our duties one towards another, and we were exhorted to hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering. A feeling testimony was borne to the importance of such a knowledge of our physical being as would lead to a reverence for it, as the temple of the Holy Spirit; that our children should not be left in ignorance of the laws which govern its functions, and more especially those connected with purity of thought. Where can a knowledge of such subjects be more safely learned than from the lips of a religiously concerned mother? The relation between a mother and her children should be of such an intimate and endearing character, that entire confidence should exist between them, and nothing connected with their well-being be regarded as too delicate to touch upon. It was believed that for want of such knowledge, joined to indolent and self-indulgent habits, and the enervating effect of works of imagination, practices were often fallen into by which the nervous system was enfeebled, and a train of bodily and mental disorders induced, which were often entailed upon offspring. The importance and dignity of the maternal relation was feelingly dwelt upon. Were it rightly appreciated, and the laws connected with it reverently obeyed, it would not be regarded as a wearisome duty, but a mission to be accepted with thankfulness, a sacred trust committed to us by our Heavenly Father.

During the week acceptable visits were received from William Way, Samuel J. Levick, and Geo. Truman.

On Fifth-day morning, meetings for public worship were held at all our meeting-houses, and were well attended.

In addition to the epistles prepared for our sister Yearly Meetings, one for "Friends in isolated places wherever situated," was also prepared, and placed in the hands of a special committee for printing and distribution.

An interesting report from the Indian Committee, was read, also minutes of the Representative Committee. The reading of the latter revived the subject of joint representation in that committee, resulting in a minute calling the attention of men's meeting to the fact that there is nothing in the Discipline to prevent women serving on that committee.

On Third-day evening the Indian Committee held a public meeting in Race Street meeting-house, and on the evening of Fifth-day the First-day School Association met at the same place.

Throughout the week much unity and oneness of spirit have been manifested; and we cannot better close this imperfect notice of the various sittings than by giving the parting words of a beloved and aged Friend:

"Can we not unitedly, of every age, in this assembly, now sincerely and humbly, in remembrance of each day's experience, adopt the language: 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thee, O Lord, belongs all the praise?'"

Fashion as Connected with Moral Evil.—Thoughtful men and women seem just now more keenly alive than ever before to the various moral evils that afflict society. Either these evils are on the increase, or from some cause we have become more keenly alive to them. In either case, the most efficient remedy will be found when the *causes* are discovered. Many of the reform movements of the present day are directed to the treatment of *symptoms*. Not that we would discourage well-meant effort in this direction. But let us not suffer our minds to be diverted from looking deeply into the remote causes of degeneracy and unhappiness, leading at last to vice and immorality. There is sometimes, as all physicians know, a certain *tone* in the human system that *tends* toward disease, and reversely a *tone* that *tends* to resist the attacks of disease. This tendency to invite or resist surrounding influences exists also in society. Let every woman ask herself, (for if the inquiry begins with her it will not end with her,)

whether she is contributing, by her weak compliance with corrupt custom, to the physical and moral degeneracy, the symptoms of which appear in the intemperance, licentiousness and folly which surround us. Surely, in the thoughtfulness which marks many of the younger class of our members, and in the feeling, which leads them to do what they can for the instruction of ignorance and the relief of suffering, we may see hopeful indications that they will not rest satisfied that they have done all that is required of them until they inquire into the *causes* of ignorance, poverty and vice, and as far as their personal influence goes, seek to remove them. Let no one plead that the influence they could exert in this matter would be too small to produce the least effect. Is it smaller than the contribution of the little coral insect to the formation of a continent?

Take, for instance, the subject of fashion as connected with female dress. Nearly every thoughtful woman deplores the tyranny which prescribes an expensive, inconvenient, unhealthful, unbecoming attire, even while she thinks herself compelled partially to adopt it. Let women accustom themselves to *think deeply* on this subject; let them trace out the results to society at large, and especially to the weak and ignorant, when intelligent, thoughtful, and even religious women allow that intangible tyrant, fashion, to regulate their attire, though their finances, convenience and good taste cry out against it.

We believe that much of the compliance alluded to, of those who would gladly adopt a settled, rational style of dress is owing, in some, to the dread of singularity, and in others because they do not know *how* to stem the current that is carrying them along. This indicates the importance of thought, of conversation, of organization on this subject.

It has been urged by those who advocate "higher education" for women, a widening of her sphere of industry, and the right to vote, that these would elevate her above the tyranny of fashion. They may have some influence; yet we do not see, in individual cases, that cultivation of mind, or even the pressure of important duties, have always that effect. "Alas! leviathan is not so tamed." The example of those who feel restrained from following expensive fashions, especially if they are those whose means would allow of their doing so, is not without effect on those within the circle of their influence; but the general good requires that the whole subject in all its bearings should be taken up and considered. In this way the evils of slavery, war and intemperance have been exposed, and the slumbering conscience aroused by the light disseminated.

If this subject should, as we cannot but believe it will, take deep hold of the minds of earnest women, it will be found on investigation that the "love of dress" lies at the root of much of the licentiousness which clothes with mourning many who live in large cities. And should not the pure-minded women who deplore it, ask themselves whether, by their supineness, and their weak compliance with what at heart they despise, they are not aiding to swell that torrent of iniquity which is sweeping away virtue and manhood?

DIED.

GRIEST.—On the 5th of 4th mo, 1874, at the residence of her son-in-law, Benjamin Rich, Unionville, Centre Co., Pa., Martha, widow of Gideon Griest, in the 61st year of her age; formerly a member of Huntingdon Quarterly Meeting, Adams Co., Pa. This dear friend was confined to her bed for two years previous to her death. Her sufferings at times were very great, yet she never murmured, but often remarked that she had much to be thankful for. Many months before her demise, she said that "all was well with her, that her work was done, and she was only waiting to be called." The patient and cheerful spirit which she bore throughout all her afflictions was remarkable; giving an assurance to relatives and friends that all was peace within. R.

GILLINGHAM—On the 24th of Fourth month, 1874, at her residence, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pa., Phebe Wood, youngest daughter of the late James Gillingham; a member of Maiden Creek Monthly Meeting; formerly a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

SHOEMAKER.—On the 3rd of Fifth month, 1874, Elizabeth, widow of John Shoemaker, in the 84th year of her age; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting.

SHOURDS.—On the 24th of Fourth month,, 1874, Rachel T., wife of Thompson Shourds, and eldest daughter of Comly and Susan G. Tyson, in the 38th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Race Street).

LIPPINCOTT.—On the 2d of 2d mo., 1874, after a lingering illness, Sarah D., daughter of Aquila Lippincott, in the 52d year of her age; a member of Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J. She was an example of patience and humility, and so lived that when the summons came, she was fully prepared for the change.

WAINWRIGHT.—On the 13th inst., William Wainwright, in the 76th year of his age.

STUBBS.—On Third-day, 4th mo. 21st, 1874, Mary E., wife of Vincent Stubbs, aged nearly 72 years; an Elder of Little Britain Particular and Monthly Meetings.

The exemplary life of this dear Friend seems to merit more than a passing notice—not to eulogize the dead, but to encourage the living in the way of *well-doing*, for the well-spent life leaves its fragrance with survivors.

In the year 1820, she removed from West Nottingham, in the State of Maryland, to reside with her husband in Fulton township, Lancaster Co., Pa., where they lived till the time of her death. During this long period of years, she was enabled to maintain the even tenor of her way, and to accept the varied conditions of life, through which she passed, with calm resignation and quiet contentment; relying on the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the Good Father, who is ever near to His dependent children for their help and preservation.

Of a retiring nature, she avoided public notice, but love and goodness ever filled her heart, and went out in deeds of humanity and charity to the suffering and the needy. She was devoted and faithful to her religious obligations, regularly attending her meetings with her husband as they came in course, not allowing the cares of this life to prevent her from that duty. It was in the retirement and quiet of private life that her loving nature shone most brightly; here her calm serenity and sweetly peaceful life diffused a joy around, which made her the central light of a cheerful home. She "looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness."

For many years she was afflicted with a rheumatic complaint, which caused her much suffering, but through all she was patient and uncomplaining. Quietly and peacefully as she had lived *and done her work*, so she passed away, and her purified spirit has, no doubt, entered into the inheritance of the righteous in the higher life.

The interment was from Little Britain Meeting-house on the following Sixth-day, when a large company of friends and neighbors assembled, attesting their appreciation of her worth, and where a solemn meeting was held.

It is now for us, who are left yet longer, to imitate those virtues which adorned the meek and humble life of our departed friend, and to fill up the ranks which are being broken by the removal of the burden-bearers from our midst, one after another, that the beautiful and truly Christian testimonies professed by Friends may be maintained in their simplicity and integrity, a benefit and a blessing to ourselves and to others.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE.

BY "SIR HENRY HOLLAND."

(Concluded from page 108.)

The female side of the Society of Edinburgh at this time deserves also some mention. In two or three houses of note, as that of Mrs. Fletcher, it took an exclusively political aspect; but in others, as those of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Mrs. Apreece (afterwards the wife of Sir H. Davy), Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, &c., the literary and scientific celebrities of the place were well blended with those of other kinds.

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I went through the accustomed routine of lectures, demonstrations, clinical practice, and the less profitable teaching of books—learning at a later period (for it requires time for the lesson) that actual experience, with a sense of responsibility attached to it, is the sole school in which to make a good physician. One of the most learned men I ever knew in the literature of medicine, as well as in physical science, was one of the worst practitioners borrowing his diagnosis from books, and no from that happier faculty, almost an instinct which enables some men to interpret and act upon signs which no book can describe. Various improvements may doubtless be made in the methods of medical education; but the subjects in themselves are so subtle and complex, and so blended with the diversities of human character, that no teaching can be really effectual which does not include a certain amount of personal experience and responsibility conjoined with the talent for comprehending and applying its results.

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In 1809 a visit to Edgworthtown, Ireland was made interesting to me. It was then the residence of a large and happy family, of whom few now survive. Mrs. Edgworth, the mother of many children, and the admirable step-mother of many more, died but four years ago, in her ninety-third year. The friendship I formed with Maria Edgworth in this my early youth, was continued by frequent meetings in London, and once again at her home, whither I took my two sons with me. It was still further maintained by an unbroken and affectionate correspondence for more than forty years. Her letters to me would in themselves have formed a volume. One of the last she ever wrote was after reading the first volumes of "Macaulay's History." I showed it to Lord Macauley, who was much impressed with its discrimination and ability, that he begged me to let him keep it. A few days after a letter came from her family to tell me of her death.

The house at Edgworthtown, on my first visit there, curiously betokened the mechanical genius of its master. It was full of contrivances for making the ordinary acts of household life serve the other and unforeseen uses. The mere opening and shutting of certain doors set into motion machinery for winding clocks, or raising weights in other parts of the house. Mr. Edgworth showed in another practical faculty he had of adapting his functions as a magistrate to the genius of the Irish peasantry. Sitting with him in some of his examinations, he elicited on my behalf various stories and bulls which might have found place in some of his daughters' best Irish tales. He had himself certain stre

peculiarities of character, and was not popular out of his own family, but loved and respected within it. The history of his four marriages, of which he once gave me a summary, forms a curious piece of family biography.

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In January, 1816, I entered upon my professional life in London, at the age of twenty-seven. My first residence was in Mount Street; but four years of prosperous practice enabled me to remove to the house in Brook Street, where I have since lived.

My early success was materially aided by visits for four successive years to Spa, at the close of that which is called the London Season.

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The English as well as foreign society there was singularly agreeable. I saw much of the Duc de Richelieu. He was a fine specimen of what we are taught, rightly or wrongly, to picture, as a French noble of the old school. He, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Londonderry, walking arm in arm as I saw them at Spa, would have made an interesting subject for photography had the art then existed.

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Many private friendships formed here remained unbroken in the further progress of life. But I am obliged to add that they have now, almost without a single exception, been dissolved by death.

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In 1818, returning by Paris, I was one of the guests at a dinner there, which I have every reason to remember. It was at the house of the Countess Rumford, the widow of Lavoisier. At the table were Laplace, Cuvier, Madame Berthollet and Mrs. Marat. Berzelius came in the evening. I sat next to Laplace, and his fine, intellectual, yet courtly, face is still vividly before me, as is the memory of a long conversation on the geological theories and controversies of the day. He brought to this terrestrial topic the same profound thought which guided his researches in the "Mecanique Celeste." With Gay Lussac I had much talk after dinner on the doctrine of Definite Proportions, then recently become an integral part of chemical science, of which it is now the recognized foundation.

These eminent persons have all passed away, but their labors form a large chapter in the history of science. It may well furnish food for reflection, however, to note the mighty changes which the several sciences thus represented have since undergone—facts then deemed ultimate truths now merged in more general laws—theories upset and others framed—speculations converted into realities—lines of demarcation passed over-and methods of classification and nomenclature utterly changed.

In these revolutions of the past we may fairly read something of the probable future. Most things indeed, and scientific theories amongst them, must be counted as simply provisional in the present state of the world.

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On the accession of the Queen to her throne, in 1837, I was appointed one of Her Majesty's Physicians Extraordinary, and on her marriage I received the same appointment in the establishment of the Prince Consort. Of this admirable man, whose public and private virtues can never be too highly estimated, I saw enough in private intercourse to give me a full appreciation of those more genial qualities and accomplishments which, in the peculiar position he held, his upright mind felt it in some degree a duty to conceal.

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I was at Windsor Castle during the last three days of that illness which closed his life—a scene I can never forget.

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One of the six Prime Ministers whom I have attended professionally was Mr. Canning, my relation to whom became that of friend, as well as physician. It is pleasant to me to recall, through the haze of intervening years, my many conversations with this most accomplished man on literary or political topics—such conversations often occurring when he was confined to his couch by gout or other illness.

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I saw Coleridge more rarely, and never took a place among the worshippers at his shrine.

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In 1816 I became a Fellow of the Royal Society, my election thus early in life being due to my travels in Iceland and Greece, and to my acquaintance with Sir Joseph Banks and Sir H. Davy.

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My acquaintance with Davy gave me connection with the Royal Institution, and with that laboratory which gained its first fame from his discoveries—a fame largely augmented by the genius and labors of Faraday. More than sixty years have elapsed since I saw the minute globules of the alkaline metals first evolved in their elementary form; and witnessed the beautiful experiments by which Davy illustrated those relations between chemical actions and electricity, the foundation of so many ulterior discoveries. At a later time in the same place, Faraday showed to me and other friends the same luminous spark which he had just succeeded in eliciting from the magnet—the feeble precursor of those marvellous torrents of electricity which are now procured from the same source by methods as wonderful as the phenomena they produce.

But a short time ago I saw on the shelves of the Institution the simple apparatus, devised by himself, through which he obtained this first result, the germ of so many others. Looking at what these results have been, there is grandeur in the very simplicity of their origin.

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It is pleasant to me, though here also mingled with sorrow for many lost friends, to refer to another institution, with which I have been associated for the last thirty years. This is "The Club"—emphatically so named—the creation, more than a century ago, of Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, &c., and maintained ever since with undiminished reputation.

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Since my honor of election in 1840, many have been removed by death.

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Macauley and Sidney Smith were elected after me. With the latter I was connected by the closest family ties—that of my own marriage—with the former I became so afterwards, by the marriage of my eldest son. The peculiar faculties of these remarkable men were never more strikingly displayed than at the dinners of the Club. The joyous humor of Sydney Smith played over and lightened the more solid and copious learning of Macauley.

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Hallam, a friend of forty years, who died only a few months before Macauley, was endeared to me further by my attachment to his two remarkable sons, Arthur and Henry Hallam, prematurely and unhappily lost to him and to others. Though dying so young, they have left memories behind them embalmed, as concerns Arthur, in some of the most beautiful poetry of our time.—In Memoriam, by Tennyson.

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Hallam's later years were clouded by a paralytic seizure, which produced an effect rarely found in such cases, of diffusing a placid gentleness over the sterner qualities of his mind.

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Lord Holland was a member of the Club when I became so, but died a few months afterwards. He, too, was a friend of thirty years standing, endeared to me, as to all who knew him, by qualities in great part individual to himself, but in some sort hereditary in his family. The remarkable society and manner of life at Holland House have been often described, and by no one more vividly than Lord Macauley, in one of his essays in the "Edinburgh Review." I am not free to extol the past at the expense of the present, but I must state my feeling that nothing London life has yet replaced what was t habitual society of Holland House. Engli and Foreign ministers, diplomatists, men learning and science, historians, poets, artis and wits, were so skillfully commingled as make it sure that none but a master-ha could have accomplished the result. A this was Lady Holland—a remarkable wom in every way, well remembered by all w knew her and difficult to describe to those w did not.

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Though my annual autumnal journe were too rapid and vague in their directi for any actual research, they have great aided me in maintaining whatever knowled of science I had before acquired; and ha brought me into connection with many em nent scientific men in different countries.

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Some of these opportunities, arising out my visits to observatories both in Europe a America, have been remarkable enough warrant more particular mention of the That which most strikingly clings to my mem ory is an evening I passed with Encke a Galle, in the observatory at Berlin, some t or twelve days after the discovery of t planet Neptune, on this very spot. I ha casually heard of the discovery, at Breme and lost no time in hurrying on to Berli The night in question was one of floati clouds, gradually growing into cumuli; a hour after hour passed away without sight the planet which had just come to our know edge by so wonderful a method of producti research. Frustrated in this main point, was some compensation to converse wi Encke in his own observatory—the stillne and darkness of the place broken only by t solemn ticking of the astronomical clo which, as the unfailing interpreter of t celestial times and motions, has a sort of li ing existence to the astronomer. Amon other things discussed, while thus sittin together in a sort of tremulous impatienc was the name to be given to the new plane Encke told me he had thought of Vulca but deemed it right to remit the choice Leverrier, then supposed the sole indicator the planet and its place in the heavens—addin that he expected Leverrier's by the first pos Not an hour had elapsed before a knock at t door of the observatory announced the e pected letter. Encke read it aloud; an coming to the passage where Leverrier pr posed the name of Neptune, exclaimed: "S lass den namen Neptun sein!" It was a mi night scene not easily to be forgotten. royal baptism, with its long array of title would ill compare with this simple naming

he remote and solitary planet thus wonderfully discovered. There is no place indeed here the grandeur and wild ambitions of the orld are so thoroughly rebuked and dwarfed to littleness, as in the Astronomical Observatory.

Sir Henry Holland died in England, October 29th, 1873.

Selected.

HORIZONS.

BY LOUISA BUSHNELL.

My heart gives thanks for yonder hill,
That makes this valley safe and still;
That shuts from sight my onward way
And sets a limit to my day;
That keeps my thoughts, so tired and weak,
From seeking what they should not seek.
On that fair bound across the west
My eyes find pasturage and rest,
And of its dewy stillness drink,
As do the stars upon its brink;
It shields me from the days to come
And makes the present hour my home.

Deeper will be my rest to night
For this near calmness of the hight;
Its steadfast boundary will keep
My harbored spirit while I sleep.
Yet somewhere on its wooden sides
To-morrow's onward pathway hides,
And I shall wake at early morn,
To find a world beyond, new-born.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost lay
These near horizons on my way.
If I could all my journey see,
There were no charm of mystery,
No veiled grief, no changes sweet,
No restful sense of tasks complete.
I thank Thee for the hills, the night,
For every barrier to my sight,
For every turn that blinds my eyes
To coming pain or glad surprise;
For every bound Thou settest nigh,
To make me look more near, more high;
For mysteries too great to know;
For everything Thou dost not show.
Upon Thy limits rests my heart;
Its safe Horizon, Lord, Thou art!

Selected.

THE CALL.

List! can it be,
he Master of the vineyard calleth *me*?
ife's sunset shadows mock me as I stand,
ent with the burden of my idle years,
earing base fruitage in my shriveled hand—
Sin, shame, and tears.

"Go, work to-day."
heard the morning call, but answered, Nay;
will not labor in the fresh bright hours;
nd when the noon was high, the need was great,
would not heed; now, night-dews chill the flowers;
Ah me—how late!

What have I lost?
What pleasures purchased, and at what a cost?
lake answer, soul of mine. Hark! can it be
The vineyard gate swings open, free and wide,
And that the Master still is calling me,
At eventide?

Weak, tremblingly;
Yet Thou didst call me. So, I come to Thee,
So late for service, and so stained with sin;
Yet now I lift my puny hands, and cry,
"If still a lifelong idler may come in,
Lord, here am I!"

From the Boston Advertiser.

FAILURE OF HEALTH IN AMERICAN WOMEN.

Dr. Clark opened this subject in his recent book in a way that aroused general attention, but he expressly stated that the particular points on which he dwelt are by no means the sole causes of the evil so generally acknowledged, namely, the falling off in the standard of health and strength of American women in these days compared with that of their grandmothers, or of European women now. While the interest awakend by this book is still fresh, it is earnestly to be hoped that inquiry will be made into some of those other causes to which he merely alludes. Perhaps a German woman might sum them up in the axiom—"Want of proper training and supervision of daughters from childhood to maturity by careful mothers." But it would be difficult, if not impossible, to change, or perhaps greatly modify, the prevailing custom of allowing our girls to take care of themselves, in a far greater degree, at an early period of their lives, than prevails in any other civilized community. It is all the more important that they should be taught something of the most obvious rules of hygiene, as well as the peril and future suffering involved by their neglect, and that attention to the enforcement of such rules should prevail, as far as outward circumstances are concerned, in schools and workshops, where hundreds of young girls daily congregate for many hours together.

An inquiry lately made in one large school brought out the fact that many of the pupils often come without having breakfasted, and bringing no lunch. Would it not be well that this inquiry should be made general in *all* schools for girls, and also in workshops? Then, as to temperature and ventilation: Every physician will bear witness to the poisonous effects on the constitution of breathing hot and vitiated air. How many schools or work-rooms are carefully regulated by a thermometer never being allowed to rise above a fixed point? or provided with a supply of pure air, introduced in a way to avoid cold drafts, as may so easily be accomplished by modern appliances? The sedentary lives of many girls produce a sluggishness of circulation which gives rise to a feeling of chilliness even in a warm room, and mistaken kindness allows the temperature to be raised to an un-

wholesome point, while no effort is made to supply the pure air which would tend to diminish the sensation complained of. These remarks are made in the hope of inducing further investigation into the many causes that contribute to the prevailing and increasing delicacy of American women of all classes.

THOUGHTS FROM ROBERTSON.—There is a sacredness in individuality of character. Each one born into this world is a fresh new soul, intended by its Maker to develop itself in a new fresh way.

We are what we are; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality, but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to us all, according to the character which God has given us.

There is one universe, in which each separate star differs from another in glory; one church, in which a single spirit—the life of God—pervades each separate soul, and just in proportion as that life becomes exalted does it enable every one to shine forth in the distinctness of its own separate individuality, like the stars of heaven.

IF charity can cover a multitude of sins, it may possibly be so stretched as to cover a multitude of opinions.

NOTICE.

The First-day School Association of Twenty-seventh Street, New York, has concluded to hold a children's meeting on First-day, the 24th, at 3½ o'clock, P. M., in the Twenty-seventh Street Meeting-house. The Twenty-seventh Street school will give the usual school exercise. Other schools are invited, and it is hoped that they may take part in the exercises. There will be opportunity for brief remarks.

Friends and others are invited to attend.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS within Western Quarterly Meeting meet the 2d and 4th First-days of each month as follows:

Fallowfield, Pa., 24th of Fifth month, 1874.
Centre, Del., 14th of Sixth month, "
Marlborough, Pa., 28th of Sixth month, "
Kennett, Pa., 12th of Seventh month, "
All at 3 o'clock, P. M.

THE Indulged Meeting at Penn's Manor, Pa., is now held every First-day morning.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room on Sixth-day, Fifth month 29th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., to complete its organization and other business of importance. The Nominating Committee will meet at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

NOTICE.

The next meeting of the Baltimore Quarterl Meeting First-day School Association will be hel at Sandy Spring, Maryland, Sixth month 7th, at o'clock, P. M.

CALEB J. MOORE, } *Clerks.*
KATE VICKERS. }

ITEMS.

A NEW law for the relief of the insane poor pro vides that, whenever the Board of Public Charitie shall be satisfied or have good reason to believe tha any insane person in any county or district alm house or in the care of any person under the direc tion of the poor directors of any district cann there receive proper care and treatment, or is prob ably curable, said Board or their representatives the proper county shall make application to th president judge of the proper county, in term tim or at chambers, setting forth that such insane pe son cannot receive proper care and treatment, or probably curable; and said judge shall, if the stat ments alleged are sustained by affidavit of petitio ers, make decree that the officers in charge of su person transfer him or her to one of the hospita for the insane receiving aid from the State, whe such person shall be received and maintained the manner provided by law, at the expense of th district from which such person is transferre Such expenses to be recovered by such district fro such persons as may be liable by existing laws f the support of such insane persons.

THE New Orleans *Republican*, in estimating the a proximate damages of the overflow in Louisian has carefully prepared a table which contains son interesting figures. The whole area of the State 30,094 square miles, or about 20,000,000 of acr Of these about one-tenth are improved. The have been seventeen parishes more or less injur by the flood, comprising 587,949 acres, which pr duce 13,894,856 pounds of rice, 132,070 bales cotton, and 48,817 hogsheads of sugar, in additi to live stock and other farm products. Estimati the probable crop of rice, sugar, and cotton these parishes as below, the *Republican* thinks t proportion of damage may be approximated at or sixth of the probable product. Thus on the cr of sugar, 48,817 hogsheads (estimated with molasses,) . . . . . $ 5,000,0
Cotton, 132,070 bales, ... 10,000,0
Rice, 14,000,000 pounds 2,500,0

Total, ... $17,500,0

would give about $3,000,000 as the non-producti of these staples alone, to which must be adde great loss in live stock, poultry, vegetables, s other articles of farm produce. The severity this immense loss is tempered somewhat by the f that crops and lands damaged by high water h great powers of recuperation.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

ONE of Dr. Livingstone's last letters closed w the remark: "If the good Lord above gives strength and influence to complete the task I sh not grudge my hunger and toil. Above all, if permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils this inland slave trade, I shall bless His name w all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to only as a means of enabling me to open my mo among men. It is this power I hope to apply remedy an enormous evil, and join my little he ing hand in the great revolution that in His embracing Providence he has been carrying on ages, and is now actually helping forward."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 30, 1874. No. 14.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, &C., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

Continued from page 55.

About the 17th year of my age, there came a bishop to the town, in order for a confirmation, which I thought was a singular good for me, for from that I conceived a steadier hope and faith in Christ would seize upon my soul, entertaining thoughts that there was a peculiar power given to this high and holy function, from which I was to reap that which was divine; and surely, I may say, I doubt not but the invisible Being looked with compassion on the fervent desire of my soul, and received the reverential awe in which my mind, as well as my body, kneeled to receive the earnest of my wish; and I know that my behaviour, both before, at, and after that time, was taken notice of by my relations and intimates.

A little while after, my uncle asked what I thought of receiving the sacrament. I told him I did not think it was proper for so young persons to adventure; for, as it is said, those who receive it unworthily, do procure themselves damnation;" I durst not receive it. He told me of some that was as young as myself, and whom he thought as fit. I told him I knew it, but they seemed to exalt themselves amongst their companions to account of that, which I durst not, in the greatest humility, partake of; neither did I find that my faith was sufficiently ripe to comprehend the mystery betwixt the outward bread and wine and the body and blood of Christ.

Here I began to flag in my hopes of having received any benefit by the laying on of the bishop's hand; and what if I say I staggered, not only at one thing or two, but at all that I had done on a religious account. Did I now believe there was no God? Oh, no! but to my inexpressible grief, I could not find how to worship Him, so as to prove my own acceptance, or the assurance that I longed for; nor could my soul rest without it.

Here had I labored in my inventions, spent all my hopes, and as a person quite fatigued, sitting down, was made to bear such a mortification as I had never before known; to see myself dwindling away from that which I thought was most expedient for me to be exercised in, and that my performances were no more than so many fleeting comforts, continually wasting in their fruition. At last, so heavily went I on, that I began to be weary of them, and was willing to leave the burden I had contracted in my own will. I found enough to do to go on with them in their course, for I found I had gotten them only by tradition. This was a close time, wherein I was far from exaltation of any kind, for it was to me hard drawing on without faith, which I now concluded was the immediate gift of God. Under this belief I had to cry, like the poor publican, "Lord have mercy

on me;" and my soul was more justified from these breathings than it had ever been in all the wearisome labors I had engaged in. But the enemy, who is ever near to damp the good in us, troubled me with many of his suggestions, that it could never be the way to attain to happiness, to discharge myself of the worship due to God for his favors; yet the more I gave way to the thoughts of throwing myself on the mercy of God, the more also I found a hope to spring within my soul, that the Lord would point out a way for me. This drew me still farther from all ceremonies, and gave my mind such a turn from those diversions I once so delighted in, that my uncle and aunt took notice of it, and called it melancholy; but it arose from a deep solidity of thought, from not knowing in what manner or path I should be directed, how I should recover a proper sense of my afflictions, or obtain a satisfactory assurance.

This pensiveness my uncle and aunt used their endeavors to prevent, and asked my acquaintance to visit me oftener; but their company, so frequent, suited not my taste: those nights, that were spent in what I had once thought innocent amusements, were now made to procure dull mornings, and my desire of being alone, with the fatigue of so much hurry, put me on thoughts of shunning the occasions. I therefore desired my uncle to let me go out as a waiting maid, but they would not hear of parting with me.

I being then past eighteen, we heard that S. Taylor was about selling off the goods of her shop, and going to live at Stafford. I desired my uncle to buy them for me, thinking that such an employment might abate the perplexities I was in. I was then a stranger to her, and my uncle, who liked this proposal better than the first, being ever ready to please me, sent for her, and in a little time after agreed that I should have the goods, and be with her at times for my better information of the business and customers.

This gave that family and me our first acquaintance, though I had not the least thought at that time that ever I should have changed my name in respect to religion. Hence, however, many imagined my persuasion arose, which I shall touch upon in its proper place. I went at my own conveniency, according to our agreement, still keeping my exercise to myself; nor did I remark anything particular in my new acquaintance, her more private exercises lying hidden, as well as my own.

When the time came that I was to enter the shop, my uncle had so good an opinion of the Quakers, that he left the appraising of the goods entirely to S. Taylor. I continued to board with my uncle, and made it a constant rule to go directly home at night, when I shut up the shop, and thus shunned r former associates; the day I spent in busine and part of the night in much thought, t desire of my soul increasing after that revi of hope, which, as my little faith in wh is called the service of God, still dim ished, I found at times drawing me nearer a reliance on Him, and a patient waiting what might follow.

Being about nineteen, we received an count of the death of my sister Lydia, whom our family went into mourning, and not only mourned in clothes, but in hea for I loved her more dearly than any sis I had, and may truly say, her death ad to the weight of my exercise, as well as my belief, that it was requisite for me know my *own* election to be sure; and c the distress that I here was in, when I lool upon myself and others, to see them post on with cheerfulness in the respective du of their religion, and myself not only bar in my desires thereof, but my soul so pressed in the performance, that I co neither assist my uncle nor myself that w

They who have known the activity of ture can best judge of my state here, wh my uncle, who used to shew me so much dulgence, signified his happiness in my g behaviour by saying he could scarcely go i any sort of company, but they were speak in my commendation.

It was indeed a thing very pleasing to kind uncle, who told me, a little after, would have me prudent, for, said he, th are those eyes upon you that you are aware of; and I believe he was then, in own thoughts, near having his ambition c cerning me gratified, which was to see happily settled in the world; and I concl that at this time, the parents of my associ had generally a respect for me; for altho I was of a brisk and lively disposition, was I, through the goodness of God, served from that which was immodest or j fane, and kept within the bounds of wha termed innocent behaviour and good br ing. This engaged many that had daugh to encourage my company. But how soon I see a turn in these affairs! for that wh surely ought to have raised me higher in t esteem, now seemed to prove my overth therein. So true it is, that the greater l once turned, proves the greater dislike. to go on; I could no longer remain ur the cloud of insensibility; for the day sp from on high visited me, and the veil wa far rent, that I saw the work of God wa the secret of my heart, and that a spiri worship must have place there. I now membered that I had heard the Qual recommend people to mind that of Go

emselves, and to follow the teachings of e spirit. This I thought looked something itable to my condition; and, indeed, my ind seemed pressed to look at their doctrine ain. In order to this, as I was not willing be taken notice of, I went out between the nes of service, as though I would walk. is was an exercise that was allowed by the st strict, to take off any drowsiness that ght hang on the mind, and unfit it for the pport of their evening devotions.

Though this was what I had no real necessity , being one of good spirits, and before I ew the want of faith in my way of wor- p was, in my devotions, zealous; in my di- rsions, lively; and in my work, industrious. t, here did I take this freedom, because the eting lay in my way where I had a mind to rm myself, and as I passed by the gate, uld make a stop; but if I heard no voice on went off; but if any one was speaking, sually stepped within the door, the little l being, as I then thought, a good shelter me from the eyes of those who sat in the ly of the meeting.

I used to make these visits as often as I ld, and surely I have to say the Lord was y condescending, and gave me a clearer lerstanding than ever I had found within self at the other meetings I had been at, and ich, from our house being so near, I had portunities of.

My intentions were good in respect to these doms, and I used to stay as long as I durst time, then take a turn down the next d, and so to my worship again; whereby, e sure, I proved the effect which the dif- nt doctrines had upon me, the former wering to the hope of that justification I have re spoken of, and the latter fruitless and l. Yet so far did I proceed in the repeat- of these trials, that I plainly saw it was me like those that are hard to believe things they would not have to be true; so close did the truth and mercy of God w me, that I found judgment in myself the hand of the Almighty, for persist in that which gave me not the least satis- ion. Here, how willingly would I have ined this old profession, that I had been ght up in from my childhood, and was as to my natural desires as Ishmael was to aham. But I saw it must not remain, therefore I made a stop, and refused to church, so-called, which my aunt would w the meaning of.

had signified something of my uneasiness y sister, who was coming down from Lon- again, and she had told my aunt that I red the Quakers, and did not intend to church. This greatly incensed her, and eft me, saying, she would fetch out the parson and people to carry me in. But so far had truth wrought with me, that I found I must not only venture that, but also struggle against the oppositions which I felt within myself.

The following night was spent in more confusion than common, and the next day my uncle and aunt went to the parson's, and some time after, sent for me. He looked on me with surprise, signifying his great mistake in one whom he had thought so religious, and so good an example to others; for I was, indeed, a constant attender upon those called saint's days, as well as other times set apart for worship. He asked me how long I had been uneasy. I told him, a great while, and could not find that, in anything I could do, I had any real satisfaction. He signified that a perseverance in those duties I had been instructed in, was the only way, and would, no doubt, bring on that satisfaction I spoke of.

But, says he, your uncle is afraid that you are going to be a Quaker. I answered, I believe not, though I have met with that satisfaction from their preaching which I never met with elsewhere.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AND THE DEATH PENALTY."

I always read with interest the leading articles in the "Intelligencer," and very especially do I read and consider well any article over the signature of a well-known concerned Friend, whose desire is to promote the cause of humanity and truth. Of course, I read the article in the "Intelligencer" of Fifth month 2d, bearing the above-mentioned title, written by a well-known Friend of New York. This Friend, I am fully satisfied, desires to promote the best interests of society at large, and in offering some views of an opposite character from those expressed in the communication referred to, I also have no other object in view than to do good.

The writer seems to object to circumstantial evidence as being unsafe, upon which to form a correct conclusion, while it appears to me that a combination of evidence, as mostly appears in a chain of connecting circumstances, in circumstantial evidence, is the most conclusive proof that can be presented to the mind.

The sad case of Webster and Parkman, which occurred a number of years ago, is within the recollection of many of us, in which the former killed the latter, and yet no one was present but the parties themselves, or knew from personal knowledge anything of the murder; and yet I think it would be just as impossible for any intelligent man to fail to be convinced of Webster's guilt, after

weighing the circumstantial evidence produced at the trial, as it would be to deny the truth of geometry.

Many similar cases could be cited, where circumstantial evidence alone induced twelve honest men to decide, without doubt, that the party charged with the crime was guilty. Indeed, most of the crime that is committed is done in secret, so that if circumstantial evidence is ignored, most criminals must necessarily escape detection. It appears to me that by far the larger portion of the knowledge we possess, is through circumstantial evidence. I receive a letter from a well-known friend, whose hand-writing I am familiar with, and I can't fail to be convinced of the genuineness of the letter,—first, from the handwriting, and then from the circumstances referred to in it, all of which, it appears to me, is simply circumstantial evidence. How do we know that *all* men have a certain combination of circulatory as well as digestive organs, but from circumstantial evidence alone?

I will fully agree with the writer referred to, that we should be *exceedingly careful* to see that the evidence is *conclusive*, before coming to a decision.

If it were but simply a difference of opinion, I would not have been likely to reply to the communication referred to, but it has occurred to me that serious harm might arise from the promulgation of such views; for if a wrong-doer gets to learn that nothing but direct testimony can convict him, would it not be giving him strong encouragement in his wicked ways? For if he could commit his acts unseen he would necessarily fail to be convicted of the crime.

I think that the guilty should be detected if possible, else the innocent necessarily suffer. Suppose ten men are confined within certain limits without any possibility of escaping, or of any one from without getting to them, and one of the number is found to have been killed. Now, until the guilty party is ascertained, the entire party is resting under suspicion.

It is certainly a difficult problem to solve, to know what to do with those who commit these terrible wrongs which the daily papers so frequently refer to.

I long to see the time when all will do right because it is right, and not simply because they fear to do wrong. What a glorious world this would be if man would but act up to his highest convictions of manifest duties; and though we may never see that much desired time, still let every one who is concerned to see the right prevail, do his duty, both by example and precept. J. S. H.

Sandy Spring, Md.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLA

No. 2.

So many travellers write their impressi of "Merry England," and everything taining to this, our fatherland, has been often observed and commented on, that feels a reasonable fear lest the repetition well-known facts should weary the rea But in some respects, England is a pleas surprise to me. There is such perfect or neatness, and regularity, that many of annoyances of travel which perplex one home quite disappear. Our ride across E land, from Liverpool to London, was ful delight—especially refreshing after two we on the ocean wave.

An immense depot, clean, well ventila and very light, is our point of departure f Liverpool, and a bright sunshiny morn smiles down through the glass roof, as take seats in a comfortable, springy carri with some American friends, and are whi through green fields and by pleasant wa We are pleased to see every spot of the thoroughly cultivated,—made to yield utmost for the support of man. Even embankments of the railway have been fully spaded and seemed to be planted. lands, which would else be unsightly malarial marshes, are banked and drai and no weedy nor waste places are to be anywhere. The meadows are rich with flo and the orchards and lilacs are bursting bloom. The green fields are green in and unsightly fencing is no where to be The boundary lines are well-trimmed he and the cultivation seems to reach to the roots of the hedge plants. Manufact towns, with their colonies of laborers, fly us—we speed through park lands with an trees and stately halls:

> "Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
> Parks with ordered gardens great—
> Ancient homes of lord and lady,
> Built for pleasure and for state."

Neatness, order and beauty prevailed only in the pleasure grounds of the grea in the humblest of the thatched co homes, which nestled in little village grant with lilacs and apple blooms. we shot through tunnelled hills and d over picturesque little rivers, and the canals and over flowery meadows. Gla over the railway map, we are struck wit large amount of the crowded space of land that is taken up with private Doubtless the landless agricultural l often thinks bitterly of all this inequal condition, and is tempted to murmur t lot is so narrow and hard, while the d

he picturesque hall, upon the hill top, is rounded with such needless profusion. We w not how, but may feel assured that in ie way the Divine purposes are being ked out here as in all the universe, and t there is some unseen good underlying ry seeming evil of earth. There are vy hearts in baronial castles, as well as and gladness in the thatched cot, since piness has its dwelling within the soul, is only incidentally helped or hindered the condition in life.

A five hours ride, and we came in sight of towers, spires, and domes of London, and train moves cautiously onward through suburbs, through another tunnel, and then Regent's Park to Euston Station, and our rney ends.

We are in the London of our dreams—the htiest city of the earth—the great centre he civilized world. All seems homelike, and orderly, and there are no noisy es of cabmen, no tumbling of baggage, urry or excitement of any kind, but as tep out of the carriage, proper officials tely inquire into our needs, and give such ctions as the case requires. Cabs of var- sizes are waiting to receive us, and we one of the two-wheeled kind, called a some, and are soon on our way to a e in the great metropolis. We find rooms very little trouble, in the house of a w, "Baroness Von Muller," and our Lon- life begins. Our first dinner introduces the company who are to share with us hospitality of the Baroness. An aged ch Count of the old days of Bourbon lty, a young Austrian from Vienna, a s from Zurich, a young widow of Spanish , several English ladies, and we our- s, represent our native land.

e next morning, after a very frugal ish breakfast, we decided to visit the t British Museum.

is splendid, national collection of the s of human skill, and of objects illustrat- very department of natural science, is ined in a most stately edifice of the order of architecture. The entire has an extent of 370 feet, and the anum of the portico is enriched with orical sculpture by Sir Richard West- tt, typical of the progress of civilization. is represented as emerging from a rude e state through the influence of religion, is progress through the various stages of zation is pictured in the steady advance ience, the Drama, Poetry and the Fine the whole terminating with Natural ry.

e enter, and find ourselves in an immense inth, through which the observer might wander for days, and yet feel that very scanty justice has been done to the mighty storehouse of wonders. It is in fact the finest permanent collection in the world of objects belonging to every department of human knowledge, especially Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Etruscan, and British antiquities, minerals, fossils, and preserved animals of all varieties.

The library and the vast, new reading-room under the dome of the edifice, are impressive from their magnitude. The library has been twice counted. The first time on the 25th of Seventh month, 1838, when the number of printed volumes was found to be 235,000, and again on the 15th of Twelfth month, 1849, at which period they had increased to 434,000. There are now about 600,000, and the annual increase is not less than 20,000 volumes.

The Galleries of Antiquities are of absorbing interest, as they show forth in a striking manner the whole history of man's progress from the earliest period of prehistoric barbarism to the middle ages.

The spoils of the nations are gathered here. From Greece, Assyria, Nineveh, Egypt, Thebes, and Rome have been brought the relics of extinct civilizations, and here they stand to-day in solemn array, to awe somewhat the pride of achievement which swells the heart of the Anglo-Saxon of the nineteenth century. The colossal sculptures of Egypt speak of assured strength and an eternal calm, those of Assyria of barbaric warfare, while the exquisite relics of Greek art are suggestive of that refined intellectual superiority which has made ancient Greece the wonder of all ages and races of men.

We attempted to examine with some minuteness the galleries devoted to Natural History, but though everything was arranged in scientific order and plainly labelled, the task of mere observation was overwhelming, and the mind ached with the mere contemplation of such infinitude. I thought of the noble collection of our own Academy of Natural Science, and questioned whether the day might not come, before many more years, when it, arranged in a fitting temple, would give to our students of nature advantages such as the great Museum now offers to the British public.

A ride the next day into the denser city proper, gives us an idea of the abounding energy and activity of this vast metropolis.

——"Where has commerce such a mart,—
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
As London? Opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London!"

So mused the English poet one hundred years ago. What if he could have foreseen

the vast increase of population and wealth, and the far more intense activity of the present day? We stood in the open space in front of the exchange, beside the Wellington statue, and realized that here indeed was palpitating the very heart of London. Eight important thoroughfares—Cornhill, Threadneedle street, Lombard street, King William street from the east; Walbrook, Prince's street, Cheapside, and Cannon street in the other directions. It is said that more people, and more omnibuses and cabs, traverse the space in front of us than perhaps at any other place in the world. Here on our right hand is the Bank of England, covering eight acres of ground, and employing in its business nearly a thousand clerks, porters and servants, and it is the greatest monetary establishment in the world.

We are told that the original capital of the Bank was 1,200,000 pounds, but now, after a life of 183 years, it is augmented to 14,550,000 pounds, and 100 pounds of the stock is worth generally about 230 pounds. Strangers are permitted to enter, and so we walk in this great, orderly palace of finance. Gaily uniformed beadles direct us on our way, and we pass through lofty halls to a well-kept garden, contrasting delightfully with the busy world without. Crowds of people are passing in and out of the various offices. The dividends are now payable, and the scene, as we pass through the rooms, is one of great activity, and there would seem to be no busier place in the world. Yet, we are told, there are hardly any robberies occur in the Bank of England, and that no forged note has ever been actually passed into the Bank, so watchful are the officials, and so perfect is the system observed. There is said to be no stronger building in London, and it is guarded at night by a small company of military and a few special clerks.

We next turn our attention to the famous Cathedral of St. Paul. The dome of this great edifice is visiblerom afar:

> "A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
> On a fool's head"

said the satirical Byron. It rears its noble proportions over the ashes of many church edifices. One of the very earliest buildings for Christian worship was here demolished during the persecutions of Diocletian—another, on the same site, by the Saxons—and a third was destroyed by the great fire in 1083. A fourth and still finer cathedral was destroyed by the great fire in 1663. The present edifice was planned by Sir Christopher Wren, and was twenty five years in building. As we approach, we are struck with its grand proportions, and are told that it is nearly one-half a mile in circumference. To the great ball and cross on the summit of the dome is 400 feet. The heigh of the cross itself, which looks tiny agains the blue sky, they tell us is thirty feet, an we meekly believe and wonder.

We enter, and, walking forward, find ou selves soon under the lofty vault, which soa upward almost as far as the eye can reach i the dim light. The sculptured memorials those whom England has deemed worthy glory, are around us. Many warriors a commemorated by elaborate and costly scul ture, and there are philosophers, lawyer painters and poets, but we find only one of t many philanthropists who have sprung fro the noble English race—John Howard. O wearies of reading of deeds of arms in t inscriptions, and it is refreshing indeed to fi even one sculptured memorial of the pa which tells alone of deeds of mercy and love. Descending into the crypt, we fi the tombs of Wellington, Nelson, Collin wood, and many other distinguished person but the most striking object of interest h is the funeral car of Wellington, made fro the cannon taken in his many victories. is of exceeding richness and of enormo weight, and shows very forcibly how high England prizes military achievement. T days will come, let us trust, when other co quests than those of the sword will be deem worthy of commemoration by this power and enlightened nation.

Westminster Abbey is another famo place of burial for the distinguished de It was once a Benedictine monastery, found by the East Saxon King Egbert, before t year 616. It is a magnificent pile, built the form of a Latin cross, in the pointed st of architecture, and has been improved, larged and enriched, by kings and prela from generation to generation. Kings a queens, poets and statesmen, philosophers a warriors, are here entombed, and the sto of their achievements are sculptured in enduring marble. Among her honored de England has fittingly placed the remains David Livingstone, and we observed m thoughtful faces among those who st around the spot where his name inscribed dicated the place of burial. Many bouqu of spring flowers were withering upon cold marble, showing how the givers love honor the memory of him who died in st ing to do good to men.

The exceeding richness and beauty of t great minsters, are so calculated to fill imagination, and the splendid monument the illustrious dead so engross the atten that we wonder how this can be a fit pl for the worship of the Highest—and I reminded of the grave words of the Dea Westminster, on a recent occasion, when

arned the people that Gothic architecture ust not be regarded as one of the cardinal rtues, nor should vestments and ritual take e place of justice, mercy, and truth.

But during these charming, cool spring ys, we find the greatest delight, not in arching the gloomy recesses of the historic ower, or in wandering through long cathe- al aisles, but in strolling along the path- ays of the beautiful parks and gardens hich adorn London and its vicinity. Re- nt's Park, on the north side of the metrop- is, was a royal park and residence in Eliz- eth's time, but passed into the hands of ivate individuals at the Restoration. It verted to the Crown in 1814, when the ince Regent, afterward George IV, con- rted it again into a park. It contains a e Botanic Garden of eighteen acres, beau- fully and skillfully arranged, and Zoological rdens also of great extent and value. In e Zoological gardens we spent a most de- htful day, making acquaintance with some the thousands of animals which find a mfortable home and kind care here. The tle lake and enclosure appropriated to the a lions, was a place of interest and amuse- nt. There were several of these animals various sizes, and one little baby only a ek old was receiving a breakfast from a cking bottle. The keeper brought the little ature to the rail, and we could feel how ex- isitely smooth and soft was its fur. They all med very fond of the keeper—came at his ll and returned his caresses, and we watched ir baby gambols in the tank, as they darted and fro for the fish which were thrown in their morning meal.

We were also introduced to the sacred ahmin cattle from India—white, and gentle household pets. The family consists of a le and female, and a beautiful calf, all ming to be in perfect health.

We were much interested, also, in the hip- potamus family of three, who had a special use, yard, and tank. Heavy, lazy and pid to the last degree, moving only a few t to receive a handful of hay, which their per held out, we looked with amazement o the vast, cavernous mouth which opened receive the coveted morsel.

Not more curious, but far more interesting us, was the Aquavivarium—

"Where are fish in shadowed tanks,
th ample space to dart and swim and float
harmed and undisturbed. The speckled trout,
d pike, and perch, the golden tench and gray,
spotted gunnel and the dusky bass,
l the crustacean wise, the hermit crab,
ely enhoused in whelk's stony shell,
sole so flat with ciliated disk,
pula's slender form and fringed head;
Alsyonium with his digits closed,
With every shape, and size, and tint
Of the shy dweller in the rocky cave,
The flower-disked sea anemone.
But look! what wondrous creature have we here,
Ensconsed in a mass of sea weed soft,
With equine head, and finny back and tail
Of lizard? The little sea-horse—he
Fit for a fairy's mounting, when
She sports a summer holiday among the waves."

S. R.

—*Fifth mo. 4th*, 1874.

I WISH I could describe one scene, which is passing before my memory this moment, when I found myself alone in the solitary valley of the Alps, without a guide, and a thunder-storm coming on; I wish I could explain how every circumstance combined to produce the same feeling, and ministered to unity of impression; the slow, wild wreathing of the vapors round the peaks, concealing their summits, and imparting in semblance their own motion, till each dark mountain form seemed to be mysterious and alive; the eagle-like plunge of the Lammer-geier, the bearded vulture of the Alps; the rising of the flock of Choughs, which I had surprised at their feast on carrion, with their red beaks and legs, and their wild shrill cries, startling the solitude and silence—till the blue lightning streamed at last, and the shattering thunder crashed as if the mountains must give way; and then came the feelings, which in their fullness man can feel but once in life; mingled sensations of awe and triumph, and defiance of danger, pride, rapture, contempt of pain, humbleness and intense repose, as if all the strife and struggle of the elements were only uttering the unrest of man's bosom; so that in all such scenes there is a feeling of relief, and he is tempted to cry out exultingly, There! there! all this was in my heart, and it was never said out till now!—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE PULPIT AND SCIENCE.

It should be distinctly understood that the pulpit is not called upon to settle all the difficult questions of the age—nor, indeed, any of them. Its true force lies in preserving its own course—that is, the direction of the moral life and the conduct of the soul's religious health and well-being—not in the reconcilement of this or that newly-discovered fact or freshly-started theory to certain creeds and beliefs which, however true fundamentally, are not always capable of being made answerable in a moment to every novel phase of thought or object of inquiry. The pulpit, for example, is not called upon to determine the precise value of the theories or inquiries of a Darwin or a Huxley—neither to accept nor reject them. What is true will ultimately assert itself; but if the reception of religion must wait upon the decision of every difficult

question which may arise not directly within its category, we fear the good and useful life will be long to live and far from us. The verities of true religion are of an independent order and nature. They are always true. No discoveries of science, no change of speculative belief, can ever interfere with them. The essential truth of Christianity is not a matter of logical evidence at all; it is a matter of fact, for it is based upon the highest spiritual laws, and embodies the loftiest conception of our reason, as well as our best and purest feelings. Its defence may be safely left to itself. The Christian life refutes every argument against the truth of Christianity, placing it far beyond the reach of question or cavil; but if this life is absent, no measure of argument will be able satisfactorily to substantiate it.—*London Quarterly Review.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 30, 1874.

CALAMITIES.—It is scarcely a month since touching appeals were made in all our large cities for substantial aid to the submerged districts of the Lower Mississippi, where thousands of people have been stripped of everything they possessed by the floods, with their plantations under water and the most gloomy prospect for the future before them.

Now, our sympathies are awakened by the accounts that reach us from the ruined manufacturing villages of Western Massachusetts. Perhaps no similar disaster has ever taken place in this country, none certainly involving so great a loss of life, and destruction of property. The details which are given in one of our exchanges are most distressing.

On the 16th inst., the Williamsburg Reservoir, covering a tract of over one hundred acres, with an average depth of twenty-four feet, gave way, precipitating the immense body of water it contained down a steep and narrow valley, into the village of Williamsburg, three miles distant; thence continuing its devastation further down, laying waste several other villages and pouring on until it reached the point where the stream on which the reservoir was constructed, enters the Connecticut river.

Bridges were swept away, roads destroyed, mills and other industrial establishments, with the tenements of the operatives, were carried down by the rushing torrent so rapidly and with so little warning that we only wonder how anything escaped.

Examples are given of undaunted bravery exhibited by men who, at great personal risk, rode on before the avalanche of waters to give warning to the unsuspecting dwellers in the doomed valley, thereby enabling many to escape.

The first of these startling calamities was, perhaps, an occurrence that under present conditions could not well be prevented. Draining the immense basin that lies between the Rocky mountains and the western slope of the Alleghanies, and having its source far up in the wonderland of the north-west, the Mississippi gathers an accumulation of waters that as they pour down are further increased by large southern tributaries.

The vast delta which it traverses to reach an outlet, being in many places much below the water level, will continue to be the scene of similar overflows, until a substantial system of dykes and embankments is inaugurated, such as the people of Holland have built to protect themselves from the inroads of the sea.

It is doubtless the duty of the Government to make the construction of the levees of the Lower Mississippi a national work, in consideration of the fact of its importance as an outlet to the ocean for so large a part of the Union. When this is undertaken we may be saved from the fearful results so lately witnessed, and the agricultural interests of that section be more certain of success.

But when we turn to consider the last dreadful accident, the destruction of the Reservoir we are dealing with matters that, originating in the efforts of man, ought to be under more immediate control. We can hardly be too severe in judgment upon those who would construct such an immense work, intended to be subjected to the pressure of the amount of water held within its area, and suffer it to be completed and put into use, while a *single* doubt of its entire safety existed. More than this. The commissioners of the County who, chosen, as they doubtless were, to protect the lives and property of its citizens against unprincipled contractors and builders, let such a work pass their examina

ion and be put in use, deserve the censure hat they are now receiving in unsparing neasure.

When we compare this poor effort of our lay, and its ephemeral existence, with the ast aqueducts and reservoirs of antiquity, hat have stood the frosts and storms of unold centuries, *because they were built to last*, we annot but be convinced that, as a people, we ave yet to learn "to make haste slowly." Herein lies our weakness; we enter with enhusiasm upon an undertaking—we rush and ush and struggle to accomplish it at once, orgetting that what is to be solid and endurng must be slowly and patiently built up.

We might learn a valuable lesson from hose tiny workers of the sea that, toiling for enturies in the depths of ocean, at last reach he surface in lengthened reefs of solid endurng workmanship.

We seem to feel that we live only to njoy the fruits of our own labor. We tear own the substantial but homely structures f the fathers, and replace them with vast iles of showy architecture on which whole ortunes are expended, and which, with all he outlay, are often wanting in the elements f real strength and beauty.

This living in the present has, without oubt, some advantages over the age that oked to the renown of succeeding generaons, but its influence as a whole is not good. has a demoralizing effect, and is doubtless owing a crop whose harvest is already apearing in the fearful disasters, shipwrecks nd accidents, that are so common as scarcely awaken thought on the subject. It is only hen the occurrence is of the most startling ature that the hurrying multitudes halt in eir course, and even then, so little hold does take upon the popular mind, that the inestigations which ensue are the merest shams many instances. Those who have recklessly opardized the lives of hundreds of their llow-beings are often exonerated from ame and restored to society with an imputy that should awaken a deep concern in e minds of the thoughtful.

Until we are prepared to return somewhat the patient plodding ways of our predessors, to build up for those who come after , to teach our children more reverence for age, more respect for that which the centuries have failed to destroy—until we do this we can have no genuine appreciation of those ages when men only moved as they felt the earth to be *solid* under their feet, and, planting themselves there, stood firm until the signal cloud lifted that led the way onward.

This outward hurry and unrest reacts upon the spiritual nature. We find the same tendencies to let go our hold on what was before, without a corresponding weight of accountability in the examination of our present standpoint, or any clear perception of the future; it is so easy to drop out of what we have, to go floating away on the speculative sea of uncertainty, and yet it is not well for us to look with excess of veneration upon the past; rather let us learn the lesson that it opens to our understanding and go bravely forward to meet the future, trusting in that Power that moulds the destinies of nations as well as individuals "rough-hew them as we may."

MARRIED.

MORGAN — CORLIES. — Fourth mo. 30th, by Friends' ceremony, at No. 1717 Arch Street, with the approbation of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race Street), John B. Morgan to Sarah F., daughter of Samuel Fisher Corlies.

DIED.

ELLIS.—On the morning of Second-day, the 11th inst., Hannah P., wife of Jacob M. Ellis, a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia. Her quiet, unobtrusive life made its daily impress for good, and her deep religious feeling was demonstrated through the cheerfulness of her pure spirit, which cast its brightening rays upon all with whom she came in contact.

FELL.—On the morning of the 25th of 4th mo., 1874, at the residence of her son, Joshua Fell, Mechanicsville, Bucks Co., Pa, Jane Fell, in the 90th year of her age. This exemplary Friend had been a member of Buckingham Monthly Meeting since 1831, and was an Elder for many years. Her death was a change for which she had, with Christian resignation, long been waiting.

HAINES.—At his residence, Rancocas, Burlington Co., N. J., Second month 13th, 1874, Uriah W. Haines, in the 74th year of his age; a member of Rancocas Particular and Burlington Monthly Meeting. An affectionate husband and parent, and a kind, sypathizing friend and neighbor, has been removed, whose worth is attested by those who knew him best.

HOLLOWAY.—On the 16th of 11th mo., 1873, of palsy, Jane, wife of Jason Holloway, in the 65th year of her age; a highly-valued member of Maple Grove Monthly Meeting, Wabash Co., Ind.

WAY.—Suddenly, on the 30th of Fourth month, of apoplexy, Sally C. Way, wife of Joseph Way, in her 76th year; a member, and several years an elder, of Kennett Monthly Meeting. Although the undeniable messenger was unexpectedly sent with the solemn summons, her sorrowing companion and many friends are comforted in believing that, through attention to the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit, she was fully prepared for the final change.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ELEVATION OF THE TRUNKS OF TREES.

From a late report of the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, which we have received, we take the following, thinking that many of our readers will be interested in the information it contains respecting the "elevation of the trunks of trees:"

Thomas Meehan referred to remarks made on a former occasion—not communicating anything new to science, but in regard to matter introduced into a lawsuit, as to whether the trunks of trees would elongate after once formed. He suggested that trees growing on a rock by the natural thickening of the roots beneath would lift the tree four inches in forty years.

Dr. Lapham, Botanist and State Geologist of Wisconsin, had called his attention to a force at work in that region, which he believes had not before been recognized. This was, that frost gradually lifted trees so that the trunk would sometimes appear in time to have elongated a foot or more.

"Since Dr. Lapham had made the suggestions, he had examined trees in the vicinity of Philadelphia and found unmistakable evidence that large numbers of trees had been raised in the manner stated. As was well known, most trees standing by themselves had the collar of the tree of much greater diameter than the trunk above; and the upper portion of the roots springing from about the collar were considerably above the surface of the ground. He had supposed, and he thought this was the impression of most observers, that this arose merely from the annual deposition of wood—the thickening upward of the roots; but on examination it could be seen in many cases that the axis, or original centre of the root, once, of course, below the soil, was now above the surface.

"That this was caused by the action of frost was probable from what we know of its action on vegetation, by what is known as "drawing out." When the land freezes, expansion ensues, drawing the clover roots up with it, leaving, of course, a cavity from whence the roots were drawn. When the first thaw comes, the liquid, carrying earthy matter, entered the cavity, and thus the clover roots were prevented from descending to their original position. It is as true of trees as of the clover-plant. Roots elevated, found the cavities below partially filled, and could not thus permit of the tree being quite as low as before.

"It was likely that one of the chief offices of the tap roots was to guard the tree from this frost lifting as much as possible. His impression was, that the trees of tropical climates had not near the development of tap roots which are found in the more northern ones, but this was a matter for further investigation." *5th m.*, 1874.

From the New York Herald.

THE ATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

The reports from the Atlantic demonstrate an early and extraordinary descent of ice fields and icebergs from the Arctic Ocean. On the first of the month large fields of ice were reported from St. John's, sailing off towards the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The Cunard steamship Calabria "passed great quantities of ice on the 7th inst., latitude 43 deg. north, longitude 50 deg. west," and, on the same day, the Frisia, within a huudred miles of that spot, encountered a mass of these icy flotillas. But the steamship Idaho, as early as the 28th of February, in latitude 45 degrees, longitude 48 deg., became entangled in them, and stopped her engines two hours. It is not known to many seamen that occasionally, as Sir Leopold McClintock found in 1860, great quantities of ice accumulate on the coasts of Greenland, afterwards to be dislodged and precipitated towards the mid-Atlantic. In that year the accumulation of ice exceeded anything like it in the past thirty-six winters. The unusual mildness of February, it would seem, has been potential, even in these high latitudes, in unloosing the glacial masses and launching them on the swift Polar currents, which, sweeping through Davis Strait and along the Labrador coasts, commingle with or underrun the northern margin of the warm Gulf Stream.

The early and apparently excessive precipitation of these ice islands into the vapor-laden region of the warm Atlantic current may probably afford a clue to the mystery of the terrible gale of the 27th of February, in which so many steamships were disabled. The Antarctic icebergs which penetrate the warm-belt east of Cape Horn are said to cause the violent hurricanes of the high southern latitudes. The infusion of immense ice masses with their wide-spreading boreal influence, to the southeast of Newfoundland, would undoubtedly cause rapid and excessive condensation of vapor, and hence a rapid fall of the

barometer and the invariably consequent cyclonic tempest. The same chilling agency would also explain the furious snow storms which were reported by several of the disabled vessels.

As the indications favor the movement of unusually large numbers of these ice mountains into the North Atlantic, double skill and vigilance are demanded of the steamship captains. No doubt the equinoctial gales that have now set in, and the early approach of spring, will occasion great dislodgments of the glaciers on the Arctic coasts, and render unwearied caution on the Atlantic necessary, not only by reason of collision with ice, but also by reason of the tempestuous weather the ice serves to breed.

A PLEA FOR PEDESTRIANS.

When I see the discomforts that able-bodied American men will put up with rather than go a mile or half-mile on foot, the abuses they will tolerate and encourage, crowding the street-car on a little fall in the temperature or the appearance of an inch or two of snow, packing up to overflowing, dangling to the straps, treading on each other's toes, breathing each other's breaths, crushing the women and children, hanging by tooth and nail to a square inch of the platform, imperiling their limbs and killing the horses—I think the commonest tramp in the street has good reason to felicitate himself on his rare privilege of going afoot. Indeed, a race that neglects or despises this primitive gift, that fears the touch of the soil, that has no footpaths, no community of ownership in the land which they imply, that warns off the walker as a trespasser, that knows no way but the highway, the carriage-way, that forgets the stile, the foot-bridge, that even ignores the right of the pedestrian in the public road, providing no escape for him but in a ditch or up the bank, is in a fair way to far more serious degeneracy.

The human body is a steed that goes freest and longest under a light rider, and the lightest of all riders is a cheerful heart. Your sad, or morose, or embittered, or preoccupied heart settles heavily into the saddle, and the poor beast, the body, breaks down the first mile. Indeed, the heaviest thing in the world is a heavy heart. Next to that the most burdensome to the walker is a heart not in perfect sympathy and accord with the body. The horse and rider must both be willing to go the same way. This is, no doubt, our trouble and the main reason of the decay of the noble art in this country. As a people we are not so positively sad, or taciturn, or misanthropical, as we are vacant of that sort of sportiveness and surplusage of animal spirits that characterized our ancestors, and that springs from full and harmonious life—a sound heart in accord with a sound body. A man must invest himself near at hand and in common things, and be content with a steady and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. This is a lesson the American has yet to learn—capability of amusement on a low key. He expects rapid and extraordinary returns. He would make the very elemental laws pay usury. He has nothing to invest in a walk; it is too slow; too cheap. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the far away, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them—always a sign of the decay of faith and simplicity of man.

If I were to say to my neighbor, "Come, let us go walk amid the heavenly bodies," he would prick up his ears and come forthwith; but if I were to take him out on the hills under the full blaze of the sun, or along the country road, our footsteps lighted by the moon and stars, and say to him, "Behold, these are the heavenly bodies, this we now tread is a morning star," he would feel defrauded and as if I had played him a trick. And yet, nothing less than dilatation and enthusiasm like this is the badge of the master walker.

If we are not sad, we are careworn, hurried, discontented, mortgaging the present for the promise for the future. If we take a walk, it is as we take a prescription, with about the same relish and with about the same purpose; and the more the fatigue the greater our faith in the virtue of the medicine.

Of those gleesome saunters over the hills in spring, or those sallies of the body in winter, those excursions into space when the foot strikes fire at every step, when the air tastes like a new and finer mixture, when we accumulate force and gladness as we go along, when the sight of objects by the roadside and of the fields and woods pleases more than pictures or than all the art in the world,—those ten or twelve mile dashes that are but the wit and affluence of the corporeal powers,—of such diversion and open road entertainment, I say, most of us know very little.

I notice with astonishment that at our fashionable watering-places nobody walks; that of all those vast crowds of health-seekers and lovers of country air, you can never catch one in the fields or woods, or guilty of trudging along the country road with dust on his shoes and sun-tan on his hands and face. The sole amusement seems to be to eat and dress, and sit about the hotels and glare at each other. The men look bored, the women look tired, and all seem to sigh, "Oh! what shall

we do to be happy and not be vulgar?" Quite different from our British cousins across the water, who have plenty of amusement and hilarity, spending most of the time at their watering-places in the open air, strolling, picknicking, boating, climbing, briskly walking, apparently with little fear of sun-tan or of compromising their "gentility."—*Galaxy.*

A WILLFUL CHILD AND A WONDERFUL DREAM.

A TRUE TALE OF THE PERSECUTION UNDER CHARLES II.

About the year 1672, when the persecution was hot against the English Nonconformists, and when it was made felony for any of them to preach, even in their own houses, there lived at Croglin, in Cumberland, a good old minister, named Mr. John Rogers. He was a Puritan of the old stamp, sound and serious, but one who had endeared himself to all good men by his grace, his hospitality, his kind manners and his catholic spirit. He disliked all uncharitable ways, and even those with whom he differed were treated by him with great respect.

And great was the good he had done in the district. Indefatigable in his labors, the venerable pastor might often be seen, in the depth of winter, struggling in the face of drifting snow, over the mountains and moors of Teesdale and Waredale, to minister to the poor miners in those places. But, with all his gentleness, Mr. Rogers could be bold as a lion in the cause of his Master. In the days of the Commonwealth, when one of Cromwell's officers wished to preach to his people, and demanded the use of his pulpit, Mr. Rogers, at the risk of his life, flatly refused. "Nay," said he, "you guard the town, and I shall guard the pulpit." And when, by the Bartholomew Act of 1662, he was "silenced," and ejected from his church, he surrendered the living without a murmer, but "silenced" he would not be. Conscientiously persuaded that it was his duty to "hearken unto God rather than unto men," he continued to "teach and preach in the name of the Lord Jesus" wherever he could find an opportunity.

Fidelity like this was sure to expose any man to the wrath of the government of those days, and Mr. Rogers was arrested by an order from Sir Richard Cradock, an old gentleman in the neighborhood who was quite ready to enforce the law against the obnoxious Nonconformists. The process was very summary. On the testimony of two worthless fellows, who were paid as informers, Mr. Rogers was found guilty of having preached in a private house, and two or three of his people of having been present on the occasion, for which crime they were adjudged to imprisonment.

While the mittimus, or order for their incarceration, was being made out in the justice's room, a sprightly little girl, the granddaughter of Sir Richard, came dancing into the hall where they were awaiting their doom. Like too many grand children, she had been greatly indulged, and was of such a violent temper that on one occasion she had run a penknife into her arm on being refused something upon which she had set her little heart. Mr. Rogers, who was fond of children, took notice of her, lifted her on his knee, and gave her sweetmeats. At length, looking up in his face, the child asked, "What are you here for, sir?"

"Your grandpapa," said Mr. Rogers, "has sent for me and my friends here, to put us all in jail."

"And for what is he going to put you in jail," asked the little lady.

"For nothing else," replied the minister, "but because I was preaching the Gospel, and these poor men were hearing me."

"But my grandpapa won't send you to jail," cried the girl.

"Aye, but he will," said Mr. Rogers, "for he is just now making out our mittimus."

Instantly she flew up stairs to Sir Richard's room, and, finding it locked, she knocked with her feet, hands and head, till she gained admission.

"Why are you about to send that good old gentleman down in the hall to jail?" she demanded. "He shan't go to any such place."

"Be quiet," returned the old justice, "and mind you own business. To jail I shall send him immediately,;'

"Then, if you do," replied the little creature, in a terrible passion, "I'll go and drown myself in the pond, as soon as they are gone; I will indeed?" And she ran off to execute her threat.

There was no help for it: Sir Richard came down with the mittimus in his hand, and told them they were at liberty to go. "You owe your release," he said, "to that ungovernable child."

Mr. Rogers thanked his worship for the favor, but, stepping forward, laid his hand on the head of the little girl, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, in a tone of deep solemnity, "My dear child, may God Almighty bless thee. May the blessing of Him in whose cause thou hast spoken, though thou knewest it not, be upon thee in life, at death, and through all eternity."

Years pass on; the good old Mr. Rogers has been gathered to his fathers; the Revolution has come; and the scene now changes to a mansion in London, the residence of a good and wealthy lady, who frequently entertained the Nonconformist ministers at her

table. On one of these occasions, the story which we have above related was repeated by one of the guests, who said he could attest the truth of it, as he was the son of the old minister to whom it referred. "Is it possible?" exclaimed the lady of the house, "that you are the son of good Mr. Rogers, of Croglin? The similarity of the names never struck me before; and now let me tell you something you do not know. The passionate little girl of whom you have been speaking was no other than myself!" She then detailed to them her subsequent history, which was equally marvelous.

Never, she said, had she forgotten the scene which had just been described; the look and tones of the venerable minister and the blessing he had uttered over her head. To that earnest prayer she considered her conversion, in after life, as the appropriate answer. She had long led a life of careless gaiety; but even while pursuing the pleasures of the world she was haunted by an unaccountable melancholy which preyed upon her spirits. Thinking it might arise from some bodily distemper, she consulted a kind physician, a man of God as well as a man of science; who, discovering from her conversation where the malady lay, told her that he had been in the same condition himself, but had been completely relieved by reading a certain book, which he would give her if she would promise to read it. Her curiosity being excited, she readily gave him her promise, upon which he presented her with a copy of the Bible. Though somewhat disappointed, she kept her promise, and read her Bible, with profit indeed, but without experiencing any abatement of her melancholy. At length she had a dream, which made such an impression on her imagination that she disclosed it to a female friend, on whose judgment and sympathy she could place the utmost reliance. She dreamed that she had been hearing a sermon preached in a certain church, from which she had derived perfect comfort and peace. The sermon she could no longer recall, but the text she remembered, and the appearance of the church and minister was distinctly impressed on her memory. She resolved to find out the place, and many a weary stroll had she and her companion in search of it; till at last, being in the Poultry, they followed a crowd proceeding in the direction of a meeting-house in the Old Jewry. The officiating minister there was Mr. John Shower, a gracious and excellent Presbyterian of the old school. No sooner had the lady entered the church than the whole scene of her dream was realized. When Mr. Shower entered the pulpit, she recognized in him the minister she had seen in her night vision: and she remarked to her friend, "Now, if every part of my dream hold true, he will take for his text, Psalm cxvi, 7, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'" The psalm was sung, and the prayer was offered, corresponding in every point with what she had dreamed; and, to crown her surprise, the minister read out that very text as the subject of his sermon. That sermon was the means of dispelling all her melancholy. Her soul did indeed "return unto its rest;" and she had reason ever afterwards to bless God for having "dealt bountifully" with her.

Whatever explanation may be given of the apparently supernatural element in the above narrative, we cannot fail to admire the wonderful series of events, through the instrumentality of which the benediction pronounced by the worthy old confessor of Christ over the sunny head of that spoiled and willful child descended upon her in after life. Truth is often stranger than the wildest fictions of romance; and, were all the wheels unfolded of the machinery by which each child of God has been led to find peace and life in the Saviour, we might see more truth and mercy to wonder at in the fulfillment of the promise: "I will lead the blind in a way which they know not, and in paths which they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and will not forsake them, saith the Lord."—*Little Gleaner.*

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Hold but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them,
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing;
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;

So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of life again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE PILGRIM'S WAY SONG.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things.—Ps. xcviii, 1.

O come! let us thank-offerings bring to our God; in the wilderness raise
Holy altars, and gifts on them lay—burn the incense of prayer and praise;
He has put the "*new song* in our mouths;" of His goodness and love let us sing,
As we near to the Mercy-seat draw, bowing low 'neath the cherubim's wing.

For His "Presence" has guarded and guided thro' many a devious way,
Like a "pillar of fire" in the darkness, a "cloud" moving onward by day.
Though we drank of the waters of Marah, the bitter for us was made sweet,
And we rested 'neath Elim's green palms, till o'erpast was the fierce noontide heat.

Many days in the Desert we dwelt, yet it was not a desolate land,
Although footsore and weary, with pain, oft we traversed its wild wastes of sand.
There the water at Horeb gushed forth, and we drank of the cool, limpid wave,
And when ready to faint by the way, to His weary ones, manna God gave.

Let us sing the "new song," then with joy, for we 've come, ere the day is quite spent,
To the valleys of Moab's fair land—in its borders at length pitched our tents;
And we know from the summit of Pisgah, from Abarim's mountain tops high,
Of the beautiful land o'er the River, bright glimpses we oft can descry.

On the path that so lately we traversed, the shadows at times darkly lay—
And as thickly *before us* they gather—we see not a step of the way;
But the blessed assurance is ours, if we cling to the Hand that has led,
For our feet will be made a sure pathway, in which we may fearlessly tread.

Though we pass through the billows, cold, shadowy, dread—we will trust in our Guide,
He is able to save—and He safely will lead through the chill, foaming tide.
Of His wonderful doings we 've learnt—caught a glimpse of His glory and might,
As we stood in the "cleft of the Rock," although veiled was His face from our sight.

Oh, then come, let us thank offerings bring to our God; in the Wilderness raise
Holy altars, and gifts on them lay—burn the incense of prayer and praise;
We, through Him, have the victory won,—unto Him high ascriptions belong,
Lo! He "hath done marvellous things," let us praise Him with harp and with song.

A. R. P.

I AM sure what a man doeth he thinketh; not so always what he speaketh.—*Bishop Hall.*

From the N. Y. Herald.

ICELAND'S MILLENNIAL.

Far away on the very confines of the Arctic zone, there is an island which has for a long time attracted but little attention. Its place among the nations was once conspicuous; but its climate was then different from now, and its soil more productive. The whole aspect of the island was, indeed, unlike what it is to-day. A thousand years ago, when first discovered, it possessed extensive forest, which have since disappeared. The Northmen migrated there in considerable numbers from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Faroe Islands, and the Hebrides, but principally from Norway, whence they fled from the tyranny of their kings. It was indeed a sort of Plymouth Rock to the persecuted subjects of Harald Harfagr—he of the fair hair—who made a vow, and kept it, that his hair should never be cut until he had broken the power of the Jarls and concentrated the authority which they had long wielded in his own hands. Too feeble to make further resistance, and too proud to remain after their subjugation, they fled, with their families and followers, to this island. They took with them cattle and sheep, and large herds and flocks were soon reared upon the rich and abundant pastures of the extensive meadows. The island produced everything necessary to satisfy their needs. Its lakes and rivers abounded with various kinds of fishes; water fowl and game were plenty. They imported horses, constructed roads and extended their facilities for intercommunication. At an early day they had established a considerable trade with the ports of Europe. They founded a republican form of government and a literature. They recorded, with Runic characters, the sagas of their ancestors and gave form to the Norse religion. The soul of Anglo-Saxon literature and the spirit of Anglo-Saxon law gained new life from the example of this lone, lonely, far distant island commonwealth. In this hardy, liberty-loving people, we discover that same independence of spirit which resulted in the Magna Charta and our common law. It was a great poet of this island who gave to the world "The Sublime Discourse" of Odin, and their great lawgivers who first gave form to Norse jurisprudence.

Its peculiar climate lends to it a special interest. In summer the sun scarcely leaves the heavens and the atmosphere becomes surprisingly warm. Vegetation is of rapid growth, and is in places extremely vigorous. In winter the sun gives but little light and less heat. Constant cold succeeds constant warmth, and the trembling hues of the aurora borealis and the weird brightness of the moon guide the footsteps of the traveler. It was first dis-

covered by Naddothr, a Norwegian Viking, in the year 860, although it is more than probable that some Irish monks had been there before. He saw its lofty mountains covered with eternal snow, and called it the snow land. Garthr, a Swede, circumnavigated it four years later, and in 867 Elokki, surnamed the Raven, on account of the birds he turned loose to guide his course, surveyed the southern part of it and called it Iceland. Then Ingolfr and Hjorliefer landed there in 870 and began its colonization. This was at the time Harald the Fair-Haired was persecuting Jarls. The great migration then began. On the 2d of August, 874, the colonists assembled themselves together and founded the Republic—the first of Northern Europe—whose descendants celebrate this year their thousandth anniversary.

They have gone through those thousand years without material change. Their language is unchanged, their laws are intact, and, except in their warlike disposition, their habits scarcely differ. From warriors, who tilled the soil and caught fish and captured game in the intervals of their more hardy pursuits, they have gradually become a pastoral people, educated, hospitable and kind. They have sometimes changed their relations with the country of their origin, but neither their customs nor their character. Although practically a free Republic from the first, they were not wholly free from dependence upon Norway. No formal recognition of any real allegiance was, however, made until 1261, which was by a decree of Alsling or general parliament of the people, when Hakon was the Norwegian King. But no tribute was exacted, and the Icelanders were allowed to hold civil offices and acquire honors in the parent country. In 1380 the Crown of Norway was annexed to Denmark, and from that time to the present the silken bond which had held Iceland to Norway has still held it to Denmark. The Danish King now grants them an absolutely free constitution, which absolves them from their feeble allegiance, and on their millennial day, on the same lava beds of Thinvalla, where the Althing met annually for near a thousand years, from the Logberg, or law mount, it will be proclaimed as part of the celebration that the Republic of Iceland is wholly free now, as it was in the beginning.

It will be a singular and unprecedented spectacle—a government celebrating its thousandth anniversary. To us, as republicans, it is of peculiar interest. There is an air of romance in the very act which will excite the attention of the whole world. Thousands of curious people will flock there, and millions who have thought of Iceland only as a land of bleakness and barren hills, will be surprised to discover in the far Arctic seas a people worthy of their sympathy and admiration. For we know it only by its great ice-covered mountains, its desert plains, its isolation in a dreary ice encumbered sea adjacent to the Polar Ocean, which rolls there in its vast loneliness. Remarkable in these respects as regards the people, their history, their customs, their laws and learning, the island is yet doubly interesting as a geological phenomenon, which will attract many students, not only to witness a great event and take part in its pageantry, but to behold those great snow and ice clad mountains which, far more than its people, have given it its world-wide character. It will, indeed, be something worth all the trouble and inconvenience of a long voyage to see the lofty volcanoes, which have thrown forth fire and smoke through their everlasting ridges of frost. Even now fiery eruptions take place and streams of molten lava burst from the fissures in the rock. Volumes of black, sulphurous vapor are emitted from yawning craters, and showers of ashes are blown away before the winds over land and sea for many a league. Heat and cold are forever struggling for the mastery, and the violence of the contrast between the opposing forces of nature which are in perpetual strife, makes the spectacle one of appalling sublimity. For, while with the arctic regions we associate frost and with the tropics heat, Chimborazo, crowned with snow under the Equator, is a less startling spectacle than Hecla, blazing beneath the Pole.

Whether, therefore, we consider the grand scenery of Iceland itself, its people or its long established government, there is abundance to satisfy the highest anticipations of the throng that shall gather this summer on the lava plains of Thingvalla to celebrate its thousand years of existence.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

If a pan of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water.

This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other and have

no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral and they will twine around each other.

Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they commenced to germinate, of course sending the plume upward to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth around, and again and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder was completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and the radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, they had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the root is downward, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

MIND THE LITTLE THINGS.—"Springs are little things, but they are sometimes sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a large ship; a word, a look, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Keep your word sacredly, keep it to the children; they will mark it sooner than anyone else, and the effect may be as lasting as life."

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting at 820 Spruce St., on Fourth-day evening, next Sixth mo. 3d, at 7½ o'clock. Those interested are invited.

NATHANIEL E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*
WM. J. JENKS, *President.*

AN APPEAL.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, the undersigned were appointed a "Library Committee" to assist, when it seems necessary, such First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, where, for various reasons, but few take an active interest.

As only a very limited amount could be placed at our disposal, and even that not available for some time, we hereby solicit from all interested in the cause, such sums as they may feel inclined to contribute; also of the donation of SUITABLE books, new or second-hand, both juvenile as well as for adult reading.

If any First-day Schools (or individuals) are willing to loan some of their library books for a period of time, to other First-day Schools, they are desired to give us early information thereof.

Joseph M. Truman, Jr., No. 717 Willow, St., Phila.
Aaron Borton, Mullica Hill, N. J.
Lydia B. Walton, Kennett Square, Pa.
George W. Hancock, 40th and Lancaster Ave., Phila.
Rebecca B. Comly, Bristol, Pa.
Mordecai T. Bartram, White Horse, Pa.
Caleb E. Shreve, Columbus, N. J.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting Sixth-day evening, Sixth mo., 5th, at 8 o'clock. ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

Managers and Canvassing Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth mo. 5th, at 4 o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE Civil Rights Bill passed by the Senate gives colored people equal accommodations with the whites in all public conveyances, hotels, places of amusement, and in common schools, public institutions, and cemeteries, supported in whole or part by general taxation. It also provides that no citizen shall be disqualified for service as a juror by reason of his color. The penalty for violation of the law is a fine not exceeding $1,000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year. The parties aggrieved by violation of the law may recover from the offender damages to the amount of $500, with full costs of suit. Criminal proceedings under the act must be tried exclusively in the United States Courts.

IN the treaty for the establishment of a British protectorate over the Fiji Islands, it is stipulated that Great Britain shall assume all financial liabilities, pay the King $15,000 per annum, with other pensions to various native chiefs, and recognize the ruling chief as owner of lands which are to be open to settlement by foreigners within a year.

THE Hawaiian legislation was convened on the 30th of April in the presence of about one thousand persons. The king delivered an address. He favored a commercial treaty with the United States, but deprecated any cession of territory to that government. He favored the furnishing of facilities for steam navigation with San Francisco and Australia, and recommended the establishment of a commission of learned men to codify the laws of the kingdom.

THE Czar of Russia has signalized his visit to England by having a formal announcement made through the Chief of the Imperial Household Police, that all the Poles now in exile in England and other countries, except two or three known assassins, are at perfect liberty to return to their native land. This act of clemency accords with the whole policy of the Czar, and it deserves to be made a memorable as his emancipation of the serfs. We doubt not that a great many Poles, who are in England, France, and other parts of Europe, will avail themselves of the Czar's generosity and return home.—*Evening Bulletin.*

THE new Constitution adopted by the Swiss, by a vote of 321,870 to 177,800, will introduce several important changes. Among these it gives, for the first time, the Federal Government the control of the army and of military stores and fortifications; makes every man liable to military service; makes education secular and compulsory; provides for the passage of a uniform bankruptcy law; subjects the ecclesiastical to the civil power; makes civil marriage obligatory; prohibits the creation of any new bishoprics without the permission of the State and the foundation of new convents or the revival of old ones, and maintains the exclusion of the Jesuits, and provides for the exclusion of any other religious Order the conduct of which may seem to the Government dangerous to the State or likely to disturb the peace between creeds.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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T ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, &C., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

Continued from page 211.

He said that was no more than a delusion the grand enemy of our souls, and then forth how dangerous a thing it was for ung persons either to go to hear them, or ad their books; saying, theirs were seducing, roneous principles, and he would have me omise never to hear them any more.

Many heavy things he said of them, and ked me particularly about the family of e Taylors: these I could justly clear, and d that neither they nor any other person d ever endeavored to insinuate their prinles, or turn me from one profession to anher. He then said, if I would desist from aring them, or reading their books, I might well; and through the continuance of my ties and good company, might overcome uneasiness. Indeed, he said so much ainst the persuasion of the Quakers, that, at with the respect I had for the clergy, l the indifference I found in myself to the malities, as I then termed the customs of said people, I seemed resolved never to go to r them again; saying, and that very truly, ever would be a Quaker, if I could help nor was I one till the desire of my soul er peace could be no other way satisfied; l no one could wrestle more to escape it n I did, as the following account will show. Such now were my childish conceivings, that though I had witnessed the work of God to be among them, yet I thought, could I but come to a possession of that which they preached, and which I found to be a saviour in my heart, it would not then matter whether I attended on any form of worship or not.

My uncle said, the parson, whose name was Leay, would board me, which he and my aunt thought very well of. I understood his meaning, and thanked him, but replied, that would only give the town reason to believe there had been a difference amongst us, and on condition they would be easy, I would see what I could do in going to church again.

But I well remember what a heavy trial it was. I went in so much indifferency, that it gave my uncle and aunt great uneasiness, and myself no less. Not long after, parson Bennet sent for me to the widow Bructon's; he also expressed himself surprised at his being so mistaken in me, saying, had it happened so with many others, he should not have wondered half so much. We being more equal and intimate, I could be more free with him; and he asked me if I was for being a Quaker? I said, I do not know, yet I believe not. Why, said he, they deny the Scriptures! I said, if they do, I promise you I will never own them; but I know they do not. Why, then, said he, they wrest them to their own destruction,

and they deny baptism. I said, they do of water, but they preach a baptism. Yes, said he, and a strange one, too; put your finger into that fire, (a fire being in the room) and see how you can bear that baptism. This filled my mind with indignation, and I said, No, I scorn it; for I believe they no more mean elementary fire, than the baptism of elementary water. At this time I may conclude that neither he nor I knew that mysterious baptism which my soul has at times since experienced.

He went fluently on respecting the principles of the Quakers, setting some of them forth as quite ridiculous, and told me, if I could not believe him, he would lend me some of their own writings. I thanked him, saying, I was not in a disposition to read the sentiments of any one profession; and to be sure I was not, for even the Scriptures themselves, in which I had been so conversant, and took delight, seemed now to be of little moment; and so great was my separation from all duties, that I found nothing left to trust in, but God alone. But to return, I said, I cannot judge them by their writings, but I was assured that they were so far in the right that, as God was a spirit, He must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. He said but little after, only, if you have got a notion of the Spirit, you are past hope.

The uneasiness of our family was now no longer a secret; my intimates, one after another, would accost me by the name of flat cap, friend, or deridingly ask, does the spirit move thee? with which, and such other mockeries, I must say my natural inclination was much buffetted, and now the storm began to be more boisterous, both within and without; my acquaintance abroad, and my relations at home; but above these, the enemies of my own house, who were always ready, at each difficulty I met with, to turn the balance against my small hope, and by insinuating the necessity of my being cautious, and deliberate in my proceedings, had run me such a length in trying to go on in the way I was trained, that the righteous judgments of the Almighty seized my soul again, and in so weighty a manner, that it made that heart, which used to spring with joy at the chiming of the bells, now to fear; that soul, which use to approach the consecrated house with reverence, now trembled at the entrance; and those steps, that used to advance towards the pew with pleasure, lost their former activity, and nothing but horror and darkness ensued, in the room of the once delightful scenes of prayer and praises unto God.

Oh! surely I have enough to remind myself of here, without particularizing the afflictions produced by the anxious desire of my kind uncle and aunt for my eternal welfare. Such, I believed it was, and therefore I endeavored to bear them with submission and resignation, as proceeding from a principle of love; indeed, I did all in my power to allay their trouble: the loss of their rest and appetite, and the continual disquiet of their minds, being a cause of real grief to me, under which the little comfort that I could find within myself was, that I was not accessory to it any farther than by studying to find the answer of a good conscience towards God, and an assurance of that which might go with me beyond the grave; but this I could not find in the present distressed situation of my mind, notwithstanding which I secretly longed to hear the Quakers once more, and must account it a peculiar favor that there came a young woman from Newcastle to visit us; as my uncle kept a strict eye over me, that I might have no opportunity of gratifying my desire; she was a stranger to our uneasiness, and my mind being still pressed to hear as above, I took her out, as though for a walk, and when we were near the meeting, asked her if she had a mind to hear the Quakers; she answered me willingly, yes; for, said she, there is no meeting of that people at our town. I am sure, had she known the least of our family's uneasiness, she might have read my confusion in my looks when I asked her the question, and much more when I entered in at the door and heard set forth the disadvantage those lay under, who halted between two opinions, proving from the apostle's expressions, "that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways;" and proceeding in that doctrine it surely reached my hope and faith, that the Lord would still be gracious unto me. I had before known the witness of God that is placed in the heart, spoken to by several Friends, yet this unexpected testimony was so adapted to my present circumstance, and answerable to the ardent desire of my mind, of being directed to that path which would lead me to the favor of God, that by this, and our new acquaintance, all prejudice was removed, and a clinch given to the nail of my new profession; for, though I did not immediately join the Society, yet as I could not but assemble with some community, I found it must be with them whose doctrine my soul now sucked in, with a resolution, and good intention, not to persist any longer in a way that I had no faith in, but to submit myself to the will of the Almighty, and to follow that which weaned my soul from a dependance on formal worship.

We returned home, she satisfied with her curiosity, and I no less with the hand of Providence in this thing; both filled with

miration, she at the whimsies of the Quakers, and I at their doctrine.

We well resembled the two women at the ll, the one taken with the truth and the ner left. I could have concealed where we d been but she could not; my uncle was formed of it, yet did not take any notice ile she staid; but when she was gone, he gaged himself in liquor, as I have reason believe he did one night before, in order give a fuller vent to his passion, otherwise would hardly have carried it so far above own reason as to use me as he did. According to his own words, he had watched asion to have chastised me as a child, yet ld find no fault with me which he thought ld give him sufficient excuse for so doing; now surely he thought nothing was so el as to suffer me to run on to my ruin, h of body and soul.

About this time I had put by a young n whom my uncle thought was likely to ke me happy; he proposed to settle on a sufficient jointure, and my uncle had red, out of his own generosity, to advance undred pounds in addition to what I had ny own. But here how different were views. My uncle thought of the adcement of my body, and I was no less ious for the welfare of my soul, for I could k of no delight but the immediate favor od, and this I must prepare to suffer for, apprehended it stood opposed to their proIs. My uncle, as I have observed, being h in drink, was violent in his behaviour, gh I could well cover all, as to his inten, one rash expression excepted, which ped him in the conclusion of that night's rder; and which I mention to show the on of my departure from them, and to an idea how it fared with me.

e said, if I ever went to the meeting n, he would bereave me of my life. I l trembling, yet received the threat in a er state of mind, and I could perceive he red for it the next moment. My life was uch in my notice, neither could I believe uncle would execute his vow; but oh! separation overwhelmed my mind with w; for I found, at that moment, that I not flinch from the truth with which my had been impressed, nor could I think aving my nearest relations thus.

ny thoughts revolved within me, and tears flowed, under the consideration of nhappy circumstance, as I then termed The enemy of my soul here manifested alice, by suggesting to me, how unlikely to obtain any conquest over either myr my relations, and that my rash proigs might bring on a massacre. But has my soul to commemorate the condescension of Divine goodness, which, in this very low state, inspired my mind with some encouragement; and a desire prevailed, though I sought it not, to re establish my little faith, by again hearing the most penetrating word; and I concluded it would be best to moderate my uncle and aunt's passion, by returning directly back from meeting to my own apartment, which was furnished with a bed and some few necessaries, bought at my entrance into the shop. I had hopes that they would look upon my so doing with a favorable eye, and when their hurry was a little over, send for me home.

They did not miss me till I came from that meeting, and thought fit to let me stay where I was till the next.

They then sent a person to see if I were there; but I did not find an engagement in myself to go, either at that time, or for some weeks after, nor was I so much taken with this new fangle, as my uncle called it, as to force my inclination in the least degree; for, could I have indulged myself in the persuasion that one might serve God acceptably without going to any public worship, I could, with ease, have remained separate from all. This deliberation, however, gave encouragement, as well as opportunity, for my old acquaintances to visit me by turn; the younger sort to show their wit by railing at what they called the principles of the Quakers; and the more grave, to set forth, according to their notion, the diabolical tenets of that people; whilst, as one struck dumb, I had but little to say in reply; only, at times, would signify that their doctrine bespoke better things; but as I had not yet obtained knowledge, by a perusal of their writings, I durst not attempt, nor did I desire, to be busy in making any defence for them. My mind, indeed, had not hitherto inclined to consult either men or books, lest thereby I should be induced to believe what was not of God; for I plainly saw that nothing short of what was so would satisfy my soul, and I may say, in thankfulness to that Eternal Power which still preserved me, their arguments did not abate my travail of soul after the Divine favor; and, though I hope I never was wise in my own conceit, yet so far did the truth of God in the secret of my soul exalt itself, that I proved its influences to be more wise than all my teachers, who, at best, were but as the hammer to the nail, in fastening in my soul the impressions which I had received.

In this situation my uncle also visited me, and the sternness of his countenance was altered.

He kindly signified to me, how hard our separation was to them, and if I would but bind myself by a promise that I would never

be a Quaker, he would give me a deed of gift, that, at his and my aunt's decease, I should have all they were worth. I answered him, If I could make such a promise, I wanted no farther encouragement than the continuance of their love; but, oh! I could not do it. We both sat and wept our passion out. My uncle mentioned my leaving them so abruptly; but instead of inviting me home, he signified he could take no pleasure in seeing me, without an alteration. In a little time I found the balm of Eternal Goodness, which healed the wound that my mind had been made to endure on Truth's account. There came a young man to visit me that had been a student, and had received orders, with a benefice, not one of the most thoughtful, as will appear. After the compliment of Madam, how do you do? and I had thanked him, he said, why, I hear you are turning a Quaker! I answered, we sometimes hear that which is not altogether true; but I suppose what you have to say. Why then, said he, there must be a great change in you, and a deal of sobbing and sighing, and *thouing* and *theeing*. And pray, said I, what have you against that language? Why, said he, it is not within the line of morality or common civility; but what is used betwixt men and their beasts, and more fit to be used to brutes than to men. I replied, I am very sorry you should think I have already forgotten myself; but I remember, and know, it is the language in which we put up our petitions in all our prayers, and in the Litany; therefore, take heed what you say, for, by your saying it is fit to be used only to brutes and beasts; of what do you make your God? O, says he, I perceive you side with the Quakers. Yes, so far, said I, as to believe that language good enough for man which is used in honoring God.

He went off, nor was it long before my uncle made me his second visit. As I now seemed to him at a stand dubious with whom to join, he laid before me the profession of the Presbyterians, saying, he would freely give me leave to join with them. But from the knowledge I had of that people, whilst twice at Manchester, I knew they dwelt much upon the same things I was in the practice of before; therefore I was not likely to find with them the satisfaction I was in pursuit of. My uncle further proposed to take the shop and bear the loss he might sustain in selling it off, if I would choose a place agreeable to board at in any other town; for he thought the removing me out of the way of shame and disgrace, as he called it, might be a means of altering my resolution. But the idea I had conceived of spiritual worship was so fixed in my breast that it seemed to me that I must have carried it with me had I been removed to the uttermost corner of the earth. I signified this to him, and he, much wondering at my foolishness, left me, saying I was certainly bewitched.

(To be concluded.)

CATAWISSA MONTHLY MEETING.

My valued young friend, Griffith John, has forwarded the following interesting account, which is offered for a place in the "Intelligencer." J. M. T.

Among the bold enterprising settlers who were crossing the mountains, and pushing their way into what was then a wild region of unbroken forest, and laying the foundation of large flourishing communities, many Friends were mingled, who formed settlements in the picturesque valley of Roaring Creek, on the North Branch at Catawissa, on the West Branch at Muncy, and at Loyalsock. In a few years their number was sufficient to justify the establishment of a Monthly Meeting at Catawissa, which was done in 1796, on the 23d of Fourth month. The following is an extract from the opening minute:

"Inasmuch as meetings of Discipline have under the influence of Divine wisdom, been established in our Society, and the solid advantages experienced therefrom have abundantly evinced the propriety thereof, in order that a due and tender attention should be extended to the various circumstances and situations of our members, that their necessities might be timely and duly relieved, and that Friends be encouraged in orderly and circumspect walking, and when that is not the case that they may be advised and labored with in the spirit of meekness and wisdom, it is the earnest and affectionate desire of many brethren and sisters, that the members of this meeting may watchfully and diligently seek for and follow after the qualifying virtue of Truth, that a good light may be held up to the people, which may yield cause for our members and others to praise the name of our God, who has called us to glory and virtue."

In 1797 the Friends of Loyalsock were granted the privilege of holding a meeting for worship on the first day of the week. The same privilege was granted the Friends of Berwick in 1800.

A new Monthly Meeting was established at Muncy in 1799, including the Friends of Muncy, Fishing Creek and Loyalsock.

The following is an abstract of the subjects claiming attention from time to time:

Early attention was directed to the establishment of schools.

At Catawissa Monthly Meeting, held Sixth month 24th, 1797, John Mears informed the meeting that a sum of money, raised by

beral subscription of Friends in Philadelphia, ad been put into his hands for the purpose establishing a school, and that with the id donation he had purchased a lot of land Catawissa, on which to erect a house for at purpose.

4th mo. 21st, 1798.—The Friends in the pointment respecting schooling children, re- orted that there appear to be fifteen within e limits of this meeting that stand in need of sistance on that account, which the meet- g, taking into consideration, and being in- rmed that there is money in the hands of riends in Philadelphia to be applied for the nefit of orphans and other children of riends whose parents are not in circum- ances to give them useful learning, appoints aac Wiggins and Joseph Hampton to apply them for a part of said money, in order to y the expense of schooling such within the nits of this meeting.

5th mo. 26th.—Agreeably to the direction last meeting, the Friends appointed to ake application to Philadelphia for funds ward the support of a school, report that ey have done so, and were informed that ere was no money on hand, but it was ought there would be in a short time. Wil- m Ellis, James Watson, Henry Widdifield, euben Lundy, Joseph Hampton, Benjamin arner, Paul Kester, Jesse Haines, John loyd, Robert Field, Thomas Ellis and Isaac iggins, were appointed to have the over- ght of all the schools within the limits of is meeting.

6th mo. 23d, 1798.—An abstract from the st will and testament of John Pemberton, Philadelphia, was produced and read. In is instrument he bequeathed to Job Hughes d John Mears in trust, the sum of twenty unds, to be paid to them five years after s decease, toward the encouragement and pport of a school in the neighborhood of tawissa, for the instruction of children of embers of our religious Society in useful and cessary learning.

7th mo. 21st, 1798.—The Committee ap- inted to the oversight of schools, reported follows:—That a considerable part of them ve visited the different schools taught ongst Friends under the care of this meet- g at Muncy, Fishing Creek, Catawissa and aring Creek, and had satisfaction in be- ving that a good degree of care was exer- ed in conducting said schools, and are of e mind that a continued extension of care this meeting is necessary in such way as e Monthly Meeting may think most likely answer the desirable purpose of promoting s business on permanent principles, accord- g to our ability.

9th mo. 25th, 1798.—One of the Friends appointed to apply to the Committee of the Quarterly Meeting for money to defray the expense of schooling the children mentioned in a former minute, reported that they have agreed to allow fifteen pounds of the interest due for the benefit of said children, which money the meeting directs to the care of the Committee appointed to the oversight of schools.

9th mo. 21st, 1799.—The Friends appointed on the proposal of building a house at Berwick to be occupied as a school and meeting house, report that the title to the lot or lots of land proposed to build on appears to them to be sufficiently clear and safe, and Friends appearing disposed to encourage the proposal, refer the subject to the consideration of the Committee on Schools, with the addition of Jonathan Shoemaker, and if nothing appears to obstruct, Friends there may be encouraged to prepare material and forward the work.

1st mo. 24th, 1801.—Received of	£.	s.	d.
William Dawson, Treasurer of the Quarterly Meeting's Committee,	15	0	0
Out of which there has been paid for the schooling of sundry poor children at 10 shillings per quarter,	4	15	6
	10	4	6

And further, it appears that the School at Catawissa has been continued, and at present a school is kept at Roaring Creek, and two other small schools within the limits of this Monthly Meeting, taught by Friends.

1st mo. 23d, 1802.—At the time of	£.	s.	d.
last settlement there was in hand a balance of	10	4	6
Since which has been expended	5	17	4
	4	7	2

And as several children are now at school, and there are others needing assistance in this way, the meeting appoints Robert Field and Jonathan Shoemaker to apply to said Quarterly Meeting's Committee for such further sum, as they may think proper to allow us.

From time to time Friends made application to this fund, and received such aid as they needed.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY teaches us that all the primary colors in nature coalesce to make pure white; so does religion teach us that all the Christian graces combine to make that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Objects that are purely white do, therefore, perfectly reflect all the prismatic colors of the rainbow; so does a holy heart all those prime Christian graces which conspire to make perfect Christian character. As white is the natural, so it is the chosen emblem of purity. "Let thy garments be always white."

ENERGY.

There is only one thing that can give significance and dignity to the human life, viz., Virtuous Energy; and this energy is attainable only by energizing. If you imagine you are to be much helped by books, and reasons, and speculations, and learned disputations, in this matter, you are altogether mistaken. Books and discourses may indeed awaken and arouse you, and perhaps hold up the sign of a wise finger-post to prevent you from going astray at the first start, but they cannot move you a single step on the road; it is your own legs only that can perform the journey; it is altogether a matter of doing. Finger-posts are very well where you find them; but the sooner you can learn to do without them the better; for you will not travel long, depend upon it, before you come into regions of moor, and mist, and bog, and far, waste solitudes; and woe be to the wayfarer, in such case, who has taught himself to travel only by finger-posts and mile-stones! You must have a compass of sure direction in your own soul, or you may be forced to depend for your salvation on some random saviour, who is only a little less bewildered than yourself. Gird up your loins, therefore, and prove the all-important truth, that as you learn to walk only by walking, to leap by leaping, so you can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion that presents itself. If you shirk the first trial of your manhood, you will come so much the weaker to the second; and if the next occasion, and the next again, finds you unprepared, you will infallibly sink into baseness. A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practice always in shallow waters, your heart will assuredly fail you in the hour of high flood. General notions about sin and salvation can do you no good in the way of the blessed life. As in a journey, you must see mile-stone after mile-stone fall into your rear, otherwise you remain stationary: so, in the grand march of a noble life, one paltriness after another must disappear, or you have lost your chance.

Richter gives it as one excellent antidote against moral depression, to call up in our darkest moments the memory of our brightest; so, in the dusty struggle and often tainted atmosphere of daily business, it is well to carry about with us the purifying influence of a high ideal of human conduct, fervidly and powerfully expressed. Superstitious persons carry amulets externally on their breasts; carry you a select store of holy texts within, and you will be much more effectively armed against the powers of evil than any most absolute monarch behind a bristling body-guard. Such texts you may find occurring in many places, from the Kalidasas and Sakyamunis, of the East, to Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and Epictetus, in the West; but if you are wise, and above the seduction of showy and pretentious novelties, you will store your memory early in youth with the golden texts of the Old and New Testaments; and, as the Bible is a big book—not so much a book, indeed, as a great literature in small bulk,—perhaps I could not do better in this place than indicate for you a few books or chapters which you will find it of inestimable value to graft into your soul deeply before you come much into contact with those persons of coarse moral fibre, low aspirations and lukewarm temperament, commonly called men of the world. First, of course, there is the Sermon on the Mount, then the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians; then the Gospel of John; then the General Epistle of James; the two Epistles to Timothy; the eighth chapter of the Romans; the fifth and sixth chapters of the Ephesians; and the same chapters of the Galatians. In the Old Testament every day's experience will reveal to you more clearly the profound wisdom of the Book of Proverbs. As a guide through life it is not possible to find a better directory than this book; and I remember the late Principal Lee, who knew Scotland well, saying with emphasis that our country owed no small part of the practical sagacity for which it is so famed to an early familiarity with this body of practical wisdom, which, in old times, used to be printed separately, and found in every man's pocket. For seasons of devout meditation, of course, the Psalms of the great minstrel monarch are more to be commended; and among them I should recommend specially, as calculated to infuse a spirit of deep and catholic piety into the souls of the youth,—Psalms 1, 8, 19, 24, 32, 37, 49, 51, 53, 73, 90, 103, 104, 107, 121, 131, 133.—*Prof. Blackie.*

GOD IN NATURE.

I would not, for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Library, or from the Lenox Library, give up the comfort which I get out of nature. Nature, now that I have had the revelation of God which interprets it to me, I would not give up for anything. I had almost said that I would rather lose my Bible than my world. There is no sunlight that does not say something to me of the Sun of Righteousness. There is no created thing that does not say something to me of the God who framed it. I sit on the hillside, in summer, and watch the spiders as they spin their webs, and the grasshoppers as they leap over me, freshman-like, jumping first and looking to see

here they have landed afterwards; and the rds, as they skip from branch to branch, or from tree to tree. There is not an animal at distrusts me. I sit so still that the birds rget that I am there, and sing as they do t often sing when persons are near them; d the ants creep about me and on me; and have a sense of the relationship of these ings. There is nothing that grows—no weed, grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in me way related to God in my thoughts; d I am never so near him as when I am in e presence of his works—as when, night or y, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world nature, and behold its ever-changing beauty. ere are no such frescoes in art as God's nd paints in the heavens. There are no ch relations of God as come to us through ture. In the budding, blossoming days of ring, in the balmy days of summer, in the itful days of autumn, in the days of winter, every day of the year, there is something ich is a separate leaf to me in God's out-e Bible, now that I have learned to read I owe more to Ruskin than to any theo-ian. Eyes I had, but I did not see; now ee marvelous things. Ears had I, but I did t hear; now I hear things that are wonder beyond all conception. New realms in the iverse of God have been disclosed to me ough these things.—*H. W. Beecher.*

LOCAL INFORMATION.

AVONDALE, Fifth mo. 24th, 1874.

The indulged meeting at this place has n granted to us for the next six months, d First-day afternoons, half-past three lock. Our ministering Friend, Perry John, l an appointed meeting here on the even-of the 21st inst., and I believe all present it to be a season of special Divine favor, m whence we returned to our homes, I st, with hearts overflowing with thanks-ing and love toward our Heavenly Father, o still mercifully inspires His devoted ser-nts with Gospel truths. The communica-n was one well suited to our condition, the aker being earnestly exercised about those gs which lie most in the way of our ad-cement in the *true* spiritual life, the wth of which must root out every sec-an prejudice, and set us upon the broad form of Christian fellowship, where we greet those of every kindred, tongue and ple as brothers and sisters in Christ.

E. M. WALTON.

THE essence of the purest love is self-dedi-on, self-surrender, each living in the life nother person who is one's real self, and *ot* another person. It is the highest form ove, because the most generous. It "does not seek its own." "It beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endur-eth all things." It finds its happiness in giv-ing, not receiving. It is to be found, in essence, not merely in marriage, but out of it, wherever love is truly a communion of souls, and whenever two become really one.

And so we learn to love God by giving our-selves to Him, by serving Him, by doing His will. Love to God is thus born of self-dedi-cation. Having learned how to love man without selfishness, we can love God in the same way.—*J. F. Clarke.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I note the remark of thy young friend, that though her First days were spent innocently, she had not that satisfied feeling at their close that she had on other days. She is not alone in this; it is very often my own experience. I have no superstitious reverence for that day as being more holy than the others, but I love to call it the Sabbath because that name in-dicates its purpose as a day of *rest* from en-forced labor. As a civil institution, healthful to body, mind and spirit, I think it likely that it will be more and better observed as time advances and as people are emancipated from a too superstitious regard for it.

It seems to me that, in order rightly to ob-serve the day, and to make it what it was designed for—*a day of rest*—the muscles of the body and the faculties of the mind which are least used during the week should be called into exercise. Thus the man of business who employs the Sabbath in getting up his ac-counts, because he has no other time to do it, is not resting. The school boy or girl who stu-dies lessons on that day is not resting; and so of every employment in which the week's predominant train of thought is continued. If this idea be a correct one, it is evident that we cannot prescribe what will be *rest* to each other. The overworked laboring man finds rest on the Sabbath in simply lying about doing nothing; and often, it is to be feared, from the fewness of his mental resources, resorts to mere animal indulgence as a solace. For such as these, until the mind can be improved, inno-cent recreation is the best rest. The opening of places of worship, as we call them (though I love to feel that every place may and should be such) is good as furthering the object of the Sabbath—rest and change of thought. Of course each one will determine how far he ought to avail himself of these social religious opportunities, and how much they really rest his mind and refresh his spirit.

Those whose lot exempts them from any

more than moderate bodily labor; whose every day life is varied by mental occupations, social enjoyments and innocent recreations, would seem to have little need of one day in seven for rest. With leisure every day for the retirement which the spirit needs, the night's rest would seem to be all that is needed to recruit the moderately expended energies, and the query arises, what shall *these* do with their Sabbaths? They need it not as a day of rest; and may it not in fact be such as these who often find it wearisome? But surely a remedy can be found if earnestly searched for. Some study or employment different from the every day ones, which would be useful to themselves or others. Perhaps, too, the weariness alluded to is partly the result of our expecting something of spiritual refreshment from the day *in itself;* whereas we can only find this in what ministers to our especial *needs.* The true use of the Sabbath will be found when we have found the true use of the other days of the week; when we shall have learned to look, not upon our own things merely, but also on the things of others; when wealth, position, knowledge, culture, shall be regarded as talents to be used in the service of those less endowed; and when no one can be warranted in saying, "Am I my brother's keeper."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 6 1874

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.—On Seventh-day, the 23d inst., the meeting for ministers and elders was held at Friends' Meeting House, at Fifteenth and Rutherford Place. It was smaller than usual, very few strangers being in attendance. The proceedings were characterized by love and harmony, and the answers to the queries from the several Quarterly Meetings conveyed the pleasant idea that this feeling was predominate throughout their borders. Allusion was made to the loss which this meeting had sustained within the past year, by the removal of individuals who had been co-laborers in the blessed cause of Truth, and the desire was expressed that all might be aroused to the importance of working in the "day time," and that none might grow weary in well-doing, or suffer themselves to become discouraged because their efforts might not *always* be crowned with immediate success. On First-day the meetings for public worship were well attended, and, so far as known, were satisfactory. At Fifteenth St., George Truman, of Philadelphia, and David Barnes of Purchase, bore testimony to the power of Divine Love to regenerate and to bring the soul into unison with its great Original.

In the afternoon, a "children's meeting of the First-day schools was held in the meeting house, at Twenty-seventh St., which gave evidence of an increased interest in the welfare of this portion of the Society, and was both interesting and encouraging. On Second day, the business which usually claims attention was entered into under a feeling of gratitude for the favor of being again permitted to meet in a Yearly Meeting capacity. The unfavorable weather may have had an effect upon the size of the meeting, which was unusually small. The epistles from the different Yearly Meetings were acknowledged to have been fraught with life, and a renewed interest was expressed in the interchange of Christian regard and tender solicitude. A committee was named to essay suitable replies. Mary Jane Field was continued as Clerk, and Amanda K. Miller was appointed Assistant Clerk. A nominating committee was chosen from the several Quarterly Meetings to unite with a similar one from Men's Meeting to produce to a future sitting the names of suitable friends to constitute the Representative Committee. The minutes of last year were read, from which it appeared there was no deferred business. Two Friends were named to examine the Treasurer's account, and several appointed to assist the Clerk in collecting and condensing the exercises of the meeting. On Third-day, the Queries were read and answered. The ordinary remissness in the attendance of Week day Meetings, the want of a more faithful adherence on the part of some of the younger members to the testimony to a free Gospel ministry, and the very small number of schools under the care of Friends, as reported from the Quarterly Meetings, produced feelings of deep concern, and several Friends were engaged in earnest exhortation to encourage greater consistency with our high profession (of being led by the unerring Spirit) in these particulars as in all others connected with our best welfare, as individuals and as a people. A delegation from Men's Meeting reported that they had

cluded to adjourn till Fifth-day morning, Fourth-day morning being the time for holding a meeting for public worship, and the afternoon having been conceded to the First-day School association for the purpose of their meeting. The proposition was united with, and the meetings adjourned to meet in joint session, on Fifth-day morning, for the reading of the Indian Report, and the minutes from the meeting of the Representative Committee. On Fourth-day morning the public meeting was large at Fifteenth Street, S. J. Levick, Edith W. Atlee, and Thomas Foulke addressed the people, who were quite attentive. At Twenty-seventh St., but a small number were gathered. The interest of the meeting was increased by the testimony of several young Friends to the power of the Love of God to preserve from temptation, and to promote happiness even in this life. Encouragement was given to serve Him in love rather than in fear. Allusion was made to the sweet solemnity which had prevailed throughout the meeting, and Friends separated under this feeling.

On Fifth-day morning, Friends met in joint session. After a few remarks relative to the occasion, the Indian Report was read by the Clerk of Men's Meeting. As this interesting document will be given to the readers of the *Intelligencer* comment is unnecessary. It appeared highly satisfactory to the meeting, and the liberty asked for by the Executive Committee to draw upon the Treasury of the Yearly Meeting for the sum of $500, was freely granted. Attention was particularly called to the want expressed by the committee of a woman Friend to teach housewifery and nursing, and Friends were urged to use every effort to procure a suitable person. The minutes of the Representative Committee were also read, and elicited considerable expression in relation to its labors. Encouragement was given to continue the good work in which they had entered, as Truth might open the way. It will be remembered that, a short time ago, the proceedings of this committee, relative to the subjects of Intemperance, Arbitration and Capital Punishment, were published in *Friends' Intelligencer*. About 12 o'clock the men withdrew, and the meetings separately considered their legitimate business. In the women's meeting, an epistle for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was read and united with.

In the afternoon the report of the committee nominated to produce to the meeting the names of suitable persons to constitute a Representative Committee, was adopted. Two epistles were approved, and a memorial of Creek and Stanford Monthly Meeting for Thomas C. Stringham was read near the close of the meeting, producing a solemnity, under which the desire was expressed that we might become witnesses of the happy condition realized by him that "one hour in the Lord's presence is worth thousands elsewhere." One from Oblong Monthly Meeting for Martha, wife of David Irish, had been read at a previous session. The life of this dear Friend was remarkable for its simple yet earnest devotion to her convictions of duty, and her adorning was that of a meek and quiet spirit. An acceptable epistle from our Friend Sarah Hunt, addressed to the Yearly Meeting, was at this time received and read. She had obtained a minute for the purpose of attending this meeting, but was prevented by illness from so doing. The meetings to-day were much larger than before, and the stream of life, from having been but as "ankle deep," increased until it became as a river in which all could bathe and be refreshed.

On Sixth-day morning this favor was continued. The exercises were of an encouraging character. The belief was expressed that Friends, though few in number and comparatively insignificant amid the multitudes of other professors of religion in this great city, would, if they were faithful to the duties opening before them, be as a light that would shine not only upon their own little domain, but it would be reflected upon those by whom they were surrounded. The manifestations of an increase of interest in the testimonies which we profess as a people by a number in the younger walks of life, were hailed by their elder friends with joy and gladness of heart. These were exhorted to hold on their way in faith, with the belief that the mountains by which some felt themselves encompassed would be removed as they were willing to move forward. Again, Friends were reminded of the strength to be derived from assembling, es-

pecially in the middle of the week, for social worship. Then, with the cares of the day laid aside, we might be drawn in unison of spirit near the Fountain of living waters, and be permitted to drink thereof and be refreshed for the resumption of the duties devolving upon us. The remaining epistles were read, and the sentiment prevailed that the Committee to whom had been entrusted the care of preparing them, had been much favored. The joint Committee on Indian Affairs were continued for another year.

A memorial was furnished by Cornwall Monthly Meeting, endorsed by Westbury Quarterly Meeting, for our friend Katy Haz zard, who was known to many as an honest and dedicated servant of the Lord, who early called her to His work.

All the memorials will in due time, no doubt, be forwarded to *Friends' Intelligencer.*

After the reading of the minutes and exercises, a solemn quiet prevailed for several minutes, when our beloved friend Rachel Hicks alluded to the time of separation with deep feeling.

The uncertainty of our again meeting in an annual gathering, with a sense of the favors of which we had so freely partaken during the present week, occasioned mingled feelings, and she desired that we might hold in grateful remembrance the blessings showered upon us.

An offering of thanksgiving and praise followed, and the meeting closed under a feeling of the Divine Presence, and our hearts were filled with love to the Great Supreme and to one another. The Men's Meeting also concluded on Sixth-day morning.

After the Rain.—The refreshing showers of the past week have done wonders for the fields and gardens; we can almost see the slender lances of the corn push out into the warm sunshine, and the motherly leaves of the "early York" fold tenderly around its blanching heart, that grows crisp and juicy in their loving embrace. The white blossoms of the early peas open their delicate lips to the caressing bee; while we stand by, the busy little creature loads up his thighs with the freshly scattered pollen, and hies him away to store his precious freight, that it may be ready for the maturing brood.

The apple blossoms are still offering their golden stores. It is among these that the bee delights to feast; how he plunges his tiny head into the fairy thicket of stamens; now he poises on his haunches, lifts his long hairy arms to his forehead with the gravity of a philosopher, wipes off the fine yellow grains that have caught upon his whiskers, kneads them into a lump, and, by an adroit backward movement peculiar to his race, deposits the treasure in the baskets that he carries on the middle joints of his two hind legs. He only takes the choicest grains, for he sees there is more than enough, so he flits from flower to flower, until his panniers are piled to overflowing, and away he flies to the social home where other workers greet him, all bringing in their stores of food.

Through all the sunny hours he labors with unflagging energy, to gather up those "fragments" that but for his existence would be nearly a dead loss. The delicious perfume of the flower floats out on the air, and we take in the fragrant incense borne to us by a passing breath; we are better and happier for its influence, so the mission of the blossom to bless is accomplished, and in blessing it gives nothing more than it has to spare; every atom essential to the perfecting of the fruit remains, and more—for down in the tiny receptacle of cunning workmanship lies a minute drop—*its* work has been accomplished and it waits to be gathered. Were man with his most delicate manipulations to attempt to take it, the precious casket in which it is stored would be utterly ruined and lost; the "blushing Queen" of summer and the "Golden pippin" of autumn would be only among pleasant memories of the past. Our little forager is at hand; *he* knows just where the sweet morsel lies, and he treads softly and tenderly among the chambers where it is stored, and he, too, takes only that which nothing else can utilize, and does it so daintily that not a trace of his footprints bruises the expanding germ.

It is his to "gather up the fragments" and his to work out in the beautiful order of creation the economies of vegetable life, and lay up for the service of man stores of sweetness in waxen cells of his own moulding, the

ontinue to be among the marvels of scientific esearch.

Shall we suffer ourselves to be instructed y these humble workers in the great laboratory of nature?—to accept the lesson of the reciousness of little things?—that nothing too small to be made use of, nothing so insignificant as to be without its place in the ale of being?

And here we are reminded of that homely sson of Jesus, at the conclusion of the reast of barley loaves and fishes.

The Power invoked to feed the multitude that occasion is ever repeating the mirae, and through His chosen instruments is er reminding us, as did His well-beloved on that occasion, to "gather up the fragents that remain, that nothing be lost."

DIED.

BARKER.—At his residence in Sophiasburg, Co. Prince Edward, Canada, on the 25th of First nth, 1874; David Barker, in the sixty ninth year his age; he was a member of West Lake Monthly eting, and Green Point Preparative, where he ored diligently for many years as a minister, to edification and comfort of his friends. Some ars before his death his mind became depressed ough disease, and he felt himself unworthy to et with his friends in the house of worship, but ne months before his death the cloud which had dowed his mental horizon was removed, and he in resumed his seat amongst us, still manifesting ively concern for the promotion of the cause of th; his health soon failed again, and he was fined to the house for some time, nearly helpless h a paralytic affection, which he endured with ristian patience.

OOPER.—At her residence, Bloomfield, Prince ward Co., Canada, on the 18th of Fourth month, 4, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas P Cooper, in her year; an esteemed member of West Lake nthly and Preparative Meetings, where she will greatly missed, as she was a diligent attender as g as her health would admit, and was especially pful in transacting the business of the Society. endured her suffering disease with Christian ience, accepting the dispensation as being necesy to loose the bands which bound her to earth, ing, that like Martha, she was cumbered with ny things.

ESTER.—Suddenly, on the 19th of Fourth mo., 4, at the residence of her son-in-law, Amos P. ter, in Madison township Columbia Co., Pa., abeth O. Kester, widow of Joseph Kester, in the year of her age; a member of Fishing Creek nthly and Half-Year Meeting.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of ng good, while we neglect the openings of vidence in little things, which would frently lead to the accomplishment of most ortant usefulness.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE OF PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING, HELD FIFTH MONTH, 1874.

The Joint Committee, reappointed last year to have charge of Indian concerns, report:—That they organized by appointing Jacob M. Ellis Clerk, and an Executive Committee, consisting of the following named Friends, viz:

William Dorsey,	Jacob M. Ellis,
John Saunders,	Mary S. Lippincott,
Jos. C. Turnpenny,	Elizabeth W. Lippincott
Dillwyn Parrish,	Deborah F. Wharton,
Daniel Foulke,	Margaretta Walton,

William M. Levick, and Martha Dodgson.

In the Sixth month last, a delegation of four Friends, viz: David Petit, Samuel J. Levick, Margaret Bancroft, and Susan D. Wharton, were appointed to visit the agencies under our immediate care.

The Otoes and Missouri Indians have reversed their decision of last year to sell all their land and remove to the Indian Territory, and have in council determined to accept the provisions of the act for the relief of certain Indian Tribes in the Northern Superintendency, which permits the sale of a moiety of their land, they remaining upon the balance thereof. The fund thus realized to be appropriated for their civilization at the discretion of the Government.

In the Tenth month last, five of the chiefs of these tribes, accompanied by their interpreters and their agent, Jesse W. Griest, visited Washington. They were in Baltimore during the sessions of the Yearly Meeting then holding, and remained a short time in Philadelphia, on their way home. A special committee was appointed to visit Washington during their stay, and render them such assistance as they might require. A council was held by these chiefs in the presence of their agent, and a number of your committee, with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the Indians were given distinctly to understand by him, that his future policy would be to hold their annuity subject to the discretion of the Department, and use it in such a manner as will be best calculated to promote their civilization.

The principal chief, Medicine Horse, has been persistently opposed to accepting the habits of civilized life, and they were much dissatisfied with their reception by the Commissioner. During their stay arrangements were effected with the Commissioner for supplying, from funds at his disposal, means to improve the agency buildings and school house, fence in the broken prairie, and to employ a matron, also to appropriate from their annuity salaries for a farmer and

carpenter, and means to procure horses wagons, harness and agricultural implements. Permission was granted them to go on their winter's hunt with the understanding that it was for the *last time*. They were told that hereafter they must cease all dependence upon the hunt, and rely upon the cultivation of the soil for their support. The hunt counteracts the influence of civilized life, and the increased settlement of the country through which the Indians must pass to reach the buffalo, renders them liable to unpleasant contact with the white settlers.

At a subsequent interview with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an agreement was made whereby Friends are to supplement the salaries of the farmer and carpenter for the Otoes Agency to the amount of Three Hundred Dollars, the sums appropriated for these uses not being sufficient to induce suitable persons to accept the positions, the annuities of the Indians being too limited to admit of an increase from that source, and the Commissioner having no funds at command to supply the deficiency. In consideration therefor, however, the Commissioner agrees to pay a similar sum for the salary of the assistant teacher sent by Friends, out of funds at his control for school purposes.

On the 5th day of 1st month last, we received a telegram from Agent Jesse W. Griest stating that, on the night of the 3d, during his absence from the agency on business, the agency buildings were destroyed by fire. His family escaped with their lives, though subjected to extreme suffering, owing to the severity of the weather, and the excitement attending the sad calamity. As soon as possible, through the kindness of neighbors, they were cared for, and their needs supplied as far as they were capable of. The Executive Committee telegraphed Superintendent Barclay White to furnish Agent Griest with two hundred dollars for immediate use, and the amount was at once remitted to him. Other means from private sources were also forwarded, and under the date of the 25th of the same month Agent griest writes acknowledging the receipt of the money, and says: "please express to these kind friends our most grateful acknowledgement, with the earnest desire on our part that we may prove worthy recipients of so great a favor."

A bill has been submitted to Congress, appropriating Twelve Thousand Dollars to rebuild the Agency House, and subsist the Indians, their hunt having proved a failure. The new building will be on a different and more desirable location. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has appropriated one thousand dollars to repair the old house so as to adapt it to the use of the Agent until the new Agency House is completed.

The Sacs and Fox Indians had determined to sell all their land, and remove to the Indian Territory. They now desire that only a portion of their land may be sold, and they remain on their present location, the proceeds of the land sold to be used for the purposes of their civilization. These Indians receive their present annuity in money. The Secretary of the Interior has submitted a law to Congress which, if enacted, will give the President such control over their annuity as to enable him to use it at his discretion for their welfare, and prevent its improper expenditure, as they have been much addicted to intemperance.

The Iowas continue to improve under Agent Charles Roberts, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Thomas Lightfoot, Tenth month last. We have every reason to believe he is laboring faithfully in this important service. In a letter dated ——, he says, "These people need nothing but work; the soil is very fertile, and I believe we shall have much more land under cultivation after next summer. We are making arrangements to break and fence at least four hundred acres.

We trust Friends will give us the encouragement we need to the successful carrying out of our plans. We feel there is great work to do, and there are difficulties and discouragements on every side. Believing that the Father is with us, and feeling that with *His* aid we must succeed, we leave the case in His Hands."

In a letter received from our Superintendent, enclosing the resignation of our friend Thomas Lightfoot, as agent for the great Nemahas, he says, "I feel that it is my duty to state that in my official and personal intercourse with him during the period of holding this office, I have ever found him true to the public trust committed to his charge, prompt in the discharge of his official duties, and in all respects a faithful, conscientious, and honest officer."

We feel it right here to express our entire approval of the judicious administration of our friend Barclay White, and the satisfaction we have derived during our official intercourse with officers of the Interior Department from their evidently just appreciation of his valuable services. Also to say that our friend, Jesse W. Griest, and wife, under the peculiarly trying circumstances in which they have been placed since their acceptance of the Otoe Agency, have shown a remarkable energy and faith in the difficult work assigned them, and appear well qualified for the service.

In the Third month last, the Execut

Committee received information that the salary of the Office of Superintendent for the Northern Superintendency was omitted in the estimate to be submitted to Congress by the Chairman of the Sub-committee on Indian Appropriations. A conference of the Committee was promptly called at Washington. With the approbation of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, they obtained interviews with the Chairman of said Committee, the Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, in connection with other members of said Committees.

Our Committee was received with great courtesy, and after having fully and freely discharged what appeared to them to be their duty, giving our reasons for desiring the continuance of our agents in the Northern Superintendency under the care and supervision of a Superintendent of our own appointing, retired with the assurance that the views expressed would receive a kind and careful consideration.

A Bill, carefully prepared, amendatory of the act of last year, "for the relief of certain Indian tribes in the Northern Superintendency," has been favorably reported to the Senate by Senator Buckingham, Chairman of the Committee of Indian Affairs of the Senate—allowing the sale of a part of the lands of the Sacs and Foxes, already alluded to in this report, and altering the terms of payment by purchasers under said act, so as to insure more favorable bids for the land offered.

Numerous additions and corrections in the Indian Appropriation bill have been suggested by the Executive Committee, and accepted by the Chairman of the Sub-committee of Indian Affairs for the House.

The members of the Executive Committees of the six Yearly Meetings, upon whom has devolved the active labor with the Government in the important work of Indian Civilization, have been increasingly vigilant at their post of duty, and to the best of their ability have been assiduous in promoting the views of Friends in this increasingly interesting cause. They state that they feel it right to say, they have received the approval and cordial support of the Secretary of the Interior, and of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in all the measures they have proposed.

We submit for the information of Friends the annexed statement of expenditures of Yearly Meeting funds, viz.:

For visit of Delegation of four Friends to the Indian Agencies	$500 00
Railroad ticket, for Mary E. Griest, as Teacher to the Otoe Agency	42 50
Jesse W. Griest and family, to supply necessities when burnt out	200 00
Advertising in *Friends' Intelligencer*	6 20
Expenses of Special Committee to Washington, on account of Otoe Reservation	15 00
Expenses of the Executive of the six Yearly Meetings, our proportion	124 31
Total	$888 01

In addition to the amount of money expended by the Committee on behalf of the Yearly Meeting, we are informed that school books, charts, etc., articles of clothing, and dry goods by the piece, valued at two thousand four hundred and twenty-three dollars and sixty-nine cents, have been forwarded by the Indian Aid Societies, under the direction of Friends throughout the Yearly Meeting, through the medium of their Central Committee of the City of Philadelphia.

Under date of 20th ultimo, Agent Griest writes, that the winter hunt by the Otoes has proved a failure, in consequence of which the funds at his command have been almost exhausted for their subsistence. Until Congress makes further appropriation they have nothing to rely upon but what they earn by their own labor, or the bounty of Friends.

Most of the tribes have manifested an eagerness for work beyond his expectations, and the fund for the payment of wages will soon be exhausted. In this emergency he says, "Although it is not a pleasant duty for me to ask for contributions, yet I feel that a little from the abundance of many would aid us greatly in our efforts to improve the condition of these people, and I trust be blessed to the giver as well as to the receiver. I think that those who feel an interest in the important trust that Friends have assumed amongst the Indians, cannot be too strongly impressed with the importance of the present season in shaping the future of this tribe; and what we most need appears to me to be the necessary means to foster and encourage their manifest willingness to make the best of their circumstances by entering freely into productive labor. I should like Friends to consider the propriety of assisting in the cultivation of the present crops, and what we need for this purpose is the means to pay for labor. Nearly all the Indians are willing to work, and they work well—much better than I had an idea they could."

Under date of Tenth month 9th, 1873, Superintendent Barclay White says:—"The Santee Sioux have been quietly giving their attention to industrial pursuits; they are yearly becoming more self-reliant and self-supporting."

"The Commissioner of Indian Affairs visited this agency in the Eighth month, and in consequence of a promise made to the Indians that he would give one pair of working oxen

to each head of a family who would properly secure four tons of hay, a very large quantity of good hay has been stocked."

"The Commissioner has also supplied the Agency with superior horses and cattle for the improvement of the Indian stock.

"The Industrial School has been rapidly approaching completion, with every prospect of being finished within the time of contract, viz.: the last day of the present month.

"This tribe has suffered severely during the past winter from ravages of the small-pox. Care was taken to alleviate their suffering and prevent the spread of the disease. Stringent orders for vaccination have been issued to all the agencies.

"The Winnebagoes, Omahas and Pawnees appear to be progressing satisfactorily under their new agents.

"The Industrial School for the Winnebagoes has been completed, and estimates for its support have been submitted to the Department.

"The Winnebagoes have tilled more ground than ever before, have cultivated it skilfully and well, and reaped a bountiful harvest. Some three or four hundred of the Winnebago men assisted white farmers in gathering the last grain harvest, and gave full satisfaction in such work."

The Superintendent further says: "Since my last semi-annual report, no Indian of this Superintendency has been accused of personal violence toward a white person, so far as has been officially reported to this office; comparatively few cases of intemperance have occurred, and the instances of crime have been confined to horse stealing and petty theft. I believe I am safe in the assertion that the Indian population of this Superintendency is as free from crime and intemperance as the same number of white inhabitants in any portion of the State.

"When crime is committed by Indians upon whites, the punishment is quick and decisive; but when the crime does occur, either by Indians or white men upon Indians, the Indian has no protection or remedy in the State courts, and it has recently been decided by high legal authority that the United States Courts have no jurisniction over the Indian reservations in this State.

"I earnestly recommend that Friends give prompt attention to this subject, and take such measures as will place the Indians of Nebraska under the protection of the laws of the United States."

This important subject has been brought to the attention of the proper authorities, and a law has been framed for the purpose of remedying the evil complained of, for the consideration of Congress.

We annex a report received from Superintendent Barclay White, dated 28th ultimo, which gives a concise but interesting statement in relation to the present condition of the tribes of Indians under the immediate care of our Yearly Meeting.

In conclusion we desire to call the attention of Friends to the earnest appeals of the agents of the Otoes and the great Nemahas, for *sympathy and material aid.*

We have accepted from the Government conjointly with the five Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us, the responsibility of the care of the Indian tribes in the Northern superintendency—with our approval members of our Religious Society have left their homes, and with their wives and children have gone to reside in the midst of these Indians for the purpose of seeing that their dues received from the Government are honestly distributed, and under a religious concern of Friends to promote their Christian civilization, *and the responsibility rests with us to render them all the assistance in our power.* JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

OFFICE SUP'T INDIAN AFFAIRS,
OMAHA, NEB., Fourth mo. 28th, 1874.

Esteemed Friend:—On the 14th inst., was paid as semi-annuity, in cash, to the heads of families in the Iowa tribe of Indians, the sum of forty-five hundred dollars, and an equal amount to the heads of families in the Sacs and Foxes of Missouri tribe. Interesting Councils were held with the chiefs and leading persons of each tribe. In the Iowa Council, were present a number of Iowa women, and one of them came forward and made a speech, an event of rare occurrence Indian women are seldom seen in Indian Councils.

The Iowas are of one mind in desiring to continue their present course of improvement even the Ta-rah-ke party (he being restored to chieftainship) has adopted citizens' clothing, and profess to be anxious to till the soil. The winter has been long, and the Iowa stock is thin in flesh, but has probably reached a spring-pasture in as good a condition as the stock of the average white settler.

The Iowa school is well conducted and prosperous. I have rarely attended a white district school where the scholars were so orderly, or as attentive to their studies. The "Iowa Home" continues to be popular with the tribe, and it is proposed to still farther extend the farm attached to it, during the present summer.

The funds necessary for the support of the Home during this quarter, are not derived from the Government fund, "Civilization of Indians," as has heretofore been the case, but

vill be paid out of the tribal funds. I hope his is not a precedent for its future support, as he funds of the tribe applicable thereto will ll be needed for its advence in agriculture. Ve will continue to ask for the support of he Home out of a general Indian fund.

The Iowas' and Sacs' and Foxes' annuity onsists principally of interest upon the trust unds, and cannot properly be diverted from irect payment to the Indians, without their onsent. Such is not the case with the anuities of the Otoes and Missourias, Omahas nd Pawnees, which, under treaty stipulaons, can be applied to beneficial purposes at ie pleasure of the President.

A code of laws has been adopted by the owa tribe, for the suppression and punishent of crime and immorality, which has ready proved of practical benefit.

The Sacs and Foxes, of Missouri, appear nited in judgment, in desiring to remain on their reservation, and have asked the overnment to sell the ten western sections ereof, and apply the proceeds in improving eir condition on the remaining portion; ey now seem to be sincere in desiring to itate the Iowas in works of improvement. If Congress provides for selling only the stern portion of their land, according to e Indians' last request, it is probable that der treaty stipulations, a school house will n be built and provision made for the ary of a teacher for their children. The be will also be relieved from that feeling uncertainty as to their future home which w retards and paralyzes all progress. When s matter is settled, with proper encouragent and care, I believe the majority of the cs and Foxes will be induced to imitate example of the Iowas, and become tillers he fertile soil of their beautiful reservation.

About the last of Third month the major of the Otoe and Missouria tribe returned m an unsuccessful buffalo hunt, having n absent from their reservation over four nths. They not only failed to secure much ne, but while absent, consumed $500 of annuity money in subsistence. The tribe ow depending for support upon compenon for such labor as the Agent has for m, and a balance of less than $1,000, now is hands, applicable for subsistance, the ian Department having decided that the es' annuity shall be expended in works of provement. No cash annuity has been, or l be paid to the tribe during this year.

Agent Gr'est, in his Monthly Report to office dated Fourth Month 1st, says: "Sufent posts have been prepared and delivl by the Indians for all the fencing we ll require during this spring, and more n I had means at command to pay for; a commencement has been made toward putting them in fence around the school farm, and this will be pushed on to completion as soon as practicable.

"A farmer and matron reported on duty the 21st ult.; the former has entered upon his duties with an energy that promises to be satisfactory. A number of plows and implements have been at work in the hands of the Indians under his direction during the past week, preparing the soil and sowing spring wheat.

"The plan adopted and now being put in execution of applying the Indian annuity to the payment of productive labor, gives promise of meeting our highest expectations. I have not known a greater interest, nor more anxiety to get to work anywhere, than is now manifested by these Indians, prominent among whom are some of the chiefs. The greatest difficulty experienced is to give them enough work to do, with the limited means at my command applicable to the purpose. Not the half wanting work can be employed, nor furnished tools to work with, a circumstance much to be regretted, now that they are convinced of the importance of labor, and are willing to take hold. Their eagerness to do so furnishes conclusive evidence that the popular idea that 'Indians will not work' is erroneous, when they see its importance and have an individual interest in doing so, apart from the common interests of the tribe.

"We have experienced great inconveniences since the destruction of the Agency Buildings by fire, for want of a comfortable place to live, and that inconvenience is increasing, as it becomes necessary to find accommodations for additional employees, though a building intended for the temporary occupancy of the Agent's family is now being constructed, and it is hoped will be completed in a few weeks.

"The day school has been constantly in session, and with a progress that is mainly satisfactory."

Mahlon B. Kent appointed carpenter at Otoe Agency has arrived, and commenced service in his department on the 21st inst.

Thy friend,

BARCLAY WHITE,
Supt. of Indian Affairs.

To JOHN SAUNDERS,
Clerk of Executive Com.

THAT is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life, and enables us to work most successfully for its advancement. Refinement that carries us away from our fellowmen is not God's refinement.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FIFTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	11	11
Rain all or nearly all day	5	0
Cloudy, without storms	4	2
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	11	18
Total	31	31

	1873	1874
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	Deg.	Deg.
Mean temperature of Fifth mo., per Penna. Hospital	63.09	62.08
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	89.00	86.00
Lowest do reached do do	43.00	38.00
RAIN during the month, do do	4.78 in.	2.69 in.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for each year	1,596	

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Fifth month for the past 85 years	62.76
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1802—1826	71 00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848	51.75

SPRING TEMPERATURES.

	degs.
Mean temperature of the three Spring months of 1873	51.09
Mean do do do do 1874	49.41
Average of the Spring temperatures for the past 85 years	51.00
Highest Spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1871	57.62
Lowest do mean occurring during that entire period, 1799--1843	46.00

RAIN.

	1873.	1874.
Comparison of Rain for the first five months of each year	22.85 in.	18.81 in.

It will be seen from the above there is but little to remark in reference to the *temperature* of the month under review—that of *this* year, of the *preceding*, and the *average*, varying from each other less than a degree.

It is true we have had some few *very* warm days, but that is usually the case. As early as the 8th, we noticed the mercury at 9, 3, and 12 o'clock respectively, reached 64°, 76° and 80°. The *Spring* temperatures, it will be noticed, also vary very little from each other. The terrible disaster of the bursting of a reservoir in *Massachusetts*, on the 16th inst., by which "whole villages were annihilated, involving a fearful loss of life," is an incident of the month long to be remembered.

J. M. ELLIS.

NOTICE.

A Special Meeting of Stockholders of Swarthmore College, will be held at Race Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, on Third-day, 6th mo. 16th, 1874, at 3½ P. M.

ISAAC H. CLOTHIER, } *Clerks.*
SARAH F. CORLIES, }

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

6th mo.	7th	Stroudsburg, Pa , 3 P. M.
"	"	Middletown, Del. Co., Pa., 3 P. M.
"	14th	Centre, Del., 3 P. M.
"	21st	Valley, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Upper Dublin, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	28th	Marlborough, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
"	"	West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.
"	"	Collins, N. Y., 11 A. M.
7th mo.	5th	Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Plymouth, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Concord, Pa., 3 P. M.

READING CIRCULAR MEETING will occur to-morrow, the 7th inst., and at the recent Monthly Meeting the hour for gathering has been changed to 2 o'clock P. M. Friends can now leave Philadelphia from the depot at Thirteenth and Callowhill Sts. at 8 A. M., and return home in the afternoon. Round trip tickets, $2 35.

The members of the Yearly Meeting's Committee on Education, belonging to the Western Quarter are requested to meet at London Grove, 6th mo 10th, at the close of Monthly Meeting. Prompt attendance is desirable.

ITEMS.

ALL the provisions of the treaty of Washington are now in full force, the Legislature of Newfoundland having assented to the sections relating to the fisheries, and the President having made his proclamation to that effect. The articles of the treaty provide that for a term of ten years fish oil and fish of all kinds except fish of the inland lakes and of the rivers falling into them, and except fish preserved in oil, being the produce of the fisheries of the United States, or the Dominion of Canada, or Prince Edward's Island, shall be admitted into each country free of duty, there being an agreement that the people of one country may fish on the coast and shores of the other without being restricted by any distance from the shore; and it is also agreed that one country in transporting goods from one of its ports to another shall have free transit through the intermediate territory.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE total nnmber of victims by the Mill River disaster is now believed to be 138, of whom 57 lived in Williamsburg, 4 in Skinnersville, 26 in Haydenville and 51 in Leeds. The bodies of all but have been recovered and identified, and the search for the dead has been practically given up, as it is believed that most of the remaining bodies were swept out into the Connecticut.

The relief fund now amounts to about $65,0 of which $18,413 has been received at Northampton. The relief committee report 150 families, compos of about 700 people, utterly destitute, and that the exigencies of the case demand $100,000.

The Committee of Relief for the sufferers by Mill River disaster report the number needing sistance in the various villages as follows:

Williamsburg—39 families, consisting of 195 p sons, whose loss in ruined houses, destroyed hou hold furniture and other property is estimated $42,125.

Skinnersville—28 families, consisting of 122 p sons, whose loss is $48,200.

Haydenville—41 families, consisting of 173 p sons, whose loss is $113,625.

Leeds—38 families, consisting of 250 pers whose loss is $43,165.

Total—146 families, consisting of 740 pers whose loss is $247,115.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or O. MONEY ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail ill be at the risk of the person so sending.
AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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N ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, &C., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

(Continued from page 228.)

Indeed, I myself could not, at times, but onder what it was poised my soul against ie many hard things I met with from others, id the secret temptations that daily presented emselves to my own mind, which so filled that, in the little sleep I got, I frequently eamed of something relative to my exerses. In one of my dreams, a man was pre nted to me, coming up to my door with a eve in his hand, and a bag. He sat down, id opening the bag, put out some wheat into e sieve. I asked him what he was going to ; he said, to separate the chaff from the neat. Here the enemy shot his empoisoned rt against that fear which lodged in me, d, through his insinuations, made me be- ve myself the chaff, blown from my former ietness, by aspiring after the knowledge of ings too high for me; and oh! the consterion that my soul was in, from these assaults the enemy, who now ripped up every mis rriage of my life, and all my foolish actions, so many witnesses against me, whilst I deavored to withstand him by repentance, d purposes of amendment, pleading with rself the just ground of my present proding. But, as I had not the evidence of hope at my own command, I was obliged suffer, till I was again revived by the mercies of a God, who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

In this interval, my uncle came with Parson Leay again, and still with hopes, from my staying at home, that they might gain me; but they found their mistake; for, though I said but little, I was as resolute in myself to prove the truth as ever. We sat down, and the parson offered to take, in writing, any scruples I had to make, promising either to answer them himself or get them answered by the bishop. I acknowledged his kindness, saying I did not see how any one could be serviceable to me, for it was faith I wanted in the whole. He signified it was not for the unlearned to pry into the matter of faith, but to believe according to the canons of the church, going on largely in commendation of the wisdom and great care there had been amongst the learned fathers that there might be no default or error in the articles of our faith, from thence inferring that it was requisite that we should believe them. I signified I could not place my trust in *man*, but had received a better faith already, and that I did believe I ought to seek God for myself. He said, You are obstinate, and if you do not take care you will renounce your vow of baptism. I answered, I do not find that troubles me; for I hold it as a matter of indifference, which will neither do me good nor hurt. This struck us silent; and, as soon as I could take my looks off him, I cast them on my

dear uncle, whose eyes plainly bespoke his grief. The parson got up, and said, You have need of the prayers of the congregation. I said, I know I have need of the prayers of all good people, and desire to have them.

As they passed the shop, I heard him say something of my being quite lost, and my uncle shook his head and left me, in abundance of sorrow. This was a double and treble trial to me, for the enemy aimed his dart again to give the fatal blow, by insinuating into my mind the doctrine of election and reprobation, which strengthened those doubtings my late conversation raised. What had I here to do? No person to flee to, with whom I could trust my soul! No book to try my cause by! The Bible itself being still to me as if written in an unknown tongue! No God or Saviour at hand, nor even any comfortable desire that I was sensible of! Read, in these expressions, the deep afflictions of my soul, thus lying under the tramplings of a most desperate fiend! Could I have found just reasons for his upbraiding me with my lightness, it would at this time have certainly appeared; or, could I have believed that God was unjust, and would inflict eternal punishment on the innocent, or on a sinner that was willing to turn from every evil way; I say, could I have reconciled this to His attributes of mercy and goodness, I must surely have fallen by these suggestions of the cruel deceiver, who now appeared to me in the most surprising manner; producing that exercise which, to this present time, gives me astonishment: for, one night, as I lay in bed, on a sudden, a voice, as I thought, audible and like my own, cursed the Lord and defied Heaven, saying, Now am I damned, for I have sinned against the Holy Ghost, which will never be forgiven. When the words were passed I found myself in a maze, and immediately flung myself upon my face, crying out, Oh, Lord! forgive me! but it's not me; yet, oh, Lord! forgive me! Thus, in confusion, went I on, sometimes begging for forgiveness and denying the fact; and, when I did so far recover myself as to know how I was, I found myself, from the agony I had been in, all over in a sweat, and the bed whereon I lay for some time after shook with the strong trembling of my body, and it was a considerable time ere I could compose myself; yet, when I could, I found my great God did not accuse me, but encouraged the sincerity of my desire to look up to Him, as God, who mercifully saveth those that trust in His providence, and is willing to remit the past transgressions of the truly penitent. And here did I prove my hope renewed and my faith established; yet even here did I stumble at the honor I had been taught to give to those divine oracles, as I esteemed the clergy, and thought I must surely be mistaken in supposing there was no more in them than other men, nor yet could I well step over the stream of their learning, and set the illiterate, as I had been taught to call them, on an equal footing of wisdom with the high title of right reverend. Yet here did my God help me. Thus, one evening, as I sat, low in mind, musing by myself, the Everlasting Truth siezed upon me, in an exposition of that remarkable thanksgiving of our Saviour, when He said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." This immediate favor from the loving kindness of the Lord had a vast influence over me. I arose from my chair, and fell upon my knees to receive the overshadowings of his power; and such was its effect that, by its assistance, I did let out from my soul a few words in supplication to the Lord, begging a farther manifestation of His will, and His preservation therein. This, I apprehend, was the most lively prayer I ever had then made.

When I had waited for a time on my knees, I remembered that I had read the passage, yet desired to look at it again. I had no Bible of my own, my aunt having taken it from me, telling me I should have no use for it, as indeed I had not much till this time; yet, being provided with one, I looked for the text, and, casting my eye upon it, found a great alteration in myself, and cause to say, surely the Lamb of God is found worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; and from this time I knew it was not in my power to read the Scriptures in their right signification, but only as I had the key of interpretation lent me, which I did now often receive, to my great profit and consolation. Thus became I again familiar with my book, and prized that good companion more justly than ever I had done in all my life, desiring to be kept in the way that I was to go, and have bread to eat and raiment to put on, and to be returned to my father's house in peace, concluding that the Lord should be my God. Whilst I resigned myself to His holy will, it pleased the Almighty to show me it was not right that I should thus believe and yet live alone without assembling myself with those that I was satisfied were believers in the same divine principle, neither do I now think it would have been good or right; for, as sure as the Lord thought proper, in His wisdom, to provide helpmates for the body, so surely does He condescend to qualify many of His faithful servants to be helpful in a spiritual sense to each other. I therefore believed it was right for me to attend meetings, in order to retain my favor with Him.

In this, my aunt did not interrupt me till I had been a few times. This I might readily excuse; for, indeed, I had enough to do within myself. The tears I shed at my entrance at the door, and presenting myself before the Invisible Being, were so many renunciations of my own will. I used to sit down at the first or nearest seat I came to; yet, so well did it answer, that what I sowed in tears at my getting there, I reaped with joy at my coming away. As I went with a soul desirous of improvement, I was often highly favored, and had to remember S. Radford's recommendation to me, to buy the Truth and sell it not, as also to be convinced of the justice of the Almighty, and that man's destruction is of himself.

I think it was about or a little after this time that I heard my now uncle, Joshua Toft, give in his testimony for the truth, and remember it was as one having authority, pressing friends to come out of Babylon, and exhorting them not to partake with her of her sins, lest they should also be partakers of her plagues; and, though I was but very young in the truth, yet the Lord was pleased so to enlighten my understanding that I read Him spiritually, and was made a partaker of that life from which the power came. Nor do I forget the encouragement which I received from another friend, when, like a shower of the former and the latter rain, he watered the plantations of the Lord, by setting forth the blessedness with which He will reward those who forsake all for His name's sake, &c. But, though I could take delight, yet was I not to build a tabernacle here. My troubles were not quite over; for, though my aunt let me go free a few times, yet she proposed to perplex me in my new design, by aggravating the passions she found in herself, and by giving way to the foolish excitations of others. The first time she met me in my going to meeting was with a whip, and the next with a black hood and green apron; but I shall endeavor to be as quick here as I can, for I cannot well, nor do I desire to remember the foolish pains she took to mortify me; yet do I find myself engaged gratefully to acknowledge that I was preserved above all the ridicule I met with, though to many I was a subject of entertainment and diversion. Some, however, seemed to have compassion for me, though I cannot say that I knew, at that time, above three or four. Amongst these there was one that frequently expressed a concern for my preservation, and offering to assist me in having my aunt bound over to her good behavior; but I found myself more desirous to be preserved in a proper decorum towards her. There was another of my well-wishers who advised me to leave the town, proffering me a room in their house, and liberty to sell my goods with them. This, I must ever acknowledge, was a kind part; but, though they pressed my compliance, I could not find an inclination thereto, for I conceived that quitting the town would look as though I had done some bad thing, and I knew no one could justly say any worse thing of me than that I was a Quaker. Therefore, though I could willingly have been out of the noise that my change had occasioned, yet I rather chose to commit myself to that hand which I now believed could preserve me, and submit to the confusion of this time till my God should say, it is enough; not doubting but these things were permitted for the trial of my faith; yet so far did their kindness prevail that I inclined to ask further advice upon it, and, as S. Leay had been a few times to ask me how I did, I told him my desire, and requested him to procure me an opportunity of speaking with one of the Friends, Toft. He asked me which; I said, either of the three brothers that I could most conveniently go to without my uncle or aunt's getting intelligence of it, for I was much more troubled at their abuse of others than of myself. He told me the next day that he had spoken to Samuel Toft, who was willing to give me the hearing that night.

Accordingly I went in the dusk of the evening, Nicodemus-like; though not so much for the shame of the thing, which I now was so used to, as for fear that my aunt should get knowledge of it; and did not know, by the name of Samuel, which was to receive me; but, knocking at the door, he let me in, to whom I paid my compliments, and, after sitting down, introduced our discourse by signifying I supposed he was no stranger to the hurry of the town and the angry mood my uncle and aunt were in concerning me. I signified I could not help it, but that, notwithstanding this, I found myself engaged to join the Society. I further told him of the kind proffer made me, but, as doubting in my mind what would be for the best, I had a desire to ask for advice. He told me that going was the likeliest way to rid myself of those troubles, but asked if I had no hopes of my relations being better humored. I told him, no; but was rather afraid they would be worse, for they said they could never rest while I was a Quaker. He then said it was a nice point to give advice in, for who can tell what thy relations may do in their anger, or how thou thyself canst bear it; perhaps the surest way to be quiet from them is to accept the proposals of thy friends. This, however, was not what I expected, nor, indeed, what I desired; and, to bring him more over to my views, I said, do you think,

sir, there is room to believe I should be presumptuous if I should stay and receive an injury from them? He said he thought not, so long as I gave them no just occasion; and added, young woman, what dost thou think is best thyself? I answered that I would not willingly run myself into danger, neither act any way purposely to provoke them; nor yet do I see how I can, at this time, fly from their anger and leave the town without giving myself secret uneasiness. To this he replied, that, to be sure, we ought to mind; for we might go out of one trouble into another, and perhaps a worse.

He further asked me how I thought I could bear the trial, saying, I had already known something of an exercise of this kind. I said yes, I have; and the truth I have found so much on my side that I have been hitherto supported through it, and now do not doubt but if I should lose my life in the way of my relations' anger, my soul would still be happy. He signified, if such was my belief and my resolution, he could say nothing better to me than, go on and prosper.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF JOHN WOOLMAN.

Near large towns there are many beasts slain to supply the markets, and from their blood, &c., ariseth that which mixeth in the air, and this, with the cleaning of many stables and other scents, affects the air in the cities, in a calm, wettish time, and this is so opposite to the clear, pure air of the country, that I believe even the minds of people are in some degree hindered from the pure operations of the Holy Spirit, where they breathe a great deal in it. With God all things are possible, and the sincere in heart find help under the greatest difficulties; but I believe, if Truth be simply attended to, way may open for some to live a country life who now live in cities.

CATAWISSA MONTHLY MEETING.

(Continued from page 229.)

Visits of Ministering Friends.—Sarah Newlin, accompanied by Ann Sharpless and Joseph Painter, with minutes of concurrence of Concord Monthly Meeting, were in attendance on a religious visit to the meetings and families of this Monthly Meeting. (8th mo. 24th, 1799.)

11th mo. 22d, 1800.—Our esteemed friend, John Hall, from Great Britain, being engaged in a religious visit to Friends in America, attended this meeting.

12th mo. 26th, 1801.—Jesse Haines and Reuben Lundy, from Muncy, were with us on a visit to the families of this meeting; and this meeting being disposed to encourage so acceptable a service, appoints Job Hughes, Joseph Hampton, Robert Field and Ezekiel James to accompany them.

5th mo. 22d, 1802.—Our friend, Sarah Matson, accompanied by Thomas and Sarah Sharpless, from Chester Monthly Meeting, attended this meeting.

10th mo. 22d, 1805.—Ann Mifflin and Mary Gilbert, from Philadelphia on a religious visit, were acceptably with us.

9th mo. 22d, 1804.—Ann Alexander, from Woodbridge Monthly Meeting, Suffolk Co., England.

12th mo. 26th, 1807.—Sarah Shaw, from Richland.

9th mo. 26th, 1807.—Joshua Maule, from Wilmington.

12th mo. 22d, 1798.—Minutes for religious service were granted for Henry Widdifield to visit the Friends in Penn's or Half Moon Valley, and also those living further up the West Branch.

2d mo. 23d, 1799.—One for Jesse Haines, to accompany Henry Widdifield in the same service, and for William Ellis, an Elder, as companion of the above named Friends.

9th mo. 21st, 1799.—To Jesse Haines, accompanied by William Ellis, to visit the meetings within the limits of Chester Quarterly Meeting.

6th mo. 25th, 1803.—Minutes were granted John Lloyd and Ann James to visit the families of Catawissa Monthly Meeting, Thomas Ellis and Thomas Clayton to accompany them.

Project of a Quarterly Meeting.—The first proposition of the kind was for the Monthly Meetings of Exeter, Muncy and Catawissa to join in forming a Quarterly Meeting. The following minute clearly states the matter:

We, of the Committee of Muncy, Catawissa and Exeter Monthly Meetings, appointed to take into consideration the very remote situation of our Friends and brethren of the two first mentioned Monthly Meetings from the Quarterly Meeting, the difficulties they labor under in attending it, as well as the loss sustained by their young people and others, who can very seldom attend it on account of the distance, having divers times met on the occasion, and endeavored to dip into their circumstances and sympathize with them therein; on a free communication of sentiment, are induced to believe it may be right to encourage Friends of the Monthly Meetings of Muncy and Catawissa to continue the subject under their deliberate attention and care, and when they unitedly find freedom so to do, propose it to the consideration of the Quar-

terly Meeting, to afford them such relief as Friends may be favored to judge right.

Signed at Maiden Creek Meeting-house 7th mo. 22d, 1802, by Eleanor Wright, Sarah Lee, Thomas Lightfoot, Thomas Wright, Joseph Wright, Samuel Lee, Thomas Lee, William Ellis, Benjamin Warner, Benjamin Wright, Robert Field.

The subject being brought before the Quarterly Meeting, it was concluded that way did not open then for affording the desired relief. This, no doubt, very much discouraged Friends, and its effect was soon manifest in the spirit of uneasiness and unsettlement.

Many Friends began to remove to Ohio and Canada, and this tendency continued to diminish their number until the laying down of Catawissa Monthly Meeting, in the year 1808. The proposition was again revived in 1806. It was then proposed that the Monthly Meetings of Muncy, Catawissa and Centre should be united in a Quarterly Meeting, as per the following minute:

1st mo 25th, 1806.—A Committee of Muncy Monthly Meeting attended this meeting, with extracts from the minutes of their own and Centre Monthly Meeting, whereby it appears that the said two Monthly Meetings have had under consideration the usefulness of a Quarterly Meeting being established in this part of the country, which subject being spread before this meeting, and Friends turning their attention thereto, appoints Isaac Wiggins, Ellis Hughes, John Lloyd, Thomas Linville, Jesse Hicks, Thomas Penrose, Nathan Lee, Thomas Ellis, Benjamin Sharpless and Robert Field, to confer with Muncy Friends on this important affair.

The proposal, however, met with no favor at headquarters, and so all idea of bringing about the desired result had to be abandoned. In consequence of this, Friends seemed to lose interest in the meeting, and many continuing to remove, they, one year subsequently, applied to have the Monthly Meeting laid down, which, after due deliberation, was done.

The remaining Friends were attached to Muncy Monthly Meeting, to which they were joined until the establishment of Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting, in 1814.

In the five years ending in 1808 there were certificates of removal granted to 190 members from Catawissa and Roaring Creek.

Catawissa Monthly Meeting, after that of Muncy was set off, consisted of the Preparative Meetings of Roaring Creek and Catawissa.

Job Hughes was the only recommended minister belonging to Catawissa Monthly Meeting. Those of Muncy were Jesse Haines, Mercy Ellis and Rachel Eves. They lived to a good old age, going with the Orthodox at the time of the separation.

MINISTERS AND ELDERS.

[The leading article in the *British Friend* of Fifth month, by W. Pollard, comments upon the late Conference held in London, and its probable influence upon the next Yearly Meeting. The article is sensible and excellent in its tone, and we noted two paragraphs which are worthy of consideration by our own body.]

"The second point in the Report demanding the attention of the Yearly Meeting—the proposal to enlarge the basis of the Meetings of Ministers and Elders, and somewhat to alter their character—may be said to have been accepted by the Conference with greater unanimity than was accorded to any other suggestion brought under its notice. The proposal, stated in brief, is that the Overseers and other suitable Friends should be added to the meeting as at present constituted, with a view to the more efficient discharge of its varied duties, including that of the oversight of the flock. We venture to believe that, with such safeguards and arrangements as would necessarily be included in the proposition, this is the most valuable and practical suggestion at present before the Society; and if the holding of the Conference is found to supply in sufficient force the necessary wave of public opinion for carrying the proposal through the Yearly Meeting, this great and unusual gathering will not have been held in vain. With an efficient committee for general oversight, and for the care of the ministry in every Quarterly Meeting, in harmony with the body, bound to report annually, subject to revision, encouraged to do its duty, not restricted in its constitution to accepted preachers and elderly (and often over cautious) men and women, but including the vigor, the earnestness, and the diverse gifts of the Society in younger and middle life,—there would be some hope that the waste places would be looked after, and in measure restored. The labors of such a Committee would form a bond of union between our various meetings and members which, from the individualizing tendency of our principles, we stand greatly in need of; and the annual reports on the state of the Society and the 'prosperity of Truth' which would be laid before the various Monthly or Quarterly Meetings by such Committees, would add greatly to the interest of these meetings, and often bring them into earnest exercise on behalf of the Church.

"Probably, if the proposal is adopted by the Yearly Meeting, the term 'Elder' will gradually give place to the more comprehensive name of Overseer, and the Committee

of Ministers, Overseers, and other suitable Friends might themselves be left to nominate such sub Committees as appeared to be required, including one to discharge the important duties hitherto specially referred to the Elders. On such an appointment we might then at times find the names of our older and more experienced ministers, who are not unfrequently specially qualified to advise with young preachers from having themselves gone over the same ground."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

COMMUNICATION.

Although it may seem like going backward instead of forward to call up a subject that has been passed from, I do not feel quite satisfied without attempting to give expression to some views that presented on reading the action of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, and the comments that have followed on the subject of receiving members. I do not see that those who have once been members of our Society stand in a very different relation to others of similar standing and interest, who have never been members, whose habits in attendance of meetings are the same, or that they should be entitled to any different way of admission than that prescribed by the discipline. In the new edition, page 75, will be found a very different way of procedure. I would ask, "Can any person claim a legitimate right of membership unless the rules and regulations of the Society have been observed in their admission, any more than parties can consummate marriages, unless those rules are observed?' We must remember the Monthly Meeting acts as the agent of the Yearly Meeting, and should be always subservient to its rules, and is bound to carry them out in accordance with the instructions of the superior power; and I would encourage all to be faithful in gathering those that are truly seeking that better way, whose souls have been fed and comforted in our midst, and a holy fire kindled within them. I cannot believe they will ask Friends to break down the hedge that has been wisely placed around our organization to admit them into the fold.

Would it not be well for us to bear in remembrance the command that Jesus gave at the last interview of His disciples: "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high," not only in our public meetings, but in the Meeting for Discipline? The way seems to be very plain and easy, where there is a sincere desire felt to enter the fold.

The promise was and is, "Ask and ye shall receive;" and is anything worth possessing that is not worth asking for? But let us not put too much dependence on outward organizations; the salvation of an immortal soul does not depend on forms or membership of any religious society, or on attending what is called religious service. W. C. H.

Forest Hill, Fifth month 31, 1874.

EXTRACT FROM CHANNING.

Since the introduction of our religion, human nature has made great progress, and society experienced great changes; and in this advanced condition of the world, Christianity, instead of losing its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period, when Christianity appeared; its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its public and private economy; but Christianity has never shrunk, as intellect has opened, but has always kept in advance of man's faculties, and unfolded nobler views in proportion as they have ascended. The highest powers and affections which our nature has developed, find more than adequate objects in this religion. Christianity is indeed peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate sensibilities of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections. As men advance in civilization, they become susceptible of mental sufferings, to which ruder ages are strangers; and these Christianity is fitted to assuage. Imagination and intellect become more restless, and Christianity brings them tranquillity by the eternal and magnificent Truths—the solemn and unbounded prospects which it unfolds. The fitness of our religion to the more advanced stages of society than that in which it was introduced, and to wants of human nature not then developed, seems to me very striking. This religion bears the marks of having come from a being who perfectly understood the human mind, and had power to provide for its progress. This feature of Christianity is of the nature of prophesy. It was an anticipation of future and distant ages; and when we consider among whom our religion sprung, where, but in God, can we find an explanation of this peculiarity?

For Friends' Intelligencer.

JOSHUA HOOPES.

Doubtless many of our readers have enjoyed the friendship and listened to the beautiful and wonderful revelations of science as as they fell from the lips of our venerable friend, Joshua Hoopes of West Chester, who lately passed beyond the confines of the earthy into that infinite existence of which his own lofty thought and high aspirations,

his clear perception of the beautiful in nature, and the reaching forth of a faith that only grew stronger as the silver cords of life became more feeble, of which all these were but an earnest and a prophesy.

In the freshness and vigor of his conversation one forgot that four-score years had left their mark upon him; it was a difficult task to make him old, and one could not help feeling, when in his presence, that the soul that is in harmony with nature is always young.

He was a scientist of ability. His lectures on astronomy and his thorough acquaintance with botany won for him an enviable reputation. His success as a teacher is well known. In recognition of his scholarly attainments, a number of his warmest friends united in furnishing him with a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost of a suitable building for the better accommodation of his school, leaving him the privilege of refunding at his option.

Long before his death each of his friends received his amount loaned, some of whom had forgotten the transaction.

American plants gathered by Joshua Hoopes are scattered in herbaria all over the world. Dr. Asa Gray gave his name to a species of the Composite family from the Rocky Mountains, the *Helenium Hoopesii*, by which he will always be remembered.

For many years he has been in failing health, but maintained a rare cheerfulness to the last. The going out of his life was just what might have been expected, he frequently spoke to his friends in reference to his approaching dissolution, but only as one who was departing on a pleasant journey, with full assurance that the change would be a blissful one. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." L. J. R.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

We are apt to measure a man's success by wrong standards. We measure too much by results that are outside of himself, not enough by results that are within himself; too much by moneys or estates, not enough by character and happiness. Too much by what he *accomplishes*, not enough by what he *is* and does. That man whose *conduct* is right, is, in the true sense, successful, whatever may be the result. God holds us always accountable for conduct; not always for results. We are accountable for results only so far as results are the necessary fruit of conduct.

Every one who fills well his place, who does well his duty, is a successful man. *Every doer of the will of God, then, is a successful man. He who joins himself to God must succeed.* He may be rich; he may be poor; he may work in a small field or in a large one; he may fail in his undertakings, or he may succeed; the visible results of his labour may be very small or they may be very great; but if all this time he is working with God,—if God's love constrains him and God's Spirit inspires him, he is filling a mission, working out a destiny, building a character, and against him the "gates of hell" shall not prevail. How very shallow is the ordinary judgment of success? How little real knowledge of the facts of life it shows. It is commonly thought that he who accomplishes what he undertakes is a successful man. But suppose such accomplishment proves his damnation? A man who becomes immensely rich is almost universally called "a great success;" but suppose in getting rich he loses his conscience, his manhood, his capacity for a true and noble life, is not such a result the most bitter failure, the most awful calamity that can befall man? A man may be rich and famous, and yet be a miserable failure. He may be poor and unknown and yet be a great success.

If every young person could be convinced that success is not in getting external things, so much as in getting good character, one great point toward the improvement of society would be gained.

Solomon has well said, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man;" and it may be added, that, what is *a man's whole duty must be his true success.* If to reach a certain result you have to leave your duty you may be sure you are on the wrong road, and the sooner you turn from it the better.—*Wayside.*

LAVENDER.

At Hitchen, Hertfordshire, some fifty years ago, the experiment was first made by Mr. Perks, of growing lavender as a source of profit. So well did it succeed, that there are now thirty-five acres of land in Hitchen devoted to its culture, yielding sufficient essential oil to produce upwards of two thousand gallons of lavender annually. A visit to the field and laboratory, during the latter part of July or the beginning of August, when the flowers are in full bloom, is in itself worth the trouble of a journey to Hitchen; to say nothing of the special attractions which the neighborhood offers to the botanist, geologist and antiquary. The largest field is situated at the western side of the quaint old town, near the house in which George Chapman, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson, completed his translation of Homer. The young plants are bedded out in November, at a uniform distance of one yard apart. For-

merly they were placed at only half that distance; but it is found that a heavier yield is produced from the plants set a yard apart, than from double the number at only eighteen inches. When three years old, the plant is at its best; and when it reaches the age of seven years, it has made so much wood that it is more profitable to uproot it, and set a fresh plant. The harvest time depends much upon the state of the weather, but it usually commences about the first week in August. The flowers are cut with a sickle, bound up in small sheaves, and immediately carried to the distillery. There the stalks are cut off, leaving but little more than the flowers, by which the bouquet of the oil, afterwards extracted, is much improved, though the quantity of the oil is sensibly diminished. Much care is needed on the part of those who handle the sheaves in the distilling house to guard against being stung by the bees which remain attached to the flowers. The temperance, industry and providence of these insects are proverbial; yet their behavior in lavender fields, especially towards the end of the season, when the flowers are fully developed, cannot be too severely reprobated. So careless are they of the good reputation they have earned, that they refuse to leave their luscious feast even when it is laid on the trimming bench; and hundreds are thrown into the still, notwithstanding the efforts to dislodge them, in a state of helpless intoxication.—*Chambers' Journal.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 13, 1874.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—It would really seem as if the old Hebrew record concerning the promise of the deceiver to our first parents was to be literally fulfilled.

The continued investigations into the most delicate and obscure parts of animal structure, reveal so many of the springs that go to make up the fountain of being, that one might almost be led to the conclusion that man is passing beyond the bounds of the finite, and reaching forth to grasp the fruit of "the tree of Life."

In the ability to comprehend the Infinite in his outward creation, he must, in the nature of things, rise to a point that brings him within the highest range of intellectual vision.

Happy is it for him who has reached the Pisgah of Science, if the wire that connects him simultaneously with the great throbbing heart of humanity everywhere, setting his own pulsations to the pendulum of the universe — happy, indeed, is it for that individual, if the wire reaches beyond into the Holy of Holies, where dwells the Shekina, and, making connection *there*, beats in harmony with the heart of God.

It is not the fault of science that some of her votaries, finding the material fields of beauty and excellence so attractive, the visible works of the Creator so absorbing, are willing to pitch their "tabernacles" on this mount, where, with fact and verity, they hold such pleasant converse. It is not her fault that they discern not the voice from the illimitable depths calling unto them: "This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him."

The error lies in that the theology taught by man has made that Son a being of flesh and blood, on a level with material things, and has so bound up the Immortal life in the swaddling clothes of bigotry, superstition and *materialism*, that the seeker, though starting out with an earnest purpose, may fail to discover its abiding place, and be led to affirm "there is nothing greater than the Force by which all things are directed."

Such investigators are very nearly in the condition of the man whom Bunyan's Pilgrim saw in the house of the Interpreter, who kept his eyes so steadily fixed on the earth in which he was delving, that he never once looked up to the glorious crown that hung above his head.

That there is a life that is above the earthly and material—that the experience of men in all ages of the world who have claimed to hold communion with the Father of Spirit, and whose perceptions of spiritual truths have been and continue to be as clear and unmistakable as the most profound verities of science, is only questioned by those who have not themselves entered into that sublime reality.

But while a record of such a man as the lamented Agassiz remains—while we cherish the remembrance of the genial, loving face of our own lately departed friend, who ranked second to none in the community in which he lived as a scientist—our beloved Joshua Hoopes—men who, each in the particular walk of science that he seemed to be called

laid all the wealth of their efforts, all the sdom gained by an indefatigable pursuit knowledge, reverently at the feet of the st High, giving to Him the glory, not y as the Mighty Force by which the orbs t roll in immeasurable space were set in tion—the great Leviathan of the briny p called into being, and all the hosts of ated things preserved in order and har- ny, but as the loving Father, whose tender rcies are over all his works, and who suf- eth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground hout His notice.

We have been led into this train of thought the interest we have taken in the extras ed by the *New York Tribune*, which we tinue to receive through the courtesy of publishers.

n these papers the most advanced thought very subject that at present is agitating ety is presented, and the lectures and re- ches of the profoundest thinkers and most efatigable explorers are given in a form is easily preserved, and at so small a cost o bring them within the reach of the hum- t artisan. If the young especially would aside the high-wrought fictions and mor- representations of ideal life, and make nselves better acquainted with the won- ul phenomena of existence as it goes ing through the nerves and the arteries he universe, manifesting itself in untold ty of form and action, a healthier tone ld pervade society, and each individual ld be better prepared to appreciate the sedness of living, and to offer the incense orship to that Being by whom all have "so fearfully and wonderfully made."

MARRIED.

ILLIAMS—MARLATT.—At the Fifteenth street ing-house, on Fourth-day, 20th of Fifth month, with the approbation of New York Monthly ing, William D., son of Jacob R. and Jane M. iams, of Newark, N. J., to Mary E., daughter acob P. and Rachel Marlatt, of Hackettstown, Jersey.

NES—WEBSTER.—On Fifth month 28th, 1874, the approbation of Green street Monthly Meet- C. Howard Jones, son of John and Caroline M. s, of Baltimore, and Deborah Webster, daugh- f Sarah M. and the late Anthony Webster, all iladelphia.

DIED.

ABLER.—On the 18th of Fifth month, 1874, e Asylum for the Insane, near Frankford, Pa., am D. Stabler, son of the late Robinson Sta- bler, of Lynchburg, Virginia, and grandson of the widely-known Friend, Edward Stabler, of Alexandria, aged 39 years. His remains were removed to the residence of his brother-in-law, Isaac Hartshorne, in Sandy Springs neighborhood, Maryland, and thence interred on the 21st, in Oak Knoll Cemetery. A large number of Friends were in attendance on the solemn occasion.

HAINES.—On the 27th of Fifth month, 1874, at Moorestown, N. J., Nathan B. Haines, in the 23d year of his age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting.

REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE OF PHILA. YEARLY MEETING ON EDUCATION.

The Joint Committee on the subject of Education and Schools made the following report, which was read and adopted. The Committee were continued and encouraged to give further attention to this interesting concern, as way may open, and with the same authority to draw on the treasurer of the Yearly Meeting for funds, as authorized by the minute of appointment last year.

"*To Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends:*

The Committee on Education report that they organized by the appointment of an Executive and Visiting Committee; and the members of the respective Quarterly Meetings were requested to co operate with and report to the Executive Committee. Eight of the Quarters responded, and two of them reported that every meeting within their limits had been visited and labor extended on the subject of education; others gave some attention by visiting several of their schools and meetings. Members of the Executive and Visiting Committees have mingled with Friends in the localities of Plymouth, Edgewood, Goshen, Marlborough, Maiden Creek, Stroudsburg, Londongrove, Upper Greenwhich, Newtown, Richland, Chesterfield, Chester, Marlborough and Medford,—they have been received with uniform kindness.

We confess to feelings of discouragement in view of the low standard of the schools amongst us and of the apathy in the Society on this subject, yet we are encouraged by the interest manifested by many Friends, that the rising generation may have the advantages of a guarded education.

We should be glad to awaken more thoroughly an interest that will not let pecuniary considerations be weighed in the balance when the correct training of the precious youth is considered.

There are fair prospects for the opening of schools at Unionville, Camden, N. J., Moorestown and Edgewood—the latter not to be under the care of the Monthly Meeting but in charge of a committee of Friends. Several properties belonging to our Society are now leased to the public for school purposes, and others conducted jointly with the Directors

of Public Schools; this we very much regret, and would encourage Friends in those localities to examine closely into the matter and see if they have not strength to establish such schools as the discipline enjoins upon the Monthly Meetings. We believe great good would be gained thereby. In one instance it has been deemed advisable to extend material aid.

The results of our efforts seem small, but when we consider the large field of labor and the many years wherein little active interest has been taken, it will be evident to all, that it will require time to accomplish much practical good.

We earnestly appeal to Friends to consider well this subject as being one of the most vital than can be brought before us. That we should endeavor to rear our children in schools where strict moral training and liberal intellectual culture are combined, is a point well worthy of our deepest thought.

Wherever Friends' schools have been established and properly conducted, they have been well sustained by others, who expect our instruction to be both moral and practical.

As a Society, let us be liberal in the support of our schools and extend such care that from them shall go forth men and women well educated and so well fortified with right principles that the allurements of wealth or false standards of honor shall not tempt them from the path of duty.

In conclusion we would add, that if in the judgment of the Yearly Meeting it is thought advisable to intrust this subject again to a committee, that the appointment of it be entered into weightily and accepted with a consciousness of its importance, coupled with a prayerful desire to aid in the work of a guarded education."

On behalf of the Committe,

WILLIAM M. LEVICK, *Clerk.*

Philadelphia, Fifth month 13th, 1874.

EXERCISES OF YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS—PHILADELPHIA, 1874.

In again assembling to review our condition during the past year, we humbly acknowledge that this privilege is by permission of our Heavenly Father, and we have been renewedly impressed with the consciousness of our dependence upon Him for all that we possess.

The state of our constituent meetings as represented by the answers to the queries, occasioned much expression of concern for the faithful maintenance of all the testimonies which they comprise, and which are of vital importance in the growth and establishment of true Christianity.

The continued delinquency of some of ou members in attending their religious meeting has drawn forth much earnest exhortation endeavor so fully to open the heart for th reception of divine Love, that we will rejoi in the opportunity publicly to testify o gratitude to God for His mercies, by gathe ing at appointed seasons, to partake togeth of spiritual bread either silently or vocal presented. Sweetly comforting will be t remembrance of such occasions to those wh have accompanied their mothers, when th shall have passed from earth.

Being reminded that by our present dis pline, regarding marriage, we have a cla among us who frequently attend our religio meetings, Friends were solicited to look af these in their respective neighborhoods sympathy and love, and should they evin a desire to be present in our disciplina meetings that they be advised to wait for th privilege until they feel free to make app cation for membership.

Earnest have been the appeals that we member the continued obligation to uph our testimony regarding a free gospel min try, and rather than seek for food for the spi ual needs through outward ministrations a forms of worship, that we come to the wel divine life in our souls, where we shall m with that Power which will speak unto us never man spake, and lead us in the way salvation.

In view of the pernicious and desolat effects of pride, extravagance and intemp ance, we have been exhorted to test the c dition of our hearts, by the plain and sim commandments of Jesus, to those who de to labor for Him, and be accepted of H and see whether the inflence of our daily is in the direction to nourish the good seed the heart.

There is need of vigilant watchfulness guard against the evil effects of many toms and fashions of the present time. Pr inent amongst them, the various forms temptation leading to intemperance, were sented to view; and we were reminded although we may not be actual venders manufacturers of intoxicating liquors, ye each woman is responsible to God for the in ence she possesses over her father, brothe husband, He will not hold her guiltless un firmly discountenancing, both by word act, the unnecessary use thereof.

Earnest desires have been expressed those who are awakened to the terrible ef of intemperance in our country, and who now zealously engaged in efforts for the moval of the cause, may keep near the f tain of Divine Love, and calmly, and tiently, use their influence, through the

of the Master, to aid an enslaved brother deavoring to cast off the heavy burdens his soul.

e have been affectionately solicited, seri- to reflect upon the present extravagance superfluity of female apparel, and indi- ally endeavor to produce a reform. It ticeable that, with the increased facilities aving labor in sewing, additional time is ımed in making elaborate trimmings and ing clothing to suit the ever changing ons of the time.

is, with the costly material used, requir- greater expenditure of money than can nes be spared, is the occasion of valu strength and time being appropriated in manner, which should be employed in ng and relieving the sick and needy.

earnest loving appeals we have been oned to guard against the ostentatious ay of flowers, and extravagance in any in preparing our dear ones for burial.

hile we have been cheered and refreshed e stream of Gospel Love from those who long stood as Mothers in the Church, encouraging assurance has also been , from the youthful portion of the As- ly, that the daughters are entering the w path which leads to peace, and are itting their hearts to the purifying Power, ıe service of the Master.

om these, also, earnest appeals were d to those farther advanced in religious ience that through neither words nor ıs they give cause of stumbling to such e looking to them for fostering care and el.

humility we acknowledge that the spirit ıe harmony and sisterly condescension haracterized our sessions. Grateful for nd for all favors, we conclude to meet e usual time next year, if permitted.

tracted from the minutes.

PHEBE W. FOULKE, *Clerk.*

om the Yearly Meeting of Women ds, held in New York, by adjournments the 26th of Fifth month to the 29th of me, inclusive.

e Yearly Meeting of the Women Friends, e held in Philadelphia:

r Sisters,—We have no new thing to unto you—save that which is "the same day, to-day, and forever," yet which can wax old, nor lose its freshness and its , to those who receive it with gladness illingness of heart. In the various trials esetments which attend our heavenward ey, it is good to compare our own ex- ıce with that of others who have trodden ıth before, and who are able to extend ing hand to save us from the snares and pit-falls that are set at every step to entrap the unwary. We have therefore hailed with joy the presence of many true mothers in Israel, whom the Lord of the harvest has sent into our vineyard, and trust that they may be permitted to return from their labors in peace, "bearing their sheaves with them." Surely, we shall be without excuse, if the stubborn soil of our hearts resists the softening influences of that gospel, which has been poured forth among us, in such abundant streams, and which has been addressed to every age, state and condition.

We have been cited to remember, and warned not to prize lightly, the privilege we enjoy, as members of this religious body, over the women of other denominations.

We have been entreated not to trifle with our birthright, but to use, "as not abusing," our rare opportunities for usefulness.

It is ours not only to "warn and comfort" our brethren, but to be true helpers—to go hand-in-hand with them in every work which tends to elevate our race, and redeem it from the thraldom of error and unbelief. Did we rightly weigh the extent of our influence, we should never use it but to bless and ennoble. Each one of us, no matter how circumscribed her sphere, has the power to regulate her own life by the law of love; to brighten some home; to awaken or strengthen some good resolves; to confirm some doubting mind, and to shed around her an atmosphere of peace and purity, which shall carry with it a vivifying power. It should be ours to contend *against*, rather than foster, that spirit of this world, which is gaining such fearful ascendancy in many hearts, as to "choke the word," and render them "barren and unfruitful."

Let us not, by giving place to pride of station, or of dress, neglect that inward and true adorning, which is the crown of perfect womanhood; but let us seek to moderate our desires that we may not drive our husbands, sons and brothers to sordid pursuits, as a means of gratifying our idle longings.

Then may they turn to us as a refuge from the cares and turmoils of their daily life, and find in the domestic circle that peace and beauty which shall attract them beyond the haunts of pleasure or the seductive allurements that lie in the path of vice. Let us not cease to bear our protest against every form of intemperance, and may we never be so recreant to our calling as to violate our testimony against this gigantic and widely-spreading evil, in the smallest degree.

It is ours to prepare the ground for the seed of immortal life; to dig about it; to guard it from hurtful influences, and *then in faith* to leave it to that quickening power which can alone "give the increase." May

we never slumber at our post lest the enemy enter and sow the tares, which will frustrate all our labor; but with unwearied love and patience pursue our work, believing that we shall, in the end, "see the desire of our souls, and be satisfied."

In reviewing the state of Society, we also have to lament many evidences of weakness, particularly a want of faithfulness on the part of some in attendance of our religious meetings. When we recall the sufferings and the struggles of our worthy predecessors, who founded and often preserved these meetings in the face of stripes, imprisonment and cruel persecutions, how can we hold ourselves excused, with all the facilities afforded us, if we neglect this imperative duty?

A deep concern has arisen in many minds, on the subject of light and unprofitable reading; and we have been entreated no longer to feed on husks, when, as children of the "household of faith," we can have access to the bounties of the Father's table. Let us not only refrain from works of fiction, but from a still more hurtful class of publications, which, under the specious guise of scientific and philosophical inquiry, tend to make shipwreck of our faith.

In the truest love, we remain your Friends.

On behalf of the meeting,

MARY JANE FIELD, *Clerk.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN LONDON.

No. 3.

As our days in London pass by, we gradually increase our knowledge of this most interesting metropolis, and, while there are many points open to criticism, I see much to admire in its great public improvements and benevolent institutions. Great care is taken to preserve relics of past days. Smithfield, where a noble army of martyrs laid down their lives in the evil days of superstition and bigotry, is still an open space, and appears to be used as a haymarket. We shudder to think of the dreary sights those old windows looked down upon in the by-gone days, and bless the faithful ones who suffered and died to plant the good seed of liberty and truth in this nation.

Marvellous indeed does it seem that any part of the people of England should look backward and seek the restoration of priestcraft and spiritual tyranny in this land of enlightenment, but such there seem to be, and a struggle is now going on between the ritualists, who are striving for the revival of mediæval forms, and those who resist any such retrograde movement in the Anglican church. Some strange revelations have recently been made in the House of Lords, and it was shown the Archbishop of Canterbury that some the clergymen of the establishment were us silently forms of invocation, addressed to mother of Jesus and to the saints. The ualists, on the other hand, complain t many ministers are violating church law omitting some portions of the prescri ritual. This question has a political inte and a general importance much greater t that of similar controversies in our own co try, owing to the union of Church and St and it is believed by some that it may lea the entire disestablishment of the Eng Church.

A visit to the Blue-coat School, as i called, gave us some idea of the kind of d thought suitable for school boys in the c of Edward Sixth. The institution is n properly entitled Christ's Hospital, and costume of the scholars is that of servitor the period in which it was founded. coats have close fitting waists, plain stra collars, and skirts reaching almost to the plaited to the waists, small clothes, ye stocking and no hats at all. They are fini with a profusion of white metal buttons b ing the raised image of the young king founded the school. The buildings are extensive, and some of them are of re erection. It has a revenue of £50,000, was originally intended for the education sustenance of poor fatherless children foundlings. But now, so great is the reput of the school, presentations are eagerly so by persons belonging to the upper cla

Twelve hundred boys are now recei instruction in the main school in Newgat and a branch school at Hertford con some hundreds of children. The fund w maintains this great school was intended the original donors for the benefit of and girls equally, but there are said t only seventeen girls now receiving instruc and the only aim of their education is them for domestic service, while the boy prepared for merchants' counting-houses trades, and some are sent annually to O and Cambridge. I can find no reaso explanation of this state of things, a certainly *seems to be* a great wrong. most interesting to remember, when sta in the old courts of Christ's Hospital, many thousands of England's sons have spent their youthful days in the acquisiti useful knowledge. Charles Lamb, I Hunt and many other memorable pe were educated here.

The ancient prison of Newgate stand across the street. It has been in use prison and place of execution during years, and the spot on which it stands

a Roman fort. We rode around the walls and mused upon their hopeless, strength, but did not take the needful to gain admission to the inner mysteries.

e great Crystal Palace at Sydenham was d originally for the reception of the d's Fair in 1850. After the exhibition e industries of all mankind was over, ondrous house of crystal was removed Hyde Park and reconstructed on its t site, with many additions and im- ments, as a perpetual pleasure house e people. Its dimensions seem enor- and though, in exploring its halls and ies, we walk through scenes of surpassing y and interest, the strength fails long curiosity is satisfied. Tree ferns, beds h flowering plants, countless hanging ts and fountains of various forms adorn ntral avenue, and placed among them, in c order, are numerous sculptures, both t and modern. There are inviting seats most beautiful spots, and we can rest among fountains, flowers and birds. se of supreme satisfaction steals over us, ng that it is enough, and that we need o further for scenes of enchantment— lysian Fields. If more of the dear s who make doubly dear our native were with us, I think I would have said, is stay here forever." But we are re- d that we must move on and see some- of the mysteries hidden by yonder curious rocks. A swarthy savage with uplifted is lying in wait for you, and one starts noment and then perceives that he and eeling, crouching forms around him are saying, in eloquent sign language, ld specimens of barbaric mankind, such gland finds in distant portions of her wide empire." We wander on, and any such ethnological studies. There roups from the canibal isles, from the of the Amazon, from the heights and s of Australia, from the North Ameri- orests, and from the plains of India. e must hasten, for in yonder inviting is a large collection of paintings. We the easy staircase and stand in the of an immense line of pictures extend arly half the length of the palace. It en fitted up expressly for the exhibi- d sale of pictures, and is said to be st popular part of the building, Up- of 1200 pictures, comprising many ex- works of eminent artists of the French, Belgian, German and other continen- ools are here, and are lighted in an ad- e manner from the roof alone. As s are continually being purchased and d from the gallery, and others taking laces, this collection is ever varying. But we can only walk through, admiring, scarcely pausing, indeed, to admire, for we remember that in the basement is an aquarium more extensive than we have ever had the privilege of examining.

Regretfully leaving the wonders above, and paying the extra sixpence, we descend into a dimly-lighted cellar-like avenue. When our eyes become well opened to the darkness, we see that the sides of the hall are occupied with great plates of thick glass, which reveal a mimic ocean world within. The light from above illuminates the living creatures, just as in their native seas, and there they dwell apparently in good health, and exhibit their charms to the eyes of all beholders. The interesting collection at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park sinks to insignificance in comparison with the great richness of this. Every shape, size and tint of the elegant Sea Anemone—open, with its delicately waving tentacula, some tubular and some filiform, or wholly or partly closed—are here, and the inquirer into the life history of the marvellous Actinoid had only to read this living leaf of the wondrous book of Nature. Apart from the others, in a shallower and a lighter tank, were Sea Anemones, whose instinct it is to mount the whelk shell of the Hermit Crab. Myriads, of all sizes were here, and the crabs were gently moving to and fro, with their soft-bodied friends mounted aloft upon their curious carriages. One could see where this arrangement might benefit the anemone, but it was not so evident that the crab had an equal share of advantage. But we are assured that the crab is a consenting party to the arrangement; and if, for any reason, it seems good to him to change his residence, he peels off his friend the anemone, and hies him to his new resting-place. It is said that this fact has been witnessed in the tank before us, and we can only wonder, and accept the written word. The next greatest rarity, perhaps, is the Octopus, who lay sullenly in a rocky fastness, not deigning to unfold the long arms with which he siezes his victims. It would seem that crabs are his customary meal, for the shells and claws of many a crustacean lay strewn around the giant's den, and one sad, solitary-looking crab seemed hiding himself in the rock above. As we look, one deadly, snake like arm reaches out into the middle of the tank, and we are favored with a distinct view of the row of suckers with which its under surface is invested. But he declined to exhibit his charms and terrors further, and we bid him farewell, hoping to see an octopus in a livelier mood in some Continental aquarium. We paused much interested before the lobster tank. Many of these gay-tinted creatures were walking with

stately tread the floor of their aquatic chamber, gently and gravely making way for each other, and waving their long antennæ in seeming salutation to their brethren. But the air is very chill, and, though we are in winter dress, we feel that a prolonged stay here, at the bottom of a marine dungeon, is dangerous to health, and once more mount the stairs, and are soon in the gay palace of light and beauty above.

We now pass through the range of structures on each side of the northern portion of the nave, known as the Fine Art Courts, which are imitations of the architecture, and which contain fac-similes and actual remains of the sculpture of successive ages and schools. These give the untravelled visitor the same privileges which the most persevering traveller enjoys as the reward of many toils.

The Egyptian court represents, on a much smaller scale (less than one-half), the architecture of the temple of Karnak. On the walls of the court are hieroglyphics descriptive of the great Ramesis, who sits serenely and grandly by, or of other of the deities and princes of Egypt which are here sculptured anew. In the same ancient Egyptian characters, the very learned may read round the architrave that "in the seventeenth year of the reign of her Majesty, the ruler of the waves, the royal daughter Victoria, lady most gracious, the chiefs, architects, sculptors and painters, erected the palace and gardens with a thousand columns, a thousand decorations, a thousand statues of chiefs and ladies, a thousand trees, a thousand flowers, a thousand birds and beasts, a thousand fountains, and a thousand vases. The architects, sculptors, and painters built this palace as a book for the instruction of the men and women of all countries, regions and districts."

The Egyptian court gives an idea of colossal strength and assured repose, and, as we pass through a vestibule into the Greek court, we find ourselves in an *ágora*, or open area, such as the Greeks used for political meetings and for festivals, with enclosing walls of Doric architecture. Casts of the finest specimens of Greek art crowd the area, and these give us an idea of the immense superiority of this refined people over all other heathen nations of antiquity.

We pass onward to the Roman court, enclosed by walls imitated from the lower part of the Collisseum. The contents of the hall seem repetitions of Greek art, but showing a somewhat pompous and heavy magnificence. Next, the Alhambra court, a portion of the great palace which the Moors erected in Spain during their dominion there, seems to rise before us. There is rich elaboration, both of form and color, and we wish for time to sit an hour here and imagine this room pe with the picturesque Moorish chieftai the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centu

But we must look into the Nineveh c where are reproduced the strange sculp which shadow forth the ideas of deity w these Assyrians had risen to. Strength dom and superhuman activity were e matized by the winged, human-headed and the triumph of Divine power over less force seems expressed by the form giant grasping a lion, while the sacred typifies life and vital power.

Somewhat of the pristine glory of the of Constantine is illustrated in the Byza court; and the English mediæval court, its rich profusion of color, and gold and mental carving, shows the grotesque spi the English Gothic school of architectur

The Renaissance court gives us an id the changing taste of the people at the of the great awakening of Europe durin fifteenth century; and the Italian cour sents us with fac similes of the great of Michel Angelo, and of Rafaelle.

We remember the remarks of Hawth in his notes after visiting the British Mus and imagine how he wandered from h hall, with a heavy and weary heart, wi that the Elgin marbles, and the frieze o Parthenon were all burnt to lime, and the granite Egyptian statues were hew squared into building stones, and tha mummies had all turned into dust two sand years ago, and that, in fine, all the rial relics of so many successive ages ha appeared with the generations that pro them. If we will only be content to g slightly over these great accumulations interesting and the beautiful, and only ol curiously the few most interesting objec may really enjoy a visit to the Crystal P but to undertake to enjoy everything i a weariness.

We have studied this great, busy, m London, and have admired the wisdo forethought of an enlightened people i providing for the entertainment and in tion of the present and of future gener They tell us we shall scarcely rem the glories of London when we see t greater magnificence of Paris. I leave don regretfully, notwithstanding the dusky atmosphere, the incessant roar streets, and the undoubted perils that its crossings.

Months of active sight seeing woul suffice to do justice to all the wonders metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon race. S

"A HOLY discreetness in keeping cou essential to the Christian minister."

Selected.

WEEDS.

call them weeds,—the while with slender fingers
arth's wounds and scars they seek to cover o'er;
sterile sands where scarce the rain drop lingers
hey grow and blossom by the briny shore.

call them weeds;—did we their forms but study
e many a secret might enfolded find;
tiny plant fulfils its heaven-taught mission,
nd bears the impress of immortal mind.

call them weeds—the while their uses hidden
ght work a nation's weal, a nation's woe,
l through each wasted frame the balm of healing,
nd cause the blood with youth's quick pulse to flow.

ds—yet they hold in bonds the mighty ocean!
heir slender threads bind firm the sandy shore;
es may sink amid its wild commotion,
ese humble toilers ne'er their work give o'er.

who shall say the feeblest thought avails not
bind the shifting sands upon life's beach?
e heart may treasure what we've long forgot,
e faintest word some soul with power may reach.

TO FARMER BOYS.

"I'm sick of hoeing in the corn,
And following the plow;
Of working hard from dewy morn
Till eve, with heated brow.
No longer will I stay to mow
Or pitch the scented hay;
To the great city will I go,
Where wealth is gained by play."

Tut, tut, my man, hush up that song;
Let wisdom be your guide;
That dream of wealth may lead you wrong,
And wreck you on the tide.
Sit down with me upon this stone—
Your team will make no harm;
If we are not kings upon a throne,
We are kings upon a farm.

God's healthy breezes round you blow,
His birds your music make;
And sweetest rest is yours, you know,
When night doth overtake.
The harvest will your toil repay;
Those fields of waving grain
Are growing through the sunny day
And in the summer rain.

Men work as hard as you, in shade,
O'er books and papers bent;
The work of life is easy made
Only by sweet content.
It may be news, my friend, to you,
But 'tis the truth I tell—
All work is very hard to do,
To those who do it well.

In speculation, you must stand
The rough commercial shocks;
You may in safety reach the land,
You may land on the rocks.
Your pay is certain on the farm,
Though grain may not be sold;
In panics you feel no alarm—
Wheat is as good as gold.

Pick up your whip, and bid your team
Drag on the noble plow,
And do not let an idle dream
Becloud your youthful brow.
In years to come, when children roam,
You'll take them by the arm,
And say, "You'd better stay at home,
Upon the good old farm."

From the New York Times.

OUR FORESTS.

The House Committee on Agriculture lately voted to report a bill for the collection of specimens of native woods in the United States, to be placed in the museum of the Agricultural Department in Washington. The step has not been taken too soon, for if the waste of wood continues at its present rate there may, a few years hence, be specimens of many kinds wanting. We have frequently called attention to the importance of forest preservation, and the short sightedness of our present generation in respect to it, and are glad to see that the President is displaying a personal interest in the matter. The public is apt to lose sight of its importance so soon as the excitement and horror attending such terrible conflagrations as those which occurred in Wisconsin and this State two years ago die away.

In his report to the Land Office at Washington, in 1866, the Surveyor-General wrote: "We have now reached a period when the demand for timber is rapidly on the increase and the supply diminished. The demand is, indeed, undoubtedly increasing to an enormous extent." In 1867 the same officer wrote: "The subject of forest-tree culture has of late years attracted much attention in Europe on account of the inconvenient scarcity of all the more valuable kinds of timber, especially ship timber; and the subject is of no less importance in our own country, where regions exist completely destitute of trees, and where the supply of the more valuable kinds is limited, and becoming so scarce that it even now commands large prices. It is time that our best timber lands should be prized, not only in regard to present but future value." In a speech in Congress two years ago, Mr. Haldeman said it was computed that twenty million people are dwelling in wooden houses, their barns and out buildings of wood, the fencing of wood. Then twenty thousand cords a day are daily consumed by locomotives, and the sixty thousand miles of road demand 2,500 ties to the mile. Some of the mills on Puget Sound have capacity to turn out daily 100,000 feet of lumber, and the present export of the Sound in prepared lumber, masts and spars amounts to over one and a half million dollars annually. Chicago, in the same time, sold nearly 1,000,000,000 feet

of lumber, over 200,000,000 shingles, and 100,000,000 pieces of lath, and the enormous consumption of wood of that city in repairing the ravages of fire may well be imagined. Another tremendous devourer of wood is the mines. In the Comstock Mine, Nevada, there has been annually consumed of lumber and timber about 18,000,000 feet.

From Nebraska City, Mr. Hayden, United States Geologist, writes: "I would again speak of the importance of planting trees in this country. It is believed that the planting of ten or fifteen acres of forest trees on each quarter of a section will have a most important effect on the climate, equalizing and increasing the moisture, and adding greatly to the fertility of the soil. The settlement of the country, and the increase of the timber have already changed for the better, the climate of that portion of Nebraska lying along the Missouri.

As matters stand, the consumption increases enormously every day with the increase of population, railroads, manufactures and mining enterprise. Enormous quantities of trees in woods throughout the country are rendered valueless for timber by neglect. It is indeed melancholy when traveling to survey these wretched poles leaning one against the other, so cramped and choked that they can never develop. The various reports to the Land Office abound with valuable suggestions for the preservation and increase of timber. The subject, however, is not without its difficulties. Our Government does not command the centralized machinery which European countries employ to secure the preservation of their forests. The States in the far West are moving, but necessarily slowly, and not in unison. Several railway corporations, and notably the Pacific Railways, have taken practical steps to encourage the planting, and to determine the best means of carrying it on. There is a growing sentiment on the subject in the west, and Congress recently amended a law already in existence, extending special privileges on the public lands to those homestead settlers who would plant a certain portion of their land with trees. These agencies work slowly, but much will yet be saved, and much done for the future.

NOTICE.

A Special Meeting of the Bucks County F. D. S. Union will be held at Makefield Meeting-house, on Seventh-day, the 20th of Sixth month.

JOSEPH FLOWERS, } *Clerks.*
ELIZABETH LLOYD, }

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

Stated meeting Sixth-day evening, 6th mo. 19th, at 8 o'clock. Semi-annual election of officers.

ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting w meet Sixth-day afternoon, 19th inst, at 4 o'clo at Race Street Meeting-house.

WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE distress in Louisiana, resulting from t floods, still continues. The New Orleans *Times* the 30th ult. "still calls for aid for the more th 50,000 men, women and children who were turn out of house and home by the desolating wat rs."

"It is a lamentable fact that the contributio on which so much depend, are coming in very slov of late, and this, though the duration of helple ness must continue till the corn crop matures. W a continuation of the present aid, some sort o crop may be planted, as the water falls; but wi out bread and meat, neither industry nor energy c accomplish much. Thousands of acres will yet planted in corn and cotton, if subsistence be denied, and, if thus planted, the planters will turn become contributors to the nation's weal. N Orleans with her already large share of the burd is financially unable to furnish the relief need The owners of the land, cut off from all sources credit, are unable of themselves to feed their fa lies, much less those who incidentally depend up them. It follows that all ages, colors and clas would alike become the victims of distress if bounty of more favored localities be denied."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN BELGIUM.—The exp ences of Belgium seem to continue to be favora to the abolition of capital punishment. Forty ye ago, for a period of four years—1830 to 1834, clusive—capital punishment was practically, though not by statue, abolished in Belgium, and execution took place during that time. But in next five years, ending 1839, four executions w permitted to take place. But so far from this pr ing a means of increasing public security, it found that the numbers had increased nearly 1 per cent. in the second period as compared with first. Since this experiment, Belgium has alm entirely relinquished the infliction of capital pun ment, and in a letter addressed recently to the S reary of the London Howard Association, Vischers, a member of the Belgian Government, marks: "The commission of grave crimes is ev where diminishing in Belgium, and it is a n worthy circumstance, that for nearly eleven y no execution has taken place in the country."

THE Samoan Islands, in the South Pacific Oc which are now asking our Government to estab a protectorate over them, are reported to be v fertile. They claim an export trade of dried co nuts amounting to $3,000,000 every year. Bi fruit and bananas abound, and spicery is so ab dant as to load the air with perfume. There is good harbor at Pago Pago—land protected and tirely safe. It is in the track of commerce betw San Francisco, Honolulu and the South Amer ports on one side, and New Zealand, Australia Southern Polynesia on the other.

THE SOUTHERN METHODISTS, in conference ass bled, have taken a decided position on the temper question. By a vote of 325 to 38, the Conference adopted a minority report, providing that any pe making, buying, selling, or using as a beverage intoxicating liquors, shall be upon conviction barred from membership in the church. If th fourths of the local conferences concur in action, it will become binding upon all.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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N ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, ETC., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

(Continued from page 244.)

I then, wishing him the compliment of the ght, returned, desiring to remain steadfast what I apprehended was my duty; but hen at home, I could not forbear reflecting the small assurance I had given my end; and more so, on what an odd appearce, for a Quaker, I had made; for, besides y speech, I went in full trim. I had on my oop, rings on my fingers, and ear rings in y ears; my clothes, indeed, were black-and-ite crape mourning, which I wore for my loved sister, and therefore my linen was thout lace; neither was I thoughtful, at is time, about my outward dress, my work more within; neither did my friend regard appearance so much as to make him overk the intentions of my heart, for Samuel ay told me, the next time he saw me, that Toft said he was satisfied there was that hin me that would prevail on me to lay compliments aside; nor was it long ere I nd it my place so to do, which I must ve to mention—a probable reason why I s not allowed to give my friend a fuller urance—and which may also show how nd I was to my own state, and how much d I had to crave the illuminating ray of ine light to steer my course by, for, though eemed to myself to be quite fixed in my purpose, yet I soon found, by experience, how weak I was.

I received a letter from my dear brother, who kindly gave us a visit on the death of my sister. The letter gave me an account that he had heard from my uncle—the melancholy affair that was amongst us—describing the fanatical and fantastical deportment of those I was about joining with; the utter mistake they lay under in respect to the doctrines of Christ, and giving me a kind invitation to come to him, with a promise to take care of me and my fortune. He affectionately mentioned an opportunity he had of placing me with a near relation of his wife's, who was a milliner in the city, if I liked that business; and concluded in much brotherly love, and with desires for my welfare every way.

This so sensibly touched the natural affection I had for him, that, had I not been favored, from the Most High, with a sight of the snare which my enemy had laid for me, I should certainly have accepted of this offer from my only brother, the consideration of whose love, in this instance, and of the grief I had given my other near and dear relations, caused me to turn my exercises round and round again, and to introspect the cause thereof. In this affecting survey, many were my secret supplications to the Lord for His preservation and assistance, that thereby the enemy might be defeated in all his stratagems.

Thus was I attacked on my weakest side; for this tender treatment from my brother, and my uncle's three last visits, gave me more affectionate concern than all their abuses. But now I was to answer the letter, and I did it so thoroughly, according to that wisdom which my Heavenly Father was pleased to favor me with, that I never heard any more from my brother on that subject; but, whenever afterwards he wrote to me, it was in great love and respect.

I had, through the condescensions of the inexpressible love of my God, surmounted many difficulties and doubtings in my own mind; yet had I divers trials still to wade through, as now will appear.

The alteration of my speech was in this manner: one morning, as I lay in bed, a weighty exercise came closely over my mind; and as I waited to know the cause, it came before my view that I must use the plain language. I had this, at times, under my notice before, and now had hardly time to reconsider the thing, and prove it was the truth, ere my aunt knocked. I knew her step, which made me tremble, and, therefore, made no great haste to dress; but as I knew I must submit, I went towards the door, saying, Who is there? What dost thou want? She said, Let me in, and I will tell thee. I did not in the least question that; and she quickly let me know it, by many threatenings of what she would do if ever I *thou'd* her again. I could not but think it was a very hard allotment to me that I must begin this required alteration with my aunt; yet, from the satisfaction which I felt in my own breast, I was encouraged in the truth, and from that time I did not shrink from that part of my testimony, except to my aunt, who I did no ways delight to vex, and therefore, as much as possible, evaded the singular language; and yet, rather than use the plural, would many times break the thread of our discourse, till I plainly saw it would not do, and that I must either break my peace, or commit myself to my aunt's fury. This I soon experienced, from using the word thee to her: it so inflamed her that, as there stood a fire-shovel in her way, she took it up, and struck at me. My sister being in the little room, catched hold of it, or she would probably have done as she had threatened, for the room or closet behind the shop was so narrow that I had no room to draw back.

Thus was I once more preserved; but had reason to fear I should yet be the cause of bringing my aunt to much disgrace, as she often declared she believed it no more sin to kill me than a dog.

I found she had heard of my being advised to leave the town; and, I believe, I suffered much for that kindness of my friends. M aunt's hopes seemed now that either the would draw me, or she should drive me ou of the town, saying, if I would be a Quake I should not be one in her sight. And nov again, I had the former kind proffer renewed P. Meller sent me an invitation to come t Whitehaugh, for a quarter of a year, till m aunt should be better reconciled. This wa indeed, a kind invitation from one that had never spoken to; and I might have gon for any business or school that I then ha for my aunt's behaviour had so frightened th scholars that their parents thought fit to ke them at home; and, had it not been for th sake of seeing one called a Quaker, I shou hardly have sold so many trifles as I di but there seemed a general curiosity to s me. Standing, thus, as an object of disda and derision, I could willingly have accept the kind invitation of my friends; yet, wh I cast my eye toward the Captain of my salv tion, I found I had not liberty to move; an therefore, with an acknowledgment of th kindness, passed it by. Another proof of m aunt's unguarded passion soon after occurre which was this: we were sitting together the little room, as we very often did, and was drawing towards the middle of the nig when, in the course of our conversation, s obliged me to use that language which s could not bear, and a brass candlestick sta ing betwixt us, she flung it at me with su force that it dinged against the wall; I h just time to see her intention, and, by bowi my body, escaped the blow. Thus did Davi God again preserve me, for the sake of stem of Jesse, that now began to bud wit my breast; and although I stood here jeopardy of body, yet was I mercifully p served in stability of soul, and in a supp ing belief that I was in the way of my du and favored with hope, as an anchor, in assurance, that if it pleased the Lord to p mit the death of the mortal part, He wo be pleased to let His mercy light on my mortal soul, and I would die as a marty my faith in Christ; yet a fear for my a prevailed over me, and though I had c cealed her carriage towards me as muc possible, yet this I durst not conceal, le should be chargeable with the consequenc therefore desired my sister to tell my uncl this violent action, and my fears. He turned for answer, that whatever treatme met with was good enough for me; and a my aunt, it was impossible to keep he home.

The grief that I passed under, for fea my aunt's going quite distracted, was g and the bowings-down of soul and body frequent, with earnest supplications to

Almighty for the preservation of us both; she in her senses, and me in the way of my duty towards Him, and in a justifiable behaviour to my uncle and aunt. I believe my uncle had, at that time, more compassion for me than he would suffer to be seen: he had my aunt talked to, and would not suffer her to come at such unseasonable hours again; for she had several times before spent most of the night with me alone, and what I then received from her, the Almighty knows, and, indeed, did make it up to me in her reconciliation afterwards.

Her nightly visits here ended; but they had been so long continued, late and early, that I had habituated myself to spend the nights (as I used to keep a fire) in the little closet. I sat much there, and, when it was bed-time (if my aunt was absent), would put my candle out and sit as still as I could, lest I should be suspected of keeping disorderly hours.

I had here no intimate to converse with or encourage me, and was left as a person quite alone; but the immediate visitations of Divine favor, at times, did most graciously establish my faith, and, when almost overwhelmed, would, in the condescendings of His compassion, direct my mind to some passage in the Scriptures for my consolation; and I seldom read or contemplated on them without tears, yet how quickly did I lose the sight and effect of these favors; whilst, like a traveller driven away from the haven of his happiness by contrary winds, I was forced by grief into a confusion of thoughts, and have frequently sat under the violent suggestions of the enemy till two, three, four, or five in the morning, and was sometimes no sooner in bed than my aunt would call me up. It is hardly credible how little sleep I went with; but, surely, I sympathized with my uncle and aunt in the affliction I gave them. My meat was to me as trifling as my sleep, wherein I proved on what a little nature will subsist; my meals were no way constant, a bit of bread and cheese, with a little water, or a little milk and bread-and-butter, with a dish of tea, were my only food for months; nor had I any desire after anything else, till necessity obliged me to alter my course.

(To be continued.)

Condensed Argument.—A very celebrated Scotch divine says:—"The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been Supreme, and that which always was and is Supreme, we know by the name of God."

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

The party of the Reformed Episcopal Church, under the leadership of Bishop Cummins, lately assembled in New York city, have revised the Rubrics and the Book of Prayer, and expunged from the marriage service the words, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." The *Christian Union*, commenting on this, says:

"Seeing it is not well for the prayer-book to say one thing, and the law-book another, it is perhaps wisdom on this point to bring the Church and State into line.

Again, in the concluding prayer, the passage, 'that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so may these persons surely perform and keep the vow and covenant between them made,' is dropped as 'inappropriate.' In the patriarchal marital relations of old, when the wife was but the first and most honored servant of her lord, it was perhaps perfectly natural for her to seek by stratagem and deceit the darling wish of her heart. Rebecca's device to secure the succession to her favorite son is not hallowed by the record where it stands. The cunning of the Hebrew woman, in her husband's old age and infirmity, is surely no pattern for the young wife of to-day. This blundering anachronism, which has escaped criticism hitherto by virtue of its sweet, devotional surrounding, is very properly excised in the new ritual of the Reformers. They recognize that the true marriage is simply the highest of all good fellowship, based on mutual and transparent confidence. Or, rather, they seem about to recognize it, and stop short. For the words, 'man and wife,' they substitute husband and wife, as a clearer expression of the relation. Though *mann* and husband are convertible terms in the old German speech, and *mann* and *weib* are husband and wife.

But, while they were about it, why could they not have stricken out three little words, alike degrading to the husband who receives the vow and the wife who pledges it—'And to obey?'

Why should not it be an equal promise? Why should the wife pledge herself to obey when it is beyond all human prediction to forecast the terms or the nature of her obedience, and when it is very certain that she will not unless she chooses, and when it is not always certain that she could obey, even if she would?

Marriage is, and is not, an apprenticeship for life. It is in one sense; in that the husband and wife are mutual learners and teachers, and that the journey work goes on through

life. It is not an apprenticeship in the sense of master and servant, which the promise to obey converts it to. Individuality in opinion, harmony in action, make the only marriage worth the name.

In the simple service of the Quaker Church, the word *obey* does not enter. Husband and wife pledge each other, word for word, alike, 'to be loving and faithful until death shall separate us.'

What concord like to that in Quaker households! What sweet serenity of wedded peace! The Quaker wife, fettered by no promise to surrender her individuality or her judgment, recognized as a true and equal help-meet, is the shining exemplar of gracious wifehood and motherhood. Looking well to the ways of her household, sharing her husband's business counsels, active in the unworldly affairs of her sect, organizing and managing public charities, lifting up her voice in assemblies of the faithful, we think of her always as vested in the purity and beauty of the lilies. How much of this faculty of 'affairs' and modest fearlessness in the path of duty does not spring directly from the untrameled conditions of her married life! How much of womanly growth is due to the perfect equality in which she stands serene! And so we are very sorry that, considering all things, our brethren, while they were about it, did not expunge those three ugly little words, 'And to obey.'"

"ONE WORD TO THE WOMEN."

A. D. T. Whitney, in an article in the *Christian Register*, thus appeals to her own sex:

. . . . . .

"But this very cry—'taxation without representation'—such a good battle-cry as it is, and such wonderful work as it has done in the world, take care how you use it in too narrow a sense, with too singular an application. You are paying taxes all the time, thousands of you, which you have little or no share in imposing. If you would only rebel against these!

You are taxed without representation in every extravagance of luxury or ostentation which sends an overbalance of money out of the country, and raises to hardship the price of every indispensable, homely comfort.

You are taxed without representation by every reckless household where the servants who minister to its indolence and pride can have pay and plunder as they choose, and then turn round and demoralize the rest of their class, until not a careful, anxious, overburdened mother of a family among you can get faithful, permanent assistance for reasonable wages and proper kindness.

You are taxed without representation, you mothers of young families, in every foolishness of fashion and entertainment by which your children's ideas of social pleasure are confused and perverted, so that you must either strain beyond your purse and conscience to gratify them, or else deny them altogether the amusements natural to their age.

You are taxed without representation by all things which make false standards, and trouble life; by the things which hinder marriages and prevent the true identification of the interests of men and women; by the things which separate arbitrarily class from class, intercept human sympathies, and make impossible the intimate knowledge of each other's needs; by the things which set aside, or undervalue, or bewilder religion, and ignore the direct and simple love of God.

Make a crusade against these, you who are true and single-minded! Protest and practise with those who keep up falshood and foolishness. After the whiskey is all poured away, make sacrifice of other things that stimulate unwholesomely and dangerously. See what you can do against the poor and silly literature that is poisoning mind and imagination and enfeebling brain and conscience, as surely as any dram-drinking. Show young girls a better and more beautiful way. Induce, or ganize, if you can, in neighborhoods, a return to the old, sweet simplicities, so that the large modern power and appliance may be made to reach farther and help more than they do. Try if a nobler living may not go far to solve the terrible problems of the day about what is to be done with the surplus of women in the world, and the need of their making money for themselves, and laws to protect their money. See if it be not possible to work out the work on God's plan,—of man to subdue the earth to true uses, and woman to help and bless the man. See if this will not come naturally, and, of course, as 'all things are added' when once right motive is established at the heart of things. You cannot ever straighten out a snarl by pulling or winding upon the outside. You cannot lay even work upon a jumble. All the women, and all their wits cannot talk or legislate society into the harmony that would have *grown* by this time if every woman had been the spiritual power she should have been from the beginning.

Dear women of Massachusetts—and women everywhere, who are rising up in the regeneration—in the name of the Lord whose kingdom is coming, lay your axe at the *root* of the tree!"

TRUE religion is a life unfolded within, not a life forced on us from abroad.—*Channing*.

WATCH THE BOOKS.

How large a proportion of mothers and guardians exercise anything which can be called watchful care as to what books and papers the children shall read? And yet the booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of the most dissipating, weakening and insidious books that can possibly be imagined; and newspapers which ought never to enter any decent house lie on the table of many a family sitting-room. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the records of any large circulating library will be astonished at the immense demand which there is for these average novels. And in our parlors and chambers to-day many little girls are curled up in corners, poring over such reading—stories of complicated modern society, the very worst kind of reading for a child; stories whose exciting pages delight in painting the love of the sexes for each other, and its sensual phases." And the mothers do not know what they are reading, and the children answer, when asked what they read, "Oh! anything that comes along."

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

CHANNING, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

From an Oration by Charles Sumner, delivered at Harvard University, in 1846.

I do not speak of him as the divine, although his labors might well have earned that title so. It is probable that no single mind in our age has exerted a greater influence over theological opinions. But I pass these by, without presuming to indicate their character. It were far better, on this occasion, to dwell on those Christian labors which should not fail to find favor alike in all churches, whether at Rome, Geneva, Canterbury, or Boston.

His benificent influence has been widely felt and acknowledged. His words have been heard and read by thousands, in all conditions of life, and in various lands, whose hearts have been touched with gratitude towards the meek and eloquent upholder of divine truth. An American traveller, at a small village on one of the terraces of the Alps, in the Austrian Tyrol, encountered a German, who, hearing that his companion was from Boston, inquired earnestly after Channing, saying that the difficulty of learning the English language had been adequately repaid by the delight of his writings. A distinguished stranger, when about to visit this country, was told by a relative, not less lovely in character than exalted in condition, that she envied him his journey for two objects, that he would not fail to see Niagara and Channing." We have already observed that a critic of art has placed him, with a grand American triumvirate, with Allston and Washington. More frequently—and I mention this simply as a fact—he has been associated with Washington and Franklin; but, unlike Washington, he had no ensigns of command; unlike Franklin, he was never elevated to the pinnacle of foreign office. It would be difficult to say that since them any American has exerted greater, if equal, sway over his fellow-men. And yet, if it be asked what single important measure he has carried to a successful close, I could not answer. It is on *character* that he has wrought and is still producing incalculable changes. Multitudes, on whose souls neither his spoken nor written word has ever fallen, now feel its blessed influence. The whole country and age feel it.

I have called him the philanthropist, the lover of man,—the title of highest honor on earth, "I take goodness in this sense," says Lord Bacon, in his "Essays," "*the affecting of the weal of men*, which is what the Grecians call Philanthropeia. . . . . This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." Lord Bacon was right. Confessing the attractions of scholarship, awed by the majesty of the law, fascinated by the beauty of art, our souls bend with involuntary reverence before the angelic nature that seeks the good of his fellow-man. Through him God speaks. On him has descended in especial measure the Divine Spirit. God is love; and man, in diffusive, comprehensive benevolence, most nearly resembles Him. In heaven, we are told, the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, who are termed Seraphim; the second to the angels of light, who are termed Cherubim.

. . . . . .

I have called him the philanthropist; he might also be called the moralist, for he was the expounder of human duties; but his exposition of duties was no common service in the cause of humanity. His morality, etherealized and sublimed by Christian love, fortified and confirmed by Christian righteousness, was applied with unhesitating frankness to the people and affairs of his own country and age. He saw full well that it were vain to declare, in general terms, the blessings of right and the misery of wrong, unless the special wrong was pointed out which ought to be eradicated. A general morality is apt to be inefficient. Tamerlane and Napoleon might both join in general praise of peace and condemnation of war, and entitled themselves to be enrolled, with Alexander of Russia, as the members of a peace society. And many people satisfy their consciences by the utterance of general truth, warmed, perhaps, by

rhetorical effort, without venturing or caring to apply it practically in life. This was not the case with our philanthropist. He sought to bring his morality to bear distinctly and pointedly upon the world. Nor was he disturbed by another suggestion, which the moralist often encounters, that his views were sound in theory, but not practical. He well knew that what is unsound in theory must be vicious in practice. He did not hesitate, therefore, to fasten upon any wrong he discerned, and attach to it a mark, which, like that of Cain, can never be wiped from its forehead. His philanthropy was morality in action.

As a moralist, he knew that the highest happiness could be reached only by following the right; and, as a lover of man, he sought on all occasions to inculcate this supreme duty. He strove to impress upon States and nations the important truth, that they were amenable to the same moral law as individuals. This proposition, if universally recognized, would open the gates of a new civilization. From its denial, or its vague and imperfect acceptance, come national sins. The principles of morality, which first possess the individual, slowly pervade the body politic; and we are often told, in extenuation of war and conquest, that the State and the individual are governed by separate laws of right—that the State may do what an individual may not do. In combating this pernicious fallacy, Channing did important service to the State. He helped to bring Government within the circle of Christian duties, and instructed the statesman that there is one comprehensive rule of right, binding alike on public and private conscience. . . . . Beneficent nature joins with the moralist in declaring the universality of God's laws; the flowers of the field, the rays of the sun, the morning and evening dews, the descending showers, the waves of the sea, the breezes that fan our cheeks and bear rich argosies from shore to shore, the careering storm, all that is on this earth,—nay, more, the system of which this earth is a part, and the infinitude of the universe, in which our system dwindles to a grain of sand, all declare one prevailing law, knowing no distinction of persons, of numbers, of mass, of size.

While Channing commended this truth, he recognized with especial fervor the rights of men. He saw in our institutions, as established in 1776, the grand animating idea of human rights, distinguishing us from other countries. It was this idea which, first appearing at our nativity as a nation, shone on the path of our fathers as the unaccustomed star in the West, which twinkled over Bethlehem.

Kindred to the idea of human rights was that other, which appears so often in his writings as to seem to inspire his whole philanthropy—the importance of the individual man. No human soul was so abject in condition as not to find sympathy and reverence from him. He confessed his brotherhood with all God's children, although separated from them by rivers, mountains and seas—although a torrid sun had left upon them an unchangeable Ethiopian skin. Filled by this thought, he sought in all that he did to promote their elevation and happiness. He yearned to do good—to be a spring of life and light to his fellow-men. "I see nothing worth living for," he said, "but the divine virtue, which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty and mankind." In this spirit, so long as he lived, he was ever, through good report and evil report, the champion of humanity.

In the cause of education and of temperance, he was an earnest laborer. He saw how essential was knowledge to a people who governed themselves—that without it the right of voting would be a dangerous privilege, and that with it the State would be elevated, and the means of happiness and power infinitely diffused. His vivid imagination saw the blight of intemperance, and exposed it in glowing colors. In these causes he was sustained by the kindly sympathy of those among whom he lived.

(To be continued.)

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

From "Friends' Quarterly Examiner."

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

The power of sympathy over the human heart, and more especially over the hearts of the young, is a truth which none who have studied human nature will gainsay; yet is there not room amongst us as a church for a deeper recognition of this, in its bearing on the Christian ministry? The most powerful exposition of Divine truth may fall short of its effect, if it lack those words of tender and earnest personal appeal which would bring it home to the individual conscience of the hearers; but to be enabled thus to address different states there must be sympathy with them.

Our early Friends seem to have been

arkably "dipped" into the state of those hom they addressed, and to this, under the Divine blessing, may in large measure be ttributed the *gathering* power of their minis- y. The experience of one whose heart has een given to the Lord, whose powers have een employed in His service, and who has imself long *proved* the faithfulness, and love, nd power of the Master whom he serves, ust differ in many respects from that of those ho are but commencing their Christian jour- ey, or who have not given up all for Christ. low important, then, for the overseers of the ock to remember *all* the way by which they ave themselves been led through the wilder- ess, that the hearts which are yearning for mpathy may feel that it flows forth towards em!

For the Christian life is not all sunshine; has its times of temptation and conflict, un- isclosed, probably, to the dearest earthly iend; seasons when the disciple is called to ve some proof of his allegiance, and when at which is comparable to the surrender *all* is required. How helpful at such times, those who are treading this solitary path, the voice of sympathy from the Christian inister, speaking, from the depths of his vn experience, not only of trial, but of eliverance!

How many of those who are exercising eir gifts to the edification of the church, ave themselves been helped by such sympa- y in early life! How many lips have first en opened in the ministry after the secret nflict has been described and the needed unsel given, either in public or in private! nd if any of these, in looking back into the st, can recur to a time when they lived in relessness and sin, loving the world and the ings of the world, and resisting the convic- ns of the Holy Spirit, until, in the infinite ve of Christ, their Saviour, they were ucked as brands from the fire; surely such perience must have prepared them to speak ithfully, and yet with deep sympathy, to ose who may be treading the same danger- s path.

The subject is one in which the welfare of r church is deeply involved. We hear the ar expressed, and facts seemed to show that is not groundless, that our younger mem- rs are losing their attachment to the urch to which they belong; that other annels are absorbing those gifts, and that terest, which are so much needed for the ilding up of our religious Society. But if is be so, is there not a cause? For if the ung do not find, within our borders, the mpathy which they crave, they will be ely to seek it elsewhere; whilst in propor- n to the help they have themselves received amongst us, and to the degree in which their difficulties and conflicts and temptations have been understood, and handled with a wise and loving sympathy by those who are "over them in the Lord," will be their attachment to this section of the church, and their desire to be made instruments of blessing therein.

. . . . S.

GREAT IDEAS AND SMALL DUTIES.—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is the best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So, the trivial services of social life are the best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skilfully organized, by the deepest and fairest heart.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

THE following letter, received by her friends from A. C. M., has been thought to be a beautiful tribute to the memory of Patience Smith, and worthy of publication:

HUDSON, Sixth mo. 3d, 1874.

Dear Friend,—A telegram reached me last evening, saying that the "funeral of Patience Smith would take place on the 4th inst."

Well, she has been gathered to the "church of the first-born," being of the number whose names are written in heaven, and therefore we have no cause to have doubts or fears on her account. No! Very far from that; but we mourn for ourselves. We mourn that one so good, so pure, and so useful has been called away from us. We ask, who are to fill the places of the loved and devoted ones, who are so frequently being called from our midst? They have done the work of their day most nobly. Who are to come up in their stead to the "Help of the Lord against the mighty?"—against that mighty flood of evil, which is stalking over the land in mid-day.

This dear departed one never appeared publicly as a minister, and yet, if ever there was a preacher of righteousness and an advocate of truth, she was one. She was ever found on the side of justice and mercy, advocating the cause of the oppressed and the down-trodden of the earth; and the poor, the

outcast, and the afflicted may well say, "In thee we have lost a devoted friend." But her loss is not only felt by these, but the members of our own religious body have, for themselves, deep cause to mourn the departure of their dear friend. Most especially do we need her cheerful presence in our gatherings; we need her devoted labors as an incentive to others to come forward and devote their talents and their lives to the cause of truth.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 20, 1874.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.—We have received from the publisher a package of documents, giving a detailed and interesting account of the entire history of the *Public Ledger* from its first issue, as the pioneer of cheap journalism, to the present time.

The newspaper has become almost as necessary as the morning meal; few that live within reach of one are willing to forego the pleasure of knowing just what is going on in other parts of the world, and drinking in the details of the very latest items of intelligence with the coffee they sip for breakfast. And the power that is wielded by the daily press can scarcely be realized. If its scope is broad and catholic; if its tone is pure and lofty, it exerts an influence second to none, in moulding and strengthening the convictions of men.

Of all such papers published in this State and elsewhere, there is not one, perhaps, that, for excellence and cheapness, surpasses the *Public Ledger*, as it is conducted by its present proprietor.

From a small penny sheet, first issued in 1836, a copy of which lies on our table, it has grown to be a large and prosperous daily journal, with a circulation of over 90,000 copies, and, under present management, is free from anything that is objectionable.

The editorials are excellent and, generally commend themselves to the better judgment and clear sense of right in all unprejudiced minds, and are doubtless working in a quiet but sure way for the improvement of the tone of thought, and the elevation in the social scale of the toiling masses.

The man who has the genius to conceive, and the business ability to carry forward, such an enterprise as the *Ledger* now is, holds a powerful lever that must lift the substratum of society to a nearer plane with himself, and awaken a more earnest desire for greater excellence in those who are thus daily fed on earnest thoughtful words, and have presented to their minds clear and forcible views on every topic that concerns the welfare of the community *without party limitations.*

The *Public Ledger* has ever been fearless and outspoken for the right, even in the darkest and stormiest times, and it has well earned the place it now holds among the daily papers of our city.

MARRIED.

WEBSTER—CONARD.—On the 26th of Fifth month, 1874, with the approbation of Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, at the house of Charles H. Thomas, Christiana, Lancaster Co., Pa., Jesse Webster and Ellen Conard, both of Lancaster Co., Pa.

DIED.

BARIGHT.—At her residence in Quaker Street, on the 31st of Fifth month, 1874, after a brief illness, Diana S. Baright, in the 71st year of her age; a member of Duanesburgh Monthly Meeting.

SMITH.—At her residence in Quaker Street, on the 2d of Sixth month, 1874, after a brief illness, Patience Smith, in the 69th year of her age; a member of Duanesburgh Monthly Meeting, formerly a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

Quiet and unobtrusive, these two sisters were desirous of conforming their lives to the golden rule, by ministering to the comfort and happiness of others. Earnest were their efforts in behalf of the cause of temperance, and sincere their desires that something might be done to stem the torrent of crime, and injustice, and wrong-doing so fearfully flooding the land in consequence of the prevalence of this vice. The subject of right education claimed their warm interest. In their intercourse with others, they were kind and affectionate, and were constantly recommending purity of life by their own shining examples.

CLIFFTON.—On the 1st of Fifth mo., 1874, at her residence in Quakertown, N. J., Rebecca Cliffton. She was a devoted sister, a warm friend, and a genial companion. Her loss will be felt not only in these relations, but also in the faithful band of Friends, who have been struggling for years past to keep up their little meeting at that place, which, from occasional removals to other localities and removals by death, from time to time, will, ere long, literally place them in the position of being only the "two or three" left there to assemble.

GRIFFITH.—At her residence in Boston, Erie Co., N. Y., of "heart disease," on the 28th of Fifth month, 1874, Mary W. Griffith, aged nearly 70 years. She was a member of Boston Preparative and East Hamburg Monthly Meetings, and an elder of the latter for several years.

She was dipped into sympathy for the lonely and sorrowful, and often had a word of counsel and encouragement for such. She was much beloved by her neighbors, and being somewhat remote from

Friends and amongst other denominations, frequently visited them upon missions of love, and sometimes had the living word of admonition and solemn supplication to pour forth in their midst, and, at times, in our own meetings, her voice was heard, to our comfort and edification. Her end was peace, and death had no terrors for her.

LEVICK.—On the morning of the 10th inst., Wm. M. Levick, in his 54th year; a valued member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

WILSON.—On the 15th of Fifth month, 1874, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mortimer Thompson, near Purcellsville, Loudon Co., Va., of dropsy, Elizabeth N. Wilson, widow of the late Wm. Wilson, in the 76th year of her age. She was a member of Goose Creek monthly Meeting.

For several months preceding her death, she was a great sufferer, but she bore it with that patient resignation that comes of a well-spent life and a conscience void of offence. As the cords which bind the spiritual life to its clay tenement slackened their hold, she watched and hailed with delight the approaching dissolution, and when the solemn hour arrived, peacefully yielded her spirit to the God who gave it, and gently sank to rest in the full assurance of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. As neighbor and friend, she was beloved by all who knew her; as a Christian mother, her tenderness and love can only be appreciated by the bereaved children, who were ever the objects of her affectionate devotion. Full of years, and estimable in all the relations of life, she has gone hence, and her good works will live after her, embalmed in the hearts of her numerous circle of relations and friends, who now sorrow at her death.

HOWELL.—Suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 11th inst., at Camden, Delaware, Thomas H. Howell, in the 84th year of his age; a member of Camden Monthly Meeting.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE OF NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING OF 1874.

To the Yearly Meeting:

The Committee on Indian Affairs report that they have given attention to their appointment as way opened during the past year.

Early in Sixth month last, we received a communication from Superintendent Barclay White, enclosing the resignation of Howard White as U. S. Agent for the Winnebagoes, to take effect on the 1st of Eighth month. As he had conducted the affairs of the agency so efficiently, the Committee felt much embarrassment, and were at a loss to know to whom to look to fill the position. A sub-committee was appointed, who made diligent inquiry for a person to take the agency. They wrote to Superintendent White to assist us. His reply was: "If you can find a Friend possessing the qualifications of Solomon and Job, and is honest withal, he is the man, appoint him; and he will find, in the performance of his duties, occasion for the exercise of all the gifts which God has given him." We published a notice in the "Friend's Intelligencer," and made diligent inquiry, but did not hear of a person, that appeared to us as suitable, until the 26th of Seventh month; therefore we were under the necessity of requesting Howard (as we had withheld his resignation) to send us another, to take effect on 1st of Ninth month. He accordingly acceded to our request, and sent us another, leaving the date blank when it should take effect. In the interim we made the necessary inquiry, and on the 13th of Eighth month addressed a letter to President Grant, nominating, on behalf of the Yearly Meeting of New York, Taylor Bradley to be U. S. Indian Agent for the Winnebagoes, accompanying it with Howard White's resignation. The President immediately appointed Taylor, who took charge of the agency as soon as he received his commission, a few days after the 1st of Ninth month; and we are pleased to say that we find him an efficient officer, he and his wife taking a great interest in the cause of civilizing and elevating the Indian.

About the middle of Sixth month we felt no little embarrassment on receiving information from Washington that the government had determined to close the office of the Northern Superintendency, and that the services of our friend Barclay White would be dispensed with on the 30th of that month. The information surprised us much, as we had previously been informed that, under the Act passed at the previous session of Congress, authorizing the President to retain four Superintendencies, Barclay White would be one of those retained. Some of the Executive Committee residing near the City of Washington were of the opinion that it would be of no avail for us to remonstrate against the decision of the Department. All the Committee were much exercised, and this led to much correspondence. It was finally decided that it was important that Friends should act with deliberation in determining what course should be pursued in the present situation of Indian affairs, some feeling that we could not continue our labors without the aid of a member of our religious Society as the superintendent. While the subject was under discussion, we received a letter from Barclay White, stating that on the 25th the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington informed him that the President had amended his order of the 10th so far as to continue his office; that the office of Indian Affairs for California was to be abolished in lieu thereof. The continuance of our valued friend Barclay White as Superintendent was a great relief to us. The Executive Committee of the Six Yearly Meetings then concluded to defer the meeting of the delegates from those meetings until the 29th of Tenth month, at the time of holding the Yearly Meeting in

Baltimore, at which four of our Committee attended. The subject which induced the call having been fully adjusted, there was not any business requiring special notice in this report.

Soon after our last Yearly Meeting, a Friend, a member of our Committee, with his wife, left here as a committee on our behalf to visit the Indians under our care; as it was contemplated when Friends took charge of them that they should visit the tribe once a year by a committee. On arriving at Chicago they were notified by telegram of severe illness in their family, and were under the necessity of immediately returning home. We at once requested some of the Friends who were at Omaha from other Yearly Meetings to visit the tribes under their care, that they should visit the Winnebago Reservation on our behalf. This Committee made us the following report:

"To the Indian Committee of New York Yearly Meeting of Friends:

"By request of William H. Macy (on behalf of Executive Committee on Indian Affairs of New York Yearly Meeting) by letter to Barclay White, Superintendent, dated Sixth month 11th, 1873, we visited the Winnebago Agency, in Nebraska, under care of Howard White, Indian Agent for the tribe, on the second and third days of Seventh month, 1873.

"We find that within the past year fifty new frame houses have been erected under contract, at a cost of $668 each, containing five rooms, and apparently well built, warm and comfortable winter residences. Twenty-five log houses have also been erected by the Indians during the same period, at very small cost; the agent furnishing hinges, glass, sash, &c. These houses have but one room about 14 × 16 feet, and are covered with dirt roof.

"There are now on the Reservation 75 frame and 50 log houses, the average of occupants about two families to each house; the rest of the tribe are sheltered in Tepées. There are 412 families, and about 150 more houses will be required to house the entire tribe comfortably. There is on the Reservation at present 700 acres of wheat, 1,000 acres of corn, and 60 acres of oats, believed to be an increase of about 50 per cent. on the average of last year; the balance of 2,000 acres is in gardens, &c. Four hundred (400) bushels of seed potatoes were issued last spring, and six hundred tons of hay cut and cured last harvest. Some provisions had to be purchased, and rations of beef issued all through the year. Agent Howard White thinks that beef rations will not be necessary for some months to come.

"This tribe do not go on the hunt, and pay but little attention to stock raising (except ponies), consequently the rations of beef are necessary for their subsistence; but the beef is paid for out of the tribal funds.

"The Indians in houses on their allotments generally have gardens which they cultivate —and most of them appear to be well attended—and raise some chickens and pigs, but we think not so many of either as would be desirable.

"A few yokes of oxen have been issued to the different bands during the year, and there are, altogether, 42 yokes, 1,000 to 1,100 ponies, and the stock of hogs is on the increase. Ponies are sold to settlers not on the Reservation, and the Indians are considered quite rich in this kind of stock.

"Agricultural implements, wagons, &c., have been supplied in sufficient quantity for the necessities of the cultivators and other laborers, and are kept in repair at the Reservation shops. Over 100 wagons and harness for the same are used on the Reservation.

"The grist mill is in good running order, and doing all the work required for the tribe; and the new saw-mill also finds full employment. Shoemakers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, with their Indian apprentices, all appear to be fully employed in their several vocations. There are 27 employees about the agency, 17 of whom are Indians.

"There are three day schools (one schoolhouse lately burned is being rebuilt), average attendance about 100 scholars. Two of these schools are at present conducted by Carrie Thomas and Lucy A. Lamb.

"An Industrial School building is now under contract and being erected, and is expected to be ready for opening about the first of Eleventh month next, capable of accommodating 80 scholars, and it is believed by the agent will be at once filled. A superintendent, two teachers, &c., will be required to be appointed for this new instution."

On the 3rd of Twelfth month, we shipped five cases containing dry-goods, boots, shoes, clothing, &c., for distribution among the Indians, which were contributed as follows: Two cases by Friends of this city, valued at $293.81; one case by Friends of Purchase Monthly Meeting, valued at $120.45; one case by Friends of Flushing Monthly Meeting, valued at $61.00, and one case by Friends of Shrewsbury, valued at $134.55. We also sent $100 in cash to be expended in articles of necessity for the sick and infirm; together, $709.81. Members of the Monthly Meeting of New York, and Friends of Matinecock Meeting, have contributed $415 in cash during the past year. The Union Line of Pennsylvania Railroad kindly transported our contributions, free of charge, as far as Chicago.

On the 17th of Twelfth month, Agent Bradley wrote that he had received the cases all in good order, had distributed a few of the goods to as many as called, and would continue to search out the most needy until all were made comfortable. He writes—"We return to thee and all the Friends of New York and vicinity, many thanks on behalf of the poor Indians for so great a favor. We have had a great many deaths lately among the tribe from disease, mostly, I think, brought on by exposure; we will now be able to make them comfortable for the approaching cold weather. I have placed the fund sent to credit, for the benefit of the sick and infirm."

The committee have made some drafts upon the Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting during the year, amounting to $260.14, to pay the expenses of the committees visiting the Winnebagoes, and our quota of the expenses incurred by the "Executive Committee of the six Yearly Meetings," who have been of great service in the many complications which have attended the labors of Friends of all the Yearly Meetings, requiring them frequently to visit Washington.

We would suggest that permission be given the committee to draw upon the Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting for the sum of five hundred dollars, to be used in the prosecution of their labors, if occasion requires.

On the 27th of Fourth month, Agent Bradley wrote that the tribe were doing finely in the way of farming this spring; that they have sown over 1,300 bushels of wheat, and are now putting in oats and preparing the ground for corn, and that he wanted a farmer at the industrial school immediately. We recommended John Hoag for that position, who left here on the fifth instant, and, no doubt, will receive the appointment on his arrival at the agency.

On the second day of last month, the Executive Committee of the six Yearly Meetings visited Washington to obtain an amendment, if possible, in the appropriation bill, which was reported to Congress without any provision to continue the office of the Northern Superintendency. The members of that committee, residing near Washington, feeling the importance of the subject, called upon the other members from Philadelphia and New York to assist them. The Friend from this city reported on his return, that they called upon President Grant and informed him that there was not any provision in the bill for the support of our superintendent. He received them kindly, was not aware of the omission, but would now give it his immediate attention; and expressed much satisfaction with the labors of Friends, and was desirous that their efforts should be sustained. The committee had a hearing before the Committee on Indian Affairs, at which the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was present. They devoted two days to the object of their visit, and left feeling encouraged that the superintendency would be continued.

Superintendent Barclay White makes the following report of the present condition of the tribe under our care:

OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT INDIAN AFFAIRS,
OMAHA, NEB., Fourth mo 30, 1874.

Esteemed Friend,—The Winnebagoes have recently held their annual election for chiefs; only one of the chiefs of last year was re-elected. Some of the present chiefs have, years back, held the same positon, and others are progressive men; we do not anticipate any increased difficulty in the administration of agency affairs resulting from the change.

The Reservation members of the tribe are giving more attention to agriculture during this spring than ever before.

Eight hundred and fifty seven Wisconsin Winnebagoes have been removed by the government to the Winnebago Reservation, and are there subsisted by weekly rations of four pounds of beef and eight pounds of flour per capita. Those remaining in Wisconsin, yet to be removed, are variously estimated in number from 150 to 450.

Nine years ago, the Winnebagoes left their Reservation at Crow Creek, in Dakota Territory, to avoid starvation and death. They proceeded down the Missouri river in canoes, and squatted upon the Omaha's land, where they now are. The majority of the tribe being satisfied in making it their permanent home, the U. S. Government purchased for them, with tribal funds from the Omahas, their present Reservation. During the succeeding year a minority of the tribe continued on their journey in canoes down the Missouri river, tarried some time at the Great Nemaha Agency, thence to the mouth of the Missouri river, and up the Mississippi river; a few of them finally settling in Minnesota, but the majority going to Wisconsin, where they squatted upon government land, and have since depended for subsistence upon the chase and the proceeds from berries, nuts, etc., sold to the whites.

The Minnesota Winnebagoes have since been admitted to the rights of citizenship and received their proportion of the trust funds of the tribe.

The Government is now moving the Wisconsin members of the tribe back to the reservation, and will there give them the same rights and privileges enjoyed by the reservation Indians.

No greater proof or evidence of the advance of the reservation Indians is required

than to contrast their appearance and condition with that of the Wisconsin Winnebagoes, as they have from time to time been delivered on the reservation.

The present appearance of the Wisconsin Indians probably represents the condition of the whole tribe when it separated eight years ago. The improvement of the reservation Indians, since that period, causes a marked difference between the portions of the tribe, which is so apparent as to cause comment even among the Indians themselves.

The Wisconsins took no part in the late election, and at present indicate little interest in agency affairs.

Newton Clark, of Fort Calhoun, Neb., has been appointed Superintendent of the Winnebago, Industrial School, and his wife, Ann Vinette Clark, fills the position of matron and nurse in the same institution. It was thought best that said officers and the seamstress should fill their positions during the present quarter, and assist in preparing the school, farm, and furnishing the house, preparatory to opening the school in the next quarter.

It is proposed to build a laundry, workroom, barn, etc., for the school, as soon as the necessary permission from the Department is obtained.

"An agent to take the place of the present incumbent will be required, as he has given notice of his intention to retire from the service on the 1st of Eighth month next.

"The attention of Friends is called to the treaty stipulations contained in the last treaty with this tribe, obligating the United States to have 100 acres of prairie-land broken for each band, the tribe at that time being divided into fourteen bands. This agreement has *not* been fulfilled; not more than 500 acres have been broken, leaving the United States indebted to the amount of 900 acres, at a cost of three dollars per acre.

"We were highly pleased with the general appearance of prosperity pervading the reservation, and the feeling of respect and confidence manifested by the Indians towards Howard White and his family.

"The improvements on the allotments are of a substantial character, and the expenditures appear to have been made with judgment and economy.

"The rapid increase in agricultural pursuits, and a growing desire among the people to live as white men live, leads us to believe that before long this tribe may be induced to lay aside, forever, their tribal organization, and accept the rights of citizenship, as their relations of Minnesota have done.

"This will make them amenable to, and give them the protection of, the laws of our country. It will inspire them with hope, and a desire to enjoy the peace and security that belongs to a citizen."

(Signed,) B. Rush Roberts,
Mary L. Roberts,
Of Baltimore Committee,
William C. Starr,
Of Indian Committee.

Under date of Seventh month 31st, the Superintendent informed us that the Government had determined to remove about 1,000 Wisconsin Winnebago Indians, and settle them on the reservation with the Nebraska Winnebagoes. He writes us that "on the 24th, Commissioner C. A. Hunt arrived at Sioux City, having in charge 88 of these Wisconsin Indians. Under instructions from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, I called together, on the 26th, the chiefs and head-men of the Winnebagoes in council. Special Commissioner Hunt, Agent White, and most of the adult males from Wisconsin were present, making an assemblage of nearly 200 in number. The council was held under the oak trees south of the Agent's dwelling-house

"The intentions of the Government, in regard to removing the Wisconsin Indians to the Nebraska Reservation, as expressed in letters of instructions to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, also the conclusion of the Secretary of the Interior to hereafter divide the income from the Winnebago Trust Funds between the two portions of the tribe, were explained to those assembled.

"Commissioner Hunt stated the views and intentions of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs upon the subject of removal as expressed by him a few days before in a council of Wisconsin Winnebagoes, held at Sparta, Wisconsin; and, after answering some questions from the Indians upon the subject, they were requested to continue in session, and thoroughly consider and discuss the subject-matter of receiving the Wisconsin Indians upon their reservation, and, after ariving at a conclusion, to inform us, and we would meet them in council. The whites then withdrew, and the Indians continued an animated discussion for some hours. During the afternoon, we again met together, and were informed that it was the unanimous conclusion of the council, that the Wisconsin Winnebagoes might be removed to the Nebraska Reservation, provided the United States Government purchase for their residence from the Omaha's Reservation, a strip of timber land joining the Missouri River and the Winnebago Reservation, two miles wide from north to south, and three miles long from east to west, which they were willing should be paid for out of the invested funds of the tribe. They also requested that there might be appointed a sub-agent, to have

special charge of the Wisconsin Indians, and that they should be subsisted by the Government for a few years. The council was very harmonious, and the conclusion appeared to be unanimous."

The Superintendent continues: "From the most reliable data, I conclude the Wisconsin Winnebagoes will number about 1,000; they are drunken, idle and debased, are not accustomed to cultivate the soil, have no fixed homes or income, but wander over Central Wisconsin, picking and selling wild berries, hunting muskrats, and begging from the whites for a subsistence."

He urges that an effort be made to induce Congress to provide for the salary of a sub agent, to take special charge of the Wisconsin Winnebagoes, who shall be under the control of the U. S. Indian Agent of the tribe; that appropriation be made for the support of the Wisconsin Winnebagoes, until they can be taught habits of industry. If these appropriations are secured, there will be a favorable prospect of benefiting the Indians, as well as the citizens of Wisconsin, by such removal. He expresses a fear, "should the Government force this idle and vicious horde upon the farmer Indians of Nebraska, without giving us some such provision as I have suggested, to provide and train them, as well as to permit us to continue the education and care of the reservation Indians, as we have hitherto done and propose doing, all that we have done will have been in vain, and the Winnebagoes of Nebraska will soon become the wild and riotous element that they were four years ago."

"The reservation Indians are now in a condition of prosperity, reflecting credit upon themselves and those who have had charge of them. This is the turning point of success or failure with us, in our effort to civilize them; let us now neglect no exertion to secure the means by which we can continue to improve the condition of the reservation Indians, and raise the balance of the tribe up to their standard."

The Committee have diligently sought for a woman Friend to go out and reside on the reservation, to teach the Indian women household duties, to live as the whites do, and take proper care of the sick, the aged and the children. On one occasion we thought we had been successful, and had agreed upon the terms for the services of such a person; one that we were led to believe was well qualified for the position, as she was willing and anxious to go. We were not a litt e disappointed to be informed, when the time was arranged for her to go out, that her family would not consent, and that she must abandon the prospect.

Agent Bradley writes upon this subject, when urging that such a person should be procured, that it seems useless to spend time in instructing the youth of the tribe, and then allow them to go back to their untutored mothers, whose influence tends to undo all that skilled labor can do to lift them out of their wild condition. The men are doing very well, many of them making rapid strides toward civilization; but the women, alas for them! there seems to be but little hope for the rising generation, unless something can be done to lift them from their degradation, where the children might enjoy the comforts of a real home, and where they might learn that which would tend to their comfort and well being in future. We might then have a hope for their rapid advancement towards civilization. Unless something can be done, it seems like battling against hope.

It is also proposed to make a thorough repair of the Winnebago Grist Mill, and put in a new steam engine and boiler, so as to double the capacity of the mill; removing the old engine to the woods to run an additional saw-mill which is now on hand and useless, on account of being too far from the timber. The present condition of the grist mill and increasing demand for grinding grain, makes the proposed change necessary, and it is believed there will be ample funds belonging to the tribe applicable for all the above-named building and improvements. When this is accomplished, it is thought the grist mill can grind double the amount of grain it does now, without increasing the expense for labor or fuel.

The three Winnebago day schools have been conducted satisfactorily, with an average daily attendance of sixty-nine scholars in the three during the last month. The Sabbath school has been well attended, the average attendance during the last three months being about sixty persons. The schools have been smaller and the mortality greater than usual, owing to the prevalence of measles throughout the tribe, and the latter has been increased by the Indian treatment of said disease; it has now abated, and the tribe is comparatively healthy.

The conduct of the tribe during the winter and spring has been better than was anticipated, considering the great influx of strange Indians.

Taylor Bradley, the new agent, exhibits great energy and administrative ability, and there is every indication of his making an excellent Indian agent.

Thy friend,

BARCLAY WHITE,
Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

To WM. H. MACY, New York.

The Indian Appropriation Bill is now before Congress; as passed the House of Representatives, the Northern Superintendency is continued, but the appropriations for clerk hire and contingencies are considerably reduced.

Nearly all that the Executive Committee asked for has been allowed, with modification or reduction in amounts from last year.

For our Winnebagoes the $5,000 omitted last year, and $3,400 for breaking and fencing the land, is now in the bill. What will be the fate of the bill in the Senate is yet to be determined. The Executive Committee are to meet in Washington on the 22d, to give attention to it.

Agent Bradley has, on several occasions, urged the necessity of their having a bell placed in the cupola of the Industrial Schoolhouse, as the children appear to have no idea of time, and dull or dark days they are inclined to be late in getting out to their work. We have sent them a bell weighing 246 pounds, which cost, with the necessary fixtures for hanging it, $141.08. At the same time, we sent a case containing a package donated by Friends of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, and one by those of Westbury.

We feel that there is cause for encouragement in the progress by the tribe under our care. The agent writes, in a late letter, "that everything in the agricultural department is working nicely. The wheat and oats are up and looking well, and all hands are busy preparing for, and planting corn and potatoes, and making fence. In fact, it looks more like business here now than ever before since I have been here."

On behalf of the Committee,

WM. H. MACY, *Clerk.*

NEW YORK, *Fifth mo.* 20*th*, 1874.

From The Christian Register.

SUPERFLUITIES.

How many things there are in common life
That needful seem, because they always lie
About us everywhere; we ask not why.
We were born with them, and in vain our strife;
For heavier grow the burdens we must bear,
Till childhood even has a look of care.
And, growing with our growth, the things of sense
Like to an army gather daily round;
Till scarce they've left a passage to us hence
Big as a needle's eye, so close they've bound.
Thus custom, luxury, do man's life control,
Pamper the body, starve the immortal soul;
Till we forget our high and heavenly birth,
And deem ourselves at length but sons of earth.
And what's the remedy? All at once to break
The thousand cords of this connected life,
And by one step, a hermit, end the strife?
Will selfish solitude man nobler make?
Or shall we leave our home the world to rove,
And to our social duties faithless prove?
Nay, let not rashness, haste, the burden try;
Nor pleasure-seeking mind, that loves to stray;
These are the very things we should deny.
For more than all our other evils they.
Rather be patience, suffering long the road,
On which we learn to bear life's 'customed load;
Perhaps, while through its darkling paths we tread,
A light shall beam, and prove its guiding thread.

J. V.

MODERATION.

Happy the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be conjoined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

NEEDHAM.

From The Wayside.

CONFUSION IN THE WORKSHOPS.

Yes, sad to relate, there was confusion in the clerical workshops. Tools designed to work together in harmony were, instead, grumbling and fault-finding, if not, indeed, actually set by the ears.

Bishop Blacksmith smote his forehead in despair as he looked on his diocese, and heard the angry clatter of discussion concerning the great questions of the day; while all Carpenterdom was engaged with equal violence upon the methods of individual labor.

"I contend," exclaimed the profound Rev. D. D. Auger, "that Brother Plane is superficial in his work. He makes a great flourish of shavings, but does not go beneath the surface! I have no patience with him! I believe in going to the depth of things!"

"Yes, you do bore one so!" whispered a stupid little blockhead, with a yawn.

"I acknowledge," said the Rev. Forcible Hammer, "the depth of your wisdom, and I admire your penetration; but you must confess your powers of influence are limited to a very small circle."

"Stop, stop, Brother Hammer," cried Deacon Tenpenny Nail, "I grant *you* make a great noise in the world; but *my* experience is that your performances affect only the head after all."

Little Gimlet, a preacher of very small calibre, here put in a feeble protest against the surface work so sadly prevalent. He did not think there was much heart-work accomplished by all this excitement and noise.

A couple of Old Saws put their heads together ominously, while one mumbled to the other through his broken teeth:

"I have long been dissatisfied with the state of things in this workshop. In *my day* the motto was, 'slow and sure.' I went to work on a log of wood, not expecting to convert it in a minute into a pile of lumber. Back and forth, through and through, I tore away, until every fibre yielded; but it was tough work, and very slow. Now-a days, it seems to me, you just turn a crank, hear a shriek, see a puff, and the thing is done."

"Well, now, Father Saw, we are not talking about old times," said pert, bright Brother Chisel. "We have heard all you have to say on that subject, over and over again. The question of to-day is, 'Which is the best mode of working?' or rather, 'What is it that is lacking in our most active instruments?' The Rev. Mr. Hammer has been severely criticised, but I have worked under his direction a great deal, and I must say that his style is powerful, and his arguments convincing. Every blow tells."

At this juncture, Horseshoe, a lay member of St. Anvil Church, stepped in, and entered into the contest:

"I have felt the full power of Mr. Hammer's arguments, but I acknowledge I have been more benefitted by the influence of Brother Bellows. It is *warmth* that is required to melt the heart which will not yield to force. Where should *I* have been were it not for the fire and fervor which *he* brings to the work?"

There arose a general cry for Mr. Bellows, which puffed up that functionary considerably.

Forgetting where he was, and the inflammatory nature of his audience, he cried out with enthusiasm:

"Ah, yes! Could we but have a Forge in every workshop,—could the fire of zeal but spread, what might we not accomplish! Warmth, warmth, is all that is needed!"

Professor Grindstone, who had been listening with a somewhat contemptuous expression, turned round slowly, upon this, and addressed the company. He had been engaged in sharpening the intellects of a class of young Hatchets of different grades of capacity. The dullness of some of these had exhausted his patience.

"Excuse me, gentlemen! Warmth is *not* all! If thoroughly effective work is to be done, more than mere fervor is required. I have had large experience, and have seen many sparks fly which did but light a little tinder. Acuteness, polish, culture, in its widest sense, must contribute to the qualification of every truly competent instrument. The times demand culture."

Upon this, Brother Screw, a circuit rider, turned significantly upon Brother Vice, who was totally unpolished, but a faithful and successful worker.

"*My* plan," said Brother Vice, rather roughly, "is to get a good grip, and then hold fast. I seize upon everybody that comes in my way. As I draw them in, Brother Screw just turns round and keeps them from slipping away. We work together."

"Yes!" eagerly broke in Brother Plane, who had been taken a-back by the remarks of the Right Reverend in the beginning, and now saw an opportunity to say a word for himself: "Yes! We believe in co-operation. When I see a subject in the grip of Brother Vice, I know that it is *my* time to work. You must confess that in smoothing away difficulties, none of you excel me."

Friend Rule and Friend Compass, who had kept their places on the bench in silence hitherto, now expressed a concern that none in undue zeal should go beyond proper bounds. As far as their memory served them, there was no instance on record of work prospering that was not in the line of duty. It must be clearly marked out.

"I am sure," soliloquised Brother Hammer, "I have fastened a nail in a sure place many a time without any such restrictions."

He seemed to forget for the moment the hand of the Master Builder that had controlled him.

Just at this juncture the "Carpenter's Son" entered His workshop. The talk among the tools ceased. No work had been going on during the discussion. But now, strange to say, the presence of their Master brought vigorous and harmonious activity.

It was a model of a temple upon which He was engaged; and as it grew under His hand, each in turn, without remonstrance, took his part in the work assigned him. Saw and Hammer, Plane and Chisel, Vice and Grindstone, dropped all distinctions, and yielded each to the other as his turn of service came. And thus, in time, under the skilful guiding and forming Hand, the temple grew in beauty and strength *unto perfection*. A. S.

This world is a serious world, and human life and business are also serious matters—not to be trifled with, nor cheated by sham and hypocrisies, but to be dealt with in all truth, soberness, and sincerity. No one can thus deal with it who is not himself possessed of these qualities, and the result of a life is the test of what virtue there is in it. False men leave no mark. It is truth alone which does the masonry of the world—which founds empires, and builds cities, and establishes laws, commerce, and civilization.

ADD to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. (2 Peter i, 5–8.)

CIRCULAR MEETINGS WITHIN SALEM, N. J., Quarterly Meeting have been appointed as follows:

6th mo. 21, Mullica Hill, 3 P. M.
7th " 12, Pennsneck, 3 P. M.
" " 19, Woodstown, 10½ A. M.
" " 26, Salem, 10 A. M.
" " 26, Alloway's Creek, 3 P. M.
8th " 2, Greenwich, 3 P. M.
" " 9, Port Elizabeth, 3 P. M.
" " 16, Cape May, 3 P. M.
" " 23, Pittsgrove, 3½ P. M.
" " 30, Bridgeport, 3 P. M.
9th " 6, Pennsneck, 3 P. M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS WITHIN SCIPIO QUARTERLY MEETING, NEW YORK.

6th mo. 28, Skeneateles, 11 A. M.
9th " 6, Constantia, 11 A. M.

VALLEY CIRCULAR MEETING will occur to-morrow 21st inst. Friends will take cars from Thirteenth and Callowhill Streets at 8 o'clock A. M., for Port Kennedy, where they will be met. Get round-trip tickets. The First-day School is held at the close of morning meeting.

BUCKS COUNTY FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The Special meeting of this Union will be held on Seventh-day, 20th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., at Makefield Meeting-house. The company of Friends from other places will be welcome; they will be met at the W. C. Station, on Belvidere Railroad on arrival of train leaving Kensington Depot, Philadelphia, at 6.55 A. M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

Members of the Executive Committee propose being at Fallsington meeting Sixth month 28th. At Byberry, Seventh month 5, when their school adjourns until fall. Cars leaving Thirty-first and Market Streets, West Philadelphia, at 8½ o'clock A. M., will stop at Cornwall Station.

A Conference has been appointed to meet at Londongrove the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, by the Committee on Education belonging to the Western Quarter. Those interested in the guarded education of our children are earnestly invited to attend.

DAVID FELL, *for the Committee.*

ITEMS.

THE steam sloop Swatara, commissioned by the Navy Department to convey the scientists appointed to observe the transit of Venus, has started from Brooklyn, N. Y., on her voyage. She first stops at Rio Janerio, then goes to Cape Town, thence to Crozet Island, where the first party of observers will be landed. Other parties will be landed at different points. The transit will take place on the 8th of Twelfth month. Twenty-six scientists and two hundred officers and crew make up the ship's human cargo. The voyage will last about eighteen months.

GOVERNOR KELLOGG, of Lousiana, sent a message last week to the Secretary of War, stating that the suffering from the floods remains unabated in the Atchafalaya, Lafourche and Ouachita valleys, although it has somewhat abated along the Mississippi. The Relief Committee issues 40,000 rations daily, and in some districts is compelled to restrict relief to women and children, even where the able-bodied cannot obtain work. He says that if the General Government would issue 20,000 more daily rations than at first appropriated, much suffering would be averted.

THE steamer Faraday, with the new Atlantic telegraph cable, arrived on the 8th inst. She will probably remain at Portsmouth, N. H., until the Ambassador arrives, after which she will proceed to lay the cable remaining on board between Halifax and Newfoundland, and will then return to England to load with the cable to be laid between Ireland and Halifax. The deep-sea cable is very strong and light, weighing only three tons to the mile, while the shore endings are immensely large and heavy, being two and a-half inches in diameter, and weighing eighteen tons to the mile. There are also two other intermediate sizes.

THE address of Vice-President Russell, of Cornell University, shows that the public schools of America cannot be expected to do their work efficiently while teachers receive less pay than day laborers.

AN exchange paper states, that nearly all tropical fruit can be successfully cultivated in Florida.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S son is editing the very valuable correspondence and other papers left by his father.

DAMAGE TO THE CROPS BY HAIL, IN FREDERICK CO. —BALTIMORE, June 10th.—A dispatch received from Frederick says: One of the most extraordinary and destructive hail storms ever experienced in this section of the country, passed over the northeastern portion of this county about 7 o'clock on Monday evening. Much damage was done to buildings, and hundreds of acres of splendid growing crops of wheat, corn and hay were utterly destroyed.

THE area of the storm was about one and a half miles in width, and extended a distance of about fifteen miles. Hail as large as hen eggs lay in some places to a depth of one and a half feet, and was still found in large quantities this morning. The temperature was depressed to 35 degrees, and what is most remarkable there was scarcely the least wind experienced in the belt. The cloud formed about the crest of the Catoctin mountains, six miles northwest of Frederick, and passed north of this city, with vivid flashes of lightning and slight mutterings of thunder. When it had merged to the eastward its volume became greatly swollen, and assumed a gray, yellowish hue, and suddenly a mass of vapor arose resembling the smoke of a huge furnace, presenting an atmospheric phenomena of great novelty, and the whole assuming an aspect of rare grandeur.

THE storm of last 3d day night was very severe in Newark, N J., and for some distance around. Trees and fences were blown down, and the South Baptist church was struck by lightning. The storm passed over Elizabeth, and the depot at Roselle was struck by lightning, causing considerable damage to the building, and knocking the wife of the station agent senseless. She was restored to consciousness with difficulty.

The storm was very heavy at Morristown, N.J. Hail stones nearly two inches in circumference fell, and it is feared that the peaches have been ruined.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, ETC., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

(Continued from page 259.)

My aunt, though under some restraint, used to tell me she would make me suffer yet; saying, no one had any business with what she did to me.

One market day, she followed me as I went behind the counter, and kept me there for some hours; though I desired her to let me go, yet she would not; nor did I choose to put her away, she saying she would hear my language to day. I was, indeed, under some exercise, and desirous to do my duty in the sight of the Divine Being, though I was apprehensive I must suffer for it. When any came into the shop, she told them I was the new-made Quaker, and filled those who were strangers to her with admiration of us both; and, I may say, I blushed as much for her as for myself. Each time she thus exposed me, she held me by the left arm, which was next to her; and when I used the plain language, she pinched me very bad, and so often renewed her pinches, that it was very hard for me to bear them, yet I saw no way to help it, without using her as I never had done, and bringing guilt upon myself. I therefore endeavored to hold out a little longer, and have since wondered how I bore it without the least complaint. She had, indeed, inured me to suffer; and, from my behaviour at the first, would often say the Quakers had taught me; and if she smote me on one cheek, I must turn the other. She tried me so, that I many times desired her to forbear. I had no hopes that she would regard my petition; but as my arm and hand were visibly swelled, I wished them to plead for me; and, by often looking at them, brought them under her notice, when she tauntingly said, I doubt I have hurt thy arm; and in a little time went off. When she was gone, I tried to unbutton my sleeve, but, my arm being so prodigiously swelled, I could not.

Dr. Gravesnor's daughter, knowing my aunt had been with me a long time, and seeing her go out, stepped in, and helped me to unbutton my sleeve; and, seeing the condition I was in, went for her father. When my wristband was loose, my hand swelled to such a degree that, before the doctor came, I could scarcely shut my fingers. When he saw my arm, he said it was a very bad bruise. It seemed, for the compass of the palm of my hand, to be like a jelly, and exceedingly black toward the shoulder. The doctor seemed surprised, and said he was afraid it would mortify, then went home, and quickly returned with a medicine. He was one who always had shown me great respect, and his daughters were my scholars till my aunt thought proper to break up my school. I believe it was both from his respect and fear for me, that he took the freedom (after he had dressed my arm) to scold and blame me for my foolish, childish suffer-

ance; saying, my case was dangerous, and I might lose my arm, if not my life, yet continued, saying he would do all in his power to prevent it. I told him I was satisfied with his kindness and judgment, and surely was more willing, at that time, to give up my life than my arm. Yet did I struggle in the secret of my mind to submit to the will of God. And the doctor, seeing my tears fall, said, nay, indeed, you have enough to bear without being chid. And so I found; for, besides my inward exercise, his application was very sharp; he often signifying he was afraid of the bone, and saying it was such a piece of cruelty as sure no person in their senses could be guilty of.

He staid with me a good while, repeating the dressings often, which still renewed my pain. My fingers were swelled, stiff and useless, for I could neither close nor stir them. The doctor asked me who I had to be with me since I left my uncle's, and said that now I could not do without assistance, and charged his daughter not to leave me till I had got somebody. When he left me, he directly sent for my uncle, and told him how unchristian-like my aunt had used me, saying, that she was more fit to be bound than go loose, and that he ought not to suffer her to come to me. My uncle promised she should not; yet, this did not move his pity, so as to induce him to come and see me, which was what I greatly desired. It was a month after this before I could turn my arm behind me to dress myself.

My sister was sent to school at Manchester before this, for fear, as I have thought, of her catching the infection of a Quaker. Nor did I much repine at the loss of her company, for I had found out that she had carried very treacherously betwixt us. I had but few in this illness that came to see me; yet I heard that many were displeased at my aunt. Among those few that came, my present aunt, S. Whitehead, was one, and her visit was very acceptable, though I had then no acquaintance with her. She spoke to my encouragement, and invited me, when I was better, to come and see her, which I could willingly have done, but thought proper to delay some time, for fear my aunt should know it, who spared no one that she heard did, but in a friendly way, speak to me.

S. Taylor, at this time, lived with John Winter, at Stafford, and, long before this (seeing my uncle's and aunt's groundless dislike to that family), I had desired they would not visit me often. They saw my motive, excused the freedom I took with them, and, when I went to them, behaved to me in a loving and free manner. Here I ought not, and hope I never shall, forget the best of visitors—the invisible Comforter, who, in a good degree, made my afflictions easy and consolated my spirit, under a belief that I still was persevering in the way of my duty. From the encouragement that I thus met within myself was I excited, as soon as proper, to endeavor to go to meeting again. And when I was so recovered that I could dress myself, I thought, from the weak state I was in, it would be better for me to board in a family, that I might be in the way of getting such provision as my constitution required, which never was very strong, and was now much impaired by excess of trouble and the different course of living which I had of late been in.

As there was a door that went out of the chamber of my apartment into the other part of the house, I thought it convenient that I should board with Thomas Turnock, who lived there, and was well satisfied therein.

I had now some hopes, from my aunt's absence during the last month, that she would no more interrupt me in my going to meeting, but soon found them frustrated, whether by accident or information, I know not, for one day, when I came to the corner near my uncle's house, I saw her coming towards me. The thoughts of the doctor and my arm quickly occurred, and I concluded, should I suffer it to be hurt again, the consequences would be very bad. As I was at liberty, it seemed right to keep so and make the best of my way. Yet so fettered did I find myself, that, before I had gone many yards, I faltered in my purpose, and my aunt got up with me, before I was half-way to the meeting.

I now saw my mistake, and that it would have have been better if my aunt had overtaken me sooner, for the place looked dangerous, and the want of room to shake and push me about in, gave me many apprehensions that she would throw me headlong down the precipice. It was about the time that Friends were going into meeting, and this vexed her the more; for I have reason to believe she could not endure the sight of a Friend, on my account. She did not spare to tell me of hurting my arm, nor to shake me by it; but, as it had some folds of flannel around it, it was preserved. My endeavoring to outwalk her was not suddenly forgot; she, many times after, making mention of it, and would signify that God was above the wicked spirit still. Thus, with many admonitions and exhortations, as she called them, she kept me till such time as she might expect the meeting would break up, and then left me.

As I was at liberty, I went towards the meeting, and, as it was not over, stepped within, that my aunt might know that my intention was resolute. This seemed to be as

a renewal of our acquaintance, for she soon returned her visits as usual, though not at the former unseasonable hours. I have many times seriously reflected how it was with me in these straits, and may acknowledge my composure of soul was owing to a Divine power, which stayed my mind, and kept down those passions of nature which otherwise might have exceeded their bounds. But oh! the calmness and tranquility that did, in these times of trial, possess my heart, whilst innocency prevailed over shame! and I found, by submission to these lessons of mortification, that I grew in patience and resignation in the desire after the Lord's favor and the manifestation of His will, who had wrought my heart into so good a degree of submission, that I was willing to undergo, or be termed anything, rather than lose the enjoyment of that in which I had now got a small possession.

It was about this time that I knew an ecstasy of joy, at the freely giving up my name to that which I once thought the most despicable. There came a London haberdasher to my shop, with whom I dealt in my way of business. He approached me in his accustomed manner, and I not answering his compliment as usual, he looked full at me, and said, Are you a Quaker? My soul was struck with this home question. I solemnly answered, Yes; and immediately a spring of joy seized my heart, accompanied with this desire, viz., Not only a Quaker, Lord, but grant me to be an Israelite indeed.

(To be continued.)

WM. M. LEVICK.

"Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years;" but "wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age." This language presents as applicable, on taking the pen to offer a testimonial of affection, and to express the loss that has been sustained by the death of this dear friend, who has been called from earth in the noontime of life, while actively engaged in various spheres of civil and religious usefulness. Clearness and strength of judgment, and Christian independence in its expression and general exercise, irrespective of any counter current, were some of his most marked characteristics.

His upright standing among men of business has been freely acknowledged through the public press. From one of these testimonials, all of which substantially speak the same language, we extract the following:

"Wm. M. Levick has for many years been well known as an attorney-at-law and counsellor, with especial reference to matters connected with real estate and trusts, and as such was greatly esteemed for the soundness of his judgment, his strict integrity of character, and the faithful performance of the duties devolving upon him. Declining offers made him to enter political life, he was an active member of many of our benevolent associations, and took a deep interest in all that concerned the best interests of his native city. For many years he was one of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools, the honored president of the board finding in him, as he often said, one of his most trusty and helpful coadjutors. . . . . His daily walk illustrated the pure and undefiled religion of which the apostle speaks—the care of the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and a life unspotted from the world."

The labors of our friend, as above alluded to, in the educational interests of the masses of the people, have lately been largely directed to securing, to the children of his own beloved Society similar advantages, and he will be greatly missed as an effective worker in the Committee on Education belonging to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. In the preparation of the annual report of this committee, he earnestly recommended the addition of the following paragraphs:

"As a Society, let us be liberal in the support of our schools, and extend such care that from them shall go forth men and women well educated, and so well fortified with right principles, that the allurements of wealth or false standards of honor shall not tempt them from the path of duty.

"In conclusion, we would add, that if, in the judgment of the Yearly Meeting, it is thought advisable to intrust this subject again to a committee, that the appointment of it be entered into weightily and accepted with a consciousness of its importance, coupled with a prayerful desire to aid in the work of a guarded education."

Applied to, as our friend often was in his position of "counsellor," by persons suffering under pecuniary embarrassments, his benevolent feelings promptly responded, giving not only advice and sympathy, but also more substantial aid.

These services of love were so unostentatiously rendered, that they have been mostly all unknown, except to the recipients, until, since his death, numerous acknowledgments of indebtedness have revealed his secret acts of kindness.

Although closely bound to the Society of Friends by educational and family ties, and subsequently by a conviction of the correctness of its principles, of which he was, at times, a public advocate, he was no sectarian. He would often say, his enlarged intercourse with his fellows had increased his

faith in human nature, and there can be no doubt that his genial sociability, combined with a clear perception of right, gave forth an influence which contributed largely to the development, in others, of those finer feelings, which are at once the joy, and, measureably, the preservation of their possessors.

Some of us have long felt that his growth in the spiritual life was rapid and steady, but we did not know *how soon* that growth was to be perfected.

His last labor, in connection with his fellow-members of the Society of Friends, was in the "Epistle Committee," appointed in our late annual gathering.

The service of this committee embraced a general epistle to the several meetings in correspondence with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. The obligation to prepare this address rested upon our dear friend, who evidently felt the weight of the service. We give the opening paragraph:

"In true Christian fellowship, and with the desire that the members of the Church of Christ may be strengthened in the performance of their religious duties, we again address you. We have received epistles from all the meetings with which we correspond, and have been refreshed thereby, and encouraged in the belief that our heavenly Father is not unmindful of those who desire to serve Him, but will give unto them that abiding faith, which will be as an anchor to the soul."

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting adopted the essay, and the epistle will, no doubt, have a double interest with those to whom it is addressed, as being the loving and teaching salutation of one so soon after removed from our Church militant. May we not consider it as his legacy of love to survivors?

Remarks made by our friend at different times in the freedom of social conversation, show that he would gladly avail himself, as opportunity offered, of a partial releasement from his former close attention to secular concerns. On one occasion, he said, "I do not intend in future to devote my time so wholly to worldly business," signifying a desire to do more to promote the cause of truth, and encourage an adherance to the simplicity of the Christian religion.

On his first attack of illness, about two weeks previous to his death, he was conscious of its severity and its probable result, and said nearly in these words, "I feel perfect resignation. If I consulted my natural feelings, I would like my life spared to my family, but I desire to have no will of my own in the matter. I have felt for some time that my work was nearly done, and it matters not as to the time of release, for I have the blessed assurance that there is a place of rest prepared for me—not through any merit of my own, but through the mercy of a gracious God."

But the separation came not then; and, after a week of intense suffering, hopes were entertained of his recovery. His mind continued staid in quiet confidence that all would be for the best, and, in response to a remark made by a friend who visited him, he said, "Yes, I feel that my Father's arms are around me; I speak it not boastingly, but with humble gratitude."

On the morning of his death, he was able to join his wife and daughters in the family sitting-room, and gave expression to several little pleasantries, which were so characteristic that they might almost be said to be a part of his life. On this occasion, the family circle was also blessed with several intervals of precious quiet, during which the acknowledgment of the invalid was, "How peaceful!" "Peace—sweet peace!"

Then came the summons, and, after a few moments of suffering, the husband, father and friend ceased to breathe.

When the links of love, which bind us to this earth, are loosened and added to those which draw us heavenward, how *much nearer* do those blessed mansions appear, into which some of our nearest and dearest have entered.

Such dispensations may be compared to going down to the bottom of Jordon, and, if we can realize the bringing up of stones of memorial from thence, it will prove a blessed experience. J.

Philadelphia, Sixth mo. 16th, 1874.

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

OUR TESTIMONIES.

In looking at this subject from a friendly point of view one cannot help feeling that if the motive which animated our ancestors is to influence their descendants, the special objects of protest must sometimes be changed. It was against the customs of a "*present* evil world" that they warred, against the particular forms which the spirit of worldliness assumed in their day. For instance, they condemned and resisted the grovelling servility which marked the period of the Restoration; but this is certainly not a special characteristic of our own times, and it is wasted labor to slay the slain. To quote the words of F. W. Robertson: "The spirit of the world is forever altering—impalpable; forever eluding, in fresh forms, your attempts to seize it. In the days of Noah the spirit of the world was *violence*. In Elijah's day it was *idolatry*. In the day of Christ it was *power*, concentrated and condensed in the government of Rome. In ours, perhaps, it is the *love of money*."

Probably most persons will endorse this suggestion of the tendency of our own age. It is true that it was an old temptation in the days of the apostles. It is true that it is the *love* of money which is the accursed thing: not the money itself, which, whether much or little, is—if rightly gained, and rightly used—altogether a good thing, an instrument for diffusing incalculable blessings; for though "gold has no lustre of its own," it may be so employed as to reflect a radiant light.

It is true that there are few ways in which a man may more worthily show forth his Christianity than by rigid uprightness in business; but is it not also true that the facility with which large fortunes have been made of late years often leads to an unhealthy craving for wealth and what it brings? and that, under the plea of providing for his children, many a man sacrifices something of his peace of mind, and dwarfs his intellectual and spiritual stature? and for what? That he may teach his children wants beyond their station, and thus add to the burdens and the cares of life! It is not the possession of wealth, but the longing, striving, sometimes sinning for it, which is the evil.

In the advices, under date 1836, we are warned that, "The desire to be rich, and to be surrounded by the luxuries of this life, has been a great snare within our borders." And surely this reminder is as much needed now as when it was first given forth!

It is refreshing in these times to meet with an instance of a father deliberately endangering the worldly prospects of his children from a regard to their higher interests. We refer to an American Friend, an Elder of Blue River Monthly Meeting, in Indiana, whose death was announced in the *Friends' Review* for Fourth month 29th, 1872,—who died in his 90th year, of an illness brought on by an accident, and the following was the simple record there given: "This dear friend removed from North Carolina to his late residence in 1815, that he might rear his children apart from the blighting influence of slavery; leaving a lucrative business and sundering tender ties of relationship and religious brotherhood."

We can easily imagine what arguments were probably used to induce him to remain in North Carolina. Had not Providence placed him there? Did not his duty to his children demand that he should not act thus recklessly? Did not his prosperity prove that a blessing rested on him there? But he listened to a higher voice, which bade him take his children from scenes of temptation, and he went forth in grand and simple faith. We are not told how it fared with him. It may be that even as respects property he was no loser. But what if it were otherwise? such men do not serve God for the sake of what they can get. They do not look to be paid for doing His will. What if his family were less abundantly supplied? What if they had to work harder, or to live in more homely fashion? Could any wealth have been worth to them such an example as this? Was it not a better heritage to leave them than thousands of gold and silver?

JANE BUDGE.

CHANNING, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

From an Oration by Charles Sumner, delivered at Harvard University, in 1846.

(Concluded from page 262.)

But there were two other causes in which his soul, more than in any other, was engaged, particularly at the close of his life, and with which his name will be inseparably associated,—I mean the efforts for the abolition of those two mighty wrongs, slavery and war.

And, first, as to slavery. To this his attention was particularly drawn by his residence, early in life, in Virginia, and at a later day, for a season, in one of the West India Islands. His soul was moved by its injustice and inhumanity. He saw in it an infraction of God's great law of right and of love, and of the Christian precept, "Whatsover ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He regarded it as contrary to the law of nature; and here the philanthropist unconsciously adopted the conclusions of the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking by the mouth of Mr. Chief-Justice Marshall, and of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, at a later day, speaking by the mouth of Mr. Chief-Justice Shaw. A solemn decision, which is now a part of the jurisprudence of this Commonwealth, has declared that "slavery is contrary to natural right, to the principles of justice, humanity and sound policy."

With these convictions, his duty as a moralist and a philanthropist did not admit of question. He saw before him a giant wrong. Almost alone he went forth to the contest. On his return from the West Indies he first declared his views from the pulpit. At a later day, he published a book entitled "Slavery," the most extensive treatise on any subject from his pen. Other publications followed, down to the close of his life, among which was a prophetic letter, addressed to Henry Clay, against the annexation of Texas, on the ground that it would entail upon the country war with Mexico, and would extend and fortify slavery. It is important to mention that this letter before its publication was read to his class mate Story, who listened to

it with admiration and assent; so that the jurist and the philanthropist here join in upholding benign truth.

In his defence of the liberty of the African race he always invoked the great considerations of justice and humanity. The argument of economy, which is deemed by some minds the only argument pertinent to the subject, never presented itself to him. The question of profit and loss was absorbed in that of right and wrong. His maxim was, "Anything but slavery; poverty sooner than slavery." But while he exhibited this institution in the blackest colors of reprobation as inhuman, unjust, unchristian, unworthy of an age of light and of a republic professing freedom, his gentle soul found no word of harshness for those whom birth, education and custom have bred in its support. He was implacable towards wrong, but used soft words towards wrong-doers. He looked forward to the day when they, too, encompassed by a *moral blockade*, invisible to the eye, but more potent than navies, and under the influence of increasing Christian light diffused from all the nations, shall with righteous magnanimity acknowledge the wrong, and set their captives free.

At the close of his life he urged with peculiar clearness and force the duty—it was of *duties* that he spoke—of the Northern States to free themselves from all support of slavery. To this conclusion he was driven irresistibly by the ethical principle that *what is wrong for an individual is wrong for a State.* No son of the Pilgrims would hold a fellow man in bondage. Conscience forbids it. No son of the Pilgrims can help, through his government, to hold a fellow-man in bondage. Conscience equally forbids it. We have among us to-day a brother who, reducing to practice the teachings of Channing and the suggestions of his own soul, has liberated the slaves which have fallen to him by inheritance. This act finds a response of gratitude and admiration in all our hearts. In asking the Free States to disconnect themselves from all support of slavery, Channing wished them to do, as *States*, what Palfrey has done as a *man.* At the same time he dwelt with affectionate care upon the Union. He sought to reform, not to destroy; to eradicate, not to overturn; and he cherished the Union as the mother of peace, plenteousness and joy. . . .

The same spirit of humanity and justice which animated him in defence of liberty inspired also his exertions for the abolition of the barbarous custom or institution of war. When I call war an institution, I mean the legalized, technical war, sanctioned, explained and defined by the law of nations, as a mode of determining questions of right. I mean war, the arbitrator, the umpire of right, the ordeal by battle, deliberately continued in this age of Christianity and civilization as the means of justice between nations. Slavery is an institution sustained by private municipal law. War is an institution sustained by the public law of nations. Both are relics of the early ages, and have their root in violence and wrong.

And here the principle already considered, that nations and individuals are bound by one and the same rule of right, applies with unmistakable force. Our civilization brands the trial by battle, by which justice in the early ages was determined between individuals, as *monstrous* and *impious;* and it refuses to recognize any glory in the successful combatant. Christianity turns from these scenes of strife as abhorrent to her highest injunctions. And is it right for nations to continue a usage, defined and established by a code of laws, which is monstrous and impious in individuals? The conscience answers, No. . . . . Modern war, with its innumerable rules, regulations, limitations and refinements, is *the duel of nations.*

But these nations are communities of Christian brothers. War is, therefore, a duel between brothers. In this light its impiety finds apt illustration in the past. Far away in the early period of time, where the uncertain hues of poetry blend with the serener light of history, our eyes discern the fatal contest between those two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices. No scene fills the mind with deeper aversion; we do not inquire which of them was right. The soul says, in bitterness and sorrow, *both were wrong*, and refuses to discriminate between their degrees of guilt. Hereafter a just and enlightened public opinion, regarding the feuds and wars of mankind, shall condemn both sides as wrong, shall deem all wars as fratricidal, and shall see in every battle-field a scene from which to avert the countenance as from that dismal duel beneath the walls of Grecian Thebes.

To hasten this condition of the public mind our philanthropist beneficently labored. "Follow my white plume," said the chivalrous monarch of France, as he plunged into the thickest of the vulgar fight. "Follow the right," more resplendent than plume or oriflamme, was the watchword of Channing. With a soul that kindled at the recital of every act of magnanimous virtue, of every deed of self-sacrifice in a righteous cause, his clear Christian judgment saw the mockery of what is called military glory, whether in ancient thunderbolts of war, or in the career of modern conquest. He saw that the fairest flowers cannot bloom in a soil moistened by human blood. He saw that to overcome evil by bullets and bayonets was less great and

glorious than to overcome it by good. He saw that the courage of the camp was inferior to the Christian fortitude of patience, resignation and forgiveness of evil—as the spirit which scourged and crucified the Saviour was less divine than that which murmured, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." . . . . .

His eloquence had not the character and fashion of forensic efforts or parliamentary debates. It ascended above these into an atmosphere as yet unattempted by the applauded orators of the world. Whenever he spoke or wrote, it was with the loftiest aims; not for display, not to advance himself, not for any selfish purpose, not in human strife, not in any question of pecuniary advantage, but in the service of religion and benevolence, to promote the love of God and man. In these exalted themes are untried founts of truest eloquence. Eloquence has been called action, but it is not this alone; it is *action, action, action*, in noble, godlike causes for the good of all. It cannot be displayed in purest perfection in a personal pursuit of dishonest guardians, or a selfish strife for a crown; not in the defense of a murderer, or in invectives hurled at a conspirator. I would not overstep the proper modesty of this discussion, nor would I disparage the genius of the great masters of the art, but all must join in admitting that no rhetorical skill or oratorical power can elevate these lower earthly things to the natural heights on which Channing stood when he pleaded for freedom and peace.

Such was our philanthropist. As he advanced in life his enthusiasm seemed to brighten, his soul put forth constant blossoms of hope, his mind opened to new truths. Age brings experience, but, except in a few constitutions of rare felicity, it renders the mind indifferent to what is new, particularly in moral truth. The last months of his life were passed amid the heights of Berkshire, with a people to whom may be applied what Bentivoglio said of Switzerland: "Their mountains become them, and they become their mountains." To them he volunteered, on the first of August, 1842, an address in commemoration of that great moral victory, the peaceful emancipation of eight hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies, by the British Government. These were the last public words from his lips. His final benediction, ere he was yet translated, was on the slave. His spirit, as it took flight, seemed to say, nay, it still says, *Remember the slave.*

THE husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest.—*Whittier.*

A CONSTRAINED MINISTRY.

The following, taken from the *Moravian*, is valuable, as an outside testimony, to the only ground of Gospel ministry professed by Friends:

"Jeremiah had been greatly persecuted for his faithfulness in delivering the word of God. He tells us the reason for his continuance in a work which brought him so sorrowful a reward. He gives us to understand that he had been faithful in delivering God's word, because that word had been overpoweringly precious to his own soul. He could not do otherwise than speak the truth, because that truth had been his own daily food. He met with nothing but ill treatment from those whom he addressed; they had vilified him in every way; he had been put in the most noisome dungeon; he had been denied even bread and water; everything short of actually putting him to death had been inflicted upon him by his ungrateful countrymen; but still he went on prophesying. He could not be silent. Though his prophesying brought him nothing but tears, yet he continued still to prophesy; for God's word came with such sweetness to his own soul, and filled his heart with such ravishing joy and delight, that he could not do otherwise than go and tell out among his fellow-men what had been so delightful to himself.

"I believe this to be the secret of living ministry. The ministry that is fed upon flattery, and flatters those who flatter it, is a poor, feeble counterfeit, and God will never bless it; but the ministry which, under great difficulties and fierce opposition, is still sustained because the preacher cannot help continuing it, that is what God will bless.

"It was good advice of a venerable divine to a young man who aspired to be a preacher, when he said to him, "Don't become a minister if you can help it." The man who could very easily be a tradesman or a merchant had better not be a minister. A preacher of the Gospel should always be a volunteer, and yet he should always be a pressed man, who serves his King because he is omnipotently constrained to do so. Only he is fit to preach who cannot avoid preaching, who feels that woe is upon him unless he preach the Gospel, and that the very stones will cry out against him if he should hold his peace."

I KNOW nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend. It is a happiness which postpones all other gratifications and makes politics and

commerce and churches cheap. For, when men shall meet as they ought, each a benefactor, a shower of stars clothed with thoughts, with deeds, with accomplishments, it would be the festival of nature which all things announce.—*R. W. Emerson.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 27, 1874.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AND THE DEATH PENALTY.—Two articles on these subjects have lately been given in our paper, in which the matter has been regarded in two aspects; the truth, in our apprehension, lying, if not between them, with both of them. While the one writer regards conviction on merely circumstantial evidence as unsafe, because instances have occurred in which the innocence of the accused has been proved after execution; the other lays stress upon the fact that, in most instances, circumstantial evidence is the only evidence attainable, and is often conclusive. We presume, there are few intelligent, conscientious persons who do not feel the importance of thoroughly sifting and examining evidence, both circumstantial and direct, especially when it involves the life or even the liberty of a fellow-being.

The fallibility of human testimony and of human judgment, is indeed a strong argument against inflicting the penalty of death for any offence; but, we think, its *barbarity* is a still stronger reason for its being abolished. It is a remnant of that dark barbarism of former ages, which is gradually disappearing in the light of Christian love. The problem, "what to do with those who commit terrible wrongs?" will no doubt be solved in time, when we have ceased to put them to death. When we have ceased to do evil, we may learn to do well. Many of these wretched beings are the victims of cerebral disease; others are educated in vice, and trained to unbridled passions, without any appeal to their higher nature. When the *causes* that produce crime are more earnestly examined, and when it becomes a part of the teaching to our children, that their more favored lot in life is a "talent" to be used for the benefit of the less favored, we may hope for a more practical carrying out of the gospel of love. There are cheering indications, from time to time, that the duty we owe to our fellow-beings is coming to be regarded as more important than speculative opinions.

Religion is, in its nature, a purifier of the heart, and a regulator of the conduct, and, even where the *form* of belief is erroneous, the lovely "fruits of the Spirit" are manifest in individuals. Yet not the less is intellectual error to be decried, even though it be handed down to us in company with things the most sacred. There are theological beliefs which originated in a barbarous age, and which retain their hold on the mind only because associated with subjects the most dear to the human heart. The laws and institutions of a country are based on the religious ideas prevailing at the time in which they are established; and have not the imagery, the doctrines, and the associations of the popular theology, so familiarized the mind with the "shedding of blood," as to produce apathy, and even approval, when it is done judicially?

We would say to both our friends, who have written on the subject of circumstantial evidence as connected with the death penalty, that we think nothing would be gained to our readers by continuing the discussion.

MARRIED.

THORNE—MERRITT.—On the 6th of Sixth month, in the city of New York, with the approbation of New York Monthly Meeting, Jonathan Thorne to Eliza F. Merritt, daughter of the late George S. Fox.

LOSEY—HAINES.—At Poughkeepsie, New York, on Fifth-day, the 18th of Sixth month, by Friends' ceremony, Henry E. Losey to Hannah B., daughter of the late Franklin Haines.

DIED.

CARPENTER.—On the 26th of Fourth month, 1874, Hannah Carpenter, in the 74th year of her age; a member of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, where she was a diligent attender, as long as her health permitted.

THOMSON.—On the 17th of Fifth month, 1874, John Thomson, Jr., son of John and Caroline Thomson, in the 21st year of his age; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting—he was kind and gentle, and endeared himself to all who knew him. The language of the wise man is truly appropriate in the case of this beloved youth. "Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."

HUNT.—In New York, on the 30th of Fourth month, 1874, Kate M., wife of Charles L Hunt, in the 32d year of her age; a member of Chappaqua

Monthly Meeting. She was interred at the latter place.

QUINBY.—At Chappaqua, 6th of Second month, 1874, Elizabeth Quinby, aged 72; a minister of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, where she will be greatly missed. She was a diligent attender of meeting, and helpful in transacting the business of the Society.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN FRANCE.

No. 4.

Two weeks' sojourn in the Republic of France seems very long, not because the time has passed so wearily, but because every moment has been so full of interest and variety, and we see more every day than we can find time to record.

On the 13th of Fifth month we took a regretful leave of London, feeling that we had very superficially explored the mighty labrynth, and took the Newhaven and Dieppe route to France. The smoky atmosphere of London had almost deluded us into the impression that the sun had ceased to shine any more upon the earth, and it was a delightful awakening to emerge once more into the gracious brightness, and to see above us again the blue vault of heaven. England certainly has a character of its own, and as we fly past villages, towns and cultivated fields, the same idea is continually repeated—industry, order, calmness and assured strength.

The cottage homes of England are picturesque and neat, though very lowly and very small, and one fails to see how they can be very comfortable. We miss the pleasant farm-house homes in which our own country is so rich. An afternoon ride at this delightful season through the country adjoining Philadelphia gives a much more pleasant idea of a people happy in the enjoyment of the earth and the fulness thereof. Arrived at Newhaven, we ask if the steamer is ready to receive us, and, hearing a favorable answer, we walk round the piazza of the hotel to inspect the bark which is to bear us over the terrible channel. There she lies, and behold! the "John Smith," of Smith's Island, is almost as imposing. We go on board, and descend a very narrow and steep winding stair to inspect the cabin in which we are to find refuge during the night of our voyage. We find it a little, close, dark room, with two tiers of cushioned benches. We sadly inquire where we are to expect ventilation, and are assured that when the steamer starts sufficient draft will be created by her energetic movements. Near midnight, the tide being favorable, we weigh anchor, the little engine begins to throb, and we resign ourselves to whatever may come next. We lie down wearily on the couches, and in a few minutes are fast asleep. I say to myself, "It will be terribly rough by and by, and I will rest while I may." But hour after hour passes tranquilly by, and we anchor safely in the harbor at Dieppe at dawn, having had as quiet a night as if we had been floating down the Delaware. No one has had even a suspicion of sea sickness.

Ascending to the deck, we get our first view of the land of France. There lay the town of Dieppe, nestled in a valley between the lofty chalk hills on either side, gray and ancient. We disembark, and find ourselves among a hurrying crowd of hackmen and officials, all speaking rapidly and confusedly. As our purpose is to move right onward, we pause not to visit the bathing establishment, with its 200 tents, nor the historic castle, built 400 years ago, as a defence against the English. The old city, with its strange looking inhabitants—"Toilers of the Sea" they seemed, indeed—reminded me of a page out of Victor Hugo.

We are soon in the train, and moving out again into the fresh green country. Calmly we gaze outward over the pleasant fields, when suddenly we plunge into a mile-long tunnel, and have an interval of stifling, sulphurous, roaring darkness. At length we emerge, and find that our course lies along a picturesque river valley (that of the Scie). We cross and re cross the little stream many times, and see on each side a lovely, cheerful land of hill and dale. This is, then, Normandy, whence came the conquering race who had power to enslave our Saxon ancestors. It is a goodly land—a land of pleasant homes, with orchards and gardens—and the people seem to be really enjoying their fatherland. The baronial hall and stately park are not so noticeable as in England. There are little farms, villages, and cotton and other factories, which give the traveller an idea of the varied industries of the people.

It is not a long ride from Dieppe to Rouen, and before mid-day we arrive at the capital city of ancient Normandy. We alight from the car, and pause one moment to consider what the next move shall be, when a commissionaire approaches, and, learning our purpose to make a one day's visit to Rouen, claims the privilege of escorting us over the city. This is said to be the richest city in France in mediæval architecture; but the ruthless hand of progress and modern improvement is widening its narrow and tortuous streets, and the ancient houses, with their quant wooden façades, are rapidly disappearing. We did find enough curious old relics of by-gone days, however, in some of the out-of-the-way places, to convince us that we were

indeed in the ancient regal city of the Normans. The ducal "Couronne de la Normandie" crowns the lofty tower of the old Gothic church of St. Owen; the statue of the famous Rolla still fiercely challenges the passer; the lion-heart of Richard of England is yet shown in the museum, and the illiterate conqueror's sign-manual, a rude cross, is among the treasures of Rouen.

It is a fete-day in Rouen, and the people are enjoying the holiday in many ways. There is service in the famous cathedral, and we enter in among the kneeling multitude,

> "Where the anthem rings,
> And the great choir sings,
> And lights like glories fall,"

and stand silent in their midst, while they celebrate with rites they deem appropriate the ascension of Christ. It is a richly ornamented Gothic edifice, some five hundred years old, and it looks steadfast enough to last a thousand years more, if time is the only destroyer. It were tedious to describe the fine oriel windows, the solemn height of the long aisles, and the monumental sculptures of this building, which, I think, inspired James Russel Lowell's noble poem, "The Cathedral." The poet makes no allusion to the Tour de Buerre, which soars up on the right of the entrance, beautiful and stately. Our guide pauses to tell us that its name is given because it was erected with the money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent. It had, he tells us, one of the largest bells in the world, which was melted down during the first revolution. A few fragments were sent to the Mint at Paris, where they were employed in striking medals with the inscription, "Monumente de Vanité, détruit pour l'utilité, l'an II de l'égalité."

Three orders of architecture are illustrated in the front of this edifice. The left-hand tower is Norman, with the rounded arch; the main building is Gothic, and the lofty Tour de Buerre is of the style called Renaissance.

The memory of the inspired Maid of Orleans is especially cherished in Rouen, the city of her martyrdom. The Place de la Pucelle, where she was burned at the stake by the English, is now occupied by a fountain and a bronze statue; and the Tour du Donjou, in the rue de l'Impératrice, the last remnant of a citadel erected by Philip Augustus, is shown as the place of her imprisonment. Rue Jeanne d'Arc is now the name of one of the principal streets of the city.

We note the heavy, powerful-looking horses, for which this country has long been renowned; and the men who walk beside these noble creatures seem as robust and stately as the horses whose movements they control.

We sat for two hours, in the late afternoon, in the public square of Rouen, and watched the bright eyed, cheerful people as they thronged the pleasant avenues, enjoying their holiday. All classes were mingled in the passing panorama. The workingman in his blue blouse, and the peasant woman in her white cotton cap, clean and comely, with more richly attired citizens. All are alike orderly and courteous, full of vivacity and cheerfulness. Among the thousands who thronged the streets and gardens on this day, we saw not one who was intoxicated, and we were the more impressed with this circumstance from our late sojourn in London, where intemperance is so great a scourge.

We regretted that our plan of proceeding did not give us time to visit the Museum of Antiquities at Rouen, which is said to be of great interest. Evening soon comes, and on the following morning we continue our journey to Paris. Our course now lies along the valley of the Seine, and, were it not for the tunnels which occasionally give an interval of stifling darkness, the whole distance is beautiful and charmingly varied. As we emerge from the first tunnels and cross to the other bank of the river, we get a fine view of Rouen to the right, while upon the left, on the lofty bank of the stream, is the newly constructed pilgrimage church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. As we are whirled onward, we see on one hand precipitous chalk hills, studded with residences, and on the other, rich meadows and pasturage. The steep hill sides are often covered with forest, and trees are planted wherever there is available space for their habitation. Lest they should unduly shade the ground, and arrest lowlier forms of vegetation, they are often trimmed in such a way as to present the appearance of a lofty wall of green, reaching to the clouds. Long avenues of Lombardy poplars, so little in favor with us, are also much used, and, as the trees seem vigorous and healthy, the effect is fine. We notice, also, an abundance of the locust, now in full flower and filling the air with delicious fragrance. The locust, too, seemed more healthy than with us, growing larger and branching more profusely. The laburnum, also in bloom, was abundant and luxuriant. In cultivated grounds were great masses of rhododendrons, of every hue, while the old-fashioned favorites of our gardens—the snow-balls and the lilacs—were in full force along the garden borders. I think there is more wooded country between Rouen and Paris, dense as is the population of France, than between New York and Philadelphia, and this is truly astonishing when we consider the exceeding value of the land. The golden-yellow gorse and broom, and the pink and white hawthorn blooms, make the

waysides gay wherever the laborer's spade leaves one spot of wildness for their occupancy. We noticed, also, the gay bloom of the poppy, and showy blue spikes of a flower that looked like a salvia, daisies and buttercups begemmed all the green sward, but in our rapid progress we could not distinguish species with any approach to accuracy. As we near Paris our way skirts the beautiful and extensive forest of St. Germain, an ancient royal hunting ground, still preserved in admirable order. For some reason a portion of wood was being cut off, and we had an opportunity to observe the extreme economy with which the French manage their resources for fuel. The larger parts of the wood were cut and piled in order, like our cords, and then all the twigs were gathered into bundles or faggots and tied up firmly, so that scarcely anything was left to waste but the foliage, and even that would rapidly return to soil, to enrich it. Fuel is very dear here, as this country is not favored to have a supply of mineral coal in her own hills. This must greatly increase the cost of manufacturing, and lead to the utilization of water power wherever it can be made available.

And now we enter Paris. Really, all cities look very much alike as we enter in a steadily moving railway train, except that we observe that Paris has no unsightly outskirts.

The cleansing away of the plague spots of this splendid city is ascribed to the late Emperor. It is said that no city in the world ever underwent such gigantic transformations in its appearance as Paris during the second empire. Many unwholesome places, teeming with poverty and vice, were swept away, to make room for spacious squares, noble avenues, and palaces. The momentous and calamitous events of 1870–71 have, of course, left their impress; but the republican government has been most energetic and judicious in the work of restoration, though the ravages of fierce war and of the yet fiercer Commune are yet sadly apparent. It seems strange that a people who have passed so recently through a season of intense suffering should be so cheerful and even so joyous. No doubt the monarchies of Europe look on the efforts of French statesmen to establish the just principles, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," in their country, with strong disapproval, and one feels always a fear that great dangers lie in wait for the young republic from without, as well as from restless spirits within her borders.

The choice of a home in Paris for a month's sojourn becomes an important consideration, and we are armed with a long list of desirable boarding-houses and hotels to select from. Taking a little carriage, we commence the search for a resting-place, at the same time enjoying the pleasure of an afternoon ride through some of the pleasant avenues. The smooth, marvellously clean, broad streets, paved with asphaltum, and bordered with trees of goodly proportions, made our ride agreeable; but we found hotels and boarding-houses either quite full of guests, or offering only very lofty quarters to new comers. Many American travellers are here, and more are coming every day, they tell us; and we give up the idea of a pleasant, quiet house, and seek and find accommodation at the Grand Hotel du Louvre. From this point, we find it easy to reach every locality in the city and its environs, as it is the general starting point of the omnibus lines, and quite near the river, on which little steamers are continually plying. But by far the most enjoyable means of locomotion are the light, open carriages for two, three or four persons, which we find always at hand in case of need. A ride in Paris is a continual delight, so rich is this city in tasteful ornamentation, gardens and open spaces. About forty of these places are enumerated as the most important, and they give breathing space to the vast city. The site of the cruel Bastille is now the Place de la Bastille, and is adorned with a stately column, surmounted with a figure emblematic of Liberty, holding a torch in one hand and a broken chain in the other. Under this column are buried the July champions who fell in the Revolution of 1830. The Place de la Concord is a noble area, adorned with fountains, statuary, and the great obelisk of Luxor, a monolith of rose granite brought from the ruins of Thebes. Any attempt to describe the often-described city would be a weariness to the writer and the reader. It becomes a matter of interest to inquire what there is here for our own cities to imitate. First of all, I should say, the extreme cleanliness. Most admirable, indeed, does it look to us, fresh from the dear City of Brotherly Love; and, when we are told that every atom of the sweepings of the streets is utilized, we wish that our city authorities might find some such use for the refuse of Philadelphia. The Seine flows through the city, apparently pure and clean as if bordered by the green fields of the open country; and a wall, of admirable masonry, reaching, it is said, to the very bottom, and some distance underneath, extends the whole distance through the city. The river is bordered by beautiful avenues on each side, and spanned by many elegant bridges, adorned with sculptured memorials of historic persons, and emblems of the various glories of Royalty of the Empire and of the Republic. The omnibus system seems very perfect, being

regulated by law. The thirty-one different lines all belong to one company, which is one reason, perhaps, of their admirable completeness. The number who can ride is limited by law, and when there are no vacant places the conductor exhibits a ticket announcing that his vehicle is "complet," and no more can ride, on any pretence whatever. This insures comfort to the passengers, and justice to the horses, and the supply of coaches seems to be abundant. If the omnibus does not go in the direct route to the passenger's destination, he may apply to the conductor for a "correspondence" with the line which will convey him thither. He will then receive a "bulletin," or receipt for his fare, and a "cachet," or check-ticket, and will be set down at the point where the two lines cross. Here he will proceed to the omnibus-bureau, and receives a new "cachet," which, without additional payment, entitles him to a seat in the first omnibus going in the desired direction. It is not needful to hurry, for your ticket is numbered, and your seat is assured in its proper order.

The surroundings of Paris are so interesting and beautiful, that one appreciates the "imperial," an open gallery on the top of many of the cars which make excursions from the city in various directions. In this elevated position, gentlemen, and sometimes ladies, take seats, and enjoy a fine and extended prospect. I am not sure that it is supposed to be an entirely suitable place for ladies, but some certainly do take the seats, and they look very desirable.

There are some rumors of troubled councils in the National Assembly, and where everything depends on the popular will, we naturally inquire what France is doing for the instruction of the millions of youth who will soon form the responsible body politic. It is gratifying to hear that an excellent and most efficient system of public instruction is working satisfactorily in Paris, and that its results are such as to compare favorably with the best in the world.

The great Bibliothèque Nationale offers its grand collection of 3,000,000 volumes for the use of, not only the savant, but the humblest citizen; and the facilities for the study of art and every department of science are of great excellence.

Lectures, by eminent scientists, on natural science, at the Jardin des Plantes, are gratuitous, and many scholars of European celebrity have received their education here; among others are mentioned Jussieu, Laurent, Adrien, Buffon, Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire.

But the public schools for the systematic instruction of the rising generation are the hope of any republic; and in regard to Paris it is pleasant to find such testimony as the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

"National education dates from an earlier period in France than in England. It is only since the first Reform Act that our own Government has contributed to the instruction of the people; but the French Government has done so since the first Revolution. Previous to the reign of Louis Philippe, however, the progress made in Paris does not appear to have been very great. Under Louis Philippe a great impulse was given to education, and the establishment of schools, as well as the attendance of the children, went on increasing under the Empire. But the system of instruction was restricted and imperfect. In this respect, at least, however, the lessons of the war have not been unheeded. During his too brief administration, M. Leon Say, in spite of the crushing debt pressing upon the city, and the enormous State and municipal taxation, set himself to complete the school accommodation, and he sanctioned the erection of over a hundred new schools. At the same time, new subjects of instruction were introduced—drawing and singing, needlework for girls, and in a few schools even gymnastics. In conception, the Parisian system is much superior both to the English and the American. It begins, as our own does, with the infant school, or *salle d'asile*, an institution wanting in New York. As the name implies the *salle d'asile* was, in its origin, a public nursery, provided by charitable ladies for the children of poor mothers, absent from their homes during the day. After a time, instruction came to be given, and the success of the experiment led to the adoption of the institution into the educational system of the country. For a considerable time a brisk competition was maintained between the public and private *salles d'asile*, but the public have now decidedly won in public favor. The private *salles* are in large numbers reverting to the original type, withdrawing themselves from inspection and becoming mere nurseries. The total number of children between two and six attending these schools at the end of last year was 27,709, and of those 21,331 were in the communal *salles d'asile*, all of which are free. Above the *salles d'asile* stand the elementary schools for boys and girls, the attendance in which at the end of last year amounted to 162,694, there being about three children in the public schools to two in the private. Of the pupils at the private schools all but a very small proportion pay fees. It should be added, that in the returns relating to girls no distinction is made between those receiving primary and secondary instruction in pensionnats. According to the census of

1872, the entire number of children of school age in Paris amounted to 269,649; the entire number at school, according to the above figures, at the end of last year, was 190,403. Even including the girls receiving secondary instruction, very nearly one third of all the children in Paris, it will thus be seen, are absent from the schools. That is to say, the proportion of absentees is very nearly as great as in London. But the municipality of Paris does not stop short with mere elementary education. In each of the four quarters of Paris it has founded a college, or kind of high school, consisting of a lower and an upper division. The lower takes up the education of the pupil where the elementary school leaves off, and the upper fits him for a commercial, a professional or a university career, as the case may be. In addition to these new colleges, there are two older colleges, of a somewhat higher kind—the College Chaptat and the Ecole Turgot, the latter being the type on which the new colleges are framed. The students at all these institutions belong, for the most part, to the bourgeoisie, or to the higher class of artisans; but provision is also made for a certain number of the children of the very poorest, by means of exhibitions founded by the city and competed for by pupils of the elementary schools." S. R.

DANIEL PERRY.

The age attained by the subject of this article, his exemplary life and conversation, which have been testified to by others not in immediate religious fellowship with him, deserve more than a passing notice.

He attended the Yearly Meeting held in New York, in 1873, when he was ninety one years of age, and had been in that practice, with scarcely an exception, for over fifty years.

The rough roads, and distance from meetings—those of Greenfield and Neversink being respectively eight and sixteen miles from his location—obliged him, for some years, during the latter part of his life, to hold a meeting for worship on First-days at his residence, which was regularly maintained.

Although held in silence, save when visited, at long intervals, by Friends travelling in the ministry, a convincement and membership with our religious Society resulted in the case of one of the attendants.

For eight years, on the occasion of our Yearly Meeting, he was the welcome guest in the family of the undersigned, attaching himself with affection to all, particularly to the children, by his innocent, loving manner.

Often, upon being asked how he had rested during the night, his almost invariable reply would be, "I have slept like a babe;" and further, "I have not a pain or an ache about me." A condition, no doubt, largely induced by the exercise of his principles of temperance and moderation.

His release from time was permitted to be in consonance with his life, gentle, and without apparent suffering.

He had a slight attack of paralysis a week before his decease. After breakfast, on the morning of his death, having walked a few times about the room, he took a seat, and in a few moments his head was noticed to fall on one side, and—life had ceased.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." Isa. xxvi, 3. S. B. H

New York, 6th mo. 12th, 1874.

The following notice is from the Sullivan county New York *Republican*:

"Deceased, near Glen Wild, April 2d, Daniel Perry, aged 91 years and 11 months.

"Daniel Perry, who died last week at his residence in Glen Wild, was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, man in the county.

"His funeral obsequies were attended at that place on Sunday by a large concourse of people, who long since learned to respect the veteran on life's pilgrimage for his many excellent qualities. His age was ninety one years and eleven months on the day of his death.

"He had been a resident of Sullivan county about sixty-nine years.

"He came from Danbury, Fairfield Co., Conn., sixty-nine years ago, and purchased a home in the wilderness, upon which he has since resided. He was truly a man of peace. No quarrelings or bickerings ever disturbed his domestic tranquility, or marred his intercourse with his neighbors.

"A consistent Quaker, he sought for consolation and instruction from the Bible, esteeming it the first of all books, as a light to his feet, and a lamp to his path.

"He sought for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and, with a trust in God, looked forward with hope to that rest which belongs to His people.

"A man of sterling integrity, his word was truth; and he won the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

"A friend of education, he gave an effective and steady support to the common schools. By his exertions, aided by a few active, earnest friends of education, a school-house was built, which, at that time, was thought to be one of the best in Sullivan county.

"Educated and effective teachers were employed, and the Glen Wild District took at once a front stand among the schools of Sullivan. J. F. Stoddard, Geo. H. Smith, Geo. B. Childs, and many others widely known as

teachers or successful business men, attended this school.

"The deceased was particularly anxious that his children should receive a thorough education. What the common school failed to supply, he sought in the State Normal School, and in various institutions of learning. At much self-sacrifice, he gave them opportunities such as but few of the children of Sullivan enjoyed at that time.

"His sons, D. G. Perry and G. F. Perry, both graduated in one of the best medical colleges of the country. The former, after a short but successful practice in Ulster county, removed to California, where he has filled various important and honorable positions.

"Dr. G. F. Perry, now residing at Glen Wild, is widely known as an educated and successful practitioner. The youngest son, T. R. Perry, is a farmer in Iowa, and has filled important positions in the Legislature of that State." C.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

As there are a number of Friends in different parts of the country who have signed applications for tavern licenses, and believing that this is inconsistent with the principles which we as a Society profess, and that in most cases it is done without due consideration, you will oblige me by publishing the within, in hopes that if it meets the notice of any that have so signed, it may be the means of awakening them to a sense of the responsibility of so doing.

Warminster, 6th mo. 7th, 1874.

LICENSED—TO DO WHAT?

Licensed—to make the strong man weak;
Licensed—to lay the wise man low;
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,
And cause the children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do thy neighbor harm;
Licensed—to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—thy neighbor's purse to drain,
And rob him of his very last;
Licensed—to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crowns thy work at last.

Licensed—like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
To mock his struggles, suck him dry,
Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed—to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below.

Selected.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay;
We would pause, when now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling,
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew, when friends around us
Closely pressed to say, Good-bye,
Which among the lips that kiss us,
First should 'neath the daisy lie;
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened
By some thoughtless words of ours,
Which had ever lain among them
Like the frost among the flowers;
Oh! with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
Would we cry—*forgive, forget.*

If we knew—alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbors' gardens grow?
God forgive us, lest hereafter,
Our hearts break to hear Him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away."

From The Christian Register.

FROM ENGLAND.

The uppermost man in this country, just now, is the agricultural laborer. Of him Joseph Arch is the well-known representative, and rather more than the representative. Charles Sumner was an American statesman, but one is not ready to accord to the common run of statesmen in the republic the honors commanded by him. So Joseph Arch is the nobleman of his class, and Americans who have only seen and heard him have little idea of that slow, heavy, disjointed, deformed, stupid, long-suffering, and much-abused human beast of burden, who in England is known as the agricultural laborer, and who is now exciting such a large degree of public interest.

The English agricultural laborer must not be confounded with the American farmer. His case is more like that of the American slave of other days. He is not a man who owns land or house, or furniture, or utensils of industry, or has scarcely anything that he may call his own. He is not a man who looks forward to the time when he shall possess houses, and lands, and an independent career. He has no such hopes,—at least, he has not had, unless the last two years have stirred them within him. One can see this hopelessness in his bodily movements, in the expression of his face, in all that appertains to him. He moves as if he had all eternity

before him in which to plant the field wherein to-day he works. His face is a stagnant pool. Centuries of wonted servitude have rendered him the most heavy and inert and unenterprising of mortals.

He lives upon the farm, owned by some wealthy farmer, in what would have been called in Maryland or Virginia a slave hut, but what is dignified here by the name of a cottage. This abode, however, does not compare, in either size, healthiness or comfort, with the abodes of the blacks which one sees in the Middle States. This cottage is often ivy covered, often embowered in roses, often very fair to the eye upon the outside, but within is full of all manner of discomfort and unfitness. Here is a picture of it. It is twenty-one feet long by nine feet wide. The walls are not quite six feet high. The roof is thatched with straw. The floor is of flat stones, embedded in the soil. From the stone floor to the extreme inner point of the thatched roof is ten feet. A single partition divides this interior into two rooms, each nearly nine feet square. The stones, in wet weather, yield to the pressure of the foot, and the mud oozes up between them. The straw ceiling often has places which in a smart rain relieve any demand for the shower-bath, and is throughout gracefully festooned with cobwebs. For this home our agricultural laborer pays as rent the labor of nearly three months, at the least, of ten weeks. If he wishes to keep a pig and some fowls on his master's land, he is obliged to pay the labor of two weeks more. If he has enterprise enough to put down an eighth of an acre to potatoes for his own use, he pays the additional labor of three weeks. So that for nearly a third of the time he works for the privilege of his hut, his pig, his hens and his potatoes. Some of the huts are larger, have three rooms, and are put at a yet more exorbitant rent. Often they are crowded with half-clothed and half-famished beings. Look in here. It is the home of a laborer with a wife and eight children. The floor is not stone, but real mother earth. Once in a while only does it become rather soft and yielding. After the rent is paid, there remains to this laborer, for the support of himself, his wife and the eight children, only seven shillings, or one dollar and eighty-seven cents per week. For six months not one of this family has tasted animal food, except when the Christian charity of the master and landlord kindly sent a bit of mutton for the Christmas dinner. Rarely had they been able to afford bread. Baker's bread costs fourteen cents the loaf, and at that rate the entire weekly income would not purchase enough for the subsistence of the family. They use a coarse kind of meal made into porridge, and potatoes, with a gratuity of beer from the landlord farmer.

. . . . . .

The agricultural laborer in character is almost colorless. He is neither positively good, bad, nor indifferent. He has no fiery passions. He needs no great amount of self-control. He is like a trusty dog. He is simple, honest, undesigning, unambitious, artless and even-tempered. He greets you with a certain deferential salutation upon the high road. He answers your questions kindly with the best he knows. He has not the remotest idea of making a profit out of, or taking an advantage of, you. He is not given to complaining. He is quite too contented in that condition of life where a selfish human providence has placed him. He has one quality which will serve him as a last resort. He is stubborn. His perceptions are dull, but when once the light has glimmered, and he perceives what is really his due, he is the last man likely to yield. Accustomed to living within the lines of extremest poverty and upon the borders of actual starvation, he can lose little by any amount of resistance to the will of his employer. The nation will not quite let him die of starvation; and now that he is combining with his fellow-laborers against the farmer landlords his will will be as unyielding as his physical frame is stiff and inelastic.

Until quite recently this much talked of and obstinate man was beneath the need of education. What should a peasant have to do with books or schools? There are plenty of people who still think that education will be only the spoiling of this sort of folks; that they will not keep their place, and show proper respect "to them as is their betters," if this school business is pushed much further. But upon the whole the children of the agricultural laborer are provided with about as good facilities for learning as any children of the poorer class in England; which is not saying a great deal, and does not indicate a tendency to disease of the brain by any means.

The attitude of the church, of organized Christianity, toward the agricultural laborer of England has been very much that of the priest and Levite toward the man by the wayside on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho. The clergy profess to have no knowledge of such secular matters. The relation between capital and labor came not within the holy gospel. "To regulate wages is not the proper business of the Church of Christ," said the mitred man of Oxford. When did organized Christianity ever move as one body for the down trodden and oppressed? . . . . But the prophet is never wanting. There were men who spoke for the slave from American pulpits, and were true to the cause of

the oppressed upon the political platform. So over here there are English clergymen who stand up manfully for this agricultural laborer, and who are doing what they can to deliver him out of his degradation and distresses. Chief among these stands Canon Girdlestone. It was he who first acted boldly, and still continues to act, upon his perception that the condition of the agricultural laborer here is a disgrace to a civilized and nominally Christian country. As long ago as 1866 he began the agitation which has now culminated in a national crisis. During the prevalence of the cattle plague in that year, he preached from the text: "Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle," and in the course of his sermon asked the people whether they did not think that God "had sent the plague as a judgment upon farmers for the manner in which they treated their human laborers, to whom they gave less consideration than to their cattle." This was a terrible thunder bolt from the pulpit. No end of excitement arose, no end of personal abuse; and the storm grew so loud that at length the *Times*, and the great newspapers of the kingdom, were full of the noise of discussion over the man who is uppermost to day. Now there are several clergymen who stand shoulder to shoulder with Canon Girdlestone, and among them our own Bishop of Manchester.

The issue of the present crisis is not difficult to foresee. A great number of these laborers will leave the country. That will happen in England which has already happened in Scotland. The number of farm laborers will be cut down to a comparatively small number. The exodus of men will be followed by an even larger introduction of farm machinery. The families who go either to America or to New Zealand will go to unspeakable advantages. And England will produce as much, or more, after they are gone, as ever before. A great wrong will vanish from its present form. A great influx of industrious people will go forth to other lands and a newness of life. The present alarm and heat upon both sides will naturally subside, and the world will still move on, let us hope, a little better than before.

"I DO not approve of too close a notice of the variations in one's state of mind. We ought rather to think little of ourselves, and steadily to dwell on Christ, who changes not."

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

Members of the First-day School Executive Committee propose being at the following places, and invite the general attendance of Friends and others of the respective localities.

Sixth month 28th.—At Fallsington, Bucks county. Conference at the close of meeting. Those leaving depot Thirty-first and Market streets, at 8½ A. M., will be met at Tullytown.

Sixth month 28th.—At Mount Meeting (a branch of Mount Holly,) N. J., to further confer, and if way opens, to assist in organizing a First-day School.

Seventh month 5th.—Byberry, at which time their school held at the close of meeting will adjourn till fall. Friends will leave Thirty first and Market streets, at 8½ o'clock A. M., for Cornwall Station. Inquire for excursion tickets.

ITEMS.

THE steamer Africa has returned to Lisbon, after successfully submerging her section of the Brazilian cable. The line has been tested, found to work satisfactorily, and handed over to the Brazilian Cable Company. Unbroken Telegraphic communication is thus established from England, through Lisbon and Madeira, to St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands.

A TELEGRAM from Calcutta states, the prospects for the future crops are greatly improved by the copious rains now falling throughout the country. Three hundred thousand persons are now fed by the Government.

The meteorological observers give notice of the approach of a cyclone, and the inhabitants are preparing for it. The shipping in the river has been warned, and all precautions have been taken.

THERE is great distress in Eastern Canada. Letters from Saguenay mention that, since the snow disappeared, incessant rain has fallen. No grain has been sown, and farmers have been obliged to eat their seed grain. Young people are emigrating in large numbers. Cattle are dying in all directions for want of food.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR—Prof. Forster of Berlin announces the discovery of a planet of the eleventh magnitude by Perrotin, in sixteen hours half-a-minute right ascension, 22° 32′ declination South.

JOSEPH HENRY,
Secretary Smithsonian Institution.

Washington, D. C., June 18, 1874.

ONE of the members of the graduating class in the Boston Institute of Technology, is a Japanese youth, who, in civil engineering, holds the highest rank, and is second to none in English composition.

BUT few persons, perhaps, are aware of the magnitude and perfection to which the manufacture of doors and window-blinds by machinery has arrived in the United States. It is stated by those who profess to know, that the number of doors alone, made within the one State of New York, exceeds 30,000 per day, or not far from 9,000,000 per year. From statistics deemed reliable, it is believed that the amount of capital invested in this branch of manufactures in this country cannot fall short of $40,000,000.—*Scientific American.*

JOHN W. KEELY, of Philadelphia, has discovered a new motive power, which, in the opinion of many scientific men, will supercede steam. It consists simply of a process whereby water is transformed to vapor without the application or development of heat, resulting in the production of a motive power of greater capacity than steam. The discovery is the result of laborious experiments carried on for twenty-five years. It is a peculiar quality of the vapor that it can be used at any pressure from 10 pounds to 10,000 pounds to the square inch, and when once generated, it can be placed in receiving vessels and preserved without loss of energy for an indefinite period.—*Exchange Paper.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 4, 1874. No. 19.

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Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, ETC., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

(Continued from page 275.)

From this time I found my desires were strengthened, and the ambition of being an Israelite, run in the current of my exercise. But here, I cannot but remark, how like a fool I appeared in my own eyes; for there seemed as great an alteration in me as could possibly happen from such a change.

I could not now be fluent in compliments, and saw it best to keep out of the extravagancy of words, and such a latitude in discourse as I formerly indulged myself in.

So many cross words and knotty queries lay in the way of all I seemed to have to do, that nature was abashed, almost beyond the hope of recovery; yet I often contemplated the benefit that accrued to Zacheus from that most heavenly call, "Make haste and come down:" and how willingly would I have made my situation similar to his; believing there was something in that call alluding to the glories of eternity, which now appeared in brighter lustre to my eye than all the glittering objects of a transitory life. Surely the time would glide sweetly on in reciting those refreshing prospects which then attended my intervals of grief; but the sequel of my story calls on me to cross my inclination.

It was about this time John Toft gave me an expectation of a visit, but that evening I was threatened with a disappointment; for my aunt came in high displeasure, and by her upbraidings, raised a crowd about the door, which was the occasion of his passing by. When she had wrought herself into a disposition to be more quiet, she shut the door and sat down. I turned out of my mind the thoughts of her unkind behaviour, yet could not help feeling regret at the loss of my friend's company, being desirous to see him, as he had been instrumental for my good. Whilst I was musing on these things, a messenger came and told me, that although my aunt was there, if I thought it convenient, he would come to see me. I hesitated a little, to prove what would be best. I knew my aunt's weakness, that she would not spare me, or mind, in her passion, what she expressed; yet hoped, as it was his desire to come, he would excuse what might fall upon himself, and see through the falsities she might cast on me. In this conclusion I desired his company, and my aunt being present, said she would stay to see this Friend.

On his knocking, I let him in, with a degree of fear, and watched to hear the salutation she gave him, which was, "Thou deceiver! Thou anti-Christ! Thou has seduced this silly wretch." Had she known what my heart could have told her, she might have thought differently; for, on the appearance of the Friend, I was made very sensible of that power by which I had been drawn into the truth. He endeavored to shew her the

unreasonableness of the charge, by assuring her he had never had any conversation with me, nor had visited me before. She answered, "If thou hast not, thy brethren have;" and was running on with violence against the Quakers. He still tried to engage her attention, by reminding her that his mother and she used, as neighbors, to be acquainted.

She signified that was true, and if ever there was a good Quaker in the world his mother was one.

She kept walking between the shop and the closet, laying many heavy things to my charge, which I had learned with silence to bear, till she touched my modesty, and told the Friend the freedom which, she said, I gave to young men; then I desired her to keep to the truth; and she said, if I spoke another word she would knock my head to the wall, which I well knew, a word or two more would have aggravated her to have done. Upon his asking how long I had been so bad, she said, ever since I had been deluded; for I was well enough before I was bewitched. Thus she went on, as long, I believe, as she had power; for, going out, she said, I will go, but I will come again: but she came no more till next day, when she laid on me with blows, saying that I sent for the Friend on purpose to vex her. She showed so much of her passion, as to make the Friend signify to me, that he could think no other than that she was out of her senses; and that he could not see, if I had not Truth for my foundation, how it was possible for me to stand. I told him I had no other view of coming amongst Friends than to procure the truth and peace of God unto my soul; and that I had still hopes I should be preserved. I remember, he observed to me, the emptiness of a barren profession; and advised me to wait on God in the secret of my heart, to rely on His wisdom, and to trust in His power, signifying a desire that I might be preserved; and adding, he had come to see me sooner, but found himself engaged to take the apostle's advice, to "lay hands suddenly on no one;" and, after kindly inviting me to his house, took leave. This visit I returned in about a month.

When he was gone, I considered what had passed, and was thankful to the Great Disposer of all things. I thought there was somewhat extraordinary in my aunt's leaving us, for she had never left me with any person before, and was glad I had an opportunity of gaining such instruction, the like of which I never had before received in conversation; nor could I less admire the Friend's prudent care in observing the apostle's advice, which I had before time thought alluded only to the laying on of the bishop's hands, at the time of the young student's admission into holy orders, and at the confirmation of the youth; but now I knew by experience, that, for want of prudence in particulars, I had been a sufferer: and, as an instance, shall mention one of the most uneasy meetings I ever was at, which was occasioned by a Friend's over care, who had often pressed me to come up higher in the meeting than where I frequently sat.

I signified to that Friend, that the highest place in the meeting would be as little regarded by my aunt as the lowest, should she be inclined to make a disturbance there; yet, by frequent importunity, being willing to show some respect to my friend's advice, I was prevailed with to advance a form or two; but when the Friend came and saw I had not thoroughly taken her advice, she plucked me by the arm; and although I signified my desire of sitting still, as far as would bear, yet she compelled me to rise, and, notwithstanding I showed a desire of turning in at the next, and the next seat I came to, yet she would not let me rest till she had placed me by herself. Then, oh! the hurries that my mind was in; for surely, had my aunt herself been there, she could not have confused my thoughts half so much; for though, at this time, when at meetings, I had a desire to draw nigh to Friends in spirit, yet it went much against my inclination to sit so near the place which, my aunt used to tell me, must be my seat; saying, all proselytes must be made preachers, and tell to the brethren the abominations of the wicked. Often would she tease me with such things, well knowing, I had a great aversion to women's preaching. There I sat, in a restless condition, several times purposing to go out; yet the kindness I had for my friend prevailed on me to stay. Glad, however, was I when the meeting broke up; and when it was over, the Friend gave me her hand, which I answered with my own, in token of my forgiving her too forward, though loving fault; yet not without telling her, when at home, the trouble she had given me, and desiring her never to use me so hardly again.

Shall I here say that good came out of evil? No, surely, but sweet came out of bitter; for, by my friend's freedom of giving me her hand, several that were in the meeting did the same; and, though this did not prove a time of confirmation to my faith, but rather otherwise, yet it seemed like a sign of union, no one having done so before, and it was pleasant. I lost, for a time, the deep impression which the Friend's apprehension of my aunt's being distracted had made on my mind; but thought, afterwards, if, from the little he saw, he could not but entertain apprehensions of

that kind, what had I to fear, who had seen her so many times a great deal worse; yet, what could I do, or what was there to be done? I could not renounce my salvation in order to appease my aunt. These reflections caused distress in my countenance, which occasioned my aunt to say she read the very Quaker in my face.

It seemed hardly possible I could ever know any sorrow like that I then felt; and my aunt, either by information or her own observation, became acquainted with it, and by many frantic gestures wrought in me a belief that she was really as I imagined.

My soul now fled to the Almighty for refuge, and I sat before her, a witness of her frenzied behavior, with more solidity and composure than she expected.

At last she came up to me and said, I am mad! thou, thou hast driven me mad! and I am mad!

I was surprised to hear her say so, and thought there was some hope for me, as she had yet so much reason left as to tell me of the thing she knew I was so afraid of. Upon my showing so much indifference about it, she dropped that scheme, and in a little after, as one fainting in her hopes of victory, declined interrupting me in the street; yet, being willing to obstruct my desire of going to meeting, she would come to my room before the hour appointed, telling me we would have a silent meeting. I would gladly have had her kept to it, but it seemed an impossibility on her part.

When I saw it was her intention, by this means, to keep me at home, in order to prevent it I set out so much the sooner, and she, on the other hand, came earlier still, till she saw, without she rose sooner in the morning, my resolution would outgo her. Many were the paces which I was forced to take in the fields on this account; but I may say my labor was not in vain; for my aunt then left me to my liberty, and many precious meetings I enjoyed. As I had nothing of tradition, when there, to trust to, my earnest desire was to seek the Lord, and He was found of my soul, to my inexpressible consolation. In respect to silent meetings, my spiritual exercises at home had taught me how to improve by them; my heart inclined rather to sit in fear and reverence, and to watch against the tumult of unnecessary thoughts, than to be busy, as formerly, in the florid appearances of lip worship. But yet I would not have it supposed that I knew no difficulty in my exercises; for, surely, I often felt the throng of natural cogitations to press so hard upon me that I have found cause to implore the Divine aid, often breathing forth this ejaculation: Lord, if Thou keep not the city, the watchman waketh but in vain! But, though I was freed from my aunt's molestations, I found it was only as the changing of a scene, and that the subtlety of the serpent was now more dangerous to me than it had been in the form of the lion.

My freedom of attending meeting, which I had hitherto been much restrained from, and the Lord's mercifully subduing those spirits which were a hindrance to me, in the way of my soul's serenity, I could not but gratefully acknowledge, with desires that I might answer the obligation; but I was yet inexperienced in the craft of the enemy and deceiver of men, and needed the assistance of some prudent confidant, whose counsel might have set right bounds to my zeal.

This subtle one, taking advantage of my earnestness, cunningly twined a thread of his own in that work which I was endeavoring to render acceptable to my God. I had, till this time, been taken up in seeking after an increase and establishment in the knowledge of the Truth, and in keeping up a strict circumspection in my behavior, that thereby I might not give my relations and acquaintance just occasion of trouble, or a pretence for vilifying the way of Truth.

I had not as yet made any great observations on dress, but thought to make a stand, and judge what was best to be done; and, doubtless, so far I was in the right, whilst I made some alterations.

But now I found the prowling adversary—what he ever was—a malicious, deceitful, twining serpent, who, if he can but get in his head at the least place of our inadvertency, will soon draw in his body, under an appearance of sanctity, to effect, if possible, the utter destruction of the soul.

He saw that his aim of drawing me into any gross, obvious evil was defeated, and, as I had seen less of his strategems in the angelical form, he now insinuated himself into my desires of being zealous for the honor of God, and elevated me above my proper height, so that I fell to judging, cutting and trimming off every superfluous scrap from my dress; and, not content with this, I went from my apparel to my shop. In less than one week I made several sacrifices of value; and so hurried was I in this blind zeal that I seemed impatient for more fuel.

And having gone through, as I thought, at home, I next let out the busy eye on others. There were but few who could escape my judgment, forgetting that tender advice, Luke vi, 37, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned." I noticed each point of behavior and apparel, till so great a critic was I got that I seemed all speculation on the more

minute things; and, neglecting the weightier matters, as faith, mercy and the love of God, which, surely, I ought to have regarded, though not to have left the other wholly undone. To what extravagancy I had gone in this line the most penetrating eye best saw, and was pleased to look in compassion on the mistake of my intentions, and most graciously to illumine my understanding, giving me plainly to see I was quite out of that charity, without which the apostle says all our works profit nothing. So tenaciously did I adhere to this thing, that I saw not the deceiver, till I discovered such passions predominant in me as I had never observed before. My temper became uncharitable and unmerciful, looking with an evil eye on the innocent, and being incapable either of pleasing myself or being pleased with others; but, according to the greatness of my error herein so was my abasement, when I was brought down so low as to be capable of hearing the small voice of Wisdom saying, Who hath required this at thy hand?

Now was I filled with shame; the serpent had beguiled me, and by his cunning he had given me more uneasiness than by all his roaring.

I acknowledged my fault, I begged forgiveness and future protection of the Almighty, who, in his great condescension, made up the breach and restored the path to walk in. Yet had I given the vaunting one room to sport with my indiscretion, and he would often bring the loss I had sustained by his poisonous insinuations into my thoughts, even when no more of the remembrance of it remained than was necessary to guard me against the same devices in future. This exercise was scarcely abated before another trial occurred.

(To be continued)

THE TEXT OF THE THREE HEAVENLY WITNESSES.

Last month the company of New Testament revisers proceeded with their work in the First Epistle of John, and upon Thursday, April 23d, if we are rightly informed, when they came to the celebrated passage called the Text of the Three Heavenly Wit nesses, 1 John v, 7, 8, the spurious words were thrown aside without an opposing voice. . . . . .

The interpolated Text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, has stood for just one thousand years one of the strongest bulwarks of the doctrine of the Trinity. And now that the sentence of deposition is pronounced against it, and it seems to be decided that it shall have no place in the next Authorized English Bible, we naturally stop to ponder upon it. . . . . It is impossible that it should have kept its footing in our Bibles so long a time without gaining a hold on the minds of some part of the community. . . . . .

The condemned words, as they are to be found in King James's version, 1 John, chap. v, stand as the latter part of the seventh verse, and the beginning of the eighth verse, thus: ["In heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth."] Taken by themselves they form but a broken sentence, and it will be seen that the sense reads on, and reads more consistently without them.

The words are not to be found in any of the early manuscripts or versions of the Bible. We find them, possibly for the first time, in three Latin works of doubtful date, from which Mr. Scott Porter gives extracts in the concluding chapter of his "Textual Criticism." These are three different works, on different subjects, and going under the name of different writers, but all three works pronounced to be forgeries made between the sixth and the eighth century. We are therefore much in the dark about the parentage and the exact date of this celebrated passage.

The first certain knowledge that we get on the subject is in the time of Charlemagne, Emperor of the French, in whose reign it was adopted into the Latin Bible. There is, we are assured, now existing in the British Museum, a very early MS. of the Latin Vulgate, known by the name of Codex Caroli. Concerning this manuscript, the tale runs that it was prepared for the Emperor's own use, by his preceptor, Alcuin. But if this tradition is of little value, it is allowed by critics to be of his date, namely, about the year 800. This manuscript, and one, or perhaps two more Latin Vulgates of the same age —all, in fact, that we have of so early a date —do not contain the spurious words, but make the sense of the passage complete without them, as it was originally written. After this date all Latin Bibles contain the inserted text. Thus the words, which may have been intended, in the first instance, for a harmless gloss or comment upon the passage, have now, by the zeal of the transcribers, made their way into the Bible itself. At least, we should say, into the Latin Bible, into that Bible which was to be used throughout Christendom during the next seven centuries. Happily, the Greek MSS. remained yet untouched.

In A. D. 1516, very shortly after the invention of printing, a Greek Testament was for the first time printed, by Erasmus, at Basle, in Switzerland, and was so eagerly sought after, that in three years' time he brought out his second edition, and prepared for a third,

carefully printing from the best manuscripts he was able to get hold of. While he was about this task, the splendid edition of the Complutensian Polyglot was being printed at Alcala in Spain, under the direction of the Cardinal Zimenes. But some delay was caused in its publication, through the altercation and angry controversy that arose between its editors and Erasmus.

It would seem that in this royal volume, where the Greek and Latin text stand handsomely printed side by side, the editors fell into the temptation of altering the Greek in several passages, to make it more nearly agree with the orthodox Latin Vulgate; and while they lay under the charge of *Latinizing*, as it was called, they were on their side angry with Erasmus for the more independent path he had taken. The important Text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses was the great point of dispute. The editor of the Polyglot put forth a book reproaching Erasmus in the bitterest terms, with having omitted this passage, and Erasmus, with equal vehemence, challenged his rival to produce one single Greek MS. that contained it; but not one was forthcoming, and the only answers he received were arguments founded on the authority of the Latin. Presently, however, a manuscript was said to be discovered in England, containing the disputed text, and Erasmus's third edition appeared with the words inserted, together with an explanation of his conduct. We may add that there are now extant about three manuscripts bearing marks of their not being older than this date, which contain the text, and were probably the tools employed in this transaction.

Stephens and the succeeding editors of the Greek Testament followed Erasmus's example, and inserted the text as a matter of course. There it stood for a century and a half, until John James Griesbach, the German professor, brought up again the long-neglected study of the ancient manuscripts, and in 1777 published his critical edition of the Greek Testament, formed with great labor and judgment, by weighing each single word, and computing the number of ancient authorities that can be found to support it. In this work he necessarily abandoned this passage, which rests upon no foundation.

After the time of Griesbach, no new critical editor of the Greek Testament could venture to insert it any longer. But it is still reprinted in the edition sanctioned by the Church of England, and known by the name of the Received Text of the Greek Testament The various translations of the New Testament, made in England and abroad, one after the other, in quick succession, soon after the Reformation, were chiefly founded upon the Vulgate, and probably the most that the bravest of them could venture upon, was to mark out the Text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses by putting it between brackets. . . . . We rejoice to learn that it is now at last to be expunged from the Bible of Protestant England, and that it will not be seen in the revised edition that is presently to be issued from the press.—*London Inquirer, May 9th.*

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

BY J. MARTINEAU.

God is a Spirit; man has a spirit; both, *Now;* both, *Here;* and shall they never meet? shall they remain without exchange of looks? shall nothing break the seal of eternal silence? is there really love between them, and thought, and purpose, and yet all recognition dumb? Why tell us of God's Omniscience, if it only sleeps around us like dead space, or at most lies watching, like a sentinel of the universe, not free to stir? Who could ever pray to this motionless Immensity? who weeps his griefs to rest on a Pity so secret and reserved? Surely, if He is a Living Mind, He not merely remains over from a Divine Past to appear again in a Divine Future, but moves through the immediate hours, and awakens a thousand sanctities to-day. Urged by such questionings as these, men of meditative piety have thirsted for conscious communion with the All-holy; communion *both ways;* appeal and response; a crossing line of light from eye to eye; a quiet walk with God, where all the dust of life turns, at his approach, into the green meadow, and its flat pools into the gliding waters. They have retired *within* to meet Him; have believed that all is not ours that it is ours to feel; that there is grace of his mingling with the inner fibres of our nature, and flinging in, across the constant warp of our personality, flying tints of deeper beauty, and hints of a pattern more divine. And all have agreed that, in order to reach this Holy Spirit, and through its vivifying touch be born again, the one thing needful is a stripping off of self, an abandonment of personal desire and will, a return to simplicity, and a docile listening to the whispers spontaneous from God. They find all sin to be a rising up of self; all return to holiness and peace a sinking down from self, a free surrender of the soul—that asks nothing, possesses nothing, that relaxes every rigid strain, and is pliant to go whither the highest Will may lead. Nature, of her own foolishness, ever goes astray in her quest of divine things; wandering away in flights of laboring reason to find her God; panting with over-plied resolve to do her work; scheming rules, and artifices, and bonds of union, for

forming her individuals into a Church. Reverse all this, and fall back on the centre of the Spirit, instead of pressing out in all radii of your own. Let intellect droop her ambitious wing, and come home; there, in the inmost room of conscience, God seeks you all the while. Lash your wearied strength no more; sit low and weak upon the ground, with loving readiness hitherward or thitherward, and you shall be taken through your work with a sevenfold strength that has no effort in it. Leave yourself awhile in utter solitude, shut out all thoughts of other men, yield up whatever intervenes, though it be the thinnest film, between your soul and God; and in this absolute loneliness, the germ of a holy society will of itself appear; a temper of sympathy and mercy, trustful and gentle, suffuses itself through the whole mind; though you have seen no one, you have met all; and are girt for any errand of service that love may find. So, then, if there were twenty or a thousand in this case, their wills would flow together of their own accord, and find themselves in brotherhood without a plan at all.

So speaks this doctrine of the Spirit. It matters not now under which of its many theologic forms we conceive it; simplest, perhaps, that the indwelling God, who in Christ was the Word, is in us the Comforter. But, surely, this also is not altogether a false Gospel. It rescues the conception of direct communion between the human spirit and the Divine—a conception essential to the Christian life—which an Ethical Gospel does not adequately secure; for communion must be between like and like, while obedience may be from slave to lord, nay, in some sense, from machine to maker. Nor is it a slight thing to take the scales from our eyes that hide from us the sanctities of our *immediate* life; to abolish the postponement of eternity; and, wayfarers as we are, make us feel, as we rise from our stony pillow and pass on, that here is the abode of God, and here does the angel-ladder touch the ground! . . .

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my house is left me still and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to tomorrow's event you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want to drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

In spite of priests and creeds and curses and Calvin, I do not believe there is a church in Christendom in which earnest souls may not find all they need for the soul's salvation from sin: for, beneath all priestcraft, churchcraft and creedcraft there is a living soul of religion—"a soul of good in things evil"—and this it is that really religious natures in all churches fasten upon for nourishment and life. But how much more might this be the case if the simple theology of Jesus and the universalism of Jesus could cast out the evil spirit that has entered into the church? It would still be the case that churches would differ; but they would differ only as the trees and the flowers differ. Here there would be more intellect, and there more soul; here more reason and there more heart; here more intelligence and there more unction; but everywhere there would be breadth, charity and freedom—everywhere true hearted men would be able to find a little space for thought, for worship, for refreshment, with leave to stay or go as the spirit moved them and not as men commanded them—everywhere there would be churches free from final creeds and tyrannical tests and cruel inquisitions—everywhere the voice of Jesus would be heard once more proclaiming the charming truth, now well nigh lost or forgotten in his own church—that all are his kinsmen who do his Father's will.—*John Page Hopps.*

There are persons who spend a considerable portion of their lives in either openly or secretly bemoaning their own calamities, and pitying themselves for their hard lot. We would by no means ignore or underrate the reality of their trials. They may be numerous and severe, pressing heavily on the most sensitive parts of their nature. Neither would we reprehend the natural grief which must ever attend affliction in its many forms. But we do most earnestly and seriously condemn that frame of mind which nurses its troubles, which refuses comfort, which forgets or depreciates the blessings still enjoyed, and indulges self by sinking into a despondency which impairs vigor, palsies effort, weakens courage and destroys hope.

Various causes may induce the habit of

dwelling on the dark side of things. Natural temperament, ill-health, seclusion, or a past training founded on fear rather than love, may be partly responsible for such a tendency. It is of itself an affliction much worse than most of those it deplores. It is a habit which, once formed, clings closely and poisons the whole life. Yet it is not ineradicable. An enlightened mind and a strong will can overcome and rise superior to it. Having its source in selfishness, a cultivation of the generous sympathies and warm affections of our nature will best aid to dispel it. Let those who are conscious of giving way in any degree to this form of self-indulgence turn their eyes resolutely away from themselves and their own interests, cease estimating either the trials they endure or the blessings they lack, and study instead how they may benefit others. Action is one of the best antidotes to morbid brooding, and when the whole mind is wrought into energy on some noble or benevolent work there will be no room for idle and injurious melancholy.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PENN.

When surrounded, as we are here, with scenes of natural beauty, I am often inclined to think that the gospel of *suffering* has been too exclusively preached, and that attention has been so turned toward that part of the Christian's life in which the virtues of patience and resignation are called forth, that the sense of gratitude for the innumerable blessings scattered along our path languishes for want of exercise. And not only so; our sense of enjoyment in these blessings is not as keen as it would be, did we note them more, and dwell more upon them. Human life is a mixture of joy and sorrow. Its limitations, its liabilities, make it necessarily so; but in thus ordering our lot, our Heavenly Father must have intended that both joy and sorrow should be instrumental in moulding the character.

"By the beauty and the gloom alike we are training for the skies."

We may trace this design, if we will, even in the limitations of our prescience. There could be no present enjoyment were we not ignorant of the coming sorrow. They who have drank too deeply of the cup of worldly pleasure, and who have forgotten the Giver in His gifts, may, when the dormant spiritual life is awakened, have all sense of enjoyment in outward things taken away, just as the physician sometimes interdicts even wholesome food, and gives his patient bitter draughts; but this is only for a season, until health is restored. We must not insist on abstinence and bitter draughts; this is aceticism. There is a beautiful *mean* which we may attain if we are earnest in seeking for it. The poet sees it when he sings:

"To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
This, Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven."

As I look out from the broad piazzas of this house upon the wooded hill-sides with the shadows of light clouds passing over them, the valley, with its cultivated fields and quiet homes, lying in the sunshine, the river seen in glimpses through the trees, I ask myself can a sense of all this beauty be denied to any who can look upon it, unless they be spiritually sick? The merely physically sick often enjoy such scenes keenly; and these sanitary influences of nature are more and more resorted to, and happy are they who are privileged to partake of them. As I see the invalids walking or wheeled out under the shelter of the broad piazza, looking out upon the scene and breathing, after an interval of perhaps months, an air free from dust and gas, and impurity, I feel that I would like to gather up all the sad, overworked, crowded dwellers in our city and scatter them abroad over the wide domain. The sympathy we feel for these when we think of our own privileges, if it lead to practical results, is good: but how constantly we have to fall back upon the blessed "law of compensation," and say, happily they know not what they miss. I try not to grieve too much over the condition of the *children* of the poor, especially when I remember how few, and as they now seem, absurdly simple, were the elements out of which, when a child, I constructed happiness. Let us bless our Father that He has made the law of compensation.

On First day we procured a carriage and with three other Friends drove to the meeting at Stroudsburg. We were rather late, but our entrance scarcely disturbed the quiet of the little company. The neat new meeting house with its abundant light and air, clean white walls, matted passages and comfortable seats, partitioned off in the middle, with the least possible suggestion of a *pew*, were aids to cheerful devotion, and the two short utterances were fitting to the occasion. It was not marred either by an incident, which, when afterward explained, savored of the ludicrous. When the aged Friend began to speak there were heard five or six distinct taps on the floor, made, as I supposed, by a cane in the

hand of some one, but why I could not imagine. A gentle smile on one or two young faces did not solve the mystery. It was afterward explained as proceeding from the *tail of a recumbent dog*, who, at the sound of the voice, had taken this way of expressing his approbation, not, I believe, for the first time.

Our moods of mind are in a measure dependent on our outward surroundings; and in the arrangement of our meeting-houses this is coming to be more regarded than formerly. Neatness, cheerfulness, quiet and the social element are all that a *Friends'* meeting-house need suggest; and I often regret the necessity of so many sitting with their backs to each other. I know not how this can be remedied; but the social feeling is somewhat marred by it. I wonder that our dear *Church friends* do not see that profuse ornamentation, luxurious and rich appointments, must, to some extent, attract the attention of the worshipper from the true object of assembling. We may go into our own apartments and those of our friends to admire pretty things, but should we go to our places of worship for that purpose, and are we still so childish as to think that God is pleased with the offering of these things?

We regretted we were not in time for the First-day school which is held in the committee room an hour before meeting time, and which numbers, I think, about 70. There is also a day school taught in the building, numbering 35 pupils.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 4, 1874.

SYMPATHY.—That fellow-feeling which enables one individual to enter into and become, a partaker of, and relatively to assume the trials and burdens of another, with something of the interest which he bestows upon his own afflictions and vicissitudes, is the one tie that binds human hearts into a common brotherhood.

It is not alone manifested to the poor and destitute whose necessities are relieved by charitable contributions, neither is it confined to those subtile affinities by which the spiritually strong are enabled to impart of their abundance to the weary traveller, bending under the weight of crushing sorrow. Its outflowings reach to every condition of human existence, fostering a community of interest in all things that go to make up the sum of life.

We know that much which passes for sympathy is but the expression of a morbid sentimentality not in any way akin to that healthy, earnest feeling which goes forth to help maintain and perpetuate the best interests of others equally with our own.

In a community, every one has a duty to perform as an integral part of the State, and is amenable to his peers for any lack in its observance. As civilization progresses, and clearer views of human rights obtain, it is plainly the duty of all to use every means that lies within the province of human ability to promote the general good, and enforce such obedience to law and order as tends to the establishment of the principles of justice and uprightness amongst men.

It may be affirmed, that only those who truly appreciate their own individual rights, can feel proper sympathy towards any who are deprived of them, or accord to others the largest liberty in the exercise thereof.

It is the lack of this form of sympathy that leads to so much uncharitableness respecting the relations we sustain to the Divine Being.

The mind, now trained to see beyond the narrow limits that circumscribed the horizon of the past, walks with the Maker of all through paths that are but recently explored, and in the limitless range that spreads out before the understanding, like our own boundless prairie views, awakens to a clearer realization of the wonderful works of creation, and the adaptedness of means to ends, whereby the beautiful order of the universe is maintained.

The old mile-stones of thought are crumbling—only the foundation, laid in eternal wisdom and imperishable remains; the conviction enduring as matter, and wide-spread as the intelligence that can perceive it, that behind and beyond all this wonderful mechanism there exists a Master Workman, whose thought permeates all thought; whose hand guides each spring of action, and whose infinite skill is displayed as certainly in the drop of water that falls at our feet, as in the orbs that roll in shining splendor above our heads.

While this uprooting of the theories es-

tablished in the wisdom of former ages, which served truly the great end of all research, by preserving to generations that followed so much of truth as had already been attained, and pointing to the perturbations that indicated still further discoveries, while this is going on, it would be a marvel, indeed, if there were not a re examination of the creeds and confessions by which the souls of men have been held amenable to the spiritual power claimed to be delegated to chosen leaders by the Divine Being Himself. And this is exactly what is taking place every where; every form of religious thought is being rehabilitated, and every dogma sifted. The grounds on which salvation rests are growing broader; men are scarcely bold enough to declare now, that only they who are brought into acceptance of their creed can be received into Divine favor. He who sits with the book of remembrance is no longer, to many hearts, the inexorable Judge. Reading of Him in the book of nature, and seeing how His tender mercies are over all His works, the thoughtful mind inquires at the gates of its own spiritual fortress, "Am I only an exception in the great universe?" While each atom of insensate matter performs its part to itself and the whole, is this thinking, reasoning essence, which is my life, my being, is it only, of all the works of the Creator, without the power to move in its orbit, and preserve its relations as a spiritual atom towards the great centre and source of spiritual life? and the soul learns to think of Him as a loving Father, whose hand is ever stretched forth to steady the footsteps of the faltering, to carry the burthens of the weary, and to lead all into a clearer perception of His love and benevolence.

It is when we insist that others shall move in the same line as ourselves, and shall come to an acknowledgement of the control of this spiritual Power in the way that ourselves have been led, that we turn aside from the liberty into which it has introduced us, and limit the outflowings of Divine life to channels which ourselves have dug.

We can never reach the lofty eminence to which our Christian profession points, until we are willing heartily to accord, without mental reservation, to each other, the entire right to judge of the allegiance each owes to that invisible being we call God; and which, at one time or another, is manifested to the inner life of every individual. It is when we come into a measure of the spiritual life that was manifested in Jesus, through the same saving Power that was His only reliance, that we are introduced into that Divine sympathy that has made Him the one centering point to countless multitudes, who have willingly endured contumely, reproach and persecution, rather than prove disloyal to the cause for which He laid down His life.

It needs a wisdom that is lifted very far above the common level to bring us into near sympathy one with another, and into the oneness of that Spirit that reaches forth with blessings to the whole family of man.

"Hast thou faith?" asks the Apostle to the Gentiles. "Have it to thyself before God. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

Pennsylvania Working Homes for Blind Men.—From a circular which we have received, we learn that "its object it to provide employment for those of good moral character, in a home for the homeless, and for those, also, who have homes, but for want of means or supervision, fail of success.

"No workshops for the seeing are open to the blind. Isolated and without capital or custom orders, their situation is hopeless indeed.

"This organization, then, is the simple remedy. It is a practical application of the best form of benevolence *to help an industrious brother to help himself.*"

A meeting of the Board of Managers of this new institution was held in the room of the "American Sunday School Union" on Fifth-day, to consider the expediency of purchasing a building. There were present B. B. Comegys, President; Dr. Caspar Morris, Robert Patterson, C. D. Norton, Samuel Agnew, J. E. Cope, Levi Knowles and Wm. Chapin. Three properties were suggested—the lot and building at the northeast corner of Pine and Twenty-second streets, lately occupied by the Church Home; a lot on Poplar west of Broad, and one in West Philadelphia, recently occu-

pied by the Baptist Home. Dr. Morris, alluding to similar British establishments, of which many inmates have outside employment, remarked the importance of having a location near the business centre. Wm. Chapin added that as many blind persons who have their own homes are to be furnished with work, it is the more important that the institution should be very accessible. A committee were appointed to report on the sites suggested—B. B. Comegys, L. Knowles and J. E. Cope. Subscriptions of $8,000 have been received, and are daily increasing.

DIED.

SHORTLIDGE.—On the 23d of Fifth month, 1874, of pleuro-penumonia, Caroline Baily, wife of Joseph Shortlidge, aged 34 years.

From an early age she evinced unusual intellectual acuteness, which found abundant opportunity of development in her home. Trained in infancy and early childhood by a mother of rare mental endowments and superior culture her inherited talents received a bias which matured into a noble womanhood. She was an obedient and respectful daughter, a reliable friend, a loving wife, a devoted mother, a judicious housekeeper, planning for and assisting in supervising a large boarding-school wisely. In addition to this, she was a more than usually acceptable teacher. While performing the duties of these several departments, she found time to continue her private studies, evincing as ardent a thirst for increase of knowledge as she did in her earlier years. Hence, it will be seen that her distinguishing characteristic was untiring industry.

Another of her prominent characteristics was an unaffected modesty of demeanor, quite exceptional in one of her attainments. Not less marked was her uniform serenity and cheerfulness of manner, and sweetness of temper.

Her illness was brief, and during it her mental faculties remained clear; and when it became evident that she would not recover, she was asked if she was willing to die, she promptly replied, with a radiant smile, "Yes!" as though conscious that her work was done, and that she was fully prepared to enter into rest.

Thus closed a life replete with usefulness, without a sigh of regret, and filled with a well-grounded hope of a blissful immortality.

THE NAPLES AQUARIUM.

WONDERS OF MEDITERRANEAN MARINE LIFE—GHOST-FISHES—NATURALISTS AT WORK.

Naples has a marine aquarium which is quite as entertaining as that at Brighton. A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* thus describes it: "One of the most conspicuous objects on the Riviera is the handsome white palace which rises from among the trees of the park, near the central point of attraction, frequented by the military band. The laboratory and aquarium on the shore of the richest of European seas—a very paradise for naturalists, so long wished for and talked of—is now an accomplished fact. Let me give you a sketch of what is now to be seen and done within its stately walls. And, first, as to the great Aquarium, which is open to the public, and daily reveals to inquisitive tourists the brilliant and wonderful inhabitants of the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. The tanks are arranged as in other public aquaria, so that the light entering the large oblong hall in which they are placed passes through them alone, and thus fully lights up their contents. Three sides of the hall are occupied by large tanks, whilst a double series of smaller ones extend along the centre, to which light is admitted by a central opening or court. Sea-water is pumped therein. The tanks are well stocked with specimens of marine life. In one is an assemblage of long-tentacled anemones, closely packed side by side, and forming a group of wonderfully graceful form and rich color. Further on we come to some large Mediterranean wrasse, which of all fish have, perhaps, the finest display of color, and with these are several specimens of the Sepia, the cuttle bone cuttle fish. This is a common animal at Naples, and is largly eaten, but has not yet been seen in English or German aquaria. Somehow the Sepia manages to suggest to one that he is a small marine elephant, his head having somewhat the shape familiar in that wise beast, and his arms being carried like the elephant's trunk. He swims altogether differently from the mode adopted by Octopus, a near relative, who is to be seen in great numbers in some of the tanks, and often of great size. The Octopus, when he loosens his hold of the glass or rock (over which he can crawl very nimbly by means of his huge sucker-bearing arms), swims backwards by opening and shutting the parachute-like membrane surrounding his mouth, formed by membranes stretching between each of his eight arms. Sepia quietly swims along by means of a pair of long translucent fins, which undulate regularly on each side of the body.

"In the Calamaries, which are to be seen in another tank, this long marginal fin is extended greatly on each side, so as to form a pair of wings, with which the creature moves through the water, much in the same way as a heron or heavy-flying bird slowly flaps its way along in the air. The calamaries are very delicate animals, nearly a foot long and almost transparent. They are almost rod-like in proportions, and though the two large eyes point out the head, yet since the calamary moves with as much precision backwards as he does forwards, and seems to have no preference in the matter, visitors to the aquarium often mistake his head for his tail. Occasionally the sepias have been seen to throw

out their 'ink' and blacken the whole of their tank for a few minutes, but in half an hour the coloring matter is all carried away by the stream. Dog-fish are, of course, abundant.

"The apparent glass-like animals which swim on the surface of the sea, are daily renewed when weather permits; and at present there are some really lovely things of this kind to be seen here which could nowhere else be exhibited, since the Naples Aquarium is the only one which can draw supplies from a warm sea. The Cestum Veneris is one of the most striking of these transparent organisms, being a band of perfectly glass-like consistency nearly a yard in length, undulating like a snake, and slowly moving through the water by means of two rows of large vibrating fringes, which glisten with all the colors of the rainbow. Some of these are brought in nearly every day by the fishermen, and hundreds of the long chains of transparent calpæ, not to speak of Beroës as big as lemons; glass-shrimps, inhabiting the tranparent little tubs known as Doliolum, and sometimes a Leptocephalus, a true vertebrate fish, of which one at first sees only the black eyes, all the rest of its body being absolutely as clear and invisible as a piece of glass—a really ideal ghost of a fish.

"In some of the small tanks are living specimens of the red coral of commerce, looking far more beautiful with the delicate feather-heads of the polyps set on the red matrix than when scraped and polished. The Sea-pens are also numerous, and of most brilliant tints and fantastic form.

"I cannot take more of your space to describe the richly-colored Nudibranchs, which are everywhere creeping about the stones and sides of the tanks, the various species of crabs and lobster-like animals, the sea horses, tube-worms and most graceful barnacles.

"Up stairs is a large laboratory with a series of tanks and work-tables. Twelve zoologists can be accommodated here. Besides this there are several separate rooms, each provided with tanks and work-tables, and these are already in use. The tables are let to various foreign governments for the use of their Universities, and Cambridge has also hired one for three years. In spite of efforts made there, and an application to every college and to the chief officers of the Univer sity, Oxford has not as yet condescended to patronize the Naples Laboratory.

"Most of the work which is being done in the laboratory relates to the history of the development of animals. Since the general adoption of the Theory of Descent, it has become, above all things, necessary to make out the minutest details in the growth of the egg to the perfect form; for by knowing this in detail we are enabled to infer the stages of development in past ages of the ancestors of living species. Accordingly, naturalists now harden with various re-agents, then cut into thin slices, and then scrutinize most carefully with the highest powers of the microscope, the stages of development of all possible organisms. A Russian gentleman is occupied with the reproductive organs of the remarkable worm Sipunculus. A second Russian will study the development of the Polyzoal. An English naturalist from Cambridge is daily receiving the eggs of sharks and dog-fishes, and by laborious methods determining every detail of their long series of changes before emerging from the egg. Another Cambridge man is experimenting on the nervous system of cuttle fishes; whilst your correspondent is slicing the eggs of the same animals, and endeavoring to determine how its various organs take their origin, in order to compare them with the same processes in other Mollusca. Similar methods are being applied to the eggs of various crabs by a third Russian observer; whilst an eminent professor from Jena has been thoroughly exploring the microscopic anatomy of Amphioxus and the Ascidians. The Professor of Zoology from Vienna is expected in a few days to take possession of a work-table, and another professor from Holland has also announced his intention of coming soon.

"The library of the Zoological Laboratory is one of its most valuable features. It contains a nearly complete set of embryological works, all the zoological journals, German, English and French, besides the most valuable illustrated works, many of which have been presented by the publishers.—*The Evening Post.*

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The subject of a proper supply of water for the Centennial grounds in Fairmount Park has been brought to the attention of City Councils, and, according to the estimates made by the Chief Engineer of the Water Department, the cost of putting up the necessary works, laying pipes, etc., will be about $600,000, which amount, it is proposed, shall be raised by means of a loan. In this connection there comes a suggestion that a full supply may be obtained by means of artesian wells, and, as there are several such wells in operation in Philadelphia, the subject is one worthy of examination and full consideration by members of City Councils.

ORIGIN OF ARTESIAN WELLS.

Artesian wells derive their name from the province of Artois, France, known in ancient times as Artesium. But wells were not first

sunk in Artois. They were known in very remote times. The Chinese claim that they were the first to procure water by this means, and it is true that such wells are to be found in extraordinarily large numbers throughout the Chinese empire. It is said that in the province of Ou Tong Kiao, which is about thirty miles long and twelve wide, tens of thousands of artesian wells exist, some of them reaching to the depth of two thousand feet. They are found now in all parts of the civilized world; and since science has been brought into use for the purpose of determining where they can be sunk with successful results, a vast amount of good has been accomplished through their instrumentality. The most striking instance of this is supplied by the operations of French engineers in Algeria. Some time after the French government had obtained supremacy in that country, an effort was made to sink wells in the deserts, with the hope that barren land might be made fruitful and the waste places habitable. In 1856 operations were begun in a spot in the Sahara, in the province of Constantine. After a considerable amount of exertion the engineer in charge succeeded in striking water, which come to the surface and overflowed at the rate of one thousand gallons a minute. The natives considered the feat miraculous, and they came in troops of thousands to see the wonderful stream, and to lave in it and drink of it. The Arab priests performed religious ceremonies over it and blessed it, and it was known among the people as the Fountain of Peace. Other wells were subsequently sunk at different places with equally satisfactory consequences. One of these, in the oasis of Sidi Rachid, was put down to the depth of 54 metres, and gave a continual flow of nearly twelve hundred gallons a minute. The inhabitants of the place had suffered much from want of water, and they were frantic with joy as they beheld the abundant stream. They rolled in the pellucid water, shouting and screaming; mothers dipped their children in it, and the aged sheikh of the tribe fell upon his knees and returned thanks to Allah and to the men who had achieved the work. Around these wells, which were placed in scores of spots in the desert, villages sprang; and the ground having acquired fertility from the abundant moisture, wandering Arabs, who never before tilled the earth, settled down, and became better and more useful men than they had ever been. The artesian well in these cases became a civilizing agent of incalculable importance, and the wise forethought of the French government was richly rewarded.

HOW THE WATER IS OBTAINED.

In years past an impression prevailed very generally that water could be procured by sinking a shaft in the earth at almost any point. A vast amount of fruitless labor and useless expense was the result of this belief. But now science has advanced so far that men are able to tell with almost unerring certainty whether water can be obtained in any given place by such agencies. A peculiar geological formation and a certain relative position for the well are the pre-requisites of success. Water finds its way from the surface of the earth to the interior through crevices and chasms in the rocks, and through the rocks themselves when they are porous. In nearly all geological formations there are certain strata, often far down, which are water-tight, and these form the beds of the subterranean streams. As the water presses down from above, it forces the streams along, and they either burst forth in springs or remain locked in huge reservoirs. When a well is sunk until it strikes one of these or hits a rapid current, the pressure drives the water to the surface, exactly as in our cities the fluid in the storage reservoirs is forced into our bath-rooms and bed-chambers. The geysers of Iceland and of the Yellowstone Valley are attributable in part to the same agencies. They come from natural artesian wells, probably of vast depth, for the water in many cases is ejected at boiling heat. Steam, as well as hydrostatic pressure, is often the power that operates these extraordinary fountains. The oil wells in the northwestern portion of this State are artesian wells sunk into the subterranean chambers in which the petroleum has collected.

An artesian well, to be useful, must be placed in a spot lower than the surrounding country. The elevation may be distant many miles; but if the strata of rock tend from the higher point to the lower level, water almost certainly will be obtained. The supply comes from the upland, and finds its channel between the strata, pouring down until it reaches the aperture through which it again rises to the surface. . . . . .

—*Late paper.*

We may indulge the hope to which expression has been given by one who has a right to speak on such a theme (the late Prof. Wilson), that "the time will come when Christian poetry will be deeper and higher far than any that has ever yet been known among men, and that as the dayspring from on high, which hath visited us, spreads wider and wider over the earth, the soul of the world dreaming of things to come, shall assuredly see more glorious visions than have yet been submitted to her ken."—*Fairbairn.*

We give place to the subjoined in our columns as showing that the bad taste and extravagance of the fashions of the present time are claiming the serious attention of the public press, and awakening a concern that those who have the control of our public schools may give the matter due consideration. We would be glad to see our own schools set an example in this particular.

WORSE THAN EVER.

While there is much to commend in the general work of public education in Philadelphia, especially as it culminates in the results of the Boys' High School and the Girls' Normal School, there are some things which cannot be too loudly or positively regretted and condemned. And among these, few evils are more serious than the extravagance, bad taste and vulgarity that have been allowed to grow up in connection with the commencements of the Girls' Normal School. This evil has often been commented on, in private and public, and efforts, some bold and strong, and some weak and timid, have been made to abate it. But, instead of success, there is worse than failure; and the preposterous and mischievous extravagances of the Normal School performances have extended themselves into the grammar schools, many of which now vie with their model of school fashions in their semi-annual displays of cheap jewelry and vulgar excesses of costume.

The display at the Academy of Music yesterday afternoon, was, in many respects, a gratifying one. So far as it went to illustrate the thorough, careful, inteiligent work of painstaking teachers and capable scholars, it brought fresh credit to this college of the people. But what it illustrated beyond this was anything but gratifying. For it gave a painful demonstration of the inability of the sensible men who are entrusted with the charge of the Girls' Normal School to govern it, and the ignorance and bad taste of the ruling majority of the pupils, manifested in the absurd costume in which the graduating class is forced to uniform itself on these occasions.

At the last commencement, a comendable effort was made to check this pernicious custum, and with some success. Modesty regained some foot-hold, and good taste seemed once more likely to become the rule. But the gain was short-lived. The reformers exhausted themselves in their single effort, and there seems to have been no attempt to continue the good work begun last winter. It is sometimes best to tell the truth in plain, harsh terms, and it may therefore be said that, yesterday, in the Normal School Commencement, vulgarity "had free course and was glorified." Silks and satins, and fantastic *coiffures*, and costly trimmings, and bare necks, and tight lacing, and every extreme which the scanty pocket-books of parents who are training their children to earn their own living as public school teachers could possibly compass, all bespoke the supreme reign of a false and vulgar love of display, before which good taste and maidenly modesty fly, astonished and abashed.

The cause of common school education suffers incalculable damage and loss by this unseemly extravagance. Men and women of good breeding and cultivated taste turn away disgusted from the spectacle; while even those who take more superficial views are wearied with the stale monotony of the exhibition. And in many thoughtful minds, of all classes of the people, the thought is deeply fixed that, instead of continuing to spend great sums of money on additional school houses, it would be well to consider whether it would not be better for the general good if people who can afford to make such extravagant displays as these, in the midst of a general depression of business, ought not to educate their own children, and so make room for those who cannot afford these things.

The fault lies with the faculty of the school, some of whose members deliberately foster these extravagances, and so help to implant lasting principles of bad taste among their pupils, and with the Board of Public Education, which has full power to correct this evil. But it seems to be either unaware of the wrong, or afraid to grapple with it. We are quite aware that after years of indulgence, a radical remedy cannot easily be applied; but it is not impossible. If Mr. President Stanton would devote one of his periodical commencement speeches to some plain talk on the subject, or if the Normal School Committee would insist upon conformity to its views, a reform would at once be reached which would remove the only unpleasant and discreditable feature of these otherwise agreeable occasions. —*Evening Bulletin.*

So WALK that the parting day will be sweet. It will not be thy talents, thy wit, or thy wealth that will make it so; but thy love, thy self-sacrifice, and thy goodness.

THERE is but one distinct rule, perhaps, that we can lay down for ourselves, and that is to do the good that lies before us, the nearest duty to us, ever keeping supreme in our affections that love and liberty which, in our highest moments, the soul reverences and approves, and leave consequences to provide for themselves.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

When wakened by Thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And Thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.

The morning strengthens into noon;
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

When 'neath the evening western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
E'en as the pious patriarch did.

As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight too,
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from Thee.

BOWRING.

WATCHFULNESS.

I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will
And quench the kindling fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

Quick as the apple of the eye.
O God! my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

C. WESLEY.

From Scribner for Seventh month.

SOME NOTES ON MISSOURI.

BY EDWARD KING.

Looking down upon the St. Louis of to-day, from the high roof of the superb temple which the Missourians have built to the mercurial god of insurance, one can hardly believe that the vast metropolis spread out before him represents the growth of only three-quarters of a century. The town seems as old as London. The smoke from the Illinois coal has tinged the walls a venerable brown, and the grouping of buildings is as picturesque and varied as that of a continental city. From the water side, on ridge after ridge, rise acres of solidly-built houses, and vast manufactories, magazines of commerce, long avenues bordered with splendid residences; a labyrinth of railways bewilders the eye, the clang of machinery and the whirl of a myriad wagon-wheels rise to the ear. The levee is thronged with busy and uncouth laborers; dozens of white steamers are shrieking their notes of arrival and departure; the ferries are choked with traffic; a gigantic and grotesque scramble for the almost limitless west beyond is spread out before the vision.

The town has leaped into a new life since the war; has doubled its population, its manufactures and its ambition, until it stands . . . . abreast of its wonderful neighbor Chicago. . . . . The city, which now stretches twelve miles along the ridges, branching from the watersheds between the Missouri, the Meremec and the Mississippi rivers, flanked by rolling prairies richly studded with groves and vineyards, which has many railroad lines pointed to its central depots, and a mile and a half of steamboats at its levee, a thousand miles from the sea; whose population has increased from 8,000 in 1835, to 450,000 in 1873; which has a banking capital of $19,000,000; which receives hundreds of tons of iron ore monthly, has bridged the Father of Waters, and talks of controlling the cotton trade of Arkansas and Texas,—is but little like the St. Louis of the days when Col. Stoddard had his headquarters in a rude cottage, and the United States, in his person, has just adopted the infant city. . . . . .

The compromise which gave the domain of Missouri to slavery, checked the growth of the State until after it had passed through the ordeal of war. How then it sprang up, like a young giant, confident in the plenitude of its strength, all the world knows! St. Louis, under free institutions, has won more prosperity in ten years than under the old *regime* it would have attained in fifty. It is now a cosmopolitan capital, rich in social life and energy, active in commerce, and acute in the struggle for the supremacy of trade in the Southwest. . . . After the ravages of the war, both state and city found themselves free from the major evils attendant upon reconstruction, and entered unimpeded upon a prosperous career. The one hundred thousand freedmen have never constituted a troublesome element in the State; no political exigencies have impeded immigration or checked the investment of capital; and the commonwealth, with an area of more than 67,000 square miles of fertile lands, with two millions of inhabitants, and eleven hundred million dollars' worth of taxable property, with a thousand miles of navigable rivers within and upon her boundaries, and with vast numbers of frugal Germans constantly coming to turn her untilled acres into rich farms, can safely carry, and in due time throw off the various heavy obligations incurred in the building of the railway lines now traversing it in every direction. The present actual indebtedness of the State is

nearly nineteen millions, for more than half of which sum bonds have been issued.

The approaches to St. Louis from the Illinois side of the Mississippi are not especially fascinating, and give but a poor idea of the extent of the city. Alighting from some one of the many trains which enter East St. Louis from almost every direction, one sees before him a steep bank, paved with "murderous stones," and the broad, deep, restless current of the great river, flowing swiftly, and bearing on its bosom tree-trunks and branches from far-away forests. East St. Louis stands upon famous ground; its alluvial acres, which the capricious stream in past days covered every year with its waters, have been the scene of many fierce contests under the requirements of the so-called code of honor, and its sobriquet was once "Bloody Island." It is now a prosperous town; hotels, warehouses, and depots stand on the ancient duelling spot. Immense grain elevators and wharves have been erected on the ground which the river once claimed as its own. Huge ferry boats ply constantly across the river; but the railway omnibuses and the ferry boats are soon to be but memories of the past, for the graceful arches of the new bridge are completed, and trains can cross the Mississippi to a grand union depot in the centre of St. Louis.*

The old French quarter of the town is now entirely given up to business, but little of the Gallic element is left. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families are of French descent, and retain the language and manners of their ancestors; but in the exterior there are few traces of the domination of the French. Some souveniers yet remain; streets, both English and American in aspect, bear the names of the vanished Gauls. Laclede has a monument in the form of a mammoth hotel; and the prncipal outlying ward of the city, crowded with vast rolling-mills and iron and zinc furnaces, is called Carondolet.

There are more than 50,000 native Germans from beyond the Atlantic now in St. Louis, and the whole Teutonic population, including the children born in the city, of German parents, probably exceeds one hundred and fifty tnousand. The original emigration from Germany to Missouri was from the thinking classes—professional men, politicians condemned to exile, writers, musicians and philosophers—and these must have aided immensely in the development of the State, ... Always a loyal and industrious element, believing in the whole country and in the principles of freedom, they kept Missouri, in the troublous times preceding and during the war, from many excesses. . . .

Let us peer into the busy suburban ward, which still clings so fondly to its old French name, Carondolet. The drive thither from the city carries you past the arsenal. . . . Descending towards the water side from the street, you find every available space crowded with mammoth iron and zinc furnaces, with immense uncouth structures of iron, wood and glass, in which half naked men, their bodies smeared with perspiration and coal-dust, are wheeling about blazing masses of metal, or guiding pliant iron bars through rollers and moulds, or cooling their heated arms and faces in buckets of water brought up fresh from the stream. Here, in a zinc furnace, half a dozen Irishmen wrestle with the long puddling rods, which they thrust into the seventy-times-seven heated furnaces; the green and yellowish flames from the metal are reflected on their pale and withered features, and give them an almost unearthly expression.

Farther on the masons are toiling at the brick-work of a new blast furnace, which already rears its tall towers a hundred feet above the Mississippi shore; not far thence you may see the flaming chimney of the quaint old Carondolet Furnace, and the first built in all that section, or may linger for hours in such immense establishments as the South St. Louis or Vulcan Iron Works, fancying them the growth of half a century of patient upbuilding, until you are told that nearly every establishment has been erected since the war.

*The bridge across the Mississippi, at St. Louis, was opened on the 4th inst. for the passage of wagons, and a steady stream of vehicles passed over it all day.

The introductory paragraph of the last will and testament of the late Chief-Justice George Robertson, of Kentucky, reads thus: "Uniting our destinies when she was not sixteen, and I was only nineteen years old, my devoted wife and myself, without any patrimonial estate, acquired, during a happy union of more than fifty-five years, a comfortable independence, rationally enjoyed as the fruit of our co-operating energies. After devoting to the advancement of our children at least $80,000 in various ways, still retaining property sufficient for the comfort of my desolate old age, I desire that what I shall leave behind me undisposed of in my lifetime shall be distributed among my descendants in such portions as will, as nearly as possible, approach legal equality; and for effectuating that end I now publish the testimentary disposition of the residual estate which Providence enabled my admirable wife and myself by habitual industry to earn, and by self denying economy and sysematic prudence to save."—*Moravian.*

NOTICE.

By divine permission, an adjourned meeting of Friends desiring the unity of all claiming that name, will be held at the Bethany Mission School-house, Brandywine Street, near Sixteenth Street, on Sixth-day, Seventh month 10th, at 10 A. M. A general attendance is requested. JOSEPH BANCROFT,
MARGARET BANCROFT.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENT.

7th mo. 5, Byberry at the closing session (till fall) of their school.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

7th mo. 5, Frankford, Philadelphia, 3 P. M. Fifth and Sixth Streets cars convey to Main and Unity Streets.
7th mo. 5, Plymouth, 3 P. M.
" " 5, Concord, 3 P. M.
" " 12 Pennsneck, N. J., 3 P. M.
" " 19, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " 19, Woodstown, N. J., 10½ A. M.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

At Semi annual meeting the following were elected: President, Isaac G. Tyson; Vice-President, M. Dawson Richards; Assistant Secretary, Rachel A. Tyson; Visiting Committee, Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Dr. B. Frank Betts, Wm P. Fogg, Jane Ingram, Mary R. Chandlee, Hannah F. Barnett.
Stated Meeting Seventh mo. 3d at 8 P. M.
ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

BURLINGTON QUARTERLY F. D. S. UNION will be held at Mansfield Meeting-house, on Seventh-day, Seventh month 11th, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Executive Committee of the same are requested to meet at 9 o'clock on the same morning. All interested are invited. MARY J. GARWOOD, MARTHA C. DE COUR, } *Clerks.*

ITEMS.

WHILE a strawberry festival was being held in the parlors of the Central Baptist Church, Syracuse, New York, on the evening of the 23d ult., without any premonition the floor gave way, about half-past nine o'clock, precipitating the room full of people into the story below. The parlor was on the second floor, and the room underneath was also full. Thirteen persons were killed, and about one hundred wounded, of whom twenty are seriously injured. A few minutes before the floor gave way it trembled so that many persons left the room, fearing an accident, which had been predicted by many.

The accident was caused by the giving way of the joist that supported the floor. The joist ran from both sides of the room to a cross stringer, the middle of which was supported by iron rods from the roof. The stringer gave way, pulling the ceiling and roof down upon the people, and precipitating them into the floor below.

Public censure is severe upon the architecture, builders and building committee of the church. The plan of the building contemplated supporting columns, instead of which iron rods, pending from an insufficient roof truss, were substituted.

CHEIF-STATE-ENGINEER THOMPSON writes to Governor Kellogg that 3,000,000 cubic yards of levee are required to be built to save the State from overflow next year, and that Louisiana cannot pay for the construction of more than one-third. He suggests that an appeal be made for national aid.

A NUMBER of persons enjoyed the opportunity afforded them on the evening of the 21st ult. at the Central High School, by Prof. McClune, of taking an observation of Coggia's comet. Prof. McClune located it, by observation, in sixty-eight degrees north declination, six hours thirty minutes right ascension. When first discovered, on the 17th of April last, by M. Coggia, assistant astronomer at Marseilles, the location of the body was sixty-nine degrees fifty-seven minutes north declination, and six hours twenty-eight minutes right ascension. The observation during the first four days after its discovery, showed conclusively that it would be quite prominent. When it attains its greatest brilliancy, which, from observation, is known will be about the 3d or 4th of August, it will be two hundred and forty-five times brighter than it was when first discovered. The comet was not visible in this vicinity until Wednesday night last, and then only with the telescope; at present it is just barely visible with the naked eye.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A FREQUENT TROUBLE WITH KEROSENE LAMPS.—The light is often unsatifactory while all is apparently in good order. It should be borne in mind that, though the wick is but very gradually burned, it is constantly becoming less able to conduct the oil. During several weeks some quarts of oil are slowly filtered through the wick, which stops every particle of dust or other matter that will with the utmost care be in the best kinds of oil. The result is that the wick, though it is of sufficient length and looks as good as ever, has its conducting power greatly impaired, as its pores, so to speak, or the minute channels by which the oil reaches the place to be burned, become gradually obstructed. It is often economy to substitute a new wick for an old one, even if that be plenty long enough to serve for some time to come.—*Agriculturist.*

"AN act to secure to children the benefits of elementary education," has lately been passed in New York State, and goes into effect in First month next.

The law provides that every child between the ages of eight and fourteen years shall attend school for fourteen weeks in every year, of which eight weeks must be consecutive, or shall receive equivalent instruction at home. No child can be employed in any labor or business so as to conflict with this requirement, under a penalty of fifty dollars on the employer.

The trustee of every school district, or the corresponding official, is to make a semi-annual visitation of all manufacturing establishments where children are employed, to see that the law is obeyed. Penalties are affixed for violation of the law by parents or guardians. School-books are to be provided at the public expense in case of necessity. In case of obstinate refusal of a child to attend school, he is to be regarded as a truant; and the trustees or school board of each town are to make arrangements for the confinement and discipline of truants as may be necessary.—*Christian Union.*

WHEN the bill to organize the Territory of Pembina came up lately in the United States Senate, Sargent, of California, moved an amendment that the right to vote should not be restricted on account of race, color, or sex. The proposition was lost by 19 yeas to 27 nays.

THE Brazilian cable has been successfully laid, and London is now in telegraphic communication with Brazil. The first message was transmitted on the 24th ult.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind*

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, ETC., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

(Continued from page 292.)

My relations being still displeased that I should stay in town, thought of another stratagem against me, which greatly surprised me, and added to the trouble which the destruction of my substance, as above related, had given me.

My uncle having been at London about our affairs, reported, on his return, that, on account of a large debt of my father's, who had been dead thirteen years, a suit in chancery was commenced against him. This report ran current; and my uncle gave out that, as I was under age, he would take again those effects he had put into my hands, though I had not received one-quarter of my equivalent. The unwelcome news was brought to me by many. I say unwelcome, because I had contracted some debts in the way of business, which, my uncle said, he could and would refuse to pay. And, again, as my aunt had broken up my school, and my former acquaintance had withdrawn their custom, my trade seemed at a stand, and had been so above a year, except for some few trifles, as before mentioned; besides which, I now was sensible that the things I had destroyed were not my own. But, having some acquaintance with Counsellor Hollingshead, I laid before him my straits, and he civilly told me I might be quite easy on account of the debt, saying if there had been any truth in it he should have heard of it from my uncle, who used to take his advice; and, besides, he knew my father's creditors had met with due honor. In respect to my uncle's taking back the effects he had entrusted me with, it was at his pleasure, and he might refuse to pay the debts contracted, if the bills were made in my name, unless he had given his promise to pay them. The Counsellor desired me, if I had any further trouble, to let him know it, and he would speak to my uncle for me.

Thus was I fully satisfied concerning my father's debt, and, in a little time after, was comfortably astonished with the breathings in of the love of God in these few comprehensive words: "Fear not, I have overcome the world." Had my trouble been even redoubled, like Job's, surely I should, in this season of favor, have forgotten them; yet, when it subsided, I found there remained two occasions for sorrowful reflection. The one was paying off of my creditors, which I soon got over, as I had cash enough to balance all but one, from whom I had received a parcel, which, through the smallness of business, was nearly entire; and this I sent back, with money to answer any deficiency or damage. It was kindly received, and I was very easy respecting it.

But, as to the other affair, by destroying the articles I had put it out of my power to restore them, and this dwelt longer with me;

yet, as I lived to come to age, I took the debt upon myself, and became reconciled to bear it, though not without a belief that if I had had a friend to have given me advice, it would have been otherwise. Here I bemoaned myself before the Almighty that I had lost my parents, disobliged my relations, and now had no friend to take more notice of me than what is common amongst the generality of professors; and, indeed, how could I expect that any one would busy themselves to take the care of me, in any degree, upon them, without my desire? I became more and more sensible of the danger to which my years, as well as other circumstances, might expose me; and I preferred many strong desires to the Most High that, in His wisdom, he would appoint for me a faithful friend, who would check my errors, as well as encourage me in virtue—one that was capable of instructing me by their own experience.

These desires were often accompanied with a promisory hope and belief that I could subject myself to the counsel and bear the reproof of such an one; but where to find such a friend I knew not. I was afraid to trust my own judgment, and often supplicated the Invisible Being to direct me in the choice. Accordingly, in a space of time, it thus happened: I. Toft was visited with sickness, and brought so low that several Friends, who met, did not know but it must be to take their final adieu. I had also the favor to be in the chamber, and heard many things worthy of regard; but that which struck me deepest was an earnest desire for my preservation in the truth, and kind recommendation of me, as a young person, to those Friends then present, that they would have me under their notice. I was truly touched with this sense of paternal care, and secretly desired his life and the restoration of his health, which, as it pleased the Almighty to grant it, I was myself no longer at a loss for a friend, conceiving that one, whose kindness towards me was manifested under such circumstances I might reasonably hope to find such an one as I desired. And from that time I looked on him with a just regard, and with a resolution that, whenever I found occasion for advice, I would apply to him for it. Nor was it long before my exigency seemed to require it.

The beloved of my soul who, in my tender state, had so graciously replenished my heart, now hid His face from me, and I was not indulged with those times of solace which I before had so plenteously enjoyed. I waited, and waited the return of the dearest object of my soul, often querying, Why stayeth my beloved so long? or, What have I done since His last embraces to occasion His thus hiding Himself from me? Impatient, I sought Him in my chamber, the meetings and the fields, places where I had used to receive His favor, but these seemed now to have lost their lustre, as well as my beloved His benevolence towards me. I sought Him, but I found Him not. Like the spouse in the canticles, I was ready to ask, "Did you see my beloved?" I was disconsolate days and nights, and, I may say, I mourned as one wanting her mate. Still, I thought my tears moved not His pity, and His ear seemed deaf to all my cries, whilst the imperious watchman wounded me, and the cruel enemy upbraided me with all I had gone through for my beloved's sake, telling me I had better stayed in Egypt than thus to languish in the wilderness.

Great, indeed, were the conflicts I here met with, not knowing why it should be thus: and fearing that I was dying to all that was spiritual, I at length resolved to make application to my friend.

I went to his house, and remember, while I waited a suitable opportunity to speak to him, the tears trickled down my cheeks, yet, when I had unbosomed my complaint, I received great satisfaction, for, from his kind inquiry of my past conduct, I found my opinion of his friendship confirmed. From his tender advice my soul was encouraged to hope a little longer, and to my inexpressible joy, in some days after, I felt the influence of Divine love suggesting to my mind, "Follow on to know the Lord; Joseph, the spiritual Joseph is yet alive." Oh! sure here I found again that inestimable Jewel, the Pearl of my best affection, and the Life of my hope, with such revivings as Jacob experienced when he saw the assurance of the welfare of his son.

And my soul bowed under an humble sense of gratitude, saying, It is enough; I will go down and see Him ere I die. It was a time of true humility, tenderness and love. My covenant was renewed, and it remained for some time as a summer season, or, "as the time when the voice of the turtle is heard." Yet, at intervals, I could not but reflect on former days, and conclude the smallest degree of my uncle's and aunt's reconciliation would add to my happiness. And, as these thoughts increased, so did my desire of making a trial; and one evening I went to their house and knocked at the door, stranger-like, as indeed I was, not having been there for above two years. Their maid let me in, and I suppose I much surprised them. They were sitting alone by the fire. I just said, How do you do? and stood within the house, a little distant from the door. My uncle looked very sorrowful, and if he spoke at that time, he only said, I have no pleasure in seeing thee. My aunt said enough, and called me many impudencies for coming. I stood about half

an hour, and then bidding them farewell, my aunt came with me part of the way back, scolding me as we went. I thought this was but poor encouragement, yet was truly glad I had seen them.

In about six weeks I had a desire to go again. I went in the former manner, knocked, and stood as before, and, after a little while, my uncle said, Thou maye-t sit down. My aunt then fetched some books, which I believe were the same that Bennet would have lent me, and read several absurd passages, to which I only said, I hope you do not think any sect can be so ridiculous as to believe and practice those things. I staid a little longer than before, during which my uncle sat very solitary, and my aunt let me come home quietly. Thus I went several times to see them, eyeing my permission, as believing that to go without it might expose me to danger; but in my fourth visit, my uncle said to the maid, Set her something to eat. I could truly have said his love was sufficient, for I was so satisfied with this little return of his love and my aunt's increased quietness, that my heart was ready to overflow. I thought proper to go to the table, and, before I ate, there was a contrite thanksgiving arose in my soul to God. After this, I took the liberty to go at sundry times to see them, and had frequent opportunities to remark, I still had a place in their affection, which answered my desire; nor could I hope for more, as there always was and is a contrariety betwixt the spiritual and natural dispositions. They were so kind as to return my visits till I was married (to S. L., the husband's name), which was a little past the twenty-fourth year of my age, with the approbation of my friends.

My uncle would not come to the meeting, but came to our dinner; and my aunt visited us the next day. They both behaved loving and affectionate to my husband; and, afterwards, were very tender of our children, my aunt exceedingly so; and, indeed, it yields me satisfaction, as often as I remember the public testimonies she gave, before her death, of my behaviour towards her in the time of my convincement; though, I believe, she continued to think it was right in her to restrain me from going on in a way so different from her own judgment, and what she thought was right; yet acknowledged she was angry, and did exceed; and that she never saw me behave unbecoming, or heard me give her an unhandsome word. She was, again, as civil to Friends as she was before I went to meetings; and at times asked several Friends of my acquaintance to her house, and entertained them freely. I may now conclude my narrative thus far, with truly saying, how blessed in my situation was I; having a loving, kind and tender husband; our lawful endeavors made prosperous, the affections of my relations restored, and, above all, the blessing of the Almighty sanctifying these enjoyments to my soul, to the praise and adoration of His love. Here was I permitted to dwell as under the pavilion of the goodness of God, yet not without something to combat with in my secret exercises.

I thus persevered on comfortably for two years after my marriage, when the best physician, whose penetrating eye saw the malady in my soul, prepared a bitter cup for the purging out a venom that lurked there, which I had sucked in from the malicious adversary of truth; before, and even after, my going to meeting, and which remained to this time. Hence issued a fiery trial, by which my professions of love and affection were to be proved. This may well be as a second part of my history, and is the most trying, as it went very near to my spiritual, as well as temporal life. This war was not with flesh and blood, but with the Majesty on high; under the prince of the power of the air, who rules in the children of disobedience. I have before observed, that to be an Israelite, indeed, had attracted my desires; but little did I suspect what I had to undergo before my heart was cleansed from guile, and delivered from that wrath which the enemy had been heaping up in me against the day of wrath. To introduce this heavy relation, I must go back to my childhood, and say, that the first time I ever heard a woman preach, from a prejudice imbibed from my companions, and, probably, an aversion in my own nature, I thought it very ridiculous; and the oftener I had opportunities to see it, the more I secretly despised it. At the time that I joined with Friends, this was one of my strongest objections to them; but I endeavored to silence it, by concluding that others might do as they pleased, and so would I. My aunt, as I have hinted, gave me many remembrances thereof, as she knew my dislike to it, from my former confession; and I have no doubt, the serpent, by means of this prejudice, injected his venom the deeper; for, since I have found out his workings, I have remembered a secret fear, which I had at times on this account, and which this cunning enemy had allayed, by reminding me of my many protestations against it. The apprehension, however, continued, that I should certainly come to be a preacher, which greatly distressed me: the allowance of women's preaching being the only dislike I had to the discipline and order of the church; yet, still, I satisfied myself with many inconsiderate resolves against it. But here, I may remark, a good opportunity allotted me for

the shaking off those shackles which the fiend was fastening on me, but which I lost, and have remembered it many times with sorrow. Being in discourse with a Friend, he frankly asked me if I had any scruples, or whether I was satisfied with the principles of Friends. I stopt short in my mind, apprehending, if I should mention women's preaching, he would think I spoke in regard to myself. Thus was I baffled; and I answered, that I was satisfied in the principle itself. At that time my idea of preaching was, that it was an act of love and friendship, separate from obedience; and glad could I have been, like Moses, if all the Lord's people had been so inclined, women excepted. I continued thus for some years, till I became such a slave to my fears, that I could not say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

But, like Naaman, the captain of Syria, would fain be excused from this thing. I now began to believe that such exposures were something more than voluntary offerings, and was convinced, from many books, that my state had been as clearly spoken to by my own sex as the other; yet such was my perverseness, that one day I had much ado to stay the meeting, though I could not help acknowledging within myself, that it would have been an acceptable testimony, had it come from a man, so great was my prejudice; but greater, yes, may I say, infinitely greater were the condescensions of God; for I was still favored in my waitings with a sense of His living presence.

(To be continued)

From the Christian Union.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

A great many men are making it their care to "defend Christianity." There are books without number, sermons and lectures beyond counting, devoted to this. We hear a great deal about the war with infidelity. Theologians turn their great guns of argument against the foe; and there is scarcely a quiet country congregation but hears from its minister denunciation of the unbelief of the time, and elaborate defence of the true doctrine.

No doubt, considerable good is done by the men who in this way defend Christianity. But those who pursue this method, often seem to us to misjudge as to what the essential element of Christianity is.

No man thinks it necessary to write a defence of virtue. We do not remember reading an argument to prove that beauty is better than ugliness. Nor have we ever seen a "defence" or "vindication" of wisdom, or of happiness, or of justice. All men instantly acknowledge that these things are good. We do not trouble ourselves to prove that the orchards are beautiful in the time of apple blossoms; we only say, "Come and see."

Now, real Christianity no more needs defence or vindication than virtue, or happiness, or beauty. Only to see it is to believe in it. No blossoming orchard so captivates the eye as true Christianity wins the soul that sees it in its reality. Men do not need to have it defended; they need only to see the thing itself.

What, then, is Christianity? It is often presented as a system of belief. It is talked of as a "scheme" or "plan," made up of certain statements which must be received by the intellect. Its elements, according to this conception, are such as these: the Inspiration of the Scriptures, the Sinfulness of Man, the Divinity of Christ, His Atoning Work, Redemption through the Work of the Holy Spirit, the Eternal Life of the World to Come. A number of such statements, properly fitted together, are conceived to be Christianity, and Christianity is supposed to be maintained by convincing men of their truth.

Now, supposing all these doctrines, and a great many others, to be true, they are not Christianity, any more than a set of anatomical plates is a man.

Christianity is Christ-likeness. A Christian is a man who, in his disposition and purposes, resembles Jesus Christ. The elements of Christianity are not intellectual beliefs about anything whatever; they are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Christianity is simply the highest form of manhood produced by the Divine influence upon the soul. It includes every kind of excellence; not only gentleness, but courage; not only devoutness, but good citizenship; the care of the body, as well as of the soul; fidelity to the truth as we see it, together with the utmost respect and kindness for those who see it differently. It includes humility—a profound sense of our own weakness, and ignorance, and fault; and it includes the very highest self-respect—a sense of the absolute sacredness of our own nature, as the child of God and the temple of His Spirit. It looks downward, making reverent account of the humblest form of human life, and of every created thing. It looks upward, recognizing with veneration the unseen Power of the universe, and resting in its arms with peace unspeakable. It rejoices in hope, and lives in strong and joyful consciousness that good is mightier than evil, and that the universe is absolutely safe in its Father's hands. But why try to put in words all that belongs to a perfect life? Look at everything that is best in men and women; at every sweet and noble quality that shines in life; add all that the

past has recorded of human excellence; add all that the imagination can conceive of attainment in character; and let all that go into the picture—that is Christianity. "Finally, brethren," says the apostle, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

It has been often remarked that all thoughtful men, of whatever creed or name, agree in regarding with the highest reverence the character of Jesus; but when we speak of the Christian religion, there is endless dispute about its claims. But do not men see that the character of Jesus is the religion of Jesus? His teachings were chiefly the efflorescence in speech of His own personal qualities. He did not, like a mere philosopher, set forth a theory about things outside of human experience. He taught by His words and by His acts alike the supreme blessedness of right living. He taught in endless variety of expression, with exquisite sweetness and nobleness of illustration, that love is the soul's rightful king; and His whole life was one transcendent series of love-acts. He taught, as none had ever done before, the evil of sin; and He himself laid aside all other ambitions and pleasures to go down among the sinful and save them. His words taught men to call God "Our Father;" and His own life was pervaded by a holy atmosphere of communion with that Father. He opened the future, and revealed the interior of the life beyond. Everywhere His words and His life go together; they speak with one voice. So far as a man understands the character of Christ—not what theologians mean by His "nature," the metaphysical relations of the Divine and the human elements in Him; but the motive, the temper, the spirit in which He lived,—so far as a man understands that, he understands the Christian religion. So far as he is himself of like disposition, he is a Christian.

The historical and philosophical elements of Christianity have been crowded into prominence out of all proportion to their practical importance. Here is a man who says: "I cannot believe all I find in the Bible; it seems to me that legendary and mythical elements are mingled with its truths; my reason is staggered by the account of miracles; even the life of Jesus seems to me to be not purely historical, but partly fashioned by the imagination of the writers." These questions have an interest and an importance; but they are wholly subordinate to the essential matter. Do you respond to the great elements of conscience and of love which are embodied in the Scriptures? Do you share that longing for God which David had, and Isaiah, and Paul, and John? Do you yearn toward that sense of a Divine Father which fills the whole New Testament? Above all, are you willing to strive towards perfect manhood, to let love inspire and mould your life? Then you are ready to be a Christian.

The philosophical side of religion—theology—has a strong attraction for all thoughtful minds. And it is the noblest subject of human thought. But a true theology works towards simplicity. The great effort and the best promise of theological inquiry in our time is to clear away the vast amount of rubbish by which the simple religion of Jesus Christ has been overlaid. When we get back to the Master himself, and those who stood nearest Him; when we clear away the false interpretations which have been fastened upon them, we find a religion so simple that a child can grasp it; so reasonable, that all observation of nature and of man gives results in harmony with it. We find ample provision for future development and growth in the assurance of a Divine Spirit dwelling ever in men, and leading them gradually into all truth. We find, as the basis of all, an appeal to those elements in men which are deepest and most universal—to the sense of a dependence on a higher Power, to the moral instinct discerning between right and wrong, and to the highest affections, faith, hope, love.

If any man will defend Christianity, let him understand and declare what it is. It is its own defence. Fairer than the summer, sweeter than the song of birds, more glorious than the setting and the rising of the sun—for these things are but the life of God in the outer world—is the life of God in the soul.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL SERVICES.

Somewhat paradoxical as the assertion may appear, the greatest and most genuine service of God consists in the daily prayerful effort to please Him in little things, which are apt to be unobserved by human eyes, or taken small account of in men's estimates of piety. A great divine remarks—"There are no little things in religion." It is with the Christian as with the artist or the mechanic; skill in the management of minute detail is the test of superior attainment. A watch, which was irregular in its working, was taken to a watchmaker, who examined it and professed to have set it right, but it kept no better time than before. Then it was placed in the hands of a second watchmaker, and afterwards with a third, and still without material improvement. Each took the watch to pieces, put it together

again, charged so many shillings, and returned it to the owner, with the answer, "It will go all right now." But it did not. At length it was taken to a chronometer-maker, who soon detected that the irregularity was the result of a minute defect in one of the small wheels, which, although apparently perfect, ought to have had one little additional tooth on its circumference. A perfect wheel was inserted, and all went well. In this case, the difference between the really skilled and the inferior workman consisted in the ability to observe and manage little details. And so it is with every class of work and effort. In domestic life, the most affectionate father is he who, amid the absorbing cares of business, maintains the small sympathies and attentions of relationship. There is more extraordinary grace requisite and manifest in habitual patience, in small sympathies at home, in absence from conversational disparagement of others, and in resistance to habits of sloth and undue self-indulgence in every-day life, than in the performance of many great public duties under the observation of multitudes. The servant girl who, when asked what Christianity had done for her, replied, "I sweep under the door-mats now," gave thereby one of the best evidences of the reality of her religion as consisting in a reverent, practical recognition of the presence and sight of the Lord everywhere. If a minister preaches eloquent sermons in public, but manifests sourness, selfishness and ill-natured gossip at home, he is really inferior in the Divine sight to the humble servant who honors God in unobserved domestic details, with the single eye to Him rather than for human praise and notice. The Lord who sees our hearts by day and night, especially loves the true discipleship implied in the persevering endeavor to honor Him in little and secret daily services, by a prayerful care over our words, actions and sympathies. For there are no small things in religion. Nay, the smallest, humblest efforts often constitute the greatest and highest form of Divine service. —*British Friend.*

THE FORCE OF PRAYER.

Prayer does not directly take away a trial or its pain, any more than a sense of duty directly takes away the danger of infection; but it preserves the strength of the whole spiritual fiber, so that the trial does not pass into temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim Him as your Father, though He seem cruel, and the degrading, paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The force of prayer is not altogether effective at once. Its action is cumulative. At first there seems no answer to your exceeding bitter cry. But there has been an answer; God has heard. A little grain of strength, not enough to be conscious of, has been given in one way or another. A friend has come in and grasped your hand; you have heard the lark sprinkle his notes like rain-drops on the earth; a text has stolen into your mind, you know not how. Next morning you wake with the old aching at the heart, but the grain of strength has kept you alive—and so it goes on; hour by hour, day by day, prayer brings its tiny spark of light till it orb into a star, its grains of strength till they grow into an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast. The answer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought understood.—*Stopford Brooke.*

"If our reading is prompted by an earnest desire to discover truth, it will guide us not only in our method, but in our selections. The springs to which we resort for our reading should be only the purest and sweetest. Whether it be the discussion of cherished opinions, the developments of science, the history of the past, the news of the day, the poem, or the work of fiction, we may safely adopt it as an unvarying rule, to read none but the very best. The best works are easily discoverable; the world presents them in the volumes it has allowed to live while so many spring up and die for want of root. Time is too short and books too many to disregard this law of literature. All our reading should lead to a nobler life in some direction, or it falls short of its purpose. He whose reading is governed by love of truth, beauty and goodness, and a desire to make them part of himself, will rise from the perusal of every volume better fitted to act his part in society, and to live a worthy life."

GOD OUR HELP.

Living as we do in a world so mysterious as to baffle all our researches, and so full of temptation, trial, and perplexity as to force upon us at every turn a sense of our weakness, how consoling is the faith that in God

we have a friend and helper, who loves us with infinite tenderness, and on whom we may implicitly rely in every emergency! The God who is revealed to us in the face of Jesus Christ, by whom we are taught to call him Father, is responsive to our every need, and bids us come boldly to Him in hours of darkness and disappointment, and lean upon Him for support. Blessed is he who, when the waves of sorrow or temptation are sweeping over him, is able to find the hand of God, and calmly to rest in His infinite strength. His peace is like a river, and joy is with him an abiding guest.

The reason why so many miss this unspeakable blessing and wander in moral and spiritual darkness is that they do not seek it in the right way. They feel after God with a great sense of need, and often with a deep and sincere desire to find him; but, employing in this effort their senses only, they are perpetually baffled in the search. They forget that God is a spirit and can be clearly apprehended only through the spiritual faculties. They live in the lower elements of their nature, and are only half aware of the existence in themselves of powers of a higher order, by which it is possible for them to come into conscious communion with God. The truths which are apprehended by the intellect alone are not those which lift us into fellowship with Christ, make us invincible to temptation, and give us the peace which the world cannot take away. "With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness;" through the spiritual, the innermost faculties alone, can we apprehend the truths that concern our highest welfare. And these faculties are not special, but universal; not miraculously bestowed upon a favored few, but the precious gift of God to all. But for the existence of such faculties in men they would be lifted but a little way above the brutes, and the Gospel of Christ would be of none effect. The main reason why that Gospel makes such slow advances is that it is so often presented as if it could all be summed up in purely intellectual statements and dogmas. We do not disparage the human intellect, but we do affirm that the spiritual powers are far higher and not less real than the intellectual, and that through them alone can God become a reality, a very present help in all the emergencies of life, a source of perpetual consolation and peace, in adversity as well as in prosperity.—*Christian Union.*

When Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us to be conquered "only by cheerfulness and equanimity," he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful or at a moment's notice; but that the endeavor to look at the better side of things will produce the habit, and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the danger of sudden evils.—*Leigh Hunt.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

At our Monthly Meeting lately we had the company and acceptable gospel services of a Friend from a neighboring meeting. I would like to share the favor with thee, so I will tell thee about it.

At our meeting we have had many bereavements of late, and her message was truly the word of consolation, expressing the belief that, through individual faithfulness our broken ranks may be repaired.

In our business meeting she offered a view which impressed me very pleasantly. She drew a comparison between a Monthly Meeting and a family, showing in the former, as in the latter, the advantage that would result from a free interchange, between parents and children, of views on all subjects of mutual interest, and that entire confidence and freedom of consultation are of vital importance to both—that there should be a care on the part of parents, even while their children are quite young, to enlist their interest in whatever is being done. She gave a pleasant illustration from the experience of her husband, and perhaps I can give it to thee in nearly her words.

"It was his father's practice to take his little sons (he had six) with him into the fields or woods, or wherever there was work to be done, and consult with them as to how they had better proceed, what fields first to sow, what trees to cut down, etc., and thus have them help him in planning the various items of business, which, on a farm, need systematic arrangement. This gave the children a feeling of responsibility, and an interest was induced which made them enter upon the labor with cheerful industry. Then, in seasons of rest, he would have them around him to read the Scriptures and other books; and they would converse upon what had been read. He would question them, and let them question him, and each would answer in turn. This freedom would often lead to further conversation on the wonders of creation, meeting concerns, and other matters of general interest. All this made an impression which influenced their future lives."

Our Friend then expressed an opinion that in a household thus ordered, the children, seeing the confidence reposed in them, and that a proper estimate was placed upon their judgment, became interested co workers with

their parents in adjusting domestic and out-door arrangements—in considering the incomes and outgoes, in a word, everything connected with their mutual prosperity and happiness, and herein are promoted peace and harmony in the family circle.

Then, in meetings for discipline, when the young are assembled with their parents and older friends, the same rule will work well. If the young are embraced by the gathered feeling of a meeting so as to understand they are a part of the compact, an interest in its proceedings will naturally be felt, and in due time, as the judgment ripens, it can be expressed, and will be appreciated, and the strength of both will be promoted.

Through this view, encouragement was held out to the younger members, to take hold of the business of the meeting, and thus *manifest* the interest which it is believed they often feel. Then the older and the younger will be united in the work, and neither will say to the other, I have no need of thee.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 11, 1874.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.—The increasing tendency throughout our Society for many years past to neglect the wholesome counsel of the apostle to the primitive Christian Church, "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together," has been the subject of much thoughtful consideration.

Various reasons for this decline in interest have been assigned, and as many remedies suggested, all of which doubtless should have some weight. There is no question at this time which so vitally affects us, as a distinctive religious body, as this of keeping up our meetings.

The principles that grow out of our acknowledgment of the brotherhood of man, irrespective of color or condition, and which have always been held by us, are among the good seeds of the kingdom, which have measurably found a lodgment in the world, and are coming to be recognized by civil governments as conferring the greatest amount of good upon a community or a nation, so that the civilized world now stands nearly abreast of the small fraction of its inhabitants, known as Quakers, in all that concerns the well being of humanity, in the several relations each sustains to the other.

Were the Society of Friends to drop out of existence to-day, the rights that belong to man as man could never again be entirely overlooked or the conditions of bondman and master restored. We are not to conclude from this that the mission of the Society has been accomplished; far from it. There remains yet to be completed the emancipation of the world, from the "swaddling clothes" in which the spiritual life continues to struggle, there is a vast amount of tradition that passes current for the Word of God. Even what *we* have attained in the liberty of the gospel, brings us only to the condition of babes in Christ. Would we stand forth in the stature of men and women, strong and valiant, ready to do or suffer, as were the fathers and mothers of old, with the measure of light which is increasingly ours, leading us onward to clearer perceptions of duty and broadening fields of usefulness, we *must* meet and grapple with the issues of the present.

The fundamental principle upon which our simple form of worship was established "was a diligent waiting, in true silence and retirement of mind, for the renewed sense of the inward power and virtue of the Divine Spirit, by which we would be qualified to worship God in an acceptable manner." It has never been claimed to consist in vocal utterance, but rather in individual and silent communion with God, who Himself condescends to meet the wants of His children.

When we come to compare our manner of worship with that of all other Christian bodies, we cannot fully appreciate the difference until we examine the ground-work upon which it rests. "Quakerism," says a cotemporary, "is individualism merging into the congregation;" while other forms are represented as congregational centering in the individual, whose office it is to lead the devotions of the assembly. If we keep this distinction clearly before our minds, we can hardly fail to see that the very highest form of worship is that where the congregation, in its integral parts, lifts up the soul in devout aspirations, each according to the need that is felt, being supplied directly from the Father's hand. This is what our sitting down in silent waiting signifies, and it cannot be charged against His bounty that any go empty away, for it is

His will that every worshipper reach forth and take the "bread and wine" of His kingdom, to the refreshment of each soul.

If we enter the meeting-house in the desire that a "Moses," rather than God's Holy Spirit, shall be the messenger of His covenant to us, we cannot come before Him in that singleness of heart that is the pre-requisite to all acceptable worship. And here, the question arises, what provision is there in our form of worship for that very large class of earnest seekers, who must have something tangible to lean upon—some outward helps in the Christian journey. That there are multitudes among *us* who are hungering, yet find no bread; who thirst for the living water, yet are not refreshed, is without doubt; and it is a matter of grave consideration how the wants of these are to be met. We know that there is "bread enough, and to spare," in the Father's house, and that Himself uses instrumentalities by which this supply reaches the farthest bound of spiritual craving, is equally true. This is forcibly illustrated by the condition of the impotent man at the fount of healing, waiting for some one stronger than himself to plunge him into the pool. It was while he lay watching for the moving of the waters, that unexpected help was afforded, and he was made whole through an agency that he had not looked for.

This brings us again to the foundation. If we wait, in the patience of hope, the instrument best suited to carry on the work in each heart will be supplied. We need constantly to be reminded of our own inability and the necessity there is for continued reliance and dependence, not on human aid, for that is uncertain, and may lead us farther astray; but, lifting the soul in prayer to the Source and centre of all good, leave the petition in the confidence of assured trust, remembering that His ear is ever open to the cry of His children, and, though He delay, He *will*, in His own good time, send answers of peace.

May we all examine into this matter for ourselves, and be enabled to see the path of duty and pursue it. That there would be an increasing interest in the maintenance of public worship amongst us, and a more united aspiration for the Divine Presence in our midst, if this individual watchfulness were observed, cannot but be apparent. To Him, who is able to build us up in His most holy faith, and to make us "living epistles, seen and read of all men," we may safely commit every interest of our Zion, while we reverently wait to hear His voice calling unto us, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Russian Dissenters. — The trials that beset our dissenting brethren of Russia, are engaging the attention of many of the religious organs in this country.

We learn, through late intelligence, that the severities against the Menonites have been relaxed, and the proposed emigration of that people to this country will not be so great as was at first looked for.

Now it is our brethren of the Baptist faith, called "Stundists," in Russia, that have been subjected to imprisonment, and the exercise of their faith in the future is only permitted on condition that they abstain from proselytism. Says *The Independent* on this subject:

"We can none of us, not the wisest, foresee even for a single generation to whom the future, whether of political ascendancy or of religions, belongs. But this seems to be certain: that, if the vast mass of Russian society is ever to be penetrated with a living Christianity, there could be no more hopeful germs of such a future process than would be supplied in a small seed of steadfast believers *within the mass*, ready to go to prison or to death, if need be, for the sake of obeying Jesus Christ. Our own present duty in the matter of these persecutions is not mainly to indulge a sentimental sympathy with the sufferers; much less to rejoice prematurely that they have escaped suffering perhaps by compliance. It is rather to strengthen them in every way possible to suffer to the end."

Publications.—We have received from the Publisher, T. W. Stuckey, 624 Weaver street, Philadelphia, a small pamphlet, called "Not Another Drop, Daniel," one of the "*No Cross, No Crown Series*," which he is issuing in the interest of the temperance cause.

The narrative is interesting, and illustrates what may be done, by earnest, faithful, individual effort, to restore the erring. We com-

mend it to all. The price per thousand is very small, and brings it within the limit of gratuitous distribution. On sale at the office of J. Comly, 144 N. 7th street; also at the Publisher's.

DIED.

BARIGHT.—On the 19th of Sixth month, 1874, at the residence of his son, in the town of Poughkeepsie Elijah Baright, in the 72d year of his age; an Elder of Oswego Monthly Meeting.

GARRETT.—On the 27th of Fifth month, 1874, Jane M Garrett, wife of Joseph L. Garrett, in the 57th year of her age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting, Chester Co., Pa.

KIRBY.—On the 15th of Fifth month, 1874, Sarah Kirby, aged 91 years; a highly esteemed Friend, and for many years Elder of Woodbury Monthly Meeting. She was a good example in her family, and to those in her neighborhood, and a faithful attendant of her meeting as long as her declining strength would permit.

OGDEN.—At Woodbury, on the 1st of First month, 1874, Edith Ogden, widow of David C. Ogden, in the 74th year of her age; a member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting.

UNDERHILL.—In Brooklyn, on the 18th of Fourth month, 1874, Deborah S Underhill, widow of Adonijah Underhill, in the 85th year of her age; a member of New York Monthly Meeting for over sixty years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION."

AN APPEAL.

It would seem that anything not intimately pertaining to the excitements and gains of this busy age, is disregarded by the masses, as practically unimportant; but the thoughtful antiquary who, in seasons of retirement seeks reverently to uplift the veil which conceals the past, has his reward in the evidence thus furnished, that our present life is but the "lineal descendant" of that which has been, whose elementary beginnings reach far back into the dim cloud land of a remote age. His sympathies are enlarged as he learns that through all time men have been linked together by the chain of a common brotherhood, while his sense of responsibility is deepened by the thought, that the improvement of each successive generation depends upon its appropriating the experience of its predecessors, and leaving its garnered wisdom as a legacy to posterity. History to him is a grand panorama of events, the completeness of which depends upon aggregating the researches of individuals in the vast domain of enquiry. As it is spread out before him, he sees the now silent multitudes who have peopled the world, struggling onward and upward through the rolling years in conformity with the beneficent design of the Creator.

Impressed by these solemn truths, and believing that the rise of the Society of Friends, marks an important era in the march of Christian civilization, it was determined by a few interested, to organize the above Association, to trace out the service Quakerism has rendered to humanity—a work as yet but partially developed. That its influence has been leavening society into a broader and purer life, and continues so to do, with a power proportionate to the fidelity of Friends to their trust, is abundantly manifest; the vitality of its principles is attested in the present general recognition of human rights; in the readiness shown by rulers, to settle international disputes by arbitration; in the earnest advocacy of the temperance reform, by annually increasing numbers; in the appeals made by our Government to Friends for aid and counsel in behalf of the Indians, and in numerous other philanthropic movements, which characterize our time. Much pertaining to Friends has been published, but there is yet an unexplored field, rich with illustrations of individual dedication to the cause of truth, and the marvel is that no organized effort has hitherto been made to complete and preserve the record.

It will be the aim of our "Historical Association," to rescue from the hand of time the names and deeds of those Friends unknown to fame, whose memories are worthy of being perpetuated; to secure Books, MSS. Letters, Relics, etc., by which to illustrate the history of the Society; to foster kindly feelings towards all who are members thereof or whose affiliations attract them towards us, and to encourage, particularly in the young, the cultivation of historical tastes and pursuits. Only by concerted action, and the co-operation of those interested can we hope for valuable results.

Every Friend's family has in its keeping, books or documents, which, although perhaps of trifling importance to the owners, may supply some needed information, and thereby prove serviceable to us.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has kindly furnished us a meeting room, and the use of a fire-proof closset for the safe deposit of valuables, which has been accepted temporarily. Measures have been taken to secure an act of incorporation, and we commence our career under favorable auspices.

In view of these facts, we confidently appeal to Friends for aid and sympathy. Either of the undersigned is authorized to receive such material as may be forwarded to us, which will be promptly acknowledged. Donations of all kinds, whether favorable or adverse to Friends, are respectfully solicited.

Already have been deposited with us, the books and papers of the Pennsylvania Aboli-

tion Society, embracing nearly a century of work in the anti-slavery cause, and forming an important chapter in the history of Friends.

A printed copy of our Constitution and By-laws, may be had upon application to either of the officers of the Association.

WM. J. JENKS, President, No. 154 N. Third Street. SAM'L PARRISH, Vice-President, No. 115 Chestnut Street. NATH'L E. JANNEY, Secretary and Treasurer, No. 215 S. Fifth Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Fourth mo. 14th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN FRANCE.

No. 5.

The advancing heat of summer reconciles the traveller to a departure from Paris, though the vast resources of instruction and enjoyment which that city offers to all, are far from being exhausted. The sunbeams are reflected from the wide streets paved with asphaltum, and the eye is wearied with the intense glare. But the watering is so constant and the streets are so perfectly cleaned, that we miss the familiar dust clouds of our native land in these blinding days of heat, and are not conscious of much depressing effect, beyond a little temporary discomfort.

The cool gardens and fountains of Versailles look attractive in the distance, and as to-morrow, the First day of the week, Sixth month, 7th, is a fête day there, we give up our pleasant quarters at the Louvre, and take the evening train to Versailles. We pass out of the bright city through the barriers into the smiling fertile country and onward over several pleasant miles along the bank of the Seine. The line describes a wide curve over elevated ground and affords an extensive prospect. We get a good view of Mont Valerian, the base of which is skirted by the railway.

The Palace of St. Cloud, upon an eminence about a mile and a half from our road—once a favorite resort of the hapless Queen of Louis Sixteenth—and later a favorite residence of the first Emperor, was burned down in Tenth month, 1870. It was believed that the Prussians destroyed the chateau from strategic considerations, not wishing to occupy the place themselves, and deeming it necessary to render it useless to their enemies. Nature is here so bountiful and man so energetic, that all traces of sorrow and disaster are soon effaced, and we would hardly suspect the tragic scenes that have been so lately enacted here.

We soon arrive in Versailles, a little city of 30,000 inhabitants, the present seat of government of France. The National Assembly holds its sessions here in the theatre of the palace, and the 700 deputies fill the floor of the hall, built and richly decorated in other days for a widely different use.

There are three special objects of interest to us in visiting Versailles. We expect to see the many fountains play on the fête to-morrow, and hope to get admittance to a session of the National Assembly on the day following, and then to visit the great historic museum in the palace. The great palace and its splendid garden are the work of Louis Fourteenth, who found the royal chateau at St. Germain an undesirable summer residence, because the tower of Saint Denis, the royal burial place, was visible from it. This palace and park are said to have cost the vast sum of four hundred million francs, and when we remember that France was at this time drained of her wealth to sustain the unjust, aggressive wars of the *grande monarque*, and that the burden of taxation fell entirely upon the third estate, all the nobles and the clergy being exempt from the financial burdens of the State, we marvel not that a fearful overthrow befel the Bourbon dynasty, and that the iniquities of the fathers were visited upon their children.

We enter through a stately gateway into the palace court, and find on each side a row of marble colossal statues. We pass through the arched portal into the garden and look from the lofty terrace on an earthly paradise. The misfortunes of France have not led to any neglect of this pleasure ground, and the order and neatness seem to us to be absolutely perfect. We look down on stately forests, some of the trees of which are several centuries old, on noble avenues adorned with magnificent sculptures, illustrating all the glories of France, both civic and military, and all the imagined deities of ancient fable. At the foot of the terrace and in all directions are fountains of every form, adorned most richly with allegorical figures, and all in energetic action, sending up great showers of silvery water toward the heavens. Some are partially concealed by evergreen boundaries and look as though some sportive nymph were planning a surprise for us behind the ivy barrier. The rich background of forest and the pure, stately marbles which stand around, give us every desirable variety of tint, and the scene presented is one to remain in the memory, a delight forever. We wander down the long avenues that are trimmed into resemblance to lofty cathedral aisles, and find new charms revealing themselves at every step. Thousands of people are enjoying the day, and one is struck with the politeness, good order, and grace of the multitude. There is not the slightest indication of intoxi-

cation, nor of pushing rudeness anywhere; and even little children, though as merry and happy as possible, are not in the least noisy nor agressive. Every one is neatly and becomingly attired—no overdress—and no shabbiness. Poverty is neat, clean, and even tasteful, and the starched caps of the women and the blue cotton blouses of the men, are picturesque and not uncomely. It is the laboring class which is principally represented in the garden to-day, I think, but there are many whose appearance would indicate their place among the more cultured classes. As the sun sinks towards the horizon we observe a decided tendency of the multitude toward the right of the grounds, and following in the indicated direction, we find ourselves very soon on the semicircular border of the great Basin of Neptune. A vast sloping bank of green sward affords ample space for the many thousands of spectators, and here they gather in expectation of the grand display with which the holiday is to end.

We seat ourselves, and await for the desired revelation. At five o'clock little jets commence to rise from the calm lake, and the bronze animals which adorn the borders, begin to spout forth from their mouths streams which describe harmonious curves toward the middle of the basin. From the numerous vases on the brink, slender and lofty jets arise to the tree tops and the whole force of the waters which have furnished the whole park with gushing fountains all the afternoon is concentrated on the space immediately around us. And this is *les grande eaux*, an imposing spectacle indeed, the singular beauty of which is never to be forgotten. In fifteen minutes, however, the force of the water subsides and then dies away, and the Basin of Neptune is as calm as before. The fête day in the garden of Versailles is over, and the assembled multitudes rapidly disperse, leaving the statues among the darkening green of the evening shades as sole occupants of this place of enchantment.

Our next concern is of a far more serious character. We wish to get admittance to one of the sessions of the National Assembly, and have an opportunity to observe a little these representative men of the French nation now in council. We make inquiries, and receive on all hands the reply, that it would be *très difficile*. But by dint of persevering inquiry, we learn at length, that if we apply at the door of entry two hours before the time of opening, there will be a limited number of tickets distributed, and we will have a chance. This seems definite enough, and at 12 o'clock we are in waiting, anxiously hoping for the appearance of the official who can give us the "open sesame." The concierge ranges us in a line in the passage, and we stand expectant till near one o'clock, when, sure enough, here comes the bearer of permits. Hastily he distributes them, and another official calls out, "Montez! montez!" and we pass on up narrow stairways, up and up, till we are close to the roof of the palace, when a door is opened and we look down from a lofty gallery on the legislative hall.

It has the gaudy coloring common to rooms appropriated to dramatic representation, and is abundantly lighted by a roof of glass. The day is warm, and, as the 700 deputies take their places, filling all the floor of the house, and the two galleries become crowded with spectators, we feel that there will be more heat here than comfort would require.

The President, M. Buffet, a bland, rather elegant looking man, takes the elevated seat at the upper end of the hall, and at two o'clock calls the house to order by the ringing of a bell. The deputies are coming in, and stand conversing in groups, and it does not appear to the observer that they *do* come to order. The President proceeds to introduce the business of the day by reading a paper. Amid the murmur of so many voices I cannot catch the words, but am told by an Englishman, just behind me, that the question in dispute is the new electoral law, defining the limitations which are to be thrown around popular suffrage. There is much excitement and much difference of sentiment, as rapidly, one after another, the deputies mount the tribune and address the Assembly. There are several parties in the Legislature—Republicans, Conservative and Radical, Imperialists, Orleanists and Legitimists, and there are not enough of either party to make a working majority on any important question. I am told that the desire of the people now is, that the present Assembly shall dissolve, and let a new body, more perfectly representing the will of the people, be chosen; but the Monarchial and Imperial parties will not consent.

The venerable Thiers, in a recent address to his friends, the Republican delegates from the Gironde, used this language:

"Unhappily, the National Assembly representing our divisions has the greatest difficulty in constituting a stable and homogeneous majority; but let us not accuse it, let us respect it, and let us expect from it wise resolutions. Let us hope that, after these late experiences, the Assembly will admit, as we do, the necessity of accepting the country as judge and sovereign arbiter of the discordant views that divided it.

"The people, in electing this Assembly, limited neither its mission nor the duration of that mission, confiding to its loyalty and to

its delicacy the care of determining the extent of its work and the time necessary to accomplish it.

"If, not being able to obtain a definite result, it should persist in preserving its power, it would exceed the conditions which reason imposes on every deliberative assembly. When no longer able to furnish a majority, it has no longer the means of governing; and when it has not the power, it has no longer the right to wish to govern."

As we look down from our airy height on the tumultuous assembly, we are struck by the wide difference in physiognomy and general bearing among the members. There are few young men; bald or gray heads predominate, even among the Republican delegates. Some appear to be adorned with every courtly grace of manners, and some to be rugged and impetuous, fiercely intent on conquering all opposition. We can hardly see the face of the broad-shouldered Gambetta, as his seat is directly below us, but we hear the most di verse opinions expressed in regard to this orator and leader. It must be a wearisome and discouraging thing for any lover of his country to sit day after day, in the stormy assembly, and see such determined hostility among these representatives of the people, to whom have been entrusted such important concerns.

It was not more interesting, but far more pleasant, on the next day, to traverse slowly the long galleries of the great Historic Museum, which occupies the Palace of Versailles. From the almost fabulous days of King Clovis to the present time, the history of France is here chiselled in imperishable marbles, or pictured on canvas, and but for the prominence invariably given to the bloody details of the aggressive wars of France, we should find this museum a place of both pleasure and profit; but one wearies of the false glories of priest-led bigots and tyrants, and we marvel that the grand lives of eminent benefactors of their race are not oftener commemorated in this way. It may be, in the good days to come of republican France, such a supplement may be added to the Museum.

The Grand Trianon, erected by Louis XIV for Mme. de Maintenon, I also visited. But, except the Salle de Malachite, which contains the magnificent basin of Malachite, presented to the First Napoleon by the Emperor of Russia, there is not much here to merit description. The little Trianon, with its charming forest gardens, once the favorite resort of Marie Antoinette, and afterwards of the Empress Marie Louise, and the Duchess of Orleans, was of greater interest from its historic associations and from its simple beauty. It is simply marvellous that the French government, in the midst of its excitements and uncertainties, should find time to keep all the deserted haunts of royalty in such admirable order. The windows are perfectly bright and clean, and no particle of dust lingers upon the curiously chiselled mantels nor among the folds of tapestry. The clocks tick on and tell the hours with the same exactness as if to warn the Bourbons of the solemn flight of time. The floors could not be polished more perfectly if on the morrow royal revels were to be held in the stately halls, and the grand state bed of Louis Quatorze looks as though the grand monarch yet sought repose in its depths.

Returning again to Paris after the visit to Versailles, we took occasion to visit the wonderful panoramic painting of Philippoteaux of the Defence of Paris. A circular building, with an umbrella-like roof of glass, receives us, and we ascend a dark, winding stair to the middle of an elevated platform.

Our point of observation is in relation to the panorama, the fort of Issy; and from its bastions we see Paris to the north, and the neighboring villages, with the undulating heights, which surround or rise above them at a short distance. The fort of Issy is seen in all its details, and life size soldiers and civilians seem to be toiling and dying all around us. The earth walls which they are building, repairing and defending, are made of huge baskets of earth, overlaid with plenty of fresh soil, and the illusion is helped by a real earth-work, which seems perfectly like the panorama and continuous with it. Perhaps this representation of the terrible sufferings and toils of war may have a use the artist never intended, and chill the warlike ardor of some of the impetuous French youth who may visit it. It certainly is a painful sight, though admirable as a work of art. Some of the terrific scenes being enacted within the beleaguered city are represented in the diorama below. Famine, fire and sudden death are before us, and we turn away rejoicing that the stricken city smiles again, and that the fields, vineyards and gardens again laugh with abundance around her ramparts. Oh! that men's swords were beaten into ploughshares even in our day, and that the visible kingdom of the Prince of Peace might come on earth as it is in heaven!

On our way to Belgium and Holland we spent one night at the little city of Compeigne, on the river Oise, formerly a favorite residence of the monarchs of France. Here Louis XV erected a chateau, which was afterwards enlarged by Napoleon I; and here Napoleon received his Austrian bride—Marie Louise.

But we care less to explore its halls than to visit the great hunting forest of 40,000

acres, which has served for a royal sporting-ground. We took an evening walk to look at the exterior of the chateau, and sat down on one of the public benches in front of it, rejoicing rather than regretting that we felt no particular interest in exploring its deserted apartments. But the great forest immediately adjoining has far greater attractions for us, and we rise at the early hour of six the next morning, breakfast by especial and peculiar favor at seven, and so have an hour and a half to drive in the forest before the arrival of the train which is to bear us on to Antwerp.

In a few moments, after leaving the door of the hotel, we enter the forest, and drive on and on into its shady depths, over soft, smooth roads, a little sandy. The first part of our ride was through a thicket of alders, through which the hunted animals would have somewhat the advantage of their pursuers in the unequal sylvan war. Every stick and twig had been removed from the ground, but the wild flowers of wild-wood habits were blooming cheerfully in the congenial shades, and we wished for time to gather some of the fairest, and inquire into their names and family connections.

Soon, by a turn, we entered a loftier forest of lindens and other statelier trees, and all over the moist, dark earth, grew the broad, green leaves and almost ripened fruit of the Lily-of-the-Valley. Again a little distance, and the air is rich with the fragrance of the white orchis. On every side the slender spikes arise, and I stop our driver in order to descend and gather a handful of the princely flowers. But there is no time for botanizing, and the rich secrets of the forest depths are for more leisurely travellers than we are this morning. The wildness, and the uncultivated beauty of this forest, remind us of the woodlands of our own country, so full of beauty and so rapidly disappearing before the plough of the cultivator. Woodland is much more highly prized here, and we might indeed wonder that forty thousand acres of forest should exist in the midst of this densely populated country, only two or three hours distant from Paris, did we not remember that it was only the pleasure ground of monarchs.

Occasionally, a great old tree has fallen by its own weight, weary of life, and then the axe of the woodman has attacked it, and the branches are all lopped off and cut in lengths for fuel, the twigs tied up in bundles for the same purpose, the uprooted stumps neatly sawed from the stem and trimmed from the roots, and every chip, as it seemed to us, gathered up closely, leaving only the smooth log to serve the purpose of the builder.

But here comes the sunshine, and our driver halts in a grand avenue, carpeted with a clean, green sward, about a hundred yards wide, and extending both ways as far as the eye can reach. Buttercups, daisies and forget-me-nots smiled up from the green turf, the birds were singing triumphantly in the tree tops, and the sunbeams gave us loving salutations, and the morning breeze stirred the boughs into soft music. It seemed very good to wander about the forest of Compiegne, and the idea of hurrying away to the railway station from all this tender beauty, was strangely repulsive—but such is life.

We ask our coachee, "How many miles drive does the forest afford?" "Twenty thousand leagues," is the astounding reply. We say no more, but interpret his assertion to mean merely that the forest is very large, and the drives through it numerous, and so intricate as to seem endless. These sylvan shades make this city a desirable summer residence, and we are told that numerous visitors are attracted to it, and that there is a small English community established here. If one could devote several days to Compiegne, there are relics of mediæval times here worthy of study. But we turn away from them, being mainly intent on reaching the Low Countries, and visiting some of the interesting Dutch cities before the summer heat becomes too intense.

A swift express train receives us, and at 9 o'clock we are whirling onward over the pleasant land. The hay is being gathered, and the grain is waving its heavy heads like miniature ocean billows. We observe some fields almost filled with scarlet poppies, and some of the grass about to be mown was a rich study for the painter. The varied green tints of the grass were enlivened with a thick sprinkling of daisies, and a gorgeous crowd of deep crimson poppies; enough of the narcotic plant, one would think, to put the Flemish country to sleep a hundred years.

We pause a few minutes at the historic, fortified town of St. Quentin, where the French armies have been twice overthrown by their foes: in 1557, by the Spaniards and their allies, and in 1871 by the Prussians. Like Paris, however, the town of St. Quentin seems to have forgotten her sorrows, and looks as cheery and bright as possible to day; and her linen and cotton mills, the most important in France, hum on as though they had never felt the paralyzing touch of the rough hand of war.

The country grows more and more level as we approach and pass the frontiers of Belgium, and we note the numerous canals which traverse the meadows. The borders of the canals are planted with trees, besides which cultivation reaches to the very brink;

and so fertile is the soil, and so perfect the culture, that everything is growing luxuriantly, and we realize in some measure how this country supports so dense a population. But, with all this industry and thrift, there is much poverty here, and one feels like telling these toiling Belgians of the good land prepared for them and their children beyond the Atlantic wave, where fertile valleys and wooded hills are awaiting the industrious emigrants, who can make them more productive than the rich lands of the Flemings.

From the Christian Register.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.

I have one creed, and that is ever duty;
I have one law, and that is always love;
I seek one grace, and that, the fadeless beauty
Of holiness, and trust that look above.

I have one faith, and that I hold, with meekness,
In simple truth, whose might, O Lord, is thine;
I have one hope that what I do in weakness
May be confirmed with God's own strength divine.

I find one joy, and that in serving others;
I know one peace, and that a conscience pure;
I love one fellowship, and that with brothers
Whose life doth mine to nobler tasks allure.

I worship one, Him, only God, adoring,
To whom heaven's hosts their endless homage pay;
I follow one, His guidance safe imploring,
Who said to all who seek, "I am the way."

Thus worshiping, believing, loving, hoping,
Though oft in devious paths alone I've trod,
I find that still, with all true souls, I'm groping
Towards one bright centre in the love of God.

LIFE OR DEATH?

Doth Life survive the touch of Death?
Death's hand alone the secret holds,
Which as to each one he unfolds,
We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here,
Confirms the hope to which we cling;
But still we grasp at anything,
And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we knew
Hover around us while we pray,
Anxious to speak. We cannot say:
We only wish it may be true.

I know a Stoic who has thought,
"As healthy blood flows through his veins,
And joy his present life sustains,
And all this good has come unsought,

"For more he cannot rightly pray;
Life may extend, or life may cease;
He bides the issue, sure of peace,
Sure of the best in God's own way.

"Perfection waits the race of man;
If, working out this great design,
God cuts us off, we must resign
To be the refuse of His plan."

But I, for one, feel no such peace;
I dare to think I have in me
That which had better never be,
If lost before it can increase.

And oh! the ruined piles of mind,
Daily discovered everywhere.
Built but to crumble in despair?—
I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
The fragments of his work away,
If ev'ry useless bit of clay
He trod on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take
Quick human hearts, instead of stone,
And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but Creation's waste,
Would He have given us sense to yearn
For the perfection none can earn,
And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
It is a cruelty refined,
To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out towards eternity.

Wherefore I welcome nature's cry,
As earnest of a life again,
Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From the Springfield Republican.

THE MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF POSTAL CARDS.

The first postal cards were placed on sale in Washington a year ago. The first cards were issued from the manufactory in this city May 12, 1873, and the demand then begun has continued with unabated vigor throughout the year. It was estimated that the country would demand 100,000,000 cards the first year, but Superintendent Tyner's report, May 11, 1874, gives 112,043,500 as the number of cards shipped the first year, and 2,018,000 were sent off the day after the closing of the year. The demand has held its own through the last three-quarters of the year, although it was believed that the first furious demand for postal cards would soon spend itself. The figures are: Shipments to January, 1874, 80,585,800; for the first quarter in 1874, 19,414,700, and, since April 1st, 12,043,000.

The difficulties in the way of making the cards have been gradually overcome, and for several months there has been no complaint of the work. The chief difficulty has been with the paper, which Hudson & Cheney, the contractors, at first found themselves unable to make of the required excellence. They remodelled a portion of their mill, at an expense of $10,000, however, but, just as they were ready to begin operations, their orders for bank-note paper increased upon them to such an extent that they gave up the idea of making all the postal card paper, and for the time being a Lawrence firm took a portion of the job. Hudson & Cheney still made some of the paper, but, in August, 6000 pounds of paper a day were wanted, and its manufac-

ture was surrendered to the Lawrence parties. They ship it to this city in sheets, the size of 36 cards, 2200 sheets in a case.

Arriving at the manufactory the cases are reweighed and the sheets recounted and examined as to finish; a case at a time is then given to the printer, who, receiving twenty-two hundred sheets, is obliged to return thirty-six cards, perfect or imperfect, for each sheet received. From the printer the sheets go to the slitter—a machine which divides each sheet into nine strips—and then a beautiful little cross-cutting machine cuts off each card, drops them into hoppers, and when each hopper has twenty-five cards a bell rings, the hopper turns over, and girls sitting in front of the machine catch up these twenty-five cards, examine, recount and band them in packages of twenty-five each. Thence they go to the boxing table, where twenty packs, five hundred cards, no more, no less, are put in pasteboard boxes ready for shipment. About forty persons are employed at the manufactory, many of them girls. Boys run the machines, while the girls assort, inspect and band the cards.

The utmost accuracy is required; imperfect cards are carefully destroyed, and a daily balance is struck between the cards shipped, on hand or destroyed, and the number manufactured. None of the employés are allowed to take away an imperfect card, and in every department the utmost care is taken to protect the Government from fraud. The machinery for doing the work has been greatly improved during the year, and the system of the work bettered by Superintendent Tyner. The mailing department was a difficult one to organize perfectly, but it has been done so carefully that of thirty thousand packages of cards shipped during the year not one has been lost and only two have gone astray. This, in view of the fact that cards have been sent to about 19,000 of the 33,000 post-offices in the country, shows extraordinary care. Not less than 500 cards are sent to any one post-office, while four cities in the country have called for a million at a time. The demand for cards is now sufficient to keep the presses running eighteen hours a day, and about 3,000 pounds, or 1,700 cases of paper, are daily used in their making.

NOTICE.

Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting Committee on Circular Meetings, will meet Sixth-day, Seventh month 17th, at 4 P. M., in Monthly Meeting Room, Race street. WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' ALMANAC, 1875.

In order to have the Almanac nearly correct, Friends throughout the country will confer a favor by sending to Joseph M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow street, Philadelphia, any corrections of time or places of holding Friends' Meetings, &c, without delay, to enable the publication at an early date.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR SIXTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	12	10
Rain all or nearly all day	1	0
Cloudy, without storms	5	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12	15
Total	3	30

	1873	1874
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	Deg.	Deg.
Mean temperature of Sixth mo., per Penna. Hospital	74.09	75.53
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	95.00	97.50
Lowest do reached do do	51.00	55.00
RAIN during the month, do do	0.88 in.	2.66 in.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year	1,289	1,088

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Sixth month for the past 85 years	71.84
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1870	77.21
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	55.00

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1873.	1874.
Totals for the first six months of each year	23.73 in.	21 47 in.

The most interesting item in the above exhibit is probably the *temperature*. Everybody asserted it had been a very hot month, which was true. But, while it was three 69-100 degrees (3.69) *above* the average for *eighty-five years*, it was only about one and one-half degrees above that of last year, and falls behind the *maximum* (1870) one 68-100 degrees (1.68).

The mean temperature of the month under review has also been exceeded six times during that period, viz.,

1793,	-	76 deg.	1865,	-	76.73 deg.
1828,	-	77 "	1870,	-	77.21 "
1831,	-	77 "	1872,	-	76.28 "

In addition to which 75 degrees and upwards has been reached *six times* in the before-mentioned *eighty-five years*, with nine or ten 74 degrees and upwards additional. So, hot as it has been (which is freely admitted), it will be seen "*hot weather*" is no novelty in the Sixth month.

Again, there has been considerable comment made upon the "*dry season.*" Compare the figures with those of *last* year, as also with the *six months'* aggregate—for, while we are only a little over one inch in quantity behind *last* year, *that* six months' aggregate exceeded the preceding (1872) by 8.42 inches.

It may possibly be well to add, as a matter of record, the existence of a comet in the northwest, which has been *barely visible* to the naked eye for several evenings past. Astronomers have, however, promised a full view of the visitor on July 4.

Philada., Seventh mo. 2, 1874. J. M. ELLIS.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVINCEMENT, ETC., OF MARGARET LUCAS.

(Concluded from page 308.)

The mysteries of true divinity were opened to my understanding, and through the influences of divine love has my cup overflowed with such acknowledgements as these: "Oh, my beloved! if Thou dealest so bountifully with me, my breast will be too narrow to contain Thy love! Oh, withhold Thy hand, or I shall certainly speak of Thy goodness to others!" And I really believe, had I embraced that opportunity and joined with the Lord in His workings on my mind, I should have been delivered from my fears, and escaped those cross-occurrences I have since waded through; but here my poor soul shrank from the cross of Christ, whose yoke, to the passive mind, becomes easy and His burden light.

Yet such was my weakness that, through short sightedness and the false suggestions of the enemy, I started aside, and may truly say, the longer I carried my burden, the heavier it proved; and I now have, with regret, to look back and confess that, instead of closing with the visitations of love, I joined with my inveterate enemy, and resolved not to wait for it nor encourage any further discoveries.

Thus did I harden myself, wretched creature that I was; and when I have felt the power of the Almighty moving with love upon my mind, I have no less than said: "I will have no more understanding;" and sundry times shut mine eyes upon the book that has been, as it were, put into my hand when the best of interpreters has been near, and so withstood that tender love which followed me; and I have risen from my chair to fix my thoughts on other objects. . . . . Thus went I on, stifling conviction, till I was lulled into a spiritual lethargy, where I lay, till the compassionate God, who wills not the death of a sinner, was pleased to arouse me to a consideration of what I had been doing; and I found enough to do to keep from sinking under the bitter reflections I had brought upon myself by my rebellious proceedings; and yet, through the unutterable goodness of God, I was again revived by His favors. Having got a little recovery from this state of deep affliction, I was visited with weakness of body, so that both myself and others thought I was nigh unto death; but it pleased the Lord, in an unexpected hour, to give me this assurance, "Thou shalt not die, but live to declare what I have done for thee."

This was still so contrary to my desires, that I could not rejoice at all at the lengthening of my days, for now I did believe I should certainly be tried. Oh, the days and nights of conflict that followed this intimation!

My countenance changed; my health seemed daily impaired; the solitary places

were made witnesses of my grief; and as the years increased, so did my exercise, till I had another visitation of sickness, and was, to all appearances, past recovery. Most willingly would I have yielded unto death, choosing rather to die than live to be any more disobedient; and it pleased the Lord to prove me again and again in the secrets of my soul, whether I would live to be obedient to His requirings, or die; and my choice was rather to die than live to be a preacher. Yet it pleased Him, in His wisdom, to raise me again, contrary to the expectations of those who beheld me, none of whom, at this time, knew anything of the exercise of my mind, which increased to such a degree as cannot well be expressed.

My body would tremble as a thing shaken; and my groans were like those of a dying man. But now I had learned, by dear experience, to cleave unto the Lord; and when I had felt the power—what, if I say, of His might—I sought out places most proper to receive it, and bowed in prostration. From the weight whereof I have passionately or affectionately burst forth in this language, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?" And, as I believed it was a preparation for a further exercise, I often begged He would be pleased to make me able to bear whatever He should think meet, in His wisdom, to lay upon me; and, indeed, sweet was His love, and merciful His dealings, many times renewing His covenant with my soul. Yet here I was not to continue, but led again to the test of my fidelity. Being in meeting, in a comfortable frame of spirit, I found a motion in my soul moving me to worship God in vocal prayer; and, although I had known the same power in my own chamber, and with pleasure submitted to it there, yet here, not yielding to the impulse, my heart and all that was within me became confused. The whole fabric was shaken; and this was taken notice of by a Friend who sat behind me, who, as soon as meeting was over, asked me how I did, saying she was sure I had been ill. I answered, I was but indifferent, as well I might. This seemed a good caution to me, as I desired to keep my exercise to myself. Not many more meetings passed before I was tried again, when I fixed my body as firm as I could, but found it impossible to still my mind. I knew too well how it was with me, though the whisperer would persuade me to think it was all imagination.

In this way did I trifle so long, that the displeasure of the Almighty seemed hot against me, and life and death were set before me. I was all in confusion, both at home and abroad, wishing myself any other creature; and here I moiled and turmoiled till I could bear it no longer, and at length concluded it best to break it to a friend, when h signified it had been for some time in the secre of his thoughts that something of that sort la upon me; and, though I here proved that i was not in man, by the force of argument an tender advice, to subject my stubborn will yet I received some advantage from it, an acknowledged the truth of that advice, whic I did not closely follow, but became in my self as a piece of contradiction. Sometime I would follow the Lord, and then resolv otherwise. I went to meetings as a slave t his labor. At home I durst not sit down i solitude, being sure to meet with judgment and into company I could not go withou wounding myself, by pretending to be wha I was not, lest I should be suspected grav concluding every one that looked upon m earnestly knew how it was with me.

Thus was I harrassed, as betwixt the upp and nether millstone, often wishing for death and that I never had been born. So grea was my strait, that I could not go bac again, because I was not able to shake off th principle of truth; and had thoughts of fling ing myself into the jaws of death. Yet, fo ever praised be the name of the Lord, H mercy withheld the devourer, and preserve me, giving me to see into his false insinu tions, and to believe that the life which w in His power to take at His pleasure, woul not be a sufficient atonement for those rebe lions I had been guilty of; and I was brough to an abhorrence of those thoughts which had been made to conceive. And herein di the goodness of the Lord appear so eviden that I resolved to keep close to meeting But, alas! when there, instead of keepin close to my exercise, I, through fear, ke myself from it, and sat, as it appeared to m empty, void and waste; empty of those d sires I used to possess; void of all that w good, and waste as being laid aside by t Almighty; and all through a slavish fear th I could not draw nigh to God. I sat though I had nothing to do but to see with wistful eye others partake of that food whi my soul stood in need of; yet my state w different from those who are at ease in Zio for when I have looked at those who thought were in a right frame of mind, th seemed to feed at the Lord's table, whilst n hungry soul stood in a state of estrangeme from Him, without courage enough to se the scattered crumbs. Thus it was with r many days, till, in one meeting, growing fai a state of drowsiness overtook me, a thi which I was not naturally given to; yet so f did it prevail, that I was forced to pin myself to keep awake.

Now I thought myself worse than ever

was in my life, for in my childhood I had the form which I left to possess the power; yet here I found not so easy an access as I had expected, and though I sought and sought, instead of meeting with my true friend, I met with my enemy, dressed in the doctrine of election and reprobation. This I had been led into some years before, and now had much ado, through the sense of my own unworthiness, to shake it off, laboring hard against the temptation of destroying myself, and foolishly wishing some accident would do that office. But here the riches of God's grace again appeared. I was brought to see and acknowledge, that if my soul perished eternally, the Lord was but just in His dealings with me; and these considerations had some effect. I desired to be brought back to my former state, that I might have access to His power, be a witness of His love, and tried once more. My pen surely would fail ere I could fully set forth the condescensions and long-sufferings of the goodness of my Creator towards me. I here knew my pardon sealed; but my peace lasted not long, for I was quickly tried again and again, and still I did not give up. I was sensible that I flinched from that Power which was ready as a hand to help me, and, therefore, worse and worse, said I to my soul. It will never be better with thee, suggested the enemy. I knew not which way to turn; I was weary of my own obstinacy. I would now see what I could gain by self-mortification, and, as I could not work, I would eat but little. I studied several ways to afflict myself; and have thought, glad should I be if I had no tongue.

Here, again, I had cause to know the old prompter to be near to augment my distress, which, with my own disobedience, made the whole creation appear to be against me. Oh! I was in such perplexity, that I said, Now shall I fall by the hand of my enemy. I fretted and chafed at myself and everything about me, and could not come at submission.

At one time, as I was seriously reflecting on my situation, these thoughts passed my mind, and surprised me: "If thou be a God of power, make me willing." This was no sooner past but they were followed as quick, in comparison, as lightning, by, "Soul, detest thou this presumption, for though He is a God of power, it is in His time He will redeem." I was astonished, and said, "Lord, what is it?" and it came thus before me: "There is war in heaven, Michael and the dragon."

When the flutter was over, I remembered the passage where it is said, "In the day of My power My people shall be a willing people;" and I was consolated by it. There also fell out another singular occurrence about this time, which I cannot well omit. I was fully persuaded in myself that if I went on in this obstinacy, my house would be laid waste; and, within a month afterwards, we had, in the view of many spectators, a wonderful deliverance from fire, during which, whilst others were busy in considering how it should happen, I was as busy in reflecting on myself as the cause; and it weighed me down in humble acknowledgements unto God for His merciful preservation. The world, in a comparative way of speaking, seemed now to be near an end with me, and as if a total eclipse was drawing on. Every scene and object looked gloomy, and whichever way I turned my eye, an angry God appeared. There was no shelter for me; nothing now to defend myself with or way of escaping, and nature must yield. In a little time the trial came again; and in that moment the enemy of my soul suggested, that if I got up I should not be able to stand; but, thanks to the Almighty, I was strengthened to try, and found him a liar. The expression of a few words produced a blessed change. There seemed now a new heaven and a new earth; old things passed away, and all things belonging to my state became new; no more guilt for past disobedience remained, but new embraces and new covenants filled up that joyful day. Yet I looked forward with anxiety to another meeting day; and though I formerly thought meetings did not come fast enough, yet now they seemed to come too soon. In two or three of them I sat under a degree of slavish fear, yet truly desired to keep my integrity and obedience. At length a second trial came. I was moved to kneel down; and, while I viewed the place, my soul secretly breathed thus before the Lord: "Here is the place of my execution;" and, seeing the boss, "This is the block whereon I must yield up the pride of nature, for a testimony of my obedience. Remember me, O Lord! and the conflicts that I undergo to serve Thee. Accept, O Lord, the sacrifice!" I then kneeled down, and when I arose this came into my mind: "The life that I must now live, must be by faith in Jesus Christ." Thus persevered I in obedience, which wrought unspeakable satisfaction, and brought my soul, by degrees, out of the place of thraldom and bondage, and thus, by the goodness of God, were the strongholds of sin and satan brought down, and the joy of my salvation restored.

Meeting times and days were pleasant again, whilst my soul worshipped the living God, as in the house of prayer; and whilst I stand as on the bank of deliverance, resounding hosanna in the highest, having the harp of thanksgiving put into my hands, my song shall be of mercies and of judgments, through

which my soul has been so far redeemed; and of the victory of the Lamb, by whose right hand and everlasting arm my soul's enemies have been driven back, scattered and put to flight. Now, what have I to render to my God for this most glorious work—the salvation of my soul—but the humble acknowledgments of the most unworthy and vilest of sinners, who, by His most gracious condescendings, is enabled and encouraged to ascribe honor, adoration, dominion and renown, with praises and thanksgiving, as due to His eternal love, for evermore.

Upon perusal of the same
My soul's enlivened with a flame
Of holy zeal, that I may know
The hand of God in all I do.
Oh, that I may therein confide,
And by the righteous Judge be tried:
This is of my desire the scope,
That of my love, my faith and hope,
I may not be ashamed; and have
An inheritance beyond the grave,
Which to enjoy, Lord, grant that I
In fear may live, and favor die;
And that my soul may on the wing
Of hallelujah meet our King.

From Christianity the Science of Manhood.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME.

BY MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

If we seek a name for it, I know none better for the present period of the world's history than "The Age of Criticism." Everybody is asking questions about everything. That which centuries have taken for granted, is being examined anew. Men are asking it what foundation it stands on, and by what right it continues to exist. The earth and the heavens, governments, societies, the church, the individual, the ultimate principles of right and wrong, the very existence of the soul and of a personal God—these are being scrutinized as never before. Systems long supposed divine, are proved mortal, and overthrown. Theories, long unquestioned, are found false, and cast to the winds. What was considered authentic history, is turned into myth, and blown away. It is a crucible time, when what is not gold has need to fear. Veneration for the old and established is giving way to veneration for the true; and what can be truer reverence? For truth is ancient as God; and error, however old with men, is only a parvenu in the reign of heaven.

The age, then, is not justly charged with being irreverent. Never, since the world began, was the heart of man so set on the discovery of Truth. "The truth, though the heavens fall," might be taken as the motto of the time. There is, indeed, a rough grasping and shaking of time-honored institutions and usages; but it is only to find out whether they have a basis strong enough to uphold them, and by which only they can prove their right to stand.

This searching and reconstruction is marked as the appointed mission of the age, by the fact that never before have there been such ample facilities for the work. So much has been brought to light in a generation, that it can hardly be called presumption to bring up for a new trial that which the wisest and best regarded as securely settled twenty-five years ago. Researches in geology and human antiquities, the comparative study of languages, mythologies and religions — these, among others, have opened anew the old inquiries, have thrown a flood of light into dark places, and made it necessary to recast the old forms of thinking and doctrine.

And of all men in the world, the last to tremble at or oppose these movements should be the Christian. It is not faith in God, but a lack of it, that smothers investigation, that calls hard names, or offers frantic and bigoted opposition. Whatever is of God has in it God's eternity. That which is simply of man may come to nought; but what is of God no power can overthrow.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

The disciples of the Truth, then, should not fear to give her a free field and a naked sword, and trust themselves to the issue. It is the corporation that is unwilling to have its books looked into, that we are ready to suspect. If a man places his back against a door, and says it shall not be opened, it begins to look as if it were for his interest to keep it shut. He is a poor friend to Christianity, who offers its sacredness as a reason why it should not be looked at. It is time we were through with such defence. The world has had enough of it. If it is true, it will bear scrutiny. Gold can bear tests. Only the dealers in brass need tremble.

One thing, at least, in the midst of the general confusion, is clear: that, whatever continues to exist, must give a reason for being. It must show cause why sentence of death should not be passed upon it. And this reason must be one of present force. It is not enough that a thing was good and satisfactory a hundred or a thousand years ago. It must hold in its hands cornucopias of present blessing and utility. It is not enough that it can offer strong proofs that it once came from the hands of God. It must have a present and living connection with the heavens. It would not warm and light the world to prove that a sun rose and shone, and became a source of growth and beauty a thousand years ago. We need a sun that rises and shines every day in the year. And if we have this living presence and light, we can put up with a flaw

n the records of past shining, or even dis-ense with them altogether. But no con-inuity of records will enable us to dispense ith the light and warmth. If Christianity, hen, is to continue to rule the world, it must ive some reason beyond the traditionally ivine right of a long descended sceptre. It ust prove its right by its ability to adapt self to the world's highest needs.

LARGE numbers of men of prominence now ving have risen from humble life, by dint of ndustry, without which talent is as a gold oin on a barren island. Work alone makes en bright, and it does not alone depend on he kind of work you have to do whether you se or not. It depends on how you do it.

VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The Bible was given to us as a revelation f the character of God, of His purposes and ealings with us, the creatures of His power, f our duty to our Creator and to each other, nd of our final destiny.

But these, although the principle objects or which it was given, are not all. It has any auxiliary properties which interest and nstruct us. Among these, and not the least, re the many stories from real life—short ketches of personal history, of which we nd so many in the Bible, going back far eyond the oldest traditions of other nations.

. . . . . .

The stories of the Bible came to us in the lain unvarnished language of truth, yet any of them are strange—"stranger than ction." We feel that the persons they tell s of were human beings of like passions ith ourselves, and that, taking into consid-ration the customs and manners of the times, he climate and country they lived in, we, if laced in the same situations, would or might ave acted in the same manner. Like a cor-ect painting, they have the dark shades and lackness of character, as well as its noon-lay brilliancy, and mild rich evening twi-ight; its crimes, faults and follies, as well as ts good qualities and stern unwavering sense f duty. In a word, they are true to human ature.

Nor are they there without motive. They re put there for our instruction and improve-ent, they show us if we rightly study them, hat sin carries with it its own reward, pro-lucing misery even when surrounded with the ighest worldly prosperity. They take us in-o the heart and show us that the spirit nows no rest, that all is misery and con-usion there, and that virtue, even with world-y adversity, gives to the mind a peace far bove mere worldly advantages, and that in a great many cases, even worldly interest was best advanced by keeping in the line of duty.

If rightly studied they will better fit us for the duties of life, by teaching us that with upright motives and correct conduct we have a greater prospect of temporal advantage; but if "He who ruleth over all" shall deny us that, we will yet be sure of peace of mind, which is above all price, and which the world of itself cannot give and cannot take away. —*Hebrew Leader.*

GREAT MEN.—Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God; and secret passages, running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.—*Longfellow.*

SYMPATHY AND JUSTICE.

It is sometimes affirmed that the instinct of personal rights is a purely selfish one, and that while the conviction of our own just claims to liberty of action and the pursuit of happiness lead us to seek them eagerly and maintain them persistently, it will not give us any due perception of anothers rights, or induce any effort to secure for him what we so stoutly demand for ourselves. But a practical view of life seems to contradict this statement. In the great majority of cases the instinct of personal rights and respect for the claims of our neighbors seem to develop in unison. Justice to self and justice to others bear a general correspondence with each other; where the one is strong, the other flourishes; where the one is feeble, the other languishes. All history confirms this. The more barbarous the nation, the more completely is force the governing power. The very idea of *rights* seems absent. Submission is extorted by violence and rendered through fear. The tyrant, when conquered, becomes the most abject slave, and the slave, if armed with authority, is the most despotic tyrant. Only gradually, with civilization and culture, does man learn to appreciate justice and to embrace the notion of personal rights. Close upon this follows the other notion of the rights of his fellow men and his duty to respect them. Those who manifest the firmest determination to assert the former will usually be the most equitable in upholding the latter. The Society of Friends affords an excellent illustration of this. That body has ever resisted with the utmost energy every invasion of its liberty, has defied persecution, and refused utterly to yield its convictions to popular opinions or fashions, while at the same time it has been prominent in every effort to spread liberty and uphold justice

throughout the world. It has resolutely opposed the slave-trade, the cruel treatment of the insane and the prisoner, unjust dealings with the Indians, and war with all its horrors, while the private character of its members has been noted for sincerity and honesty. So that nation which most firmly maintains its own rights is generally distinguished by its equitable conduct and good faith toward other countries, while a people deficient in self-respect are continually making unjust demands upon their neighbors. The greatest bully is generally the greatest coward, and he who fawns upon the rich and cringes before the powerful will be overbearing and haughty to the poor and dependent.

The cause of this universal correspondence between justice to self and justice to our neighbors may be found in the existence of the faculty commonly called *sympathy*. This fellow-feeling with the emotions or passions of others, which causes us to share in the pain or the joy they experience, is developed in vastly different degrees, but is instinctive to all. There are some persons with such highly sensitive organizations that they cannot witness bodily suffering without having similar sensations, like an echo in their own frames. The shrinking and shuddering that most of us experience in witnessing surgical operations, or severe accidents, the indignation we feel at extreme cruelty, the terror we suffer in seeing any one in a perilous position, the unpleasant effect produced by the blunders of an unpractised speaker, the sadness caused by the presence of grief which is not ours, and the pleasure inspired by joyous faces and cheerful voices, all combine to show how natural and universal is that sympathy by which we are bound to each other in the ties of a common humanity and brotherhood. To this faculty may be traced all those impulses of benevolence which lead us to relieve pain and promote happiness. The pain or pleasure must, however, be of a nature appreciable by us before we can sympathize in them, or desire to mitigate the one or enhance the other.

Sympathy lies at the root of both justice and beneficence, sending its warm and living current of vitality equally into each. Its work is not, as some think, wholly confined to the promotion of mercy, charity and good nature; it is equally concerned in preserving equity among men, in balancing the fairness of claims, in cherishing honorable dealings, in putting down tyranny and slavery, in nurturing a self respect in every heart, that shall command the respect of others. It is true that sympathy is sometimes made the tool of a weak and insipid good nature that simply pleases itself by indulging others, regardless of the principles of justice or the laws of equity. But this is not its deepest meaning nor its highest aim. If it is united with principle, as well as impulse, if it strives not blindly to please at all hazards, but wisely to establish the principles of liberty, justice and equity and to confer upon others the same blessings that we prize for ourselves, it is worthy a large place in every heart.—*Public Ledger.*

President Nott, in his wise old age, once took a newly married pair aside and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children. Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on and do your duty and she will come to you."

"A little child shall lead them."

It is not over stairs of dogma, but by flights of inquiry, aspiration and prayer, that we rise to things heavenly. A child's question on a religious theme lifts me nearer to the skies than the theologian's answer. I say the child's question, because our later questioning is apt to be perverse, with a prejudice or a policy in it. Those simple "whys" and "hows" of infant speech are pure prayers for light. They voice the young heart's want. Nay, more, they are pointings to, and assurances of, the very thing they question. What is that little "why" but the nature's demand for, and affirmation of, a cause behind visible things? "Must *I* die? and will there be *no more I?*" exclaimed a little one when his playfellow passed away; and his eyes rounded and darkened with exceeding horror. What stronger testimony could his soul have borne to immortality, even though gifted with a theologian's wit and logic, and instructed in all the creeds, than this instinctive hatred of death, and thirst to live forever? It simply said: "Death is alien to my being; it is no part of me; I can never die." A question in religion, asked from a bursting soul, may affirm more than any answer you can give it. Interrogations and exclamations, darting from the nature's depths, are more instructive than rounded periods. Why, one of the strongest assurances of God I can find in the whole universe, is the thirst I feel for perfectness and a perfect being.

The boy who, when asked why he was whipping the wind, replied: "It is not good; I want good everywhere!" spoke a whole volume of theology. We are so constituted, that we crave goodness everywhere—goodness omnipresent—goodness almighty! Jesus, with a panting for infinite love, and right, and wisdom, spoke out to the Power that rules the worlds, the only name that measures the want

of any soul—"Father!" Questions and desires, shooting up from the mind, like tendrils bursting from the vine, and feeling their way along to the supporting trellis; or, like the thirst of the weary beast—*itself* a proof that somewhere run the water-brooks—what oracles from Sinai are more infallible than these? Have those of you who have sailed the sea across, any doubt that the slender needle that guided your way felt the drawing of a real object or influence from somewhere toward the North Pole? And did you not, therefore, feel a security, though out of sight of shore or haven? You did not need to see the "mountain of lodestone," or whatever it is; nay, you *did* see it in the needle's steadfastness. These involuntary exclaimings and outreachings into the Great Mystery, furnish more wisdom than all dogmatic treatises. God asks through us the questions to which He is the answer, and so long as these currents of the Holy Spirit go sweeping through us, we may be sure we are remembered children of the Highest.—*S. C. B., in the Christian Register.*

An old writer says, "Reade not bookes alone, but men, and amongst them chiefly thyselfe: if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friende, rather than the glosse of a sweete-lipt flatterer; there is more profit in a distasteful truth, than deceitful sweetnesse."

CARRYING A LADDER.

Did you ever see a person carry a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or it may be he puts his head between the rounds and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and having it nicely balanced walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object in a crowded street. He looks at the end before him, but the end behind him he cannot see. If he moves the front end to get out of the way of a person, away goes the rear end just as far in the opposite direction, and the slightest turn of his body, only a few inches, will give the ends a sweep of several feet, and those in the way may look out for bruised hats and bumped heads, while the window-glass along the street is in constant danger from the unseen rear end of the ladder. When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you always to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten that, though many, many years have gone, and I never see a man carrying a ladder or other long thing but what I remember the two ends. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he only sees one end of that ladder, and that he does not know that the other end is wounding his parent's hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery; she only sees that gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing true modesty and pure friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.—*The Moravian.*

We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Here we are at ——, where we can rest body and mind, and can truly say we lack nothing. There is a precious seed in every place where our lot has been cast—many inquiring minds among the young; these see the beauty of holiness, and desire to realize the blessed results of a life of devotion to the cause of Truth. They have heard the loving voice of the good Shepherd, seeking to draw them within the safe enclosure of His fold. It is a time of awakening. Not only is the earth being shaken, but the heavens also.

May every false rest be broken up, and everything be removed that would be as a clog to the progress of the good work now on the wheel. I often wish that the great realities of the Christian religion may be seen and accepted in their beautiful simplicity, relieved from the cumbersome machinery and ornamentation that in many professed Christian churches now press it down, preventing its full dominion.

It is through individual faithfulness this work must be accomplished. A *practical* acknowledgement of the great Truth that the Divine law is impressed upon the tablet of every heart, and may be read by all of God's rational creatures, will go far towards overthrowing all mere ceremonial observances, and establishing that acceptable worship which stands in submission to the Divine will.

My heart responds to every suggestion of thine, and I am grateful for the friendship

which dictated them. Yes, we are dependent one upon another, and it is right it should be thus. These repeated bereavements bind those that are left more closely to each other, and we are all companions in sorrow.

It is a beautiful thought that the love which ministers to our enjoyment here will continue to do so in the "hereafter," and the veil which separates us seems so thin, and the stepping-stone so narrow, that methinks they cannot be very far away. I love to think that our friends are near, cognizant of our joys and sorrows, which, to their clearer perceptions, must seem of less moment to them; and that their watchful love smooths, bridges over and fills up the rough and deep places. Is this visionary, dear friend? Well, let it be so. The deep religious element is not so strong in some minds as others; and the spiritual perceptions of some of us are not sufficiently alive to speak of that which *seems afar off*. Perhaps in that "higher life," which we believe is in store for us, all will be made plain, and we behold the perfection of a plan that Divinity alone could mature.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 18, 1874.

London Yearly Meeting.—Nearly the whole of the *British Friend* of Sixth month is occupied with a detailed account of the proceedings of this Yearly Meeting. We presume the account is prepared under the supervision of the journal in which it appears, or of the Yearly Meeting itself.* We give an abstract of some portions which seemed to be especially noteworthy.

In the meeting of Ministers and Elders a minute was adopted expressive of a concern that these meetings should be more useful and spiritual in their character; that the holding of them should be more effective; that the business was often of a mere routine character; and that their operations should be extended in the way of pastoral care of the flock. It was advised that in ministry very simple language should be used, even such as was fitted to the capacity of children. That none should preach without a clear call, and not after the example of others.

In the meeting at large, among the testimonies for deceased Friends, was one concerning Edward Ash, M. D., (a minister). Much discussion arose as to the propriety of the Yearly Meeting issuing a laudatory testimony for one whose writings had done much to lay waste the faith promulgated by the forefathers of the Society. E. Ash resigned his right of membership some years ago, on account of his want of unity, and has since been reinstated; but, it was remarked, there appeared no evidence that his opinions had changed. On the other hand, it was urged that the life and character of this Friend gave evidence of Christian holiness and dedication; that the fact that a Friend had held certain views did not disqualify him from receiving after death, a testimony as to his character and life. A Friend recalled the circumstance that, in 1852, Dr. Ash resigned his membership on the ground of not agreeing with the re-publication of Barclay's Apology, by the Meeting for Sufferings. And since then the Yearly Meeting had come round to the exact conclusion which Dr. Ash at that time maintained. The testimony was adopted by the Meeting.

Minutes from various Quarterly Meetings, were received, proposing to omit the custom of *answering* some of the queries; those especially which relate to other than matters of fact. The answer to the query about love, it was stated, was often injurious by drawing attention to, and thereby strengthening, any exceptions. Hence, the answers were indefinite, and did not promote a tone of gentleness and truthfulness. Attention was called to the difficulty of answering some of the queries. As regards the frequent reading of the Scriptures, for instance, we could not tell that the individuals of a meeting were really frequent in the perusal of the Bible. The same applies with respect to the training of children and servants, regarding which a great deal must be unknown. The matter contained in the queries often brought a solemn covering over the meeting, which was dissipated by the critical spirit elicited by the answers. The whole matter was referred to the careful consideration of the Quarterly Meetings, who

* In view of the unauthorized, imperfect and often erroneous accounts of the proceedings of our own Yearly Meeting, which find their way into the public papers, it would be well for us to consider whether, as this cannot be prevented, some steps should not be taken to ensure their correctness.

are to appoint a few Friends in each to meet in conference on the subject, and report to the next Yearly Meeting.

The subject of intemperance was introduced by a proposition from one of the Quarters, that the Meeting should petition Parliament to enact laws restraining the traffic. A long and interesting discussion followed, in which it was manifest that the deep and wide-spread concern so prevalent in this country is participated in by Friends in Great Britain, though, as a society, they are behind us in the matter of total abstinence. John Bright, M. P., was not in favor of petitioning Parliament, believing that legislation could do nearly nothing in the present state of public opinion. He thought their business was in their own homes, to endeavor to change the course of public opinion; and if the Society of Friends united with other good men in this endeavor, he believed no words could describe, nor mind imagine, what good would result from their united efforts. He said that from the time he became a householder (thirty-four years) he had not bought any wine or spirituous liquor whatever. It was urged, in reply to J. B., that legislative action did much toward moulding public opinion. A committee was appointed to prepare an appeal on the subject.

The report of the Conference which met in Eleventh month last, came up for discussion. (An account of this Conference was given in the forty-fifth number of our last volume.) On the subject of "reading the Scriptures in Meetings for Worship," the conclusion arrived at by the meeting was embodied in a minute, saying:

"The subject of the first part of the report from the Conference had been seriously considered, and had elicited large expression. While appreciating the Christian concern of the Conference, we did not see our way to adopt it. In some places, Friends had adopted the reading of a portion of Scripture in some of their Meetings for Worship. With regard to this practice we had come to no united judgment, but there had been a prevalent desire not to interfere with any liberty in this respect rightly enjoyed amongst us. Nevertheless, we felt an earnest concern that Friends everywhere should be watchful that any liberty thus exercised be exercised in connection with a faithful upholding of our testimony to the nature of pure spiritual worship under the Gospel of Christ."

That part of the report of the Conference relating to pastoral care and religious instruction was commended by a minute to the thoughtful attention of Friends generally. The part recommending a change in the constitution of the Meetings of Ministers and Elders, by the introduction of the Overseers and other Friends, at the discretion of the Monthly Meetings, was referred to the consideration of the meeting next year. In the course of the discussion on this subject a Friend informed that,

"The Meeting of Ministers and Elders was the first meeting constituted by George Fox in the Society. Its object was the distribution of ministers throughout the Society, that ministers might be sent to any meetings, up and down the country, where they were needed. The whole idea was that of giving each individual that portion of service for which he was suited. The meetings were partly composed of those young ministers who might be said to be on trial—that is, who spoke in our meetings, and who might be said to be approved by the Church, since they were not prevented from coming and taking part in the Meetings for Worship. Then a change came over this meeting. 'Elders' were admitted to it. In 1750 the Meeting of Birmingham applied to the Yearly Meeting to know what was the distinction between the offices of Overseer and Elder. The answer of the Yearly Meeting was very ambiguous. After that there was another change. Formerly the Meeting of Ministers thus constituted was subject to the Monthly Meeting—the officers came to the Monthly Meeting and gave an account of what had been done for the good of the Church. We might see the remnant of that practice in the custom for ministers to come and make some little report of their service to their Monthly Meeting when they return certificates granted to them. An alteration made co extensively with the separation of eldership and overseership was, that the Meetings of Ministers should not report to their own Monthly Meeting, but to a Quarterly Meteing of their own, and, by a subsequent enactment, should report to the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders—quite a modern affair. Then the things which affected the interests of the particular churches were taken from the shoulders of their own local meetings, and put on the Quarterly Meetings, a great deal farther off, and then on the Yearly Meeting."

In two of the epistles issued to other Yearly Meetings there occurred a passage about the difference in their view of Divine Truth which had marked the career of some, or all, of the Friends whose testimonies had been read amongst them. A Friend remarking that he

thought it *unwise* thus to show what division might exist among them, the passage was omitted.

CORNER-STONES.—As Editors of this paper, we are frequent recipients of public documents and of invitations to join in the various ceremonies that inaugurate useful and popular enterprises. So far as our limited space, and the position of our paper as the organ of a distinctive religious body, will allow, we will ingly accept, and avail ourselves of all these means of testifying our interest in the welfare of our beloved city and the Commonwealth of which it is the business metropolis, and also of giving our readers the benefit of the information thus received.

Two important events connected with the future of our city were celebrated, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions, on Seventh-day the 4th inst. The new bridge spanning the Schuylkill at Girard avenue was delivered over to the city authorities, and formally thrown open to travel on that day. It is a massive structure, of great strength and real artistic beauty; the immense piles of granite masonry that support it look as if they might resist the wear and tear of time for indefinite ages. It is broad enough for eight vehicles to pass abreast, leaving ample room for pedestrians, and so well paved that one scarcely comprehends, in passing over, that a river of considerable size is flowing beneath.

Gas jets enclosed in glass globes are arranged on each side, the centre ones bearing clusters, corresponding to the single globes. These, when lighted up, make the bridge as safe at night for pedestrians or riders as our streets. The old bridge which it replaces has been considered unsafe for heavy transit for a long time, and it is really a matter for sincere rejoicing that, amid so much reckless expenditure of the people's money, a work so worthy a great and prosperous city has been carried through to completion.

But it was more especially to notice the other event of the day that we began this article. The vexed question which agitated the community for so long, as to the location of the new Public Buildings, has been finally settled in the selection of the centre of the square, intersected by Broad and Market streets, which, in the laying out of the city, was donated by its illustrious founder for that purpose. This site has been the scene of busy industry for some months past; the foundation walls have progressed rapidly, and on Seventh-day the corner-stone was laid, in the presence of an immense throng of invited guests and others.

The ceremonies were conducted by the Free Masons with all the pomp and display peculiar to that Order.

Demonstrations at the laying of the corner-stone of a public building date back to the misty ages of antiquity. They have always been occasions of great pomp and show. Doubtless the beginning of all works of general interest that facilitate the transaction of business or provide asylums for the destitute, should be the subject of congratulation; yet there is so much of parade and show, and such a glamour of the mediæval ages in the performances, that they seem out of place in the fresh young life of our free institutions.

If, on these occasions, we accustom the youth of our country to the halo that surrounds the mysteries of secret societies, and familiarize their impressible minds, with shows that recall thrones and sceptres, priestly benediction and royal favor, the plain, honest, simple ways that our Quaker and Puritan ancestry had of doing such things, will soon be classed among the rude and unpolished customs of collonial times. Thus, the State which owes it to the young to preserve them from the practices and traditions against which the fathers and mothers of the past protested, even to the giving up of their lives, becomes a party to their re-establishment. Not that we fear ultimate shipwreck to this nation, for we do not believe that this fair land of ours can ever be thwarted in its ultimate destiny as the free home of a free State, a free Church and a free people, though the clouds which now and then loom up on its horizon, like the one "not bigger than a man's hand," may yet pour down in a fearful deluge.

The importance of a corner-stone to a building cannot be over-estimated; on its solidity and strength the whole edifice depends. All the pomp and show, the marchings and countermarchings of men arrayed in robes of mys-

tical significance, can neither make nor mar the strength of the structure which is to be reared. They can have no use beyond the gratification of the sensuous desires, and are forgotten in the next new excitement, only their effects are left to weaken the love for plainer and more simple observances.

That great account was made of the laying of a corner-stone in ancient times, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to it made by the prophets. Isaiah, who, in his exalted visions of the distant future, saw the triumph of righteousness and peace, and the reign of that millennial day in which the kingdom of this world would become the kingdom of God, personating the Divine Being, declares: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Taking up this thought of the prophet, Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, proclaims that those who had come into citizenship with the saints, had "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."

DIED.

CORBIN.—In Buffalo, on the 6th of Sixth month, Peter Corbin, in the 81st year of his age. Although not always an attendant of Friends meetings, he was at heart a true Friend, and of late years, ever since a meeting was established in this city, he was a faithful attendant, and his kindly heart, his ever cheerful face, and social qualities, will be greatly missed from that little, but faithful, company who weekly assemble in the meeting-house on Allen St.

WOOD.—At her residence in Benjaminville, McLean Co., Illinois, on the 23d of Fifth month, Tacy Wood, in her 67th year.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE NETHERLANDS.

No. 6.

The city of Antwerp forms a strong contrast to Paris in some respects. A chill sea air greets us on our arrival, and all the wraps within reach are hardly enough to keep up a comfortable warmth. A rough ride in the omnibus over a pavement of uneven cubes of stone, through winding, sometimes narrow, streets, brings us to the Hotel St. Antoine, a most comfortable and welcome rest after a day's railway ride. There is not much of magnificence here, except what is found in the cathedral and other ecclesiastical buildings. These are interesting memorials of the stormy middle ages, and forever historic as the scene of the heroic struggle of the Flemish reformers of the 16th century with the overwhelming power and cruel bigotry of the Spanish tyrant. We take a long look at the splendid tower of the cathedral against the clear evening sky, and marvel how human strength and skill could ever have accomplished the herculean work we see before us. It soars far, far above all surrounding objects, and every other structure in the city, to the height (according to Baedeker) of 400 feet. But its altitude is less wonderful than the delicate sculpture of the spire, which the Emperor Napoleon compared to a piece of Mechlin lace, and Charles V used to say it was elegant enough to be preserved in a case. It seems as if Gothic magnificence can do no more. As we look, a musical chime rings out on the still evening, and we are told that it is the voice of ninety-nine bells, the smallest of which is only fifteen inches in circumference, and the largest weighs eight tons. As we stand in the Place Vert, on the south side of the cathedral, formerly the churchyard, we are just in front of the colossal bronze statue of Rubens, the great Flemish painter, whose masterpieces are to be found in the cathedral. Diplomatist, statesman and artist, he looks worthy of his fame, and worthy to be the friend and companion of the greatest of the earth. His must have been a busy life, for we read that one thousand pictures, many of them of great dimensions, bear his name, while he devoted himself quite as much to political labor in the service of his princes as to art. I examined with all diligence the two paintings by Rubens which are accounted his greatest: The Elevation of the Cross, and The Descent from the Cross, as well as the Assumption and Resurrection, which are also from his powerful pencil. The wonder and the excellence of these works are the boldness of the conception and the terrible intensity of the expression. It is not an unmixed pleasure to look upon such marvellous delineations of cruel agony, malignity, and heart-breaking sorrow, and one turns away with a fulness of emotion that a work of art seldom has the power to awaken in so great a degree. Other works of the great painter are in the various churches, and fourteen are to be found in the Antwerp museum; but if the traveller does justice to the masterpieces of art, how is it possible to observe properly the world of reality and of nature?

The streets are clean, and everywhere we observed orderly activity. Everybody is at work. Even dogs are harnessed to little carts, and are submitting to share with other creatures the labors of civilization. To one cart I saw two, and to another, three dogs attached; and, as misery ever loves company,

it seemed an amelioration of the doom of labor. The dogs did not look specially unhappy, and when the little cart stopped, as it frequently did, they would sit down and look cheerfully around them. In one instance, the master, evidently pitying his humble servant, had taken the shafts of the wagon himself, and the dog trotted along with loose traces, showing that the ancient sympathy and affection between dog and man, lives even in Antwerp. The immense Flemish horses, larger, I think, than any in use with us, draw great loads with slow, determined steps, which are only very slightly quickened by the most energetic persuasion.

It looks very sad to American eyes to see women performing hard manual labor in the open streets: drawing carts, pushing wheelbarrows, and sweeping up all the litter with brooms of twigs. Their faces are bronzed, and backs bowed, and every trace of comeliness had vanished; and we question why it is that so much of the lighter work is done by the men in this country, and that women are thus made the bearers of the heavy burdens. In the market-place we were much interested in the curious costume of the peasant women, who sat beside their wares. Some were shelling the peas they had for sale, or pealing the potatoes; and very few indeed were idle. The white cotton cap, with great, large ears, and a very quaint wagon-shaped straw bonnet with a hat-like border, made the headdress, while many of them wore long, warm cloaks of some kind of black woolen stuff, with capacious hoods behind, able to cover the remarkable bonnets, if occasion required. The skirts were very short, which made it more evident that their feet were protected by clumsy wooden shoes, in which it would seem impossible to make any but the most awkward movements. These shoes make a curious clatter on the stones, and move about with all needful alacrity. They would appear to have some merits for those who could endure them—durability and dryness; but at every step the heel rises from the shoe, and it is not quite clear to the uninstructed observer why the shoe and foot do not part company entirely when the wearer has to run. Perhaps they do at times.

One evening we took a rather long ride on the street railway (tramway it is called here) to the outskirts of the town, for the purpose of looking at the fortifications, which are said to be very strong; and when the hour to return arrived, found that every car we hailed was filled to overflowing. It was impossible for some time to find a place, and we enquired into the meaning of this stream of people which was pouring into the city. They were walking, both on the sidewalks and in the middle of the street, some carrying bundles and baskets, some little children, and some of the young and the strong supporting the steps of aged ones. Many were foot-sore, and limped along in their cruel wooden shoes, and some would sink down and rest a little from time to time, and then jump up and clatter over the stones with the rest. I think we waited more than an hour in a little shop, which made a comfortable refuge, while the motley procession passed. The proprietor of the shop told us in French that these people had been making a pilgrimage on foot to a church at eleven leagues distance from Antwerp, and that they were now returning to the city after two days' absence. Later we learned that we had missed a scene of exceeding interest at the chapel of the Virgin, at Montague, on the arrival of the procession. A great multitude of devotees were present, having come on foot the whole distance, as far as their strength would permit. Great covered wagons accompanied, in which those who sank with fatigue were carried until they were rested, when other worn-out pilgrims took their places; and so they labored along till the desired shrine was reached. Among the company were many penitents, expiating their sins according to priestly mandate, who marched with outstretched hands, forming the body into a cross, and the whole procession walked three times round the church. Does it not seem strange that these dark mediæval customs should prevail at Antwerp, where at one time the Reformation took such powerful root?

It is a pleasant walk along the Scheldt on the fine quays, constructed by Napoleon. In the early days, before the desolation of this city by its oppressors, thousands of merchant ships used to lie in the harbor; and in the 16th century, during the height of its prosperity, it had a population of 200,000. A row of noble trees shade the promenade, and no accumulation of dirt or rubbish obstructs or offends the pedestrian. At low tide, from the quay we look down quite a precipice to the lazy Scheldt, and the deposit of mud which the turbid stream leaves has a decidedly oceanic flavor. The river rises ten feet on an average, and the height of the water, when I saw it, would seem to indicate that a spring tide would sometimes inundate the quay itself. A little ferry-boat seems to invite, and we take a trip to the opposite shore, where a slight headland, Vlaamsh Hoofd, or Head of Flanders, gives a fine view of the city. From this point we see a charming picture of Antwerp, on her bow-like side of which the Scheldt is the string. Far the most prominent point in the picture is the noble cathedral tower, with its exquisite open-work against

a varying background of blue sky and soft cloud masses. The city now, though numbering, it is said, only 135,000 inhabitants, occupies six times the space enclosed within the ancient ramparts which have been removed, and new buildings are springing up in every direction. This gave us an idea of the superior healthfulness and comfort of a modern city over a metropolis of three hundred years ago, when a people so numerous were obliged to nestle in so small an area. It is said that after its capture by Alexander of Parma, in 1584, the population was reduced 85,000, and that five subsequent years of Spanish oppression, left it but 55,000.

The Dutch, from having been allies, now became unfriendly rivals, and built forts at the entrance of the river, preventing any sea-going vessels ascending to Antwerp. All merchandise for that city was required to be unloaded at a Dutch port, and ascend the river in barges only; and it is only since the destruction of the obstructing forts by the French, in 1794, that Antwerp has again become a commercial city.

Between two of the old docks rises the massive and venerable Maison Hanséatique, formerly the residence of the Ambassador of the Hanseatic League. It is termed "Osterlinghuis" by the Flemings, and was ceded to Belgium by the Hanse towns in 1863.

Two routes are open to the traveller from Antwerp to Rotterdam. We may go by rail in four and a half hours, or the steamboat "Telegraph" will bear us thither in eight hours. The prospect of steaming calmly down the Scheldt, through the canal and among the low alluvial islands which help to constitute the kingdom of Holland, is very pleasant, and we promise ourselves a calm, contemplative day on the deck of the comfortable little boat, whence it will be very interesting to note the characteristic features of the coast of this sea-born land.

The morning of departure is gray and rather threatening, but the awning which shadows us from the sunbeam, will also cast aside the showers we think, and we shall sit triumphant on the deck in waterproofs, and see the low countries at a little distance, before making a closer acquaintance. But, as we move down the river, the rain begins to fall and the storm wind comes down fiercely from the North Sea. We take a final look at Antwerp, pass the docks, hoping the rain will soon be over, and we shall have sunshine yet on part of the voyage. The captain, however, gravely predicts a three days' storm; and, after we have braved it till our craft has fairly passed the forts du Nord and Calloo, near which the Duke of Parma constructed the celebrated bridge across the Schelde, 2,400 feet in length, we retire to the little cabin. This bridge shut off all communication between the citizens of Antwerp and their Dutch confederates, and was defended by two towers and nearly one hundred guns, and was probably the cause of the reduction of the city, since the heroic citizens had no weapons with which to contend against famine. Through the cabin windows we see that we are passing a wide, desolate area of water, and are told this is called "verdronken Land," (literally, drowned land) and was once dyked in from the sea and formed a beautiful and fertile country. But, in 1421, an angry sea broke through the barriers and flooded all the land. One hundred thousand people were drowned, and only one house was left of the seventy-two towns in which they dwelt. One questions if these most laborious Hollanders will not again claim this conquered realm from the ocean victor, and build more enduring walls against his wrath.

But we are now in the kingdom of Holland, and at the first Dutch landing ——— a custom-house officer comes on board to examine the baggage. He is a tall, bland, pleasant-looking gentleman; and when it becomes my turn to unlock my trunk, I say to him, "It is not worth looking into. No smuggle!" He takes a very superficial look, and, laughing, says, "No smuggle," and passes on to the next. It is all an idle form, I imagine, and think no more about it. But soon an unusual excitement among the passengers attracts us into the dining saloon, where the officer stands gravely beside a troubled-looking woman, holding in his hand a package of lace which he has taken from her pocket. The stewardess explains, in reply to questions, that lace is much cheaper in Belgium than in Holland, the duties being high, and that the smuggling lady was a dealer in such articles. "But why did the officer suspect the lace?" It seems that in some of her packages contraband goods were found, and guilty looks, perhaps, revealed the rest. A woman is brought on board to examine the merchant yet more closely, and further concealed deposits are found, on which full duty, perhaps more, has to be paid; and we pass on without further delay.

The only view of the hollow land (Holland) possible to us from our little cabin windows, is of the dykes, over which sometimes is seen the thatched roof of a cottage and the tops of trees. The land, we are told, lies mostly many feet below the sea-level, and the safety of the country depends upon the embankments, which defend it from the waves. Not alone does the Hollander have to defend himself from the sea, but it is equally needful for him to bank the rivers, the beds of

which are gradually raised by alluvial deposits.

The dykes are composed of earth, sand and mud, thoroughly consolidated, and the surface is covered with twigs of willow interwoven with great care and labor, and the interstices of this basket work are filled with clay, so as to bind the whole into a solid mass. The dykes, in many places, perhaps in general, are planted with trees, the roots of which are an additional strength to the vast and costly structures.

In some places, we observed bulwarks of masonry, protected by stakes against the sea, and having the upper surface covered with turf.

It looks to the passing voyager as if all this labor was herculean indeed; but the lands thus redeemed from the sea are of intense fertility, and support a numerous population, who find themselves able to expend 6,000,000 florins annually for the use and support of the corps of engineers (De Waterstaat) who superintend these all-important earth-works.

The broad canals are also a perpetual wonder. They are commonly about sixty feet wide, and since not only the surface of the water, but the bed of the canal are often considerably above the level of the surrounding country, they are dyked and walled in the most substantial manner.

Few locks are required in this intensely level region, but the extremities which connect with the sea are closed by massive floodgates, to prevent the encroachment of the ocean when its level is higher than the water in the canal.

The wind-mills look to us, on our emergence from the cabin, like solemn and threatening champions defending, with their slow, moving arms, the lowly roofs which peep above the dykes.

It is now near evening, and the rain has spent its fury. The sun sends out some encouraging beams from among the breaking cloud masses, and we mount a pile of huge baskets on the deck to get a good look over the barriers into the Dutch fatherland.

Here it is, sure enough! A land of soft meadows, intensely green pasture, geometrically straight lines, ditches for boundaries instead of fences, and trees so formal and symmetrical that they seem as if set up from a child's box of wooden toys. The trees at the doors of the little thatched cottages are trimmed into box-like forms, not one twig being allowed to wander at its own sweet will. The tall rich grass was ready for mowing, and many fields were cut, and the partly-made hay was lying well soaked in long rows. The crop looked very abundant. Men were milking the cows in the open pasture, and carrying great pails of milk suspended from a kind of yoke, on their shoulders, and the substantial-looking animals stood chewing the cud of content amid the most luxuriant pasturage one could imagine. Now and then we would get glimpses of fine houses, embowered amid trees, and surrounded by elaborately-designed flower gardens, and ever and anon the giant wind-mills swung their bat-like arms. The arms alone were sometimes each as much as sixty feet long, and we questioned what use was made of so much wind power, other than the grinding of the grain, in a country of such narrow limits. We find that many of them are employed in pumping out the surplus water from the land, and that others are saw-mills, and worked up the rafts which are floated down the Rhine. The sails of these mills are a rectangular wooden net-work, over which a canvas is stretched when the mill is in action, and furled when not in use, and both roof and sides are in many cases thatched with twigs or reeds, after the manner of the roofs of the cottage houses of Holland.

We have now left the ramifications of the Scheldt and entered those of the Maas, and we have a good opportunity to observe the noble railway bridge over the broad estuary called Hollandsch Diep. This vast structure, which was completed in 1871, reaches over a stream one and five-eighths miles wide. It has enormous stone piers at each end, and fourteen iron arches, with a span of 110 yards each. It stands fifteen feet above the level of the highest tide, while on the south side are swing bridges for the passage of large vessels.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

BY H. M. WILLIAMS.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee!

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart shall rest on Thee!

OH! BE NOT THE FIRST.

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may prove true in the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error may fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue;
And thus our faith may be shaken
In the hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness,
If worn by the friend that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noble emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal!

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace our defects—
Let ours be a noble ambition;
For base is the mind that suspects.

—*W. Patriot.*

WHICH IS BEST?

This world is dark and dreary,
When we make it so;
This world is bright and cheerful,
When we take it so.

Our friends are cold and distant
Whene'er we doubt them;
Our friends are true and loving
Whene'er we trust them.

Is't best to live in the dark,
Doubting, day by day,
Or live in the light of love,
Trusting day by day?

—*The Methodist.*

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

At last, Philadelphia has a public Zoological Garden. To-day it will be thrown open for the first time, and will, undoubtedly, soon become one of the most attractive features of our magnificent park, and of our city. Though just in its infancy, and the really fine collection already comprised in it a mere nucleus, about which will be developed an institution that will bear comparison with the famous zoological gardens of the Old World, the pride and boast of great cities, it is, even in its present condition, a sufficient matter for congratulation, and reflects the highest credit upon those gentlemen to whose efforts its existence is due. . . . . .

The garden really already possesses some features which entitle it to notice, even beside older and more pretentious rivals. Of these, the most prominent is probably the prairie dog village, something not to be found in any other zoological garden in the world. Then there are the buffalo range, the beaver pond, where the wonderful engineering operations of that intelligent and rapidly-disappearing animal may be observed, the alligators, who are so generously provided with home comforts, that it is scarcely probable their expatriation is very keenly felt, and the fine specimen of a grizzly bear, all distinctively American contributions.

These, with the numerous other specimens of beasts, birds and reptiles from every clime, are of a character to command the attention of the student of nature, as well as to contribute to the amusement and instruction of the public at large. The charge for the enjoyment of this interesting exhibition is a merely nominal one, the object of which is simply to maintain and increase its attractiveness. It is so low that no one can reasonably find fault with it, especially when it is remembered that the garden is a private enterprise, maintained by private individuals, who have freely given their time, labor, and money to make it a success. . . . . As a means of popular instruction, and a source of popular enjoyment, the value of the garden, present and prospective, can hardly be overrated; and those who have, in spite of obstacles and discouragements, carried the enterprise to so auspicious an inauguration, deserve a city's hearty thanks.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, Seventh month 1st.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

7th mo. 19th, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P. M. Cars leave Thirteenth and Callowhill at 8 A. M., for Phœnixville, where Friends will be met; round trip tickets, $1.15.
" " Woodstown, N. J., 10½ A. M.
7th mo. 26th, Salem, N. J., 10 A. M.
" " Alloway's Creek, 3 P. M.
" " Centerdale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
" " Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

7th mo. 19th, at Schuylkill, at the close of morning Meeting. The attendance of Friends and friendly persons desired.
" 26th, at Horsham, 3 P. M. The general attendance of Friends, of that Meeting, also those of Upper Dublin and Warminster, is invited.

THE COMMITTEE of Western Quarter on Circular Meetings, will meet at London Grove, the 20th inst., at 2 o'clockP. M.

A CONFERENCE on Education has been appointed to meet at Marlborrough, on Fourth-day, the 22d inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. Members of the Yearly Meeting's Committee from other sections are invited, and also all others interested in the guarded education of children. DAVID FELL, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE inhabitants of the State of Minnesota are suffering greatly from the ravages of the grasshoppers. Governor Davis telegraphed on the 8th inst. to the Secretary of War:

"A terrible calamity has befallen the people of the several counties in the northwestern part of this State. The locusts have devoured every kind of crop and left the country for miles perfectly bare. They did the same thing last year in the same area. Many thousands are now suffering for food, and I am using every public and private source that I can lawfully command to send immediate supplies of food. This State is entitled to two years' quota of arms, estimated at $8,160. I respectfully request that the Subsistence Department be ordered to turn over to me in lieu of these arms a quantity equivalent in value of rations, or such parts of a ration, as I may require. I should not make this request but for the gravest reasons, and to prevent immediate starvation I have used every resource which the State has given.

A telegram from another source, makes this appeal: "It is time for the people of the United States to be informed that utter and widespread destitution exists in the southwestern counties of this State among the new settlers, whose crops have been destroyed for two years, and that urgent appeals must be made to benevolence everywhere for contributions in aid of the starving people who own farms under the Homestead and Preemption laws, but who have been unable to obtain subsistence from their farms, because of the destruction caused by grasshoppers. These pests are now moving away to other regions, to devastate and ruin other settlers now in comfortable circumstances; but, in the mean time, those whom they have just ruined are IN A STARVING CONDITION.

"The County Commissioners of the different Counties in the State, are making appropriations to relieve the present suffering, but large and important help is needed from the country at large. Contributions of money or clothing should be addressed to General H. H. Sibley, or Gov. G. K. Davis, St. Paul, and provisions or their equivalent are most needed."

A STORM of unprecedented severity visited the city of Washington on the evening of the 5th inst. It raged for about half an hour, during most of which time it was so severe as to endanger life. On one street (Fourteenth) 37 houses were unroofed, and much damage done to other houses from flying lumber and the breaking of windows. Sign-boards were flying in every direction, piles of lumber were separated, and boards and timbers thrown in every direction. The roar of the wind was very great. The horses were so terrified with it—the clouds of dust, and the flying missiles—that they were either unable to move from fright, or were frightened into a run. No loss of life has been reported.—N. Y. *Tribune.*

IN reference to the approaching transit of Venus, Lord Lindsay announces that his nights will be devoted, while at the Island of Mauritius, to observations of the planet Juno, whose opposition occurs in November, in hopes that he may by these determine the solar parallax with an accuracy but little inferior to that resulting from observations of the transit.—*Harper's Monthly.*

AT the Vienna Exhibition there were specimens of paper made from several materials which have not been utilized for that purpose. Among these was paper from the mulberry-tree bark, from the stinging nettle, and from potato stalks. In sections of European countries where mulberry leaves are used for feeding silk-worms, the remaining twigs have served only for fuel. But now, in Austria and parts of Italy, the bark is peeled off by a very simple arrangement, and from it a material prepared from which a good quality of paper is made. In Hungary the nettle is used, with rags, for making fine sketching and copying paper, and in Bohemia wrapping-paper is made from potato stalks.—*Harper's Weekly.*

RUSSIA produces most of the platinum which finds its way into the market. The production is small, however, that of Russia in 1871 being only 4,100 pounds. The metal sells in England for about $75 per pound. It is an almost indestructible metal, and is therefore very useful in the construction of various standards of measurement, and in instruments for scientific purposes requiring great exactness in the parts.

A RAILROAD scheme of vast possible importance—namely, the Indo-European Railway—is now receiving considerable attention from the government most interested. The proposition at present mooted, is that of M. Ferdinand Lesseps, of Suez Canal renown, and the object is to unite the south and west of Europe with the richest portions of Central Asia, and farther on in the future, with the far eastern part of that Continent. The Russian and East Indian press are according the project most favorable consideration as a means of developing the enormous and varied resources of the East.—*Harper's Monthly.*

SIXTY Chinese students are now pursuing their studies in various towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut, most of them in private families Thirty more are expected to arrive in this country during this month. All these students are preparing for government service, and have by their conduct reflected great credit upon their country. In the course of another year the Chinese government plans to send students to England, France and Germany to be educated.

THERE are 3,453,681 unmarried women in England above the age of fifteen, who are engaged in specific occupations, and are earning money thereby.

TIMBER THAT HAS STOOD FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.—Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subject to the use of man is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt, It is found in connection with stone work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper surface. When two blocks were laid in place it appears that an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block into which an hour-glass-shaped tie was driven. It is, therefore, very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk or shittim wood of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile. These dovetailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in the country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with the Arabs to heave off layer after layer of heavy stone for so small a prize. Had they been of bronze, half of the old temples would have been destroyed years ago, so precious would they have been for various purposes.

A FIFTEEN year contract has been definitely closed in Milan, for putting Pullman Palace Cars on all trains and lines of upper Italy.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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Memorial of Cornwall Monthly Meeting concerning our beloved friend KATY HAZARD, *deceased.*

She was the daughter of Peter and Katy Freer, and was born in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York, Sixth month, 10th, 1791. Her parents were not members of the Society of Friends. When she was about four years of age, they removed and settled at Neversink, Sullivan County, N. Y. The country then being new and sparsely settled, her opportunities for obtaining school learning were very limited, yet she was enabled to learn to read and write, and was throughout her after life a frequent reader of the Scriptures, which were very highly prized by her. Of her childhood we have but little knowledge, but find the following, written by herself. "The Lord was pleased, in the light of His love and mercy, often to visit me when a child, and I feared Him very much. Having no one to encourage me, I went in the way of sin and vanity, but here the precious love of the 'Son and sent of the Father' arose in my clouded heart, and I knew it not. I saw my dark state and bewildered condition. I feared in the day, and at night I lay down in sorrow and shame. Confusion covered me, and here was a travail in the wilderness. My poor soul did hunger and thirst after God, yea, the living God. Strong cries arose to Him for deliverance from this wounded condition, where darkness was to be felt, and I would often exclaim 'Oh Lord, if I perish, it must be at the gate of thy mercy.'"

She was married in 1807 to Daniel Ballou, and soon after became convinced of the truth of Friends' principles, and became a member of our Society. In this she had many trials to endure from the opposition of relatives, several of whom afterward became Friends. Her husband never became a member, but was a kind husband, and enjoyed the company of Friends. Having no children, they adopted and brought up several motherless ones, who bear testimony to her Christian character.

The nearest Meeting was held at Greenfield, a distance of three and a half miles from her home, which she often accomplished on foot, seldom missing a Meeting, unless prevented by sickness.

Plains Monthly Meeting (to which she belonged,) was held at different places twenty and twenty five miles from her home. She rode many miles, frequently on horseback, to attend them and appointed Meetings. To attend Cornwall Quarterly Meeting (to which Plains Monthly Meeting was then attached), she had to travel about forty miles. She was very industrious and cheerful, even on her long journeys to and from Meetings, employing her time in knitting, and in calling on, and sympathizing with, and assisting the poor and needy, and often expressed the enjoyment of good Meetings on the road.

The following incident of one of her journeys is related by herself. "I had been visiting a sister-in-law, who was sick, and on my way home, the horse fell, dislocating my shoulder, and breaking a bone. It was nearly dark, and I was two miles from home, most of the way being through the woods. No aid from man was near, and it seemed that I must lie in the woods all night. I cried to the Lord for mercy, which he graciously granted, and outward fears fled. I said aloud, 'It is right; Thy will be done.' May I never forget His goodness toward me, a poor worm. I rose and walked home, reaching there some time after dark." She recovered, after much suffering, which she bore with great fortitude.

We have no account of her first appearance in the Ministry, but believe it was shortly after she became a member. In 1839, she accompanied her husband on a visit to his friends in Nova Scotia. She obtained a Minute of Unity from her Monthly Meeting, under which she appointed some Meetings.

Her ministry was often searching and powerful. She was unlearned in the literature and polish of the world, and her preaching was not in the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the spirit and of power.

The baptizing power of truth, which often accompanied the words, gave evidence of the right authority of the offerings. At such times it might be truly said of her, that she spoke as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

In 1843, she met with a severe trial in the death of her husband, but was enabled to submit to the will of her Heavenly Father with Christian resignation.

In the spring of 1845 she moved to Poughkeepsie, and much of her time was passed in travelling and attending Meetings. She was a sympathizer with the afflicted wherever found, and felt deeply for the enslaved African race.

She was married to Josiah Hazard in Tenth month, 1845 and settled within the limits of Cornwall Monthly Meeting, where she passed the greater part of her remaining years, endearing herself by many acts of charity and unremitting attention to the needy and afflicted, often laboring with her own hands to procure for them some comfort, of which they stood in need.

Although suffering for years from a cancer (of which she died), she was regular in the attendance of Meetings. In Tenth month, 1867, although very feeble in health and suffering from her disease, she made a visit to Poughkeepsie. This duty had burdened her mind for some time, and strength was given her to perform it to her own peace and the satisfaction of her Friends.

Feeling the end drawing near, she went to Greenfield to be with her relatives.

The following account of her last moments and death is given by her niece.

"She came to stay with us in Eleventh month, 1867, and although unable to rise from her chair without help much of the time, she attended Meetings (a mile distant) quite often, and until within four weeks of her death. As her life drew near its close, it seemed to be her greatest and increasing desire to do the will of her Heavenly Father, and for a few days before her death she was so filled with the love of God that she could scarcely find words to express it.

"Her consciousness remained to the end, and with almost the last breath she exclaimed: 'Praise His holy name for his goodness and mercy; glory to his name,' and expired without a struggle the 17th of First month, 1868."

Feeling that the life of this, our dear deceased Friend, has been remarkable as an evidence of what a faithful adherence to the Monitor within, or the "Good Master," as she frequently expressed it, had done for her in raising her, with such surroundings, to become so useful a member of Society, and for about fifty years a Minister amongst us; we have felt that a recital of it might encourage and strengthen others to a faithful attention to the light within, which evidently to all who knew her, had so much increased her usefulness and happiness in this life, and we have no doubt secured to her a blessed immortality.

We to whom the rich inheritance of intellectual humanity is so familiar as to have lost much of its freshness, are liable to underrate the value of thoughts and discoveries which to us have for years seemed commonplace. It is with our intellectual as with our material wealth; we do not realize how precious some fragments of it might be to our poorer neighbors. The old clothes that we wear no longer may give comfort and confidence to a man in naked destitution; the truths which are so familiar to us that we never think about them, may raise the utterly ignorant to a sense of their human brotherhood.—*Hamerton's Intellectual Life.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL UNIONS.

There being now so many advocates of First-day Schools, the present seems to be a suitable time to say a word on behalf of the First day School *Unions.* The object of these Unions being misunderstood by many, it is to be expected that such persons are either opposed or give them but a slender support. It seems to the writer that any one who advocates a First-day School in his own locality, would desire their establishment at other

places, on the ground that what is good for him, would be good and desirable for others.

Many meetings of Friends are weak, and it becomes the duty of the stronger to help such. So, some of our schools are strong in numbers and influence, and can well afford sympathy and personal labor to the weaker ones. The object, then, of the Quarterly Meeting Unions is the same as that of the Quarterly Meetings of the Society of Friends. Many of the teachers in the First-day Schools are necessarily confined on First days to their own; and, however much they desire to attend other schools, are unable to do so without leaving their classes. Many teachers have not failed to attend their own meetings and schools during the year, therefore the opportunity which these Unions afford of mingling with the teachers, officers and pupils of other schools is a good one, and one that should not be lost.

The writer feels a deep interest in the extension and increased usefulness of the Society of Friends. It is, therefore, with the liveliest satisfaction that we hear of the great increase in the attendance of our meetings where these schools are established, especially in those where the meeting and school are closely identified. Of late years, many Friends' schools have been given up, and the public schools have taken their places, hence moral and religious culture as the basis of all instruction, is less attended to than it should be. How much could be said of this fatal neglect—a neglect that is now felt by many? The First day School is the especial advocate of this kind of culture—the growth of the moral and religious sentiment.

It is believed that the statistics that will be furnished at the approaching meeting of the Western First-day School Union, to be held at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa., the last Seventh-day of this month, will be of an interesting character.

It is not intended that the time of the meeting shall be occupied in hearing declamations, or that there shall be any attempt to show what the pupils can do in that way, or that there shall be any feasting other than such provisions as Friends may bring in baskets, &c. It has been suggested that there should be, after the regular business of the meeting has been disposed of, some class exercises and a general exercise to be participated in by the teachers, the more advanced pupils, or any that wish to take part.

It is believed that the various methods of instruction that have been adopted in the different schools can be best shown in this way. Certainly we can learn of each other and assist each other in various ways, and thus the object of the Union be carried out successfully. T. F. S.

EXTRACT FROM JOB SCOTT'S JOURNAL CONCERNING JONATHAN FARNUM.

On the 13th of Fifth month, 1776, I made a visit to my dear friend Jonathan Farnum, at Uxbridge, who was very far gone in a consumption. I sat up with him during the night, and in the morning we had some serious conversation together; in the course of which, after mentioning that he had given up all expectation of recovery, and felt resigned in mind, and willing to leave all, even his dear children, he said considerable about the taxes, and something about the paper money; that he had been much exercised upon these subjects, and it appeared clear to him that Friends ought to have nothing to do with either. It also appeared to him, he said, that such as took the money, helped the people to use the sword. "And, oh!" said he "that Friends may keep their hands clean, and not defile them with blood." I suppose his meaning was, that the money being made expressly for the support of war, to give it currency was at least remotely helping forward and promoting war, and in that sense assisting people to use the sword. After this he said considerable by way of lamentation over the low and degenerated state of many in our society, saying: "This have I seen, to my sorrow, that a worldly spirit has crept and is creeping into our society, and prevailing over many; and some who have been somewhat shining are become very dim, and are rather stumbling-blocks in the way of others. I would not judge hard of my friends; I believe there is a little remnant that are honest; but far the greater part appear to me to run with the tide, and, instead of being alarmed at these alarming and distressing times, seem to have sunk deeper into the spirit of the world, and are engaged to scrape together, and think they can heap up, and build barns, and so on; and I don't know that anything will alarm them till it is too late." After a time of silence, he began again, saying, "I am glad to see my friends. I respect them; and some who seem engaged are very near to me; they feel near to me. But such as seem to come, out of curiosity, don't feel so near." He then, in a very loving and affecting manner, resumed the mournful subject of worldly-mindedness, wishing that those who were deeply entangled in it might come down, and feel after their real state; saying also that he had felt his mind engaged to sound an alarm to almost every friend that had been to visit him.

Some time after he said: "Such as have

tender scruples in their minds ought not to be discouraged, but otherwise. But how can those who are in the spirit of the world judge of these things? They must be redeemed before they can be judges. They must come out of the spirit and reasonings of the world; for it is not reasoning upon policy that is the thing, but waiting to feel what the Lord requires; and there is no way of safety, when we have tender scruples, but in attending to them, and not reason and reason ourselves into the dark. I believe I had, when the first bill was presented to me, a sufficient check, had it been attended to, to have prevented my touching it. I believe so. We must have a care of that spirit which says, We cannot live without taking it. David said he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread; and I believe God never will forsake the faithful, nor will their seed beg bread. This spirit of the world—oh! that Friends may be redeemed out of it."

And further, speaking of the danger and delusiveness of the temptations by which Friends are drawn away into worldly mindedness, he lamented that it overcame them without their being fully sensible of it, adding: "It is the most secret, awful and ensnaring temptation that ever I was tried with." He seemed much concerned that he himself had not kept more fully clear of it, but hoped his Great Master, when he had suffered enough, would pass by and forgive his faults in this respect. "Oh!" said he, "I think I could say a great deal to some Friends if they were here. I believe the great Jehovah will sift His Church. I don't doubt it,—I don't doubt it; and I hope the sincere mourners, here and there, will not be discouraged. Their spirits are near to me; but I want the others to be alarmed, and get down, and search out the spirit of the world."

This discourse was attended with great sensibility, tenderness and solemnity. My mind was much affected, under a sense of the pertinency of it to the real state of things among us, and living desires arose powerfully within me that we might indeed be rightly alarmed, and also truly redeemed from the world. But while, with him, I mourned over the desolations of sin, I was made greatly to rejoice at the lovely and heavenly frame of dear Jonathan's mind. Indeed, I sensibly felt him in the fellowship and covenant of Divine life; and therein, taking leave of him, I returned home, rejoicing that I had thus been favored with such a sweetly encouraging opportunity, as it was truly to me, to press forward through all the crowds of opposition, and to hold fast the testimony of Truth, without wavering, steadfastly to the end.—*Journal of Job Scott, pp.* 62–64.

THESE LITTLE ONES.

Jesus was the first great teacher of men who showed a genuine sympathy for childhood—perhaps the only teacher of antiquity who cared for childhood as such. Plato treats of children and their games, but he treats them from the stand point of a publicist. They are elements not to be left out in constructing society. Children, in Plato's eyes, are not to be neglected, because children will inevitably come to be men and women. But Jesus was the first who loved childhood for the sake of childhood. In the earlier stages of civilization it is the main endeavor of men to get away from childhood. It represents immaturity of body and mind, ignorance and folly. The ancients esteemed it their first duty to put away childish things. It was Jesus who, seeking to bring a new and higher development of character, perceived that there was highest manhood; that a man must, indeed, set back again toward the innocence and simplicity of childhood if he would be truly a man. Until Jesus Christ the world had no place for childhood in its thoughts. When He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was a revelation.

It has not been long since childhood was an unknown land to the modern world. Until the nineteenth century, children had little place in art or literature. Cherubs there were in the Middle Ages, all heads and wings, but flesh-and blood children were unknown. Shakespeare created everything but children, and Milton probably thought babies only fit to be handled by nursery-maids. English literature did not make any very cordial acquaintance with children until its latest stage. There were a few children's books in the last century, some of them excellent, as Sanford and Merton, and a few others. But children were clearly little accounted of in booksellers' calculations until within the range of our own time. In literature and in art this is the era of childhood. Poetry and *genre* painting are half-engrossed with the doings of children; fairy-lore and mud-pies are not things to be despised now a-days. The world is flooded with stories for boys and tales for girls. No chromos are so much sought for as those which represent children and their occupations. . . . .

But there are yet very great improvements to be made in the Church's treatment of childhood. The Sunday-school is good as far as it goes, but it is too narrow. Its chief work should not be to teach the dry facts of Scripture history and the hard formulas of the catechism. Nor is even the excitation of good purposes and devout emotions sufficient to satisfy the ideal of what the Sunday-school

should do for childhood. Religion is not a thing by itself. It has to do with the whole life; and the religion of the Sunday-school should concern itself with all the duties of a child's life. Honesty between the child and his playmate; honesty between pupil and teacher; kindness in the home; self-control under provocation, are all duties that should be taught by Sunday-school teachers. To do this the teacher must have a quick and lively sympathy with the pupils, and a social as well as a Sunday-school acquaintance with them.

Let us not be impatient with what has been done; but, above all, let us not for a moment dream that we have attained to any completeness. It will some day come to pass that the Church will take a wider interest in the welfare of childhood. It will buy not religious books alone, but a good secular library. It will crowd out vicious and over-exciting literature by supplying the best books and papers. Every local church will one day keep open reading-parlors, where young men who have not pleasant homes, or to whom the confinement of home grows irksome, may gather for reading and conversation. The time is coming when not in childhood alone, but in the dangerous formative period of youth, the Church will reach out a hand to help its Sunday-scholars. And the ideal Church is one that cares for childhood and youth not only on Sunday and in the matter of its religiousness, but in every relation, duty and interest of life.

One of the highest results of the Church's care for childhood is the effect upon adult piety. The time has been when men were not instructed to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child, but as a learned theologian. A neophyte was bewildered with profound explanations of the difference between a historical faith and a saving faith; with an elephantine exegesis of hard texts relating to the mysteries of godliness. But the necessities of childhood, its simplicity and directness to action, have had their influence upon our methods. The hard stones of abstruse definition have been taken out of the road that little feet may not stumble. Little children have shown us how easy it is to enter that gate which, if it is narrow, stands ever open to him who will enter in. This labor with children has tended to change the manner of preaching; the minister has gotten off his stilts, and we have all been brought nearer to Christ through childhood.—*Christian Union.*

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill, when you put wheat under it it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.—*Luther.*

An Address to the Teachers in First day Schools, read at a Bucks County First day School Union.

The teachers in our First day Schools probably have all experienced how much more important life is than death, how much grander and more solemn the present hour and duty than the dim uncertain Past in which we did not participate, or the shadowy Future, whose veil we cannot lift. I am anxious that our individual experiences should be revealed to the young minds under our charge, that we may store them with practical moral instruction; teach them their individual responsibility and power — the grandeur of self-control and self-sacrifice, rather than a mechanical preparation for a possible death and a distant Heaven. "The kingdom of Heaven is *within* you," say, the Scriptures — reiterated by all who have thought on the subject. Let us brace these tender hearts and untried feet to overcome the unavoidable temptations of life rather than store their minds with traditional historic lore. Shall they come to us asking for bread and we give them stones? Childhood has its injuries to be forgiven, temptations to be resisted, passions to be overcome, just as great in proportion to their strength as are those of maturer years. How can we tell what feelings may agitate the hearts of some of the class as they draw around their teacher for instruction and comfort, yearning for the solution of the little mysteries of their life, perhaps burning with a bitter sense of injustice? Shall we look into their eager, hungry eyes and tell them of the destruction of the world—the journey of the Israelites—the genealogy of Abraham, or the turning of water into wine? My friends, is it not cruelly unwise? Do they need anything but the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes? I trust I do not undervalue the truths contained in the Ancient Book; but I consider them like the gold found in California—so scattered, so covered over with the layers of centuries, that a child's eye and hand can hardly extricate the golden ore. Therefore I would lead them to regions nearer home where truth, love and justice are more easily seen. Teach them to read their own hearts—to love their companions—to fear the punishment of their conscience; teach them that "Religion is *conduct*, and conduct is three-fourths of our life." Remember to instil our fundamental principle, that inspiration exists now as freely as it did 2,000 years ago, and that if they try to make their lives sublime, paths will be revealed to them, and it may be said of any of them, as of our beloved Charles Sumner—

"That never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came."

The simpler we can make religion for children, the more we can make it a thing of the *present*, the more impressive it will be, and the more likely to bear fruit. Let us not turn their heads backward, but open their eyes to the revelations of God's love and power in leaf and bird, in water, air and sky; in the insects at their feet and the sweet perfumes in their walks.

> God is not far from those who see
> With the pure spirit's sight,
> But near, and in the very reach
> Of those who see aright."

Let us inculcate the idea that not on bended knees or in reading periodically in any one book, or in unfeeling routine of any kind, can children please their Heavenly Father; but by their daily acts, by the book they lend, the errand cheerfully performed, the cake that is shared, the little unknown sacrifices, the temper controlled and in hundreds of ways, day by day, they can make their lives "one grand sweet song." C. S. W.

Bristol, 6 *mo.* 20, 1874.

GIRLS do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think; and, were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost in a generation revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good upon the young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which, under exchanged promises, look forward to a nearer and more enduring relation. In these hours do nothing to lower, but everything to refine and ennoble each other's character.—*Boston Transcript.*

From the Independent.

THE BENIGNANT SPIRIT.

Scientists tell us that a continent may grow upon a reef of coral. But how does the coral grow? Who would imagine that ten thousand gangs of tiny laborers, working in silence and out of sight, should build the foundations of forests and cornfields for the teeming millions, and of cities and harbors where the commerce of a world should ride at anchor? So it is with the pulsations of a benignant spirit in the hearts of men. Noiseless, unobtrusive, unapplauded, unappreciated, it works beneath the surface; yet it builds that vast and complicated structure of human life which we call society. It is the spiritual cement dropped into all crevices which makes society possible. Thus is created the solid world in which the gifted few, by their memorable exploits, make history.

Some principles respecting the exercise of the benignant spirit we do well to remember. One is that no man lives who is absolutely insensible to even little tokens of kindness and of unkindness. Not the most rude and ignorant, not the most indurate and guilty. Even insane ferocity yields to a soft hand on the forehead and a woman's voice in the ear. The churlish act you suffer yourself to do, be it ever so trivial; the acrid feeling you exhibit, though but for a moment; the petulant word you drop hastily from your lips; the spiteful look you give in your temporary anger, reaches always some heart that feels it. Nor is it less effectual in giving pain because it may provoke its like in return. The worst of it is that it reproduces itself. Thus it swells a common stock of malevolence. Nothing else breeds so inordinately as a malign thought. On the other hand, we can never know how much we add to the great deep of human joy if we keep fresh and sweet and flowing our own little rivulet of fellow-feeling with our race. We may soothe thus a vast amount of silent suffering. We may relieve rankling suspicions of human nature. We may soften a great many flinty thoughts of God. We may reflect the light of heaven on many cheerless death beds. Our record in all this must be among the unwritten pages of our history; but not a solitary heart will come under our look even without being made happier and better. A benignant eye is a perpetual benediction.

It is a vital matter, also, that a very large portion of mankind are by nature so constituted as to be specially dependent on the minor benignities of life, either for their happiness or for the best developments of their character. . . . .

So with children, you can make them miserable, and, therefore, wilful and depraved, by exposing them to the snarls of a crabbed temper. Religious faith nestles for a long time in the bosom of the filial instinct. At a very early age the natural trust of children in religion may rust away under the corrosion of parental selfishness. Look out for little skeptics in unhappy homes. Goethe says that at the age of seven years he had learned to doubt God's existence. To a child's faith father and mother are pictures of God. What they are He is, to infantile thought. Trust in Him cannot long outlive trust in them.

The benignant spirit should soften our treatment of certain innocent idiosyncrasies of men. We all have idiosyncracies which

are not amiable and yet are not vices. They grow out of gnarls in the grain of our structure, of which for the most part we are unconscious. One man speaks when to you silence would be the golden gift. Another is silent when to you it would be dishonor not to speak. Another says the thing which you would think yourself foolish for saying.

. . . . . .

Why should we not indulge in other men their peculiarities of character and habit as heartily as we push for room to our own? They have as much right to their individuality as we have to ours. Who shall say that, to the next higher order of intelligence above us, theirs is not as respectable as ours? We must make way for all our individualities to play without jostling each other. We must interchange good naturedly our oddities and quiddities, consenting to laugh and be laughed at. We must draw ourselves within a more modest compass, and not scramble for all the playground, nor for the centre of it, nor for the shady corner of it, when other children have the same right to it that we have.

Still more genially should a benign spirit mollify our judgment of the moral character of men. We call it charity, and are apt to take on secret airs of goodness, if we judge and speak kindly of our fellows. But what is this more than the very alphabet of human wisdom? Do not even publicans the same? Why should we move through the world always on the wings of distrust? This earth is not a city of lepers. We need only healthy souls ourselves to enable us to see and enjoy a vast amount of moral health and beauty in the souls of our neighbors. Till we have evidence to the contrary, we are safe in presuming a great deal on the strength of human virtue. That the world is not depopulated after six thousand years of history is proof conclusive that a vast amount of that antiseptic must be circulating along its highways and purifying its homes. Benignity does not stultify common sense by believing that black is white, but it does claim, aud justly, that sweeping denunciations of human nature are never true. They cannot be so outside of a world of retribution. This is a world of moral reprieve. No man lives in it who has not something in him that deserves our trust. Though fallen, every soul has an open eye toward heaven, an open ear to heavenly voices. It may not be the love of God; it may not be anything which fits a man for God's presence; but it is something of that which Jesus saw in the young man of great possessions, and for which he loved him. Wherever we can find that, we find something that is worthy of our benignant judgment. We may safely trust anything that our Lord has loved. Natural conscience, social affections, humane sensibilities, the instinct of honor — these are priceless auxiliaries of Divine Grace. Such golden nuggets are in the toughest quartz of human character. A benign spirit will search long for them, even when it cannot hope to find the gem of divine purity.—*Prof. Austin Phelps.*

In Patience Possess Ye Your Souls.—The soul looses command of itself when it is impatient; whereas, when it submits, without a murmur, it possesses itself in peace, and God is with it. To be impatient is to desire what we have not, and not to desire what we have. An impatient soul is a prey to passions unrestrained, either by reason or faith. What weakness, what delusion! When we acquiesce in an evil, it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. *Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.—Fénélon.*

I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices: But this thing commanded I them, saying, obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you.—Jer. vii, 22–23.

For Friends Intelligencer.

HELENIUM HOOPESII.—(*Gray.*)

In No. 16 of the "*Intelligencer*" is given, over the signature of L. J. R., a beautiful tribute to the memory of our departed friend, Joshua Hoopes, in which, however, occurs an observation with reference to the above named plant requiring some correction. The seed of this plant was sent originally to me, in 1861, by Thomas Hoopes, Jr., from Pike's Peak, where he obtained it, and under the auspicious care of S. Emlen Sharpless, of Westchester, fine specimens of plants were produced and came to maturity. Supposing it to be a Helenium, and a new species, I sent specimens to Prof. Gray, proposing the specific name referred to, in allusion to its discoverer. In his reply, by letter, he remarked, "The plant from Pike's Peak is new to me, I believe, and although anomalous in having such large flowers for the head, it may well be a *Helenium* and take the name you propose."

For a description of this plant, see Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, published Third month, 1863, also

the late synopsis of the Flora of Colorado.

There was a plant found, I think, in Texas, by Buckley, which he regarded as a new genus, and named by him Hoopsea, in honor of Joshua Hoopes, whose indefatigable researches in the Botany of his native county well entitled him to such a compliment; but a closer investigation by Prof. Gray determined its true position under an old genus, so that according to botanical rule the name proposed by Buckley had to be rejected.

HALLIDAY JACKSON.

West Goshen, Pa., Sixth mo. 15, 1874.

OH, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answer we returned to their plaints or their pleadings. for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 25, 1874.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER"—SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS.—We have been somewhat painfully impressed with the thought that, in a measure we practically ignore our social duties, perhaps unconsciously, even when we are not derelict in the performance of those termed religious. But, as we write, we feel that we are not quite prepared to admit this implied distinction, believing that any service by which we can be helpful one to another, must be classed among our highest duties.

The enquiry left on record, as made to Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" was evasively answered, doubtless because of a sense of wrong done to his brother, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

In this case there had been a palpable wrong committed, even to the taking away of the natural life; but there are other wrongs perhaps equally great, though not equally cognizable—wrongs of *omission*. Did we fully recognize our social obligations, we would much more often and much more fully acquaint ourselves with our brother's condition and feelings, both spiritually and temporally.

Such manifestation of brotherly interest should especially be found in active exercise among a people professing to receive the Scripture testimony, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." And in no direction could such manifestation be turned more profitably, whether in view of individual or society advantage, than towards our young members.

Perhaps we will be excused if we bring especially into view our young *men* who, owing to various circumstances, are often separated from their natural guardians, even early in life. Such should certainly have the benefit of Society care; and we fully believe an evidence of parental interest would be very preserving to many of these.

There are many ways in which such interest can be shown, but none, perhaps, so easily available, and, at the same time, so seldom used, as the formation of small parlor reading-circles, to which those can have access who, from a variety of circumstances, are much debarred from such social enjoyments. These enjoyments would have a peculiar zest after the day's confinement to a close working room, office or store; and by a judicious selection of reading matter, might be made instructive as well as interesting. Those who are alone in our large cities would also be gladdened and encouraged, and perhaps often preserved from hurtful associations, by invitations to join these family circles. There are those who have thus offered the hospitalities of their home at their evening meal to their young friends, appropriating one evening each week, and the result has been mutually pleasant.

We would encourage others to go and do likewise. This little act of kindness may prove a seed sown on good ground, the yield of which may be an hundred fold.

Since we have been dwelling under this concern, we have read with interest and approval the proceedings of London Yearly Meeting, touching this matter. We make the following extract:

W. White said that the subject of pastoral care needed the close attention of the Yearly Meeting. He would take no exception to the use of the word pastoral. He thought none of us desired any new offices to be instituted—rather the right fulfilment of those offices which now exist. He had spoken a

good deal to young men, and would say that if there was one complaint more than another which they brought, it was that they had often felt for themselves the want of this spiritual oversight and pastoral care. He hoped we might put their true spiritual meaning on the offices of Elder and Overseer. The meaning of the word "Overseer" had been very much lost and altered, it had almost sunk to that of a kind of policeman. The Overseers ought to have a general oversight over our members. If we could bring the word back to the meaning which it had in past time, the Yearly Meeting would have done no small work in this respect. The very object of our associating together was mutual help. Each member had a responsibility regarding others which we could not shake off; each meeting had a responsibility in the pastoral care and oversight of its members, and this care and oversight ought to be performed under suitable arrangement. He did not propose that our organization of officers should be changed, but that their functions should be properly fulfilled.

J. Hodgkin referred to the fear some had felt lest the words "pastoral care" should give too official a look to this paragraph. He was, however, inclined to think that it was pretty free from this objection. Visits to our members on religious concern were much more abundant a few years back than now: they used to constitute, he thought, a better carrying out of pastoral care than was to be found in any other section of the Christian Church. He felt, in looking at the subject in its comprehensive character, that where this concern of visiting families was laid upon ministers, it was the best kind of pastoral care to be found. But besides this, there was in and around our own homes a service of a somewhat different kind—one that did not so much imply a spiritual perception of the states of those visited, as did the former: he referred to the notice and visiting of Friends in our own neighborhood. This belonged more to the true functions of oversight—the nurture of the flock. There was a rather more continuous duty wanted in this Church than was generally found; for instead of throwing this duty of pastoral care upon a pastor, rector, or minister, we throw it upon the overseers. So it behoved us to look what might be performed by meetings, committees, overseers, &c., that should ensure this care. He had felt the preciousness of this service in some places, and the need of it in others. Visits were especially required by the aged, the sick, and the infirm. He was prepared, in no official sense, to accept the word *pastoral* care; but if it be found to tend towards anything approaching to the one-man system, let it be done away with.

Marriage Wallis thought it would be of great benefit to have a concern for this care and oversight coming before our Monthly Meetings from time to time. He could hardly conceive of a more excellent thing than to have a meeting settling down to consider the state of our young members, or the state of the attenders of our meetings. In a meeting with a great number of attenders, as in his own meeting, the attenders needed to be approached at different times and in different ways. They had found it most effectual to invite them in little social gatherings, six or eight at a time—turning the conversation, if possible, on the prinbiples of our religious Society, and on the grounds of our belief. This seemed to him to exemplify what pastoral care was. If the Monthly Meetings were to take this question up continuously, they would largely add to the life of the meeting.

H. Pease would like to be clearly understood that the arrangement for religious instruction did not include any *arrangement* for public religious teaching.

I. Brown remarked it was singular how some words became narrowed up in their meaning, especially religious and ecclesiastical words. This had been the case with the phrase, "pastoral care." It behoved us to see that pastoral care was no more neglected by us than by others, although we did not invest one man with the responsibility. He had sometimes looked about for a substitute for the term *pastoral*, but he could find none but *shepherding*, and this was no improvement. Then as regards *arrangement:* we had suffered loss by our fear, he might almost say our dread, of the word arrangement. We must have arrangement, whatever business we are about, be it religious, philanthropic, or secular. Then, again, by suffering ourselves to regard our economy too much as a democracy, we had got harm. He did rejoice in the liberty and equality granted to all our members: he rejoiced that in this large meeting all, whatever be their age or position in the Church, had an equal right to express their views. But, at the same time, this equality ought to exist, on the words of the apostle, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." We take Christ for our Head; but we must not forget that He has given some apostles, some prophets, some teachers, &c., for the good of the Church. We were not to think that He would be our Lord without His appointing under-shepherds to take care of the flock. This is His good will, and these appointments necessitate arrangements; therefore he did not feel uncomfortable about the word. His own opinion was that we had not quite sufficient organization amongst us for the good of the Church. If we worked more together, putting shoulder to shoulder, we should prosper more; and this could not be done without arrangement. We had individualized all our religious exercises, and thrown it upon individual responsibility.

We give place to an address read at a Bucks County First day School Union. We recognize and have sympathy with the concern of the writer, but think that in the de-

sire to impress the necessity of improving the present, the value of the experience of the *past* is too much depreciated. A faithful discharge of daily duties is, no doubt, a passport to the Kingdom of Peace; but is it not well also to bring into view the joys of the future, which we have every reason to believe are abundantly realized by those who work righteousness, and love God with the whole heart.

MARRIED.

EVES—JOHN—At the residence of the bride's mother, Hannah R. John, Millerville, Columbia Co, Pa., on the 23d of Fourth month, 1874, with the approbation of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, Chandlee R. Eves, son of George F. Eves, to Sarah E. John.

DIED.

WRIGHT.—In River View, Kansas, Sixth month 21st, 1874, Rachel Wright, in the 65th year of her age; a member of Hopewell Monthly Meeting, Virginia.

THATCHER.—On the 26th of Sixth month, 1874, Lydia W., wife of Isaac Thatcher, and daughter of the late Jesse Williams, in the 54th year of her age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting. Her kind and amiable disposition endeared her to many. She was guarded in her conversation, careful to let nothing fall from her lips that would wound the feelings of any one. Towards the erring she was charitable and forgiving, more ready to pity than to blame. The sick and afflicted claimed her deepest sympathy, and as long as her health permitted she was frequently engaged in administering to their comfort.

WHITELOCK.—At her residence in Frankford, on the 4th of Sixth month, 1874, Mary Whitelock, aged 63 years; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

JONES.—On First-day the 12th instant, Samuel Jones, in the 85th year of his age; a member of Radnor Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE NETHERLANDS.

No. 7.

The ancient city of Dort, the oldest and once the wealthiest commercial city in Holland, is next passed, and we wish for two or three hours to look upon some of the antiquities of this town which may in some sense be called the cradle of the Dutch Republic. In 1574 the first assembly of the Independent States of Holland was held here, and from this resulted the foundation of the Republic. It is also memorable as the place where the Protestant Synod was held, which determined the doctrines to be taught, and the laws to be observed by the Dutch Reformed Church. But our little steamer only paused a minute at the wharf, and then in one hour more we were landed on the Boompjes (quays) at Rotterdam.

The triangular city of canals looks quite pleasant in the evening light, and we have leisure to examine with admiring interest the handsome quay which derives its name from the fine avenue of trees with which it is adorned. It extends for upwards of a mile along the Maas, and is a very attractive locality. Great merchant ships engaged in the India trade lie along the wharves, and in the canals, even, to the heart of the city, and the scene is busy and picturesque in the extreme. One would expect that a city so actively engaged in traffic would hardly find time to keep all things neat and tidy within her borders; but Rotterdam is kept thoroughly swept and dusted, though notably devoid of ornament.

The illustrious Erasmus was a citizen of Rotterdam, and his house, adorned by a small statue, is said to have borne this inscription "Hac est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus." We readily found the house, which is now used as a tavern, and there was the little statue of the philosopher in a niche about half way up the front, but the inscription must have been effaced; and no wise words were to be read but the tavern sign in Dutch. An insignificant bronze statue of him stands in the Groote market, facing a marble statue of the king of Holland; but neither the size nor the beauty of the work do much honor to the city of Rotterdam.

The unsubstantial nature of the soil on which this city is built, is indicated by the sinking of the foundation of many of the houses. The walls slanted outward towards the street, and the fifth and sixth stories overhung the ground floor several feet, it would seem. But the style of building is exceedingly substantial; the walls are thick and strong, and the beams are mighty, so the toppling houses do not fall, but only lean over and idly threaten the passer.

Rotterdam is building a massive railroad bridge over the Maas, and continuing it on huge piers of stone across the whole city; but at present the piers alone are there, looking something like ruins of past greatness, instead of prophecies of future good.

A troublesome and needless commissionaire insists on following us through the street, and gives a torrent of unasked information in Dutch, which is not comprehensible. We say, "no, no!" and wave him off, but still he comes—ugly and persistent. Here is the Church of St. Lawrence, and we enter its portals, waiving our unwelcome follower with energetic protest, but in he comes, jabbering his Dutch. Here we face our pursuer, and, by solemn and stern gesture, and by earnest appeal to the concierge, we were freed from him. The faithful guide book is help

enough in any such city as Rotterdam, and it is a real annoyance to travellers in these towns to have rudely-persistent guides seek to take possession of one. No such annoyance is experienced in Paris, where the polite gen d' arme is always at hand to give information if it is needed, and one might stop and consult the guide book at every turning without being thus taken in tow.

The pleasantest moment at Rotterdam is that in which we take our departure for Delft and the Hague. Again we take the canal steamboat in preference to the swifter railway train, and float calmly out between the shaded dykes into the soft, green meadows once more. More wind-mills moving their wings gently in the sea breeze, more tranquil cows such as Paul Potter loved to paint, feeding by the still waters, more soft, rich-tinted cloud masses, and the afternoon passes all too quickly. The steamboat touches the wharf at Delft, and we are landed in this quiet city to proceed by rail to the Hague. We have just come from busy, commercial Rotterdam, and it is a strange contrast to see here the spacious canals through the city quite unobstructed by traffic, and all evidences of activity wanting. The town is sadly memorable as the place where William the Silent was murdered in 1584. We have only time to walk to the railway station, get our trunks weighed, and then procure tickets to the Hague. It is the first railway ride we have taken in Holland, and we are interested to have this closer view of the vegetation which crowds every inch of the soil. Even the surface of the ditches is covered with an aquatic floating plant in bloom, and the yellow ivies and crimson poppy, with myriads of flowering plants less familiar, give pleasing diversity to the carpet of green. I know now where the Dutch painters learned such rich and soft tints in their pictures, and such exceeding minuteness in detail—it is the peculiarity of their Fatherland. The trip is interrupted by but one stoppage, that of Ryjswiyk, memorable as the place where peace was concluded between England, France, Holland, Germany and Spain, in 1697. A few minutes more and we are in the pleasant capital of Holland, for centuries a favorite residence of the Dutch princes.

Its Dutch name, 'S Gravenhage, means "the count's enclosure, or hedge," and this place was originally only a hunting seat of the counts of Holland. Hence its name. Its broad, handsome streets, lofty, substantial houses, and spacious, imposing squares, remind us that we are again approaching the dwelling-place of a prince and his court. We choose our quarters in the centre of the handsome little city, at the Hotel du Vieux Doelen. This is one of the historic houses of the city, having been founded, in 1407, as a place of meeting for a brotherhood of archers. It is a delightful place of rest, having all the desirable features to be found in any hotel, and the quiet family feeling so often entirely wanting in the hostelry.

It seems strange to be lodged in a mansion claiming to be three hundred years old, and to have been a place of banqueting for the princes, statesmen and warriors of a past age, and to look out from the broad windows of our apartments on a field of tournaments. Peaceful enough is the field of mimic warfare now, shadowed by its lofty trees, and enlivened by the quiet enjoyment of the throngs of citizens who promenade its stately avenues. It is the birthday of the Queen of Holland, and a festive occasion for the people. After dinner our entertainers advise a walk to the Bosch (wood), only five minutes' distance, where there is to be an illumination throughout the evening, ending with a fine exhibition of fireworks. There is yet daylight, and we repair to the place of the proposed celebration. A long avenue of stately elms leads us to a wide green field, surrounded on all sides by the forest. This is called the Maliebaan, and is large enough to accommodate many thousands of spectators without any need of crowding. A pretty pavilion for the accommodation of the royal family, a larger one for the use of other spectators, and one for musicians, were prepared, and as we stood in the midst and speculated on the probabilities of the evening, the lanterns in the Bosch began to gleam out and the people to gather on the green. A number of houses of refreshment on one side of the Maliebaan dispensed cakes and wine to those who desired, and furnished chairs and footstools to such as we, who required no other comfort at their hands. And now the multitude comes, and the marvel is that the small city of Hague can pour out so great a number, even to do honor to the good queen. There are many little tables in the green, under the lanterns, and family parties take possession of them by turns, seeming to enjoy exceedingly the simple viands which are set before them. Entire decorum and temperance reigned as well as good humor, and as we were very near our hotel it seemed quite possible to remain among the cheery multitude through the evening, and so stand a chance of seeing the king and queen of this land of canals and dykes.

At length the fireworks commence in front of the royal pavilion, but no royal people are there to enjoy the display. Plenty of ordinary mortals assembled, but we were quite disappointed in our adventure, inasmuch as these mysterious descendants of the historic house of

Orange came not, and we retired amid the multitude at the hotel.

A visit to the States General of Holland, now holding its sessions at Hague, is one of the most interesting incidents of our sojourn. There are two houses in the Dutch Legislature, corresponding to the English Commons and Lords; but the Commons alone were in session on the day of our visit. A noble-looking body of self-poised, dignified mn were debating in their native language, and all were attentive and courteous to one another. The order seemed perfect, and, although not understanding anything spoken, it was a pleasure to observe, for a little time, these calm, broad-headed, intellectual sons of heroic sires, in council. It was a strange contrast to the stormy, impetuous French Assembly, and a most pleasing one. During our stay a vote was taken by calling the roll, and, although there was wide awake attention and undoubted interest, the utmost calmness of demeanor was maintained. Their hall of meeting was in the Binnenhof, an ancient series of governmental buildings, enclosing a court-yard, and the time-worn chapel, gateways, towers and arches reminded us forcibly of the fierce scenes here enacted. Here was executed, on a scaffold in the court-yard, the noble-minded statesman, John van Oldenbarneveld, in the early days of the Dutch republic. He was a martyr to the cause of civil and religious liberty, having presumed to differ in opinion on certain points of faith from his Calvinistic brethren, and having held political views offensive to Maurice of Nassau, the stadtholder. He favored perfect tolerance; but this just principle was not understood in his age, except by a few specially enlightened minds, and Oldenbarneveld was condemned to death in 1619, in his seventy-second year, "for having conspired to dismember the States of the Netherlands, and greatly troubled God's church."

Passing out of one of the gates of the Binenhof, over what was once a moat, but now a smooth pave, we approach the Mauritshuis, a public museum, open to all comers. Here is a fine collection of paintings of the Dutch, Spanish and Italian schools. some of which are of great excellence. Rembrandt's school of anatomy is certainly a wonderful work inasmuch as a life size dead body occupies the foreground of the picture, with which the dissector's knife is busy, and yet the observer scarcely sees it, being so powerfully attracted by the noble face of the teacher who is explaining the anatomy of the human arm to a group of interested listeners. As we look the living men rivet the attention of the gazer, not the livid corpse before them.

Walking through these galleries I often regret that more of our young people of artistic tastes and tendencies cannot enjoy the privilege of seeing these masterly delineations of every noble and ignoble emotion, and of every form of beauty, real and ideal. Perhaps the days will come when our own country shall gather masterpieces of art, the work of her own sons and daughters, as a perpetual feast to all people and all times.

One bright morning we took a carriage drive to the Huis ten Bosch (house in the wood), a royal villa erected by the widow of Prince Frederic Henry of Orange in memory of her husband, the stadtholder of the Netherlands during the thirty years' war. It is now the special home of the Queen, while the King has a palace in the Hague. The beautiful apartments are adorned by many gifts of rich needle-work from the ladies of Holland, and the palace is not too vast nor too grand to look as if it were the home of sensible mortals intent upon living rationally. The chief attraction is the Orange saloon, an octagonal hall, adorned with scenes from the life of Prince Frederic Henry by artists of the Ruben's school. The walls are about fifty feet high, and the whole surface is occupied with life-size paintings, some of which are very beautiful.

A fine drive of two and a half or three miles northeast of Hague, between a triple row of stately trees, over a smoothly paved road, brings us to the little fishing town of Scheringen, sheltered from the sea by a lofty dune. We feel the sea breeze before we get sight of the stern billows of the North Sea as they come roaring in to the land. Mounting the dune, we are brought face to face with the familiar sea once more. It was a charming evening and we enjoyed a long walk on the smooth beach, and then on a paved pathway on the bank above. From this high bank of sand left by the billows we can see far out over the sea and count the ships as they sail alongin the dim distance against the sunset sky. The temptation is strong to take rest from our wanderings for many days, and forget everything but the eloquent voice of the ocean. There is everything here to make a bathing place desirable, an excellent surf, perfectly smooth beach, fine promenades, plenty of company, the nicest hotel accommodation, and the beautiful city of Hague just in the background. But we decide to go onward. As we descend the dune, so precipitous on the seaward side, we mark the very gradual slope and are surprised to see the barren sand covered with a kind of coarse grass which will prevent its being any more the sport of the winds. This we are told has been planted here for this purpose, and would seem to be a wise precaution, as a strong north wind

might almost overwhelm the little town by hurling upon it this debris of the ages.

The return of the Prince of Orange to his native land in 1813, on the overthrow of the Bonapartes, is commemorated by a substantial monument of stone, marking the spot where he landed.

It seems strange that the extensive system of canals does not make this country too moist to be healthful, but the robust, cheerful looking people are proof enough that the air of their native land suits them well. The incessant labor required to keep their soft, smiling meadows from degenerating into an unsightly marsh, is bewildering. In many cases the whole surface of a field is only a very few inches above the level of the water in the ditch that bounds it, and the ditch is the congenial home of myriads of water plants. The yellow pond lily (nuphar advena) and the fair and fragrant Nymphaea wree both in luxuriant bloom with many other plants as showy, and it seemed to me that one summer's growth would suffice to choke the stagnant ditch. But the spade is ever doing its work, and the smooth, clean cut borders attest the care with which the agriculturist cherishes his dear bought lands. As the railway train bears us swiftly from Hague towards Leyden, we catch glimpses of the lofty dunes which serve as a barrier against the ever-aggressive sea, and as we near Leyden, we find the sand has been wafted in land far enough to make quite an extent of arid soil, such as the ocean has deposited on our own Atlantic shores. No space, however, is suffered to be unimproved, and in some localities, I observed they were mixing the black alluvial mud largely with the sand, and thus, doubtless, correcting the defects of each. The claim of the first Napoleon, that Holland belonged naturally to France, being only the deposit of French rivers, could not be urged against this silicious tribute of the waves.

S. R.

6th month 23, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

JUSTICE TO THE INDIAN.

Inasmuch as public feeling on important subjects is moulded and even controlled, to a great extent, by the opinions of the "Press," it is encouraging whenever we find proprietors of periodicals willing to go to the foundation of these, instituting a rigid examination irrespective of the *personal* interest of public officials, and with an eye to strict justice only.

And, while the following editorial from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* of the 14th inst. may advocate a kind of retributive retaliation that *Friends* cannot endorse, still we look upon the article, as a whole, as productive of good. J. M. E.

Phila., 7th mo. 15, 1874.

THE CAUSE OF INDIAN WARS.

Every man who has given any attention in past years to the subject of the troubles with the Indians upon our western frontiers, must remember that in every instance where there has been a general hostile demonstration on the part of the savages, the cause of it was traced ultimately to the treachery and brutality of the whites. The presence of the Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes upon the war-path in the military departments of Texas and Missouri to-day, is, as usual, attributable to this kind of provocation. General Pope, in the orders which are presented to the public this morning, shows that certain white traders had established trading posts among certain of the tribes in violation of the law, and not only had they invaded the territory of the Indians, but they had sold them liquor, cheated them, and afforded support and shelter to "buffalo-hunters and ruffians" who persistently prey upon the savages. General Pope holds these whites completely responsible for the uprising of the savages, and for the consequent murder of the innocent white settlers upon the frontier; and we have no doubt that his estimate is precisely correct. The Indians, of course, must be put down by force. When they are in a hostile position it is too late to attempt any other course than that which aims at their suppression by the army. But it does seem as if justice will not be done unless these white ruffians who have caused all the trouble are taken and punished and their trading posts broken up. We are aware that it is a very difficult, if not an impossible, thing to police the vast territory in the West and Southwest in such a manner that these vagabonds and ruffians will be prevented from conducting their unlawful traffic and marauding among the Indians. But there appears to be reason for believing that if a portion of the energy that is manifested in subduing the Indians after hostilities begin should be displayed in punishing their white assailants before the savages are goaded to frenzy, we might avoid at least some of these terrible and costly demonstrations, the victims of which are unoffending people.

PEACE.

"A boy might have been seen playing by the sea shore near Penryn, watching the waves as they came and went. He watched the stately ships on the blue water, with their white sails fully spread, wondering what countries they visited: and that fair-haired

boy longed to be a merchant, whose barks might brave the mysteries of the main. And still the playful billows came and went, murmuring in his ears the holy refrain, "Live in Peace." We have a true incident to relate of such a thoughtful boy, whose name was Joseph Price. He had a gentle mother, who taught him to love his fellow-creatures, the birds and beasts, and every living thing; so that Joseph grew up to be the friend of the friendless, and the advocate of peace. In a lovely valley, amid groves, lawns, plantations and parks, where the timid fawn gambols at its pleasure, and where the honeysuckle sheds its fragrance, at the head of one of those charming creeks with which the river Fal abounds, stands the Perran Iron Foundry, in the firm of which Joseph Price became a partner. At the close of the great war that followed the French Revolution, in 1793, when Europe had been ablaze with "military glory" for upwards of twenty years, and privateering was rampant with almost all nations, a schooner belonging to Joseph Price, laden with iron, was bound for the port of Falmouth. Now, Joseph would never allow any guns, or other arms of defence, to be on board his ship, though he was sometimes ridiculed for his seemingly strange conduct. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and boldly declared he had no faith in fighting or in rude equipments for murder. It so happened, that Joseph's vessel was taken by a French privateer; and when the hostile captain found that there were no arms of defence on board, he exclaimed, in French, to this effect, "Take back your vessel! Take back your vessel! and good speed to you. I would not be so mean as to capture an UNPROTECTED SHIP." This incident in the life of the Quaker merchant, proved to be the foundation of the PEACE SOCIETY. Joseph Price soon met a few friends in London, at the house of that great philanthropist, W. Allen, in the year 1816, when they founded the humane and holy institution which is now so widely known and appreciated. Joseph Price continued to labor for the great cause which he was instrumental in establishing. One of his latest acts was to join a deputation to wait on the Earl of Aberdeen, the Prime Minister, with an appeal against the Crimean War—a war which those who promoted at the time, afterwards confessed to have been a great national blunder. This was on the 16th day of December, 1854, and on the 25th he died, at his residence at Glynvellya Cottage, near Neath, aged 71 years."—*Peace Pages for the Young.*

IT is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken.—*Menander.*

From the Christian Register.

BEREAVEMENT.

When our hearts are bowed and bleeding,
Bruised beneath bereavement's rod,
Is there none to hear their pleading?
Lives no loving, pitying God?

WHO awoke this mighty yearning
Of maternal love below—
That pure flame, forever burning,
Now in rapture, now in woe?

Shall not, then, the great Creator,
He in whom we live and move,
In His bosom feel still greater
Yearnings of parental love?

Hears He not—or hears unheeding—
Grief's unutterable prayer?
Woe, all human help exceeding,
Does He mock with empty air?

ONE has taught us not a sparrow,
Dropping in the wintry air
Pierced by Death's mysterious arrow,
Falls without *our* Father's care

Fear not, then, faint not, nor falter;
Child of God, O trust His grace!
Cling submissive to the altar!
God looks down with pitying face!

. . . . . .

God, who takes what He had given—
Takes more glorious to restore;
Takes of earth to give of heaven—
Takes to give forever more!

Lift thine eyes, O sad and lonely!
Mourner, let thy tears be dry!
Death is but the shadow only!
Life the sun we see it by.

Naught from God the soul can sever;
He is our immortal breath!
God is Life—Light—Love-forever,
And in Him there is no death! C. T. B.

Selected.

SECRET PRAYER.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view,
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.

Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

"Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings
And in His grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside."

. . . . . COWPER.

THE HERO OF NIAGARA.

The following detailed account of the recent accident at Niagara, and the gallant rescue of the victim, is given by the Buffalo *Courier:* William McCullough, a painter by trade, aged about sixty years, and a respected citizen of Niagara Falls, was engaged in painting the middle bridge which spans the torrent that rushes between the first and second of the Three Sister Islands. He occupied a position, with a companion, on a scaffold which had been swung down on the lower side of the bridge. Approaching his fellow-workman he asked him for some putty, and, receiving the same, he stepped back just a little too far, and in an instant was on his back at the bottom of the torrent. The other workman, and George E. Curtis, who witnessed the accident, and who were paralyzed by what seemed to be the inevitable fate of McCullough, watched the disappearing form till it was swept out of the more rapid current into a small eddy, from the midst of which rose a rock. Against this rock, which is fairly submerged, McCullough was thrown, having been rolled over on his face just before reaching it, and, with the instinct of a drowning man, he clung to it. At the rock the water is between four and five feet deep, and, although stunned by the fall, and exhausted by the angry waters which had borne him about fifteen hundred feet in the direction of a grave, he had strength enough remaining to enable him to climb the rock and to seat himself upon it.

The plan of a rescue was not easy to solve, and the question of the power of endurance remaining to the old man, was a serious one. Fortunately, Mr. Pettibone had informed the people at the Cave of the Winds that a man had fallen from the bridge, and Thomas Conroy, one of the guides, heard the remark. He knew he was the only man that could save McCullough. Some distance above the rock, he found awaiting use, a coil of rope about an inch in thickness, and passed it into the hands of about a dozen or fifteen men. He consulted nobody—he asked no one's advice; but, with as much coolness as if he were proceeding to his dinner, he took one end of the rope in his left hand, told them to play it out to him, descended the bank, and proceeded into the river, only taking the precaution to divest himself of his boots.

About forty feet from the shore, he discovered that the rocks over which he picked his way were too slippery in the strong current, and he returned. He sent to the Cave of the Winds for his felt shoes, and these were brought to him with the utmost despatch. These donned, he again started on his perilous journey, from a point about two hundred feet above the rock on which sat McCullough. Cautiously, but with imperturbable coolness, he moved out in an oblique direction till he had reached a point beyond the line of the rock, the waters at every step threatening to sweep him out of sight. Carefully he picked his way, now in shallow water, and now in deep, and down with the angry tide he went till he reached the rock, and found awaiting his coming a man shivering, exhausted, and almost incapable of utterance.

He tied the rope about McCullough's waist, took hold of it himself with his left hand simply, and both started for the shore. For a hundred feet or so Conroy had not only to look out for himself, but for the enfeebled old man in his charge. It was hard work, but they made this distance without accident.

The end was not yet, however, for as they entered the torrent which ran between the shore and the rock, both were swept off their feet, and buried in the mad waters. The men on shore pulled the rope as rapidly as was safe, and McCullough and his rescuer were dragged ashore. The paper mill whistle blew the hour of noon just as Conroy and McCullough reached the bank, and simultaneously with this, huzzas rent the air, and ecstacy usurped the place of dread anxiety. The crowd, wishing to testify promptly and substantially to their appreciation of Conroy's heroism, took up a collection for him, and about $200 were handed to him.

W. McCullough's condition was found to be quite serious, partial delirium having set in, but no fatal consequences are anticipated.

The hero was born in Ottawa, Canada, twenty-five years of age, of Irish parentage, but spent his early boyhood in Montreal. For seven years he was a sailor along the Newfoundland coast, and only about seven years have elapsed since he first became a citizen of Niagara Falls. In the fall of 1872 he made an excursion with Professor Tyndall under the Falls, in a report of which the eminent scientist showed his appreciation of Conroy's heroic qualities. He is a quarter of an inch over six feet in height, and weighs now 209 pounds, although his full avoirdupois is 220. He has a powerful frame, a quiet pair of eyes, brown hair, and sandy mustache.

He has enormous strength and unfailing courage, and seems unwitting of the possession of any great qualities of body, mind or heart, all of which are pre-eminently his. He has a wife and three children, of whom he is proud, and works hard as a guide at the Cave of the Winds for their maintenance.—*Late Paper.*

Good men are guided by reverence, not by fear, and they avoid not that which is afflictive, but that which is dishonest.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

SANTEE AGENCY, 7th mo. 16th, 1874.

Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:—

As some of our Eastern friends have been complaining of the excessive heat of the weather, and as we are more apt to feel content with our lot when we find others have been less favored, I thought a few notes in regard to what may be called "a heated term" in this country, would be of interest. From the 18th of Sixth month to the 14th of Seventh month, a period of twenty-seven days, the mean temperature, as indicated by the thermometer at 2 P. M., was 96 degrees, and from the 1st to the 9th of Seventh month, the mean was 101 degrees; the minimum height of the thermometer during all this period, at the time indicated, was 80 degrees, and the maximum was 106 degrees; while in the sun the same instrument rose to 118 degrees, and the temperature of plowed ground was 125 degrees. Thirteen days of this period were accompanied by strong southerly winds, moving at the rate of thirty five to forty miles per hour, and no rain fell at any time therein. It is almost needless to add, that under these circumstances vegetation has been very much injured, and the wheat crop almost a total failure. But the insect world appears to flourish under this excessive heat; and were it not for these high winds, which prevented their descent, we should have witnessed a large share of the devastation which has visited our less fortunate Northern neighbors by the migratory grasshoppers. G. S. T.

PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING will be held Eighth mo. 4th at 10 A. M., in the Valley Meeting-house Special arrangements have been made to convey Friends *on that day* to Ellwood Thomas' lane, about a quarter of a mile from the Meeting-house.

Trains leave the Reading Depot, Thirteenth and Callowhill Streets at 7½ o'clock, A. M., on Third-day.

Members of the Select Meeting will take the 7½ A. M., or 1 o'clock P. M. on Second-day from the same Depot, for Port Kennedy, where Friends will meet them.

The return train will leave for the city about 5 o'clock, P. M., on Third-day afternoon. Tickets good both going and returning on Second and Third days will be issued at 65 cents the trip.

Ask for Quarterly Meeting tickets.

WESTERN FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION will meet at London Grove Meeting-house on Seventh-day, 25th inst., at 10 A. M. THOS. F. SEAL, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

7 mo. 26 Conference at 3 P. M., at Horsham.
8 " 2 " close of meeting at Warminster.
8 " 9 " " " Abington.

Friends and friendly people of the respective neighborhoods are desired to attend.

LOOK humbly upon thy virtues; and though thou art rich in some, yet think thyself poor and naked without that crowning grace which "thinketh no evil."

ITEMS.

THE new postal law prescribes that on and after the first day of next year, all newspapers and periodical publications mailed from a known office of publication or news office and addressed to regular subscribers, postage shall be paid at the rate of two cents a pound for weeklies or oftener, three cents a pound for papers published less frequently than once a week. The paper to be weighed in bulk and the postage to be paid at the office of mailing by stamp or otherwise as the Postmaster-General may decide. That newspapers, one copy to each actual subscriber residing in the county where the same are printed and published shall go free through the mails; but the same shall not be delivered at letter carrier offices, or distributed by carriers unless postage is paid thereon as by law provided.

The Post-office Department has directed that the latter clause take effect immediately, therefore dailies as well as weeklies published in the county now go free.

Eighth section of this law prescribes that one cent per two ounces or fraction thereof is now the legal rate of postage on all third class matter, and that the limit of weight on packages of samples and merchandise has been extended to four pounds.

Under this section dry goods, boots and shoes, or anything under the rule can be sent by mail unless it weighs over four pounds, and unless it has some writing on it. Any writing subjects it to letter postage. It is a violation of the postal law to enclose circulars, handbills, advertisements or any other such matter in the regular issue of a paper sent to subscribers and such inclosures subject the entire package to letter rates, and the sender to a fine of five dollars.

"A TOTAL eclipse of the sun was observed by Mr. Stone, English Astronomer Royal, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 16th of April last. The line of totality passed over the southern extremity of Africa, beginning at Port Nolloth on the west coast of Cape Colony, somewhere about 250 miles from Cape Town, and took a curved path, with the convexity turned toward the north, ending at sunset about half-way across.

The day was especially favorable for observation, and the sky was entirely free from clouds. Mr. Stone states that the rose-colored flames extended very nearly around the moon although, of course, of unequal hights at different parts. The spectrum near the moon's limb was carefullly examined in order to discover fresh lines, but none appeared, and hence there cannot be any medium capable of producing sensible absorption of light around the moon.

At the instant of totality, the whole field appeared full of bright lines, all the principal Fraunhofer lines being reversed. Mr. Stone's observations tend to confirm those of the eclipses of 1869, 1870, and 1871, and their most important portion is that referring to the visibility of the Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum of the coronal atmosphere, showing thereby that that reflects the light of the photosphere."—*Scientific American.*

ONE hundred and forty-four ministers of the Church of England had their names appended to a petition that was recently laid before the House of Commons, asking for the opening of museums, libraries and art galleries on Sabbath afternoons.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN RICHARDSON.

Now I leave the account of my travels in those parts, and enter upon my second, with my honest companion James Bates, who was born in Virginia, and travelled much with me through many provinces and some islands. We had good service together, and it was much with me, when on Rhode Island, to visit Nantucket, where there were but very few Friends: Peleg Slocum, an honest public Friend near Rhode Island, intending to carry us in his sloop to the said island that night; and Peleg thought we had been close in with our desired landing-place, but we fell short, and night coming on, and having but one small canoe to help us ashore, which would carry but three people at once, we went ashore at twice, and left the sloop at an achor; and it being grown dark, we thought we were going up into the island among the inhabitants, but soon found that we were upon a beach of sand and rubbish, where was neither grass nor tree, neither could we find the sloop that night, though we sought it carefully, and hallooed one to another till we were weary, so that we were forced to settle upon our little island, from the centre of which one might cast a stone into the sea on every side. Here we staid that night, not knowing but the sea, when at the height, would have swept us all away, but it did not; there I walked, and sometimes sat, until morning, but slept none. At last the morning came, and the mist went away, and we got on board again, and reached the island about the ninth or tenth hour.

The master was willing, at our request, to land three of us, (*i.e.*) me, my companion, and Susanna Freeborn, a public Friend, who had a concern upon her mind for some time (as she signified to Friends in Rhode Island where she lived) to visit the few Friends in Nantucket; and Friends thought this a proper season to pay that visit. She was a woman well beloved, and in good unity with Friends.

We landed safe, and as we went up an ascent, we saw a great many people looking toward the sea, for great fear had possessed them, that our sloop was a French sloop loaded with men and arms, who were coming to invade the island. I held out my arms and told them, I knew not of any worse arms than these on board. They said, They were glad it was no worse, for they had intended to have alarmed the island; it being a time of war. I told the good-like people, for so they appeared to me, that Peleg Slocum, near Rhode Island, was master of the sloop, and that we came to visit them in the love of God, if they would be willing to let us have some meetings amongst them. They behaved themselves very courteously toward us, and said they thought we might.

We then inquired for Nathaniel Starbuck, who we understood was in some degree convinced of the Truth, and having directions to

his house, we went thither, and I told him, we made bold to come to his house, and if he was free to receive us, we would stay a little while with him, but if not, we would go elsewhere; for we heard he was a seeking religious man, and such chiefly we were come to visit. He said, we were very welcome. And by this time came in his mother, Mary Starbuck, who the islanders esteemed as a judge among them, for little of moment was done there without her, as I understood.

At the first sight of her it sprang in my heart, To this woman is the everlasting love of God. I looked upon her as a woman that bore some sway in the island, and so I said, and that truly, We are come in the love of God to visit you, if you are willing to let us have some meetings among you. She said, she thought we might; and withal said, there was a non conformist minister who was to have a meeting, and they were going to it, and she thought it would be the best way for us to go with them to the meeting. I showed my dislike to that for these reasons: first, we did not want to hear what that minister had to say, because some of us had tried them before we came there (meaning the non-conformists of several sorts), and if we should go, and could not be clear without speaking something in the meeting, he might take it ill; but as we understand there is another meeting appointed at the second hour for the same man, therefore, as the present constitution of things are, we look upon ourselves to stand upon an equal ground in a religious capacity with other dissenters; and if we should appoint our meeting at the same hour, then the people will be left to their choice to which meeting they will go. The great woman approved of the proposal, and said, indeed that was the best way. The next consideration was, where shall the meeting be? She paused a while, and then said, I think at our house. I from thence gathered she had an husband, for I thought the word *our* carried in it some power besides her own, and I presently found he was with us: I then made my observation on him, and he appeared not a man of mean parts; but she so far exceeded him in soundness of judgment, clearness of understanding, and an elegant way of expressing herself, and that not in an affected strain, but very natural to her, that it tended to lessen the qualifications of her husband.

The meeting being agreed on, and care taken as to the appointment of it, we parted, and I lay down to try if I could get any sleep, for I have showed before what sort of a night the last was with us; but sleep vanished away from me, and I got up and walked to and fro in the woods until the meeting was mostly gathered. I was under a very great load in my spirit, but the occasion of it was hid from me, but I saw it my place to go to meeting the order of which was such, in all the parts thereof, I had not seen the like before; the large and bright-rubbed room was set with suitable seats or chair, the glass windows taken out of the frames, and many chairs placed without very conveniently, so that I did not see any thing wanting, according to the place, but something to stand on, for I was not free to set my feet upon the fine cane chair, lest I should break it.

I am the more particular in this exact and exemplary order than in some other things for the seats both within and without doors were so placed, that the faces of the people were toward the seats where the public Friends sat, and when so set, they did not look or gaze in our faces, as some I think are too apt to do which in my thoughts bespeak an unconcerned mind. The meeting being thus gathered and set down in this orderly and ample manner (although there were but very few bearing our name in it) it was not long before the mighty power of the Lord began to work, and in it my companion especially did appear in testimony in the fore part thereof; and while he was speaking, a priest (not him before touched on, but another) flung out some reflections upon him and the people for his sake, which I did not see the least occasion for; after which he went away (but more of this in the sequel.)

I sat a considerable time in the meeting before I could see my way clear to say any thing, until the Lord's heavenly power raised me, and set me upon my feet as if one had lifted me up, and what I had first in commission to speak was in the words of Christ to Nicodemus, viz., Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; with these words, Nay, the natural and unregenerated man cannot so much as see the heavenly and spiritual kingdom of Christ, which stands not only in power, but also in righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Spirit; and to be born again, was not to be done unperceivably, no more than the natural birth could be brought forth without trouble; and to pretend to be in Christ and not to be new creatures, is preposterous; and to pretend to be new creatures, and yet not able to render any account how it was performed, was unreasonable; for it could not be, as I urged before, without our knowledge; for to be born again, signified to be quickened and raised into a spiritual and new life, by which the body of the sins of the flesh is mortified, and we come to live a self denying life. Those who are crucified with Christ, they are crucified to their sins, that as he died for sin, we might die to sin: in this state we live not after the flesh, although we live (as the apostle said)

in the flesh; but the life which these live, is through faith in the Son of God; and to have all this, and much more wrought in us, and we know nothing of it, is unaccountable.

As I was thus opened, and delivering these things, with much more than I can remember, the great woman I felt, for most of an hour together, fought and strove against the testimony, sometimes looking up in my face with a pale, and then with a more ruddy complexion; but the Truth increased, and the Lord's mighty power began to shake the people within and without doors; but she who was looked upon as a Deborah by these people, was loath to lose her outside religion, or the appearance thereof. When she could no longer contain, she submitted to the power of Truth, and the doctrines thereof, and lifted up her voice and wept! Oh! then the universal cry and brokenness of heart and tears was wonderful! From this time I do not remember one word that I spoke in testimony; it was enough that I could keep upon the true bottom, and not be carried away with the stream above my measure.

I might add much more concerning this day's work, but I intend not to say anything to the praise of the creature, but to the renown of the mighty name of the Lord of hosts, and let all flesh lie as in the dust for ever; for while I continued speaking in this state, as before mentioned, and thus swallowed up in the internal presence of Christ, where there was no want of power, wisdom, nor utterance, I spoke but a sentence and stopped, and so on for some time. I have since thought of John's being in the Spirit on the Lord's day. If it had been a state to be continued in, I am of the mind, I should not have been sensible of weariness, neither of hunger or pain. This is a mystery to many, yet they are faithful and true sayings, thou mayest read that canst; but there are none who can know the white stone and new name, but they who have it; there are none who stand upon Mount Zion with harps of God in their hands, but only such as have come through great tribulations, and have washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; to these are the seals of the Book of the mysteries of the glorious kingdom opened; these are called out of nations, kindreds, tongues, and people; these are redeemed out of the fallen and earthly state of old Adam, into the living, heavenly, and spiritual state in Christ the second Adam; these cry holy: the other part of the children of men cry unholy, because they are not willing to cast down their crowns at the feet or appearance of Christ in their own souls; although such, with the four beasts may cry, Come and see, yet are they not properly qualified to worship the Lord God and the Lamb before His throne, as the four and twenty elders did, and as all do, and will do, who worship God in His Holy Temple in Spirit and in Truth, according to His own appointment; who are not tied up to the canons, creeds, systems, and dictates of men, much of which is beaten out of the wisdom, parts, and natural comprehension of earthly fallen man.

(To be continued.)

LUCY AUDUBON.

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Lucy Audubon, the Widow of the celebrated Ornithologist. By C. A. Stoddard.

"Lucy Bakewell was the daughter of William Bakewell, an English gentlemen, who had bought a tract of land on the Schuylkill river, and who lived on his estate. The estate which young Audubon received from his father adjoined that of Mr. Bakewell, and the intimacy which naturally resulted from association between young people thus placed led to friendship. Lucy Bakewell taught the young Frenchman the English language, and received from him drawing lessons in return. In due time, they became deeply attached to each other, and, after delays and hindrances, were happily married on the 8th of April, 1808. She left her father's house at once with her husband, and began a remarkable and eventful career, by a journey through Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, and down the Ohio river in a flat-boat to Louisville. From that time onward, for more than thirty years, she had no permanent home, yet her spirits never flagged, weariness never produced discontent, isolation from friends never chilled the warmth of her affections, nor did the independent life to which she was compelled, produce selfishness and misanthropy. She had given her heart with her hand to her husband, and she identified herself entirely with his pursuits, his interests, and his hopes. She accompanied him in his wanderings, encouraged him in trials, and when misfortunes overtook him, she bent to the task of relieving him with an active intellect and a strong will. In order to obtain money to educate their children and leave him free to pursue his studies in natural history, she took a place as governess in a family in New Orleans, and afterwards in Natchez.

"When her husband was anxious to go to Europe, in order to perfect himself in the use of colors, and could not, for lack of funds, she established a family school at Bayou Sara, and earned the needful money while she also educated her own children. When in the face of many obstacles, and contrary to the advice of his friends who regarded him as a madman, Audubon determined to pursue ornithology as his profession, his wife deter-

mined that his genius should have the opportunity which it craved. She gave him not only words of encouragement, but devoted several thousand dollars which she had earned by teaching to help forward the publication of his drawings and insure his success. Twice she went with her husband upon his voyages to England, and travelled with him while he obtained subscribers to his great work. For years she bore the pain of long separation patiently, stimulating his enthusiasm by her letters, while she provided for their children by her labors, and rejoiced in the triumph which she had aided him to achieve without a thought of the struggles and privations which it had cost her. And when the keen eye that had caught so quickly each shade of the plumage of birds grew dim, and the dexterous fingers could no longer ply the pencil, when "silent, patient sorrow filled a broken heart," and paralysis had weakened body and mind, then for years, in the beautiful home which their mutual efforts had provided, his wife read to him and walked with him; she nursed and tended him with untiring faithfulness and Christian serenity till the last moment of recognition and departure came together.

"After the death of her husband Madame Audubon did not sink into inactivity and despondency. She interested herself in the children for whose training she had done so much, and gave to her children's children the benefit of a regular and systematic education. Her days were filled with active efforts for the good of others, and no rust dimmed the mind to which intellectual activity had become a constant delight. She loved to read, to study, and to teach; she knew how to gain the attention of the young, and to fix knowledge in their minds. "If I can hold the mind of a child to a subject for five minutes he will never forget what I teach him," she once remarked; and acting upon this principle she was as successful at threescore and ten years in imparting knowledge as she had been in early life, when she taught in Louisiana. Madame Audubon interested herself in all that pertained to the welfare of the neighborhood where she lived. Although it was not without a pang that she saw her sylvan home invaded by the growth of the city, and all old associations broken up, she did not treat those who came to live near her as strangers. The death of her husband was at length followed by the death of both of her sons, who had been the co-laborers and travelling companions of their father; the fortune which had rewarded their mutual efforts was reduced by unfortunate investments, and many trials and burdens pressed upon her declining years; but she met her trials without shrinking and bore her burdens patiently. Cheered by the society of the intelligent and the good, with undiminished fondness for intellectual pursuits, and still surrounded by descendants who honored and loved her, she occupied her time in preparing a biography of her husband, which is at once a noble tribute to his memory, and a monument of her own literary ability and industry. The last years of Audubon's life had been saddened by the loss of sight, and partial blindness now cut her off from reading. But as she had been eyes to the blind, so now a granddaughter with filial affection supplied her loss of sight, and read to her for hours from books of travel and valuable literature, with daily portions of the word of God."—*The Methodist.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GEORGE CURCHMAN TO GIDEON SEAMAN, IN 1807.

Dear Friend,—I have pretty often thought of my friends on Long Island, with desires for my own increase, and theirs, in the best kind of knowledge, which is the knowledge of ourselves, and to know the reduction of creaturely propensities. I cannot say that this is my experience so fully as it ought to be, having sometimes to see and feel my deficiency of constantly keeping up the warfare with that courage and vigilance that mark the true or regenerated Christian. When we feel our own infirmities and imperfections, we find occasion to sympathize in bowels of compassion for our fellow-pilgrims. Sometimes I feel (however weak and feeble at other times) expandings of soul, from a sense of love flowing towards all, and fervently craving for myself and fellow-professors, that we may be redeemed out of all dwarfishness, so as to be capable of honoring the name of Him who hath called us out of darkness into marvellous light that we may instructively shine before others.

NEGATIVE FAULTS.

It is a common supposition that only those faults that are active and positive in their nature, and open and apparent in their evil consequences, are much worthy of censure. The law interposes its strong arm to punish glaring violations of right. Public opinion goes still further and rebukes many positive wrongs which are beyond the cognizance of the law. In closer social life, where intimacy reveals more of the intricacy of character, and the damaging effects of sin, justice becomes more exacting in her demands. But these standards are necessarily limited to positive outward evil, sins of commission, actual deeds which violate manifest rights and produce marked injurious results. They overlook the

smaller and more secret germs in which evil has its source, the petty faults, the sins of omission, the failures to perform. These are generally inappreciable except to individual experience and conscience, and because they are passed by in the estimates of others, the offenders also incline to treat them lightly themselves. Yet in reality they are the seeds of all the evils that afflict the world, the germs which, if not crushed, spring up into the vices that society censures, and the crimes which the law punishes.

In one sense, there is no such thing as a negative fault. Moral nature, as much as physical, "abhors a vacuum," and the non-performance of a duty is an actual and positive wrong done both to the individual and to society. No character can be a moral void, no life can be a nullity, no hour can be unprofitable yet harmless. All persons are constantly doing either actual good or actual evil, either advancing or retrograding, either benefitting or injuring the world. The saying, "If he does no good, at least he does no harm," is practically a delusion. The stream that simply stops flowing immediately begins to corrupt, to throw off poisonous miasma, and breed disease and death. To the man who only ceases to act, who indolently neglects his daily duty, or retires from the strife between self-indulgence and self-conquest, who grows weary of effort and tired of self-denial, and simply lets himself drift, instead of breasting the waves, who sinks into listless inaction, instead of rising into vigorous life, directly begins to grow morbid and stagnant in his own soul, and mischievous in his influence on others. There are some whose chief aim seems to be to attain to a state of blissful inaction. All exertion they regard as a painful but needful means to an ulterior end, when the highest happiness shall consist in the absence of any necessity for labor. They utterly fail to comprehend that the chief source of happiness lies in the full activity of all their powers, and that in proportion as they fall into disuse, life becomes meagre, insipid, and empty of results to themselves or others. There are few who maintain a perfectly healthy industry, who, without over-working, yet take care of the remnants of life, and let none run to waste. The right apportionment of time, recognizing the claims of daily labor, of mental improvement, of recreation, of benevolence and of social intercourse, and giving to each its due proportion, is one of the most delicate and important responsibilities.

There are many other negative faults, lightly held, but incalculable in their results. One of these is the simple omission to express the gratitude, sympathy or affection that naturally arises in the heart. It seems a little thing, and yet much happiness is thus sacrificed. If we but recall the pleasure that has filled our own hearts when such utterances were sincerely given, and how much strength and encouragement they have afforded, we shall no longer deny them to others. The non-performance of a right thing is in itself a wrong. There are many habits insensibly acquired from failing to appreciate their character. Gluttony and drunkenness are justly despised, but the habit of over eating, and of using various stimulants, is so common that few think of it as a moral wrong. Yet it obscures the mind, dulls the brain and diminishes the strength. It is a fault of which only the individual himself can be conscious, yet he is none the less culpable if he voluntarily persist in a practice which in any measure impairs his power and efficiency. In like manner, the fretful or morose temper that embitters life, the small envyings and jealousies that crush affection, the meanness that shelters itself under the name of economy, and the extravagance that calls itself liberality, the petty frauds, unfair advantages and small deceits, which are seeds of dishonesty and falsehood—these and many other faults which are generally deemed too trifling to condemn, too unimportant to conquer, are in reality the sources of most of the evil that afflicts the world, the moths who silently but surely eat into the fabric of character, cutting through virtuous principles thread by thread, and by their petty but continual ravages, destroying at length all manhood. All life is but the development of the germs within us. In their earliest growth they are easily nourished, easily crushed, but when once developed in stature and firmly rooted in the breast, they unite in establishing a character for good or for evil that it is hard to change. Fidelity to conscience in little things lies at the root of goodness.—*Public Ledger.*

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

O God! the Centre of all pure spirits, the Everlasting Goodness, we come to Thee. Thou art the happiness of heaven; and Thy presence, felt by the soul that communes with Thee, is the highest good. Ignorant of Thee, we know nothing aright; wandering from Thee, we lose all light and peace; forgetting Thee, we turn our minds from the noblest object of thought; and without love to Thee, we are separated from infinite loveliness, and from the only substantial and sufficient source of joy. Thou hast an inexhaustible fulness of life, and Thine unceasing communications take nothing from Thy power to bless. Thou art infinitely better than all Thy gifts, and through all we desire to rise to Thee.

We thank Thee for the proofs Thou givest

of Thy essential, pure and perfect benignity, so that through all clouds and darkness we can see a gracious Father. In this world of shadows, this fleeting tide of things, this life of dreams, we rejoice that there is a reality, sure, unchanging, in which we may find rest; that there is a Power which can cleanse us from all sin, raise us to all virtue and happiness, and give us endless growth.

How great is our privilege, that we have such an object for our hope and trust—that our souls may contemplate infinite loveliness, greatness, goodness—that we may at all times commune with the best of beings!

For Thy inviolable faithfulness, Thy impartial justice, Thy unerring wisdom, Thy unfathomable counsels, Thy unwearied care, Thy tender mercy, Thy resistless power, we adore Thee. For the splendor spread over all Thy works, and still more for the higher beauty of the soul, of which the brightness of creation is but the emblem and faint shadow, we thank Thee. Oh, let Thy love affect our hearts; let us feel its reality, constancy, tenderness! To Thee we owe all. Thine is the health of our bodies, the light of our minds, the warmth of affection, the guiding voice of conscience. Whatever knowledge or virtuous impressions we have derived from the society of friends, the conversation of the wise and good, the care of instruction, the researches of past ages, we desire to trace gratefully to Thee. We rejoice that we depend on Thee, the Father of Spirits, whose requisitions are so reasonable, whose government is so mild, whose influences are so enobling. How unspeakably great is Thy goodness! And all our other blessings are as nothing when compared with the sublime, pure, infinite glory to which we are called by the Gospel of Thy Son.

May Christ be precious to us. Teach us His worth, His glory, so that we may love Him and rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable. May a sense of the greatness of the evils from which He came to deliver, and of the blessings which he can bestow, excite our sensibility, gratitude, desire, and lead our minds to dwell on Him.

Let sin be our greatest burden; may all life's ills seem light in comparison with it; may we groan for deliverance from it, and be more earnest in resisting it than in resisting all other evils; and may we welcome Christ as our Saviour from it.—*William E. Channing.*

SPIRITUAL UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

Men have formed to themselves two ideas of unity: the first is a sameness of form—of expression; the second, an identity of spirit. Some of the best of mankind have fondly hoped to realize an unity for the Church of Christ which should be manifested by uniform expressions in everything; their imaginations have loved to paint, as the ideal of a Christian church, a state in which the same liturgy should be used throughout the world, the same ecclesiastical government, even the same vestments, the same canonical hours, the same form of architecture. They could conceive nothing more entirely one than a church so constituted that the same prayers, in the very same expressions, at the very same moment, should be ascending to the Eternal Ear. There are others who have thrown aside entirely this idea, as chimerical; who have not only ceased to hope it, but even to wish it; who if it could be realized would consider it a matter of regret; who feel that the minds of men are various—their modes and habits of thought, their original capacities and acquired associations infinitely diverse; and who, perceiving that the law of the universal system is manifoldness in unity, have ceased to expect any other oneness for the Church of Christ than that of a sameness of spirit, showing itself through diversities of gifts. Among these last was the Apostle Paul; his large and glorious mind rejoiced in the contemplation of the countless manifestations of spiritual nature, beneath which he detected one and the same pervading Mind. Now, let us look at this matter somewhat more closely.

1. All real unity is manifold. Feelings in themselves identical find countless forms of expression: for instance, sorrow is the same feeling throughout the human race; but the Oriental prostrates himself upon the ground, throws dust upon his head, tears his garments, is not ashamed to break out into the most violent lamentations. In the north we rule our grief in public, suffer not even a quiver to be seen upon the lip or brow, and consider calmness as the appropriate expression of manly grief. Nay, two sisters of different temperament will show their grief diversely. One will love to dwell upon the theme of the qualities of the departed; the other feels it a sacred sorrow, on which the lips are sealed forever; yet, would it not be idle to ask which of them has the truest affection? Are they not both in their own way true? In the same East, men take off their sandals in devotion; we exactly reverse the procedure, and uncover the head. The Oriental prostrates himself in the dust before his sovereign; even before his God the Briton only kneels; yet, would it not again be idle to ask which is the essential and proper form of reverence? Is not true reverence in all cases modified by the individualities of temperament and education? Should we not say that in all these

forms worketh one and the same spirit of reverence? Again, in the world as God has made it, one law shows itself under diverse, even opposite, manifestations; lead sinks in water, wood floats upon the surface. In former times men assigned these different results to different forces, laws and gods. A knowledge of nature has demonstrated that they are expressions of one and the same law; and the great difference between the educated and the uneducated man is this: he uneducated sees in this world nothing but an infinite collection of unconnected facts,—a broken, distorted, and fragmentary system, which his mind can by no means reduce to order. The educated man, in proportion to his education, sees the number of laws diminished,—beholds in the manifold appearances of nature the expression of a few laws, by degrees fewer, till at last it becomes possible to his conception that they are all reducible to one, and that that which lies beneath the innumerable phenomena of nature is the One Spirit,—God.

2. All *living* unity is spiritual, not formal; not sameness, but manifoldness. You may have a unity shown in identity of form; but it is a lifeless unity. There is a sameness on the sea-beach,—that unity which the ocean waves have produced by curling, and forcibly destroying the angularities of individual form, so that every stone presents the same monotony of aspect, and you must fracture each again in order to distinguish whether you hold in your hand a mass of flint or fragment of basalt. There is no life in unity such as this.

But as soon as you arrive at a unity that is living, the form becomes more complex, and you search in vain for uniformity. In the parts, it must be found, if found at all, in the sameness of the pervading life. The illustration given by the apostle is that of the human body,—a higher unity, he says, by being composed of many members than if every member were but the repetition of a single type. It is conceivable that God might have moulded such a form for human life; it is conceivable that every cause, instead of producing in different nerves a variety of sensations, should have affected every one in a mode precisely similar; that instead of producing a sensation of sound, a sensation of color, a sensation of taste, the outward causes of nature, be they what they may, should have given but one unvaried feeling to every sense, and that the whole universe should have been light or sound.

That would have been unity, if sameness be unity; but, says the apostle, if the whole body were seeing, where were the hearing? That uniformity would have been irreparable loss,—the loss of every part that was merged into the one. What is the body's unity? Is it not this: The unity of a living consciousness which marvellously animates every separate atom of the frame, and reduces each to the performance of a function fitted to the welfare of the whole,—its own, not another's; so that the inner spirit can say of the remotest and in form most unlike member, "That, too, is myself?"

3. None but a spiritual unity can preserve the rights both of the individual and the church. All other systems of unity, except the apostolic, either sacrifice the church to the individual, or the individual to the church.

Some have claimed the right of private judgment in such a way that every individual opinion becomes truth, and every utterance of private conscience right; thus the church is sacrificed to the individual, and the universal conscience, the common faith, becomes as nothing; the spirits of the prophets are not subject to the prophets. Again, there are others, who like the Church of Rome, would surrender the conscience of each man to the conscience of the church, and coerce the particulars of faith into exact coincidence with a formal creed. Spiritual unity saves the right of both in God's system. The church exists for the individual, just as truly as the individual for the church. The church is, then, most perfect when all its powers converge, and are concentrated on the formation and protection of individual character; and the individual is then most complete—that is, most a Christian—when he has practically learned that his life is not his own, but owed to others,—that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Now, spiritual unity respects the sanctity of the individual conscience. How reverently the Apostle Paul considered its claims, and how tenderly! When once it became a matter of conscience this was his principle laid down in matters of dispute: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The belief of the whole world cannot make that thing true to me which to me seems false. The conscience of the whole world cannot make a thing right to me, if I in my heart believe it wrong. You may coerce the conscience, you may control men's belief, and you may produce a unity by so doing; but it is the unity of pebbles on the sea-shore,—a lifeless identity of outward form, with no cohesion between the parts,—a dead sea-beach, on which nothing grows, and where the very sea-weed dies.

Lastly, it respected the sanctity of individual character. Out of eight hundred millions of the human race, a few features diversify themselves into so many forms of counte-

nance that scarcely two could be mistaken for each other. There are no two leaves on the same tree alike; nor two sides of the same leaf, unless you cut and kill it. There is a sacredness in individuality of character; each one born into this world is a fresh, new soul intended by his Maker to develop himself in a new, fresh way. We are what we are; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality; but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to us all, according to the character which God has given us. And thus will the Church of God be one, at last,—will present a unity like that of heaven. There is one universe in which each separate star differs from another in glory; one church in which a single Spirit, the life of God, pervades each separate soul; and just in proportion as that life becomes exalted does it enable every one to shine forth in the distinctness of his own separate individuality, like the stars of heaven. —*F. W. Robertson.*

GET A HOME.—Rich or poor, get a home and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your presence. Learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own painting and music of His own, the birds, wind, waterfall—so shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and despair, that comes upon so many through scorn of little things. Oh, the charm of a little home! Comforts dwell there that shun the gilded halls of society. Live humbly in your little house and look to God for a grander one.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 1, 1874.

FRIENDS' INDIAN POLICY.—In accepting the trust tendered by President Grant, Friends entered upon mission work of the gravest responsibility, and in its accomplishment stand before the world, for the first time since the early settlement of Pennsylvania, with delegated powers to work out their own plans, in their own way, with executive officers selected by themselves.

The protection and civilization of that portion of the Indians in the Northwest which has been assigned them, is a work of a twofold nature, and brings the Society, as a religious body, prominently into view. It may safely be assumed that in the administration of affairs the cardinal principles of the Society are carefully maintained, and to some extent exert an influence; but it is one thing to sit at our own firesides or meet in our committee-rooms, a thousand miles away, and unite upon measures by which the problem, "What shall be done with the Indian?" is to be solved, and it is quite another thing to bring these plans availingly into use.

They may all be sound and rational, and, if carried out according to the figures as they appear on paper and in the ardent imagination of warm, earnest minds, would doubtless settle the question in a very few years.

But the difficulty underlying the whole work arises from the fact that so few capable Friends have manifested a willingness to place themselves in new and untried positions of trust and responsibility, and owing, perhaps, to a lack of that missionary zeal that must be felt before any work of the kind can be heartily undertaken. We want the Indians to be protected from the rapacity of traders; we want to see them preserved from the vices of depraved white men, and are anxious for them to be trained in habits of industry, that they may be self-sustaining and self reliant. We are willing, too, to spend some money to meet their most pressing wants—to hold sewing circles, to make up clothing for their children, and a few may be found who will accept an appointment from a Yearly Meeting's Committee, and, at some sacrifice of personal comfort, take a long journey to visit the reservations.

But, when it comes to going out and living among them, when it is asked, "Who will lead these poor, degraded children of our common Father, with a firm hand and steady purpose, out of the darkness of heathen barbarism and the worse than barbarous vices that contact with unprincipled white men have introduced among them?" we have put the question, which, if responded to by the right one, opens the door to usefulness and certain success, and cannot fail of the desired end. At this time these poor savages are in a worse condition than were their fathers and mothers two centuries ago; contact with the whites and their continued encroachments have made former conditions impossible.

They can never regain even a partial mastery; their tribal relations are shorn of any usefulness for good, and while they are continued, must, in the nature of things, be a bar to substantial progress. Every hope for their future hinges on the efficient carrying out of the denominational policy of the President.

All reliable testimony is in its favor; even the very latest exciting and warlike intelligence, which alarms the public mind, bears the strongest testimony in favor of justice to the Indians, as the only means of preserving peace, and censures, in unsparing terms, the border men who suffer those who wrong them to go unpunished. It is only as religious bodies come in and stand between these wards of the Government and their traducers, and at every hazard protect them, that any measure of justice can be secured. In this field of Christian philanthropy, we must see to it that we are properly represented.

What we want are representative men and women, not merely that representation that is measured by dress and address, but that which has for its foundation those eternal principles of purity, truth and justice, without which all profession is vain and all observances are but empty show. He that stands before the community clothed with the majesty of law must be such a man as the Society can safely confide in as its living, acting exponent, who carries weight of character to meet every demand, whose executive ability is equal to any emergency that may arise, and whose conversation and deportment command the respect of his equals and the love and obedience of those under his care.

We believe that our testimonies have a preserving power, and, if carried out, that they will establish that peace and good-will among men that the Gospel of Christ was intended to bring about.

The savage nature, steeped in the superstition and ignorance that untold centuries of barbarism have entailed, does not of itself respond to the Divine requirings, as we understand them. The voice of the Great Spirit in his breast says, as he believes, Avenge me of my enemies; and there is no peace to his soul until he is appeased by blood. The Great Spirit, as he understands Him, would be very angry with him if he suffered an enemy to go unpunished.

When we tell him that the child that is born into the world is innocent, and has no other sins than those which he commits to answer for, we must also tell him that if he would be preserved from evil, he must turn away from all unholy thoughts as well as actions; and that he may know what to shun, we must send to him wise instructors that can lead him along through the rudiments of spiritual knowledge, going down to the dens and hovels where his soul is languishing, *and, in his own tongue in which he was born*, speaking simple words easily understood, tell him of the Saviour that saves, of the Redeemer who redeems, of the Sanctifier that purifies from dead works to serve the only true God; For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. But "how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?" and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear (aright) without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent, as it is written, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things"? Our Heavenly Father now, as ever, works by chosen instruments. He gives His Spirit to all, and a discernment of its requirings that meets the state of growth to which the nation or the age has attained, and while each retains its relative position to the other, doubtless ultimate good is worked out; but these problems that grow out of the upsetting and uprooting of tribes of ignorant savages, and planting in their stead homes of a professed Christian civilization, involve other issues that must be met. Let us accept the trust as it comes to us, and be faithful to its requirings.

DIED.

STILES.—On the 18th ult., Elizabeth A., widow of Jacob Stiles, aged 66 years; a worthy member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

ELLIS.—On the morning of the 18th of Seventh month, 1874, Abigail W., widow of David Ellis, in the 79th year of her age; a valued member and Elder of Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

The persistent attendance of her religious meetings, under great physical debility, is worthy of notice. Her presence in her accustomed seat often

had the effect to encourage and enliven the feelings of many of those who were wont to assemble with her.

COMMERCIAL MANIA.

In 1711, six years before Law's Mississippi Company was formed, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer, procured an Act of Parliament, appointing that, "to the intent that the trade to the South Sea be carried on for the honor, and increase of the wealth and riches of this realm," a company should be formed with the exclusive privilege of trading, colonizing, and fighting in the Southern seas, and along the whole Western side of South America. The members of this South Sea Company were to be the holders of the Government bonds for the National Debt, then amounting to nearly £10,000,000, the interest of which, if not the principal, it was thought could easily be paid out of the profits of commerce with the gold and silver districts of Peru and Chili. After the company was formed, it transpired that the King of Spain claimed more than a fourth of their profits for permitting English merchants to deal with his colonists, and then only sanctioned their sending one shipload of negroes every year; but even with this limitation great benefits were anticipated, especially as the English reckoned that, if they were only allowed to trade at all, they could make the trade as extensive as they liked. The preparations were tardy, and the first vessel did not leave England till 1717; then the war with Spain, which broke out in the following year, made orderly commerce with Chili and Peru impossible.

But before this the South Sea stockholders discovered that South Sea traffic was an unimportant part of their enterprise. From the first, the new company was in favor with the public, and a busy trade was carried on in its shares. The Mississippi Company, started in Paris in 1717, showed how this trade might be augmented. The South Sea Company offered to increase its capital, and so be able to lend £2,000,000 to the State, and the Bank of England, stirred up to rivalry, made a similar offer. A fierce war was carried on between the Bank and the Company during more than two years, and, in their efforts to outbid one another with the government and the country, a turmoil of stock-jobbing was engendered, which received no check from the wretched failure of the Mississippi scheme in 1719. By the commencement of 1720 the South Sea stock had risen nearly two hundred per cent. in value, and all that its holders desired was, by promises that could not possibly be realized, to raise the value yet more, and so to sell their shares at great profit. In this they succeeded for a time. The Company triumphed over the Bank. In February, 1720, a bill was brought into Parliament, authorizing it to take upon itself the whole national debt, growing rapidly, and then exceeding £30,000,000, and the bill became a law in April.

In vain Sir Robert Walpole warned the country that "the great principle of the project was an evil of first rate magnitude. It was to raise artificially the value of stock, by exciting and keeping up a general infatuation; and, by promising dividends out of funds which could never be adequate to the purpose, it would hold out a dangerous line to decoy the unwary to their ruin, by making them part with the earnings of their labor for a prospect of imaginary wealth." The warning was unheeded. The madness of speculation that had just ruined France had seized England, with nearly equal violence.

The South Sea mania, rampant in February, 1720, increased till August, when each £100 share was worth £1,000. 'Change Alley, swarming with professional and amateur stock-jobbers of every rank and of both sexes, was aptly compared by Swift to a gulf in the South Sea.

> "Subscribers here by thousands float,
> And jostle one another down,
> Each paddling in his leaky boat,
> And here they fish for gold, and drown."

Humbler poets described the mania in street ballads and coffee-house epigrams without number. One said—

> "Then stars and garters did appear
> Among the meaner rabble,
> To buy and sell, to see and hear
> The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
>
> "The greatest ladies thither came,
> And plied in chariots daily,
> Or pawned their jewels for a sum
> To venture in the Alley."

The South Sea bubble was only the greatest among a crowd of great bubbles. The older companies shared in the brief show of imaginary prosperity. East India Stock, worth £100, rose to be worth £445; and African Stock, advanced in value from £23 to £200. There is extant a list of nearly two hundred principal bubble companies started in this year of bubbles, their nominal capital varying from £1,000,000 to £10,000,000 apiece, and the total of the whole exceeding £300,000,000. "Any impudent impostor," says the contemporary historian, "whilst the delusion was at its height, needed only to hire a room at some coffee-house or other house near Exchange Alley for a few hours, and open a subscription-book for somewhat relative to commerce, plantation, or some supposed invention, either hatched out of his own brain or else stolen from some of the many abortive projects of

former times, having first advertised it in the newspapers of the preceding day, and he might in a few hours find subscribers for one or two millions, in some cases more, of imaginary stock. Many of these very subscribers were far from believing those projects feasible. It was enough for their purpose that there would soon be a premium on the receipts for those subscriptions, when they generally got rid of them in the crowded alleys to others more credulous than themselves." One company, with a capital of £3,000,000, was "for insuring to all masters and mistresses the losses they may sustain by servants;" another was "for furnishing merchants and others with watches;" a third, with a capital of £1,000,000, was "for a wheel for perpetual motion;" a fourth was "for making salt water fresh;" a fifth was "for planting mulberry-trees and breeding silkworms in Chelsea Park;" and a sixth was designed "to import a number of large jackasses from Spain, in order to propagate a larger kind of mule in England"—as if there were not already jackasses enough in London. So preposterous were many of the genuine projects, that it is hard to say whether it was in jest or in earnest that an advertisement was issued announcing that "at a certain place, on Tuesday next, books will be opened for a subscription of £2,000,000 for the invention of melting sawdust and chips, and casting them into clean deal boards, without cracks or knots." Another advertisement invited speculators to pay £2 as a deposit on each of five thousand £100 shares in "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is," the remaining £98 for each share being due in a month's time, when the details of the scheme were to be published. The name of the promoter of this secret company was never known, but his advertisement drew so many adventurers on the appointed day that in less than six hours he had received a thousand deposits of £2 each. With that success he was satisfied. Instead of waiting for another day, in which his transparent fraud might be exposed, he pocketed the £2,000, and decamped the same night.

The South Sea mania lasted a shorter time and had fewer victims in England than the Mississippi mania in France; but it was great enough to prove a source of ruin to hundreds of thousands, and of serious national discredit. During eight months every coffee-house was a stock exchange, subject to no laws of honesty, and swayed by rampant folly; and the milliner's shops were put to like uses by those ladies who could not stand the crush of the men's meeting-places.

Quarrels among the South Sea directors opened the eyes of the public, and the great bubble and all the lesser bubbles suddenly collapsed. Early in August, 1720, the South Sea shares were bought eagerly for £1,000 apiece; late in September they could not be sold for £150. George I, then in Hanover, hurried back to England. Parliament made a searching inquiry into the state of affairs. Many ringleaders of the fraud were severely punished; and efforts were made to lessen the misfortunes of those whom they had beguiled. In February, 1721, the chief culprit, Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had used his official position to inflate the bubble, was committed to the Tower of London, and a huge bonfire on Tower Hill showed him, on the first night of his captivity, what sort of vengeance the London mob would have been glad to execute on him and his accomplices. Great injury was done to multitudes, and the commerce of the country was crippled during many years.—*Bourne.*

From the Christian Weekly.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

It has been our privilege to converse for an hour with a good Scotchwoman whose early years were passed in the same village where the lamented missionary explorer was born and brought up, and who was well acquainted with him and with his father's family.

The history of David Livingstone only proves the truth of the old adage, that "the child is father of the man." What the boy was in these young days in Blantyre Works, in the foundation elements of character, that the man was, down to his dying hour in the forest encampment, under tropical suns, far away from even the echoes of civilization, between Ujiji and Unyanyembe.

A tailor has been said to be but "the ninth part of a man;" but the saying is false, so far, at any rate, as concerns David's father. He was a tailor for many years in the village of Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland. Here his children, three sons and two daughters, were born. But he was a man "keen for learning," a great reader, and willing to pinch and save in other things that his children might receive as good an education as possible. From his father David got his love of learning—his Scotch persistency enabled him to acquire an education even in the midst of untoward circumstances.

The family home was in one of the tenements belonging to the works, a respectable, but, we may easily believe, not a luxurious habitation. The community was a frugal one, composed almost entirely of the operatives in the Messrs. Monteiths' works. They were too hard-working to have time for much amusement of any kind, and too God-fearing to have those of an evil character. The

young men used to play ball sometimes in their leisure hours on the village green, but young Livingstone was not found among them even at this innocent sport.

David was sent to school at an early age. But to afford him even the rudiments of education was a tax upon his father's slender income; for there were no free schools in those days; every hour spent in the school had to be paid for. By-and-by the boy became old enough to work in the mill, and then he attended the night-school. Thus he grew up to youth, a stout, healthy boy, ready to work during the hours of labor, but thirsting for knowledge. When the other young men took their recreation in a game of ball, on a Saturday afternoon—on which day the mill closed earlier—Livingstone was off a mile or so up the "burn" to gather the fossils which abounded there, or to make collections of plants. "He was awfu'," said our informant, "for huntin' for minerals and herbs."

After a time he was enabled to attend the college lectures in Glasgow; but the mill owners, willing to encourage so deserving a young man, kept his place in the factory open for him, and the college vacations found him attending a pair of "mules" in Blantyre Works.

We may say here, for the benefit of our unmechanical readers, that in a cotton-mill a "mule" is not an animal of more or less vicious propensities, but a machine for spinning cotton. Tending a "mule" in those days was more laborious than it is now; for those machines were self acting only in part. The frame bearing the spindles was run out by power, but it had to be pushed back by hand.

Between a pair of these David wrought, pushing one back as the other came forward, But he had his book placed where he could get a glance at it between the alternating motions of the machinery; and so he wrought and studied, and studied and wrought. How he finally gained a medical education, and having attended theological lectures, was ordained as medical missionary, and went to Africa, our readers know. Of his patient toil to benefit the natives of that dark country they know. Of his efforts to break up the slave trade they know. Of his romantic career as an explorer, hidden for years as he was from the eye of civilization, they know. And now of his lonely death in the dark African forest, where no European had ever before been, they know.

But we have gone back in mind to the boy growing up in that Christian home, in the midst of straitened circumstances, among that industrious, honest, sober community; and we have thought of the power there is in a noble purpose; we have thought that the best inheritance that a parent can give a child is a desire for knowledge; not for the sake of mere knowledge, but for man's sake and for Christ's sake. We have thought how steady perseverence and resolute courage will enable any man to be of wide service to his fellow-men.

From the Chicago Tribune.

AMERICAN AZTECS.

A NEWLY-DISCOVERED NATION.

The campaign of General Crook against the Apaches last year, opened to research a tract of land two hundred miles square, which is rich in relics of our country's unknown past. It contains a chain of ancient cities in ruins, and a coterie of ancient towns inhabited by a race which holds itself aloof from Indian, and Mexican, and American, and prides itself on its descent from the ancient inhabitants of the country, and maintains a religion and a government, both of which are peccliar to itself. We are indebted to Captain W. C. Manning, of the regular army, for the facts in our possession concerning this newly-discovered race. Capt. Manning, who was with General Crook during the whole campaign, and was recommended for promotion by the latter on account of gallantry in the field, explored in the intervals of fighting. He visited the inhabited towns, talked with their rulers, and informed himself concerning their customs. The largest settlement is in New Mexico, about thirty miles south of the border line. It is a type of the rest. A strong wall surrounds it. Within are houses for about 4,000 people. The population was dwindled, however, to about 1,800. The place was mentioned by a Spanish Jesuit, who published, in 1529, a description of his wanderings in America. About 1535 another Jesuit wrote a minute account of it. This account is true in nearly every detail to-day. The language resembles the Chinese. So an ardent archæologist, who visited the city a year ago, says. Some of the minor customs correspond to those of the Chinese. The women are of the true celestial type—almond eyes, protuberant bodies, little feet, &c. They dress their hair and themselves in Chinese fashion. Their religion is barbarously magnificent. Montezuma is their deity. His coming is looked for at sunrise each day. Immortality is part of their creed. The priests have heavily embroidered robes, which have been used for unnumbered years. The ceremonies of worship are formal and pompous. The morality of this strange people, as far at least as foreigners are concerned, is irreproachable. It is probable that they keep a record of events by means of tying peculiar knots in

long cords. This, if true, seems to establish some kinship or remote acquaintance between them and the Aztecs. Their government is a conservative republic. Power is vested in a council of thirteen caciques. Six of them are selected for life. Old men are generally chosen, in order that their terms of office may not be inordinately long. The remaining seven are elected from time to time. One of them is the Executive. Another is a sort of Vice-President. There is a War Chief, a Chief of Police, etc. These seven caciques are usually young men. They serve but a few months. Suffrage is universal. It is scarcely necessary to supplement these facts with the statement that these dwellers in towns are quite far advanced in civilization. On this point one fact speaks volumes. Woman is not a beast of burden among them, as she is with all Indian tribes. She is held in high respect. Her tasks are confined to those of house-keeping. The written records which we have mentioned, show that this isolated community has maintained its traditions unbroken for at least three and a half centuries. Its history, carefully studied, may prove a clew to the problem of the aboriginal Americans. The mound-builders of the North, and the city-builders of the South, may be represented in the town-dwellers of New Mexico and Arizona.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

WHAT PROFESSOR BLAKIE SAYS ABOUT EXERCISE.

The growth and vigorous condition of every member of the body, as, in fact, of every function of existence in the universe, depends on exercise. All life is an energizing or a working; absolute rest is found only in the grave; and the measure of a man's vitality is the measure of his working power. To possess every faculty and function of the body in harmonious working order, is to be healthy; to be healthy, with a high degree of vital force, is to be strong. A man may be healthy without being strong; but all health tends, more or less, towards strength, and all disease is weakness. Now, any one may see in Nature, that things grow big simply by growing; this growth is a constant and habitual exercise of vital or vegitative force, and whatever checks or diminishes the action of this force—say harsh winds or frost—will stop the growth and stunt the production. Let the student, therefore, bear in mind that sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, cannot possibly be the way to make his body grow. The blood can be made to flow, and the muscles to play freely, only by exercise; and, if that exercise is not taken, Nature will not be mocked.

Every young student ought to make a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, the clogging of the wheels of the internal parts of the fleshy frame, and various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort, will not fail in due season to inform him that he has been sinning against Nature, and, if he does not amend his course, as a bad boy he will certainly be flogged; for Nature is never, like some soft-hearted human masters, over-merciful in her treatment. But why should a student indulge so much in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting? A man may think as well standing as sitting, often a little better; and as for reading in these days, when the most weighty books may be had cheaply, in the lightest form, there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back, and doubling his chest, merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. A man will read a play or a poem far more naturally and effectively while walking up and down the room, than when sitting sleepily in a chair.

Sitting, in fact, is a slovenly habit, and ought not to be indulged. But when a man does sit, let him at all events sit erect, with his back to the light, and a full, free projection of the breast. Also, when studying languages, or reading fine passages of poetry, let him read as much as possible aloud; a practice recommended by Clemens of Alexandria, and which will have the double good effect of strengthening that most important vital element, the lungs, and training the ear to the perception of vocal distinction, so stupidly neglected in many of our public schools. There is, in fact, no necessary connection, in most cases, between the knowledge which a student is anxious to acquire, and the sedentary habits which students are so apt to cultivate. A certain part of his work, no doubt, must be done amid books; but if I wish to know Homer, for instance, thoroughly, after the first grammatical and lexicographical drudgery is over, I can read him as well on the top of Ben Cruachan, or, if the day be blasty, amid the grand silver pines of Inverawe, as in a fussy study. A man's enjoyment of Æschylean drama, or a Platonic dialogue, will not be diminished, but sensibly increased by the fragrant breath of birches blowing around him, or the sound of mighty waters rushing near. As for a lexicon, if you make yourself at the first reading a short index of the more difficult words, you can manage the second reading more comfortably without it. —*N. Y. Observer.*

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.—Ps. li, 17.

CALIFORNIA SILK CULTURE.

The San José (Cal.) *Mercury* gives the following description of sericulture as carried on in Santa Clara County, of that State:

William Paul's ranche of 260 acres is located on the northwestern border of the town. It contains 7,000 mulberry trees, 250 fruit trees, of different varieties, 2 000 grape vines, about fifty acres in grain, and the remainder in hay and pasture. For several years Mr. Paul has made a specialty of silk-growing, for which business this soil and climate is specially adapted. A short description of the process may not be uninteresting. We are to suppose that the mulberry trees are sufficiently grown to furnish food for the worms.

The first thing is to hatch the eggs. This is accomplished by placing them in a case with a tin bottom, arranged with shelves like a bookcase. This case is heated by means of a spirit lamp placed underneath, at first to twenty degrees Centigrade or seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit; the temperature is increased each day by placing a sheet of paper under the lamp, thus gradually elevating it until the thermometer marks the required heat. If the eggs are good they will hatch in from ten to twelve days. When they begin to hatch they will nearly all come out in one day; a few, however, will not hatch until the second day. If the eggs have been exposed to variable temperature during the winter, a longer time will be required. Before the eggs are placed in the case, however, they must be bathed. This is done by placing them in salt water, in the proportion of half a pound of salt to a gallon of water, if the eggs are old; if new, the proportion is reduced one-half. They remain in the bath about five hours, and are then rinsed in fresh water seven or eight times.

After the young worms are out they are placed on the shelves in a well ventilated apartment, with the temperature kept uniform at from eighteen to twenty degrees Reaumur, and fed every three hours during the day, and at least once in every four hours during the night. In feeding young worms the mulberry leaves must be cut up almost as fine as hair. As they get older and stronger the leaves are fed with little or no cutting. The leaves are picked at least twelve hours before feeding. Every day or two a quantity of refuse leaves accumulates on the shelves, and must be removed. This is done by laying over the worms sheets of thick paper perforated with holes large enough for them to pass through. On the top of the paper leaves are spread, and the worms coming up through the holes to get the feed can be lifted to one side and the shelf cleaned out. The process also serves to separate the healthy from the unhealthy worms. If a worm is not in good condition it will not have energy enough to go through the holes and can by this means be detected and rejected. After the worms have been fed eighteen or twenty days they will begin to spin.

The time is indicated by the appearance of the worm. If, on holding up one to the light he appears full of water, this is the time for making the web. Mustard stalks, with the brush on them, are set up between the shelves, the worms crawl up on them, spin a web, roll themselves up in it and spin another web on the inside, thus forming the cocoon. With good attention, and under favorable circumstances, this process requires about twelve or thirteen days; if the weather is very warm, it will require about eighteen days. This can be ascertained by shaking the cocoon; if it rattles the worm has finished; if not, it is either unfinished or the worm is dead, and by opening one or two cocoons you can tell what is the matter. If silk be the object, the cocoons are then picked and placed in an oven with a sufficient temperature to kill the chrysalis, but if it is intended to raise eggs, the cocoons are placed on a table, the ragged ends of silk picked off carefully, and the butterfly allowed to eat its way out.

As the butterflies come out the males and females are paired off and placed in a dark, cool room, on sheets of paper, letting them remain about six hours. The males are then destroyed and the females placed on linen cloth, stretched vertically. They are placed on the upper edge of the cloth, about a quarter of an inch apart, and lay their eggs as they descend; each piece of cloth is marked with its weight before the eggs are placed on it, and by weighing it after the eggs are deposited, the weight of the eggs can be ascertained. The butterflies should be handled only by boys or girls, their hands being more tender than those of adults. They are allowed to remain on the cloth but one day. One butterfly will produce about 500 eggs, and there are about 50,000 eggs in an ounce.

These eggs will keep several years, and, if they are known to be good, can be readily sold for eight dollars per ounce; but if they are not well known, cannot generally be sold at any price. Three average trees will furnish feed for an ounce of eggs. The Superintendent of Mr. Paul's silk business is Signor Paolo Consonao, whose family in Milan, before the Garibaldian troubles, constituted the first silk house in Italy. He says the climate and soil in this locality is much better adapted to sericulture than that of France or Italy; that our leaves contain more sugar and rosin—

two primary elements—than those of any other country. It is necessary for every farmer to set out a few trees, and either raise his own cocoons or sell the leaves to others. By doing a little every year the country would in a short time work into an industry that would give profitable employment to thousands of men, women and children, and add immensely to our general wealth. He estimates that an average boy can thoroughly learn all the details of silk-growing in two seasons. If one member of each family should take the trouble to do this he could take charge of a few worms and trees on his home place, and teach other members of his family, until, in a very short time, the whole household will be skilful sericulturists. This is the way it is done in Europe, and is the only way in which silk-growing and silk manufacturing can become an industry of the country. We understand that Mr. Larco will set up in Mayfield this fall, a machine for reeling silk.

"He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent,
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

THE WOOD VIOLET.

'Neath the thickets, or where interlacing branches
Shut out the broad, bright sky,
Its mild blue eyes look out in modest beauty,
Upon the passer-by.

It has, 'mid rarer flowers, within the garden,
No ostentatious place;
And yet, among them all, not one excels it
In sweetness or in grace.

It has not many friends, nor seeks them;
It wishes for but few;
One sunbeam lingering always near it,
The pleasant rain and dew.

For underneath the shady way-side hedges,
Down in the tangled grass,
The brilliant butterflies would scarcely linger
To kiss it as they pass.

But when the days grow sultry in the noontide,
The tired bee rests its wings
Beside it, while the merry-hearted robin
Above it blithely sings.

The noisy brook breathes for it softer music,
O'er it the kind winds blow;
And well its truest friends, the little children,
Its hiding-places know.

And there are those who from the world's attention
Shrink like this timid flower,
Who in their homes, beside their peaceful firesides,
Make bright the darkest hour.

However quiet and however humble
Their gentle deeds may be,
Some hearts shall feel the sweetness of their presence—
Their perfect beauty see. —*Morning Star.*

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched, to soothe afflictions, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

All events of history, viewed in short periods of time, move in one course, resembling other equally short periods in their general character, and are the results of certain prevailing influences. Longer periods, taken together, present the appearance of constant oscillations between opposite impulses. They resist the predominance of any one idea, of any one leading power or action; but in the survey of the great course of centuries, we cannot fail to perceive the alternate ebb and flow of a stream in a certain direction, and the progress of a guiding principle.—*Gervinus.*

NOTICES.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Seventh Annual Session will commence on Second-day evening, Eighth month 31st, at 7 o'clock, at Mount Pleasant, Ohio (being the week of the Yearly Meeting). Reports and delegates from the several Associations are desired, and the attendance of Friends invited.

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, } *Clerks.*
MERCY J. GRIFFITH, }

The Executive Committee will meet on the Seventh-day preceding 29th inst. It is very desirable to have the general attendance of its members.

JOS. T. McDOWELL, *Clerk.*

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet at Race Street Meeting-house on Sixth-day, Eighth month 21st, at 10½ o'clock A. M., at which time each member is expected to report what attention has been given to the duties of their appointment in the promotion of the cause. The subcommittees will meet at 9 o'clock. The members of the co-operative visiting Committee are desired to meet with them. ROBT. TILNEY, *Clk.*

PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING will be held Eighth mo. 4th at 10 A. M., in the Valley Meeting-house. Special arrangements have been made to convey Friends *on that day* to Ellwood Thomas' lane, about a quarter of a mile from the Meeting-house.

Trains leave the Reading Depot, Thirteenth and Callowhill Streets at 7½ o'clock, A. M., on Third-day.

Members of the Select Meeting will take the 1 o'clock P. M. train on Second-day from the same Depot, for Port Kennedy, where Friends will meet them.

The return train will leave for the city about 5 o'clock, P. M., on Third-day afternoon. Tickets good both going and returning on Second and Third days will be issued at 65 cents the trip.

Ask for Quarterly Meeting tickets.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

8 mo. 2 Conference close of meeting at Warminster.
8 " 9 " " " Abington.

Friends and friendly people of the respective neighborhoods are desired to attend.

NEW MEETING-HOUSE NEEDED.

A letter has been received from a Friend at Half-Moon, Centre county, Pa., informing that their meeting-house being much out of repair, it is thought best to rebuild it, but the number of those of ability to aid is very few, and they would be glad of the aid of Friends elsewhere. Such as may incline to contribute to this laudable object, can do so to JOHN COMLY,
at the office of *Friends Intelligencer*, 144 N. 7th st.,
or to CALEB C. WAY,
Half-Moon, Centre Co., Pa.

ITEMS.

GARDINER, Maine, is the head-quarters of the ice business on the Kennebec river. Here are the offices and storage-houses of a majority of the companies, as out of thirty-seven, one is located in Augusta, nine in Richmond, and the balance in Gardiner. The ice-houses of these thirty-seven companies stretch along the river bank for a distance of a dozen miles, and have a total storage capacity of 575,500 tons. Of these, the house of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, of Philadelphia, has the capacity for storing 125,000 tons.

During the harvesting of the crop on the Kennebec river employment is given to about 1,000 men, at wages ranging from $1.50 to $2.50 a day, and during the shipping season something more than half that number of men are employed at from $2 to $3 a day. The houses for storing are built at comparatively small expense, from lumber taken directly from the Gardiner saw-mills, another large industry here, and the walls are lined with sawdust obtained from the same source, thus furnishing a ready market at from $2.00 to $2.50 a cord for an article which was formerly a source of expense rather than revenue. The process of harvesting is an interesting one, expeditiously performed under favorable circumstances; instance for example the storing of 1,600 tons in nine days by one company during the last season. The amount of ice in store is estimated at the rate of forty-feet to the ton, where the ice is solid and compact. Shrinkage is estimated at five per cent. per annum, and in some of the best houses, where the ice remained in store for three years, the shrinkage was five feet in twenty-eight feet. The facilities for shipping could not be better than here, as the vessels are laden directly at the ice-houses, the cakes being hoisted out by horse-power, whence they run down an inclined plane to the dock of the receiving-ship, being carefully weighed en route from the ice-house to the hold of the ship.—*Exchange Paper.*

IN the course of a few weeks the German Imperial Corvette, Gazelle under the command of Captain von Schleinitz, will leave Kiel with his staff of astronomers, sent by the German Government, to observe the transit of Venus (on December 8th), on the Kerguelen Islands, in the South Indian Ocean. Another detachment of German observers will at the same time be stationed on the Auckland Islands. In the event of a failure on the part of the former portion of the staff to obtain good observations of the transit, the Gazelle will convey them and the other German observers to the Mauritius about the middle of December, and leave them there till the end of January, 1875, when they will enter upon a voyage to Antarctic Seas, with the special object of investigating the polar currents and other phenomena connected with the South-polar region.—*Living Age.*

A LETTER from Yokohama in the Cologne *Gazette* says that the Iwakura Ministry, after debating for two days and a night in succession in the Emperor's palace, have decided that the plan so often mentioned to foreign ambassadors, of introducing a constitutional régime and a representative Assembly in Japan, shall be at length carried out. The first chamber will consist of representatives of the nobility and the provinces and districts, and will shortly commence its deliberations; the second is to be elected by the people.

PROFESSOR JOHN SWIFT, of Cornell University (in an address recently given to the students), expressed the sentiment that he considers the manipulations of the art, which the student intends to follow, to be of as much value in an educational sense as the study of text-books, and thinks the time spent in the shops, ought to count, hour for hour, equally with class-room periods.—*Scientific American.*

PASIGRAPHY is the name of a new system of writing by numbers, which, it is asserted, may be used universally, and thus obviate the difficulty of communication between nations of different languages. Dr. Anton Bachmaier, of Munich, is the inventor.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind*

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EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN RICHARDSON.

(Concluded from page 355.)

I return from this, which may seem a mysterious digression, to the other part of what did happen concerning the meeting, and come now to the breaking up thereof; and as extreme heats oft end in extreme cold, and as great heights frequently centre (as to man in this capacity) in great depths, and great plenty in great poverty, which I have often seen to be good in order to keep the creature low, in fear, and in a dependence upon the Lord, I soon fell into such a condition that I was like to die away; and when it was so, I with my companion made a motion to break up the meeting, but could not for some time, for they sat weeping universally; then I told the meeting, especially such as were near me, That if I should faint away, I would not have them to be surprised at it; for I was much concerned lest that should hurt these tender people; my life was not dear to me in comparison of the worth of the souls of the children of men; but all this did not break up the meeting. But after some time Mary Starbuck stood up, and held out her hand, and spoke tremblingly and said, All that ever we have been building, and all that ever we have done, is all pulled down this day, and this is the everlasting Truth; or very near these words. Then she arose, and I observed that she, and as many as could well be seen, were wet with tears from their faces to the fore skirts of their garments, and the floor was as though there had been a shower of rain upon it; but Mary, that worthy woman, said to me, when a little come to consider the poor state that I was in, Dear child, what shall I do for you? I said, a little would do for me; if thou canst get me something to drink, that is not strong but rather warm, it may do well: so she did, and I went unto her son's, where my clothes were, that I might shift me, for I felt sweat in my shoes as I walked.

I mention this partly for the sakes of such of my brethren, who may be at any time in the like case, to take care to keep out of the cold, and beware of drinking that which is cold, neither is brandy good, for it feeds too much upon the weakened vitals; but in all things endeavour to possess your vessels in sanctification and honor. And as it is not in man's power to make the vessel clean nor prepare it, therefore if the Lord doth (with thy obedience through the work of His Grace and Holy Spirit) fit thy vessel for His work and service, take this caution: see that thou neither destroy, defile, nor hurt the same. But it may be, some or other have done all these, some one way and some another.

I remember Peleg Slocum (before mentioned) said after this meeting, that the like he was never at; for he thought the inhabitants of the island were shaken, and most of the people convinced of the Truth. However-

a great convincement there was that day; Mary Starbuck was one of the number, and in a short time after received a public testimony, as did also her son Nathaniel.

After I was somewhat revived, my companion having a mind to speak to the priest, to know why he did so reflect on him, desired me to go with him, which I did with several more; and coming to his door, where he was sat upon a bench, James Bates asked him, why he did so reflect? He replied, he was in a passion, and had nothing against him; then James forgave him, and they fell into some debate concerning faith; my friend urged the apostle James' words, which are these, As the body is dead without the spirit, so is faith without works. The priest said, dead faith was nothing, and that it had no being in the world. I thought he appeared to be in the craft; and after they had tugged at it a while, I said, I found something in my mind to interpose, if they would hear me. They both showed a willingness to hear what I had to say, and then I asked, what belief or faith that was the devils had? for I did not understand but that, although they believed there was a God, they remained devils still; therefore the word dead is a proper word, and properly adapted to that which any may call faith and is not operative, but a notion that may be received by education, by hearing or reading, and not that faith which works by love and overcomes the world; and because of its not working, being inactive and useless, is fitly called dead: what doth thou say to that? He said, I was too great a scholar for him. I replied, there was no great scholarship in that. He then invited me to stay all night, and said I should be as welcome as his own children, and he and I would dispute about that between ourselves. I declined it, and showed these reasons for so doing: if he declined the debate publicly, I would not debate it privately, for then those neighbors of his would want the benefit of it; and so we parted with my saying, as it immediately sprang up in my heart, Thou hast been a man in thy young years that the Lord has been near, and favored with many openings; and if thou hadst been faithful to the gift of God, thou mightest have been serviceable; but thou hast been unfaithful, and a cloud is come over thee, and thou art laid aside as useless.

I was altogether a stranger to the state of the priest, nor had I heard anything of him, nor indeed of the state of the inhabitants of the island, but what I heard after mostly from Mary Starbuck; for as we walked from the priest's house toward our quarters, she said, every thing she now met with did confirm her in the Truth: for she knew this was the state of the priest, as I had said, she being acquainted with him in his best state, and then he had fine openings, and a living ministry among them, but of late a cloud was come over him, and, as I said, he was laid by and useless. She also put me in mind of something I had said in the meeting about election, which as near as I can remember, was thus: I had endeavored to make one in the election, and one born again, much the same; for I had laid waste all claim to election without being born again; for as Christ was the chosen or elect of God, who never fell, could such who were in the fall be the branches of Christ, the pure heavenly vine? Or such who were found in the impure state, and in the degeneracy, by reason of sin and wicked works? Or would Christ be married to a people, and become as their husband, who were in an unconverted state? Could this be the true Church of Christ? Could this be the Lamb's bride, who had departed from this spirit, and was in the pollutions of the world through lust, and running after the pleasures and fineries of the world, depending upon ceremonies, and outside things and elements, which appear not to be essential to our salvation, neither do we find life in them, nor conversion through them? I was of the apostle's mind, that neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature: and what man in the world can say, that water (although he may have been baptized or dipped into the same) hath converted him, or changed his state from a natural to a spiritual, or from a dead to a living state in Christ? Or, who that have gone through the most celebrated ceremonies (as some may account them) had thereby got dominion over sin and Satan?

Having thus treated of things, or to this purpose, among them, I said to Mary, that she warred and strove against the testimony for a time; and as near as I remember, she said their principle was, That such who believed once in Christ, were always in him, without possibility of falling away; and whom he had once loved, he loved to the end,—and it was a distinction they had given to their church, to be called Electarians; and as I said, or near it, she had no mind to be pulled out of her stronghold. But when she saw the glory of Christ and the true Church, as the Queen of the South saw Solomon's and the glory of his house, and as she had her questions and doubts answered, she had no more spirit in her, or doubts or questions, but openly owned, This is the Truth; this is the glory I have heard so much of. That spirit of doubting and questioning was swallowed up now, by her hearing and beholding for herself this greater than Solomon, his wisdom and glory, and the great house he had built (the servants, the attendance, and excellent order, with the ascent unto

the house of God, which were all wonderful in Solomon's house, carried in them a lively resemblance of Christ, his power, glory and wisdom), as also that order and mean which is seen among his faithful servants, his Church and people, even such as our spiritual Solomon rules in and over by his spirit and power. Here is Solomon or man of peace, elsewhere called the Prince of Peace; and as Solomon ruled in Jerusalem, formerly called Salem, or City of Peace, and indeed over all Judah, and over all his tribes, so doth Christ in his kingdom everywhere upon the face of the whole earth. Learn this; see and know in and for thyself, that thou art truly translated out of the kingdom of death and darkness into the kingdom of Christ, which is a kingdom of power, life, light, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. I was much bowed down in my spirit, and in weakness, fasting and in much fear; for the more that Truth appears, the more it brings the creature into self-abasement.

A passage is here revived to my mind, which was thus: after a large Yearly Meeting, where were many able ministers, one of whom was worthy William Penn, who, taking me aside after the meeting, said, The main part of the service of this day's work went on thy side, and we saw it, and were willing and easy to give way to the Truth, though it was through thee, who appears but like a shrub; and it is but reasonable the Lord should make use of whom He pleases. Now, methinks, thou mayest be cheerful. From which I gathered, that he thought I was too much inclinable to be cast down; therefore I gave him this true answer, I endeavor to keep in a medium, out of all extremes, as believing it to be most agreeable to my station,—with this remark, the worst of my times rather imbittered the best to me. William shook his head and said, with much respect, There are many who steer in this course beside thee, and it is the safest path for us to walk in; with several other expressions which bespoke affection.

This worthy man and minister of the gospel, notwithstanding his great endowments and excellent qualifications, yet thought it his place to stoop to and give way to the Truth, and let the holy testimony go through whom it might please the Lord to impower and employ in His work, although it might be through contemptible instruments. I sincerely desire this may prove profitable to those whom it may concern, and into whose hands it may come, that the Lord's work may be truly minded and given way unto, when it is opened; for seeing no man can open it, let not any strive on the man's part to shut the same. I have at times seen something of this nature, which hath not been altogether to my satisfaction: a word to the wise may serve, I would hope, and may be sufficient for a caution, for what I have written is in the love of God, and under a concern that hath been upon my mind at times, for some years, to leave behind me a gentle caution to my tender friends of both sexes, to have an especial care in all things to recommend not only their gifts, but their demeanor in them, as also their conversations after them, to every man's conscience in the sight of God, so that you may build up the Lord's house (like the wise woman); and always have a great care, that nothing you say or do may any way tend to the hindrance of the Lord's work, or discourage the weakest in the flock of Christ, but labor to fasten every stake, and strengthen every cord of Zion, and as much as you are capable, build up the Tabernacle in Jerusalem; for as God is a Spirit, and the soul of man is a spiritual existence, and as the soul and body of man become sanctified and prepared as a temple for the Lord by His Holy Spirit to tabernacle in, the Lord is to such as a sanctuary to fly to and rest in from heats and from storms. Here is the true Church's rock and place of defence (to wit), the name and power of the mighty God. Oh! that all the inhabitants of the earth were acquainted with this name and rock of defence, they would not then be so much overcome, as they are, with the power of the enemy of the soul, but would live above his region, which is in the earth, or rather, in the earthly hearts of men. All you who have escaped the pollutions of the world, keep in your tents, until the Lord moves and leads forward, and opens the way, sometimes as in a wilderness.

Read and understand from whence these things have their rise and original, for there is the Church's safety and its comeliness too, in abiding in the Truth; this is your place of safety where the enemy has no power, where the wiles of Satan and inventions of man cannot reach. No enchantment hath power over these, renowned be the great name of the Lord now and forever.

How comfortable, how easy, and pleasant are even all the books, and testimonies, and exhortations that are given forth in the Spirit, Love, and Life of Christ! yea, the very company and conversation of such who are preserved in the Life becomes a sweet savor of Divine Life to the living. There is edification, comfort, and consolation,—a strengthening and building up one of another in the most holy and precious faith; so that I find the truly quickened soul taketh great delight to resort to and, as much as may be, converse with the awakened and truly quickened souls who take up the cross of Christ daily, and follow him in the way of self-denial, although it be a way that is much spoken against by

such who know not the nature and discipline of the Holy Cross, and despise such who are true followers of Christ. To feel this essential virtue, seed, or leaven of the kingdom, or salt of the covenant (Christ), to work so effectual to the restoring of the powers and faculties of the soul into the first rectitude and purity, that all the malignity may be thoroughly purged out, with all the dross or tin, which defileth the man and makes him unfit for the kingdom and for the service of God, is a great work. Neither is the vessel preserved clean (when it is in degree cleansed), but through great care, watchfulness, and diligence, in attending upon the Lord, with great devotedness and resignation to His mind and will in all things. Experience hath taught us, as well as what we read in the Holy Scriptures, that there are many combats to go through for such as are engaged in this warfare, before the above said state, viz., delivery from sin and Satan, and a sabbatical or peaceful rest in Christ, can be obtained by the soul.

Come thou that lovest the light, and bringest thy deeds to the light, and believest in the light, and hast thy body full of light, by keeping thy eye single to God, and in and to all things that may tend to His glory and thy duty,—thou wilt become a child of the light, and receive the whole armour of light: this is that which will arm thee on the right hand and on the left. Put off thy own righteousness, which it may be thy breast hath been too much possessed with, and put on Christ's righteousness as a breast-plate, for it much imboldens in imminent dangers, and also at approaching death: wait upon him that hath power, that thy feet may be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; so that as the gospel-power and gospel ministry all tend to gather in the ways of the gospel and of virtue, thou mayest not fail to be a preacher of righteousness in thy walking and in thy whole conversation.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AND EARLY ABOLITION SOCIETIES.

At one of the meetings of Friends' Historical Association, a letter was received from Dr. Samuel A. Harrison, of Easton, Md., under date of April 24, 1874, the main portion of which is as follows, and will doubtless be interesting to many readers of the *Intelligencer*. In order to make their collection of Anti-Slavery documents as valuable as possible, it is desirable to add to the Pennsylvania "Abolition Society Records" already secured the archives, or an account of other societies over the country, and if Friends or others will aid in forwarding such, and especially where they are connected with Friends, it will be appreciated; also any other information in relation to Friends and their testimonies. J. M. T.

"I have been through the records of the Friends at Third Haven Meeting (that near Easton), and have culled out everything that relates in any degree to the subject of Negro Slavery. Speaking generally, I may say that from the first there was a tenderness in the minds of Friends upon the subject of holding slaves.

"Emancipation was common among them, and there was a manifest solicitude for their moral, intellectual and physical condition.

"As far back as 1684, William Dixon asked the advice of the meeting as to his selling a negro his freedom, and is referred to the Yearly Meeting.

"The records in the office of the Clerk of the County indicate that emancipations were common at a very early date, and most of these were made by Friends, but not all. In the latter part of the past century this sensitiveness upon the subject increased, and, as you know, about the time of the Revolution, the testimony of Friends against the holding of negroes in slavery was issued.

"This caused many in this county to fall away from the Society; indeed, from this time the Society began to decline in numbers and influence.

"However, all this is sufficiently known to you.

"The first notice of a Society for the Abolition of Slavery that I have discovered in any document, is in the newspaper published in Easton, called the 'Herald,' of the date Sept. 4, 1792, and is in these words: 'Notice is hereby given that the '"Society for the promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and for the Relief of Persons unlawfully held in Bondage,"' which have heretofore met in the neighborhood of Greensborough, are to meet at Easton, on Monday, the 18th of next month, at the Methodist meeting house, at 11 o'clock A. M., at which time the members are requested to give punctual attendance. As the Society is desirous of enlarging the object of their Association, the company of such characters as are friendly to the institution is solicited on the occasion.'—Aug. 25, 1792.

"Now, of this society I know nothing more than what this advertisement states. Greensborough is in Caroline county, very near the Talbot line.

"At one time there was a Society of Friends there, but it is not apparent that this Society was formed of members of that Society exclusively; on the contrary, it is probable there were many Methodists embraced in it, as the people of that communion, early in their history, were almost as much opposed to slavery as the Quakers themselves, and in

1792 they were becoming very numerous upon this peninsula.

"One of the purposes of this Society was the securing the freedom of colored people who, though entitled to their liberty, were unlawfully held in bondage; and in the 'Herald' of Sept. 4, 1792, there is reference to a case in Queen Ann's county, where an attorney was employed by the Society to conduct the case of some negro slaves unlawfully deprived of their freedom. This was a celebrated case, and made much noise at the time. The attorney employed by the Society was a young man, but this gave him notoriety, and he subsequently rose to great distinction. This was Judge Joseph H. Nicholson, of the Court of Appeals of the State.

"Some years later, namely, in 1804, a society was organized in Talbot county, at Easton, called the 'Philanthropic Society.' The object of this association, as expressed in the preamble, will serve to indicate the purposes to be accomplished, and I therefore copy it for you in full, but shall omit the constitution, which contains nothing but provisions for the organization of the Society, and the manner of conducting its business:

"'Preamble of the Philanthropic Society, for the Relief and Protection of Blacks and People of Color unlawfully held in Bondage, or otherwise Oppressed.

"'It having pleased the Creator of the world to make of one flesh all the children of men, it becomes them to consult and promote each other's happiness, as members of the same family, however diversified they may be by color, situation, religion or different states of society.

"'Such commerce in the human species having been pernicious and disgraceful in every country in which it has been exercised, long experience has sufficiently attested its repugnance to sound policy, to good morals, to the rights of mankind, and to the sacred obligations of the Christian religion.

"'The free Constitution of the United States suffers violence by such illicit practices.

"'Their fundamental principles declare the original and inherent equality of mankind, and on this broad and liberal basis stands our liberty and political happiness; and, if the principle of Slavery were in itself justifiable, it is impossible to vindicate, on rational grounds, the illegal exercise of it.

"'Many persons entitled to freedom by the laws and constitutions of the several States are detained by fraud and violence. Every good citizen is deeply interested in the impartial administration of justice, and consequently in the prevention of such illegal and unjust proceedings.

"'The cultivation of the minds of those that may be emancipated, in order to eradicate the vices and habits of slavery, is an object highly worthy of public attention. Society has suffered injury and is in danger of suffering more from neglecting the education of persons of color.

"'Impressed with the importance of those sentiments the subscribers have associated under the title of the '"Philanthropic Society for the Relief and Protection of Free Blacks and Colored People unlawfully held in Bondage or otherwise Oppressed,"' and for effecting these purposes have adopted the following Constitution.'

"The Constitution has fifteen articles, of which the eleventh, the only one of special interest, is as follows:

"'A book shall be kept by the Acting Committee, for the purpose of entering the names of those charged with practices contrary to the design of this instrument, and the same shall remain open against him, her or them until closed by a report of the Committee on the case; and if it is discovered that any free black or colored children are kept without indentures, the names of the persons so holding them shall be entered as aforesaid, and closed by the Committee's report that the case is lawfully settled; and if, by indenture, they shall set forth the period of such indenture and the conditions therein contained.'

"The names of the persons signed to this Constitution are these:

"'William Melny, *James Berry,
*Robert Moore, *Samuel Yarnall,
*Joseph Bartlett, Patrick McNeal,
*James Dixon, *William Atkinson,
Abednego Boltfield, James Neal,
Charles Emory, James Stoakes,
Jonathan N. Bonny, *Isaac Atkinson,
Samuel Sharpless, Tristram Bowdle,
John Jefferies, *Tristram Needles,
William Patton, *Edward Needles,
*Preston Sharpless, John Kennard, Jr.,
William Bromwell, William Dobson,
Isaac Poits, James Wilson, Sen.'

"The following were the officers elected 28th Seventh month, 1804:

"'Wm. Melny, *President.* Robert Moore, *Vice-President.* James Iddings, *Secretary.* Charles Emory, *Treasurer.* Patrick McNeal, James Neal, Samuel Sharpless, Joseph Bartlett, Jonathan N. Bonny, *Acting Committee.*'

"The Constitution was unquestionably drawn up by a Friend, and those whose names are marked thus * were certainly of the Society, and perhaps others of them were also; but there were Methodists among them.

"It will be seen that the primary and avowed object of the Society was to extend

relief to colored people unlawfully held in bondage; but the preamble indicates that the secondary object, which was not designed to be conspicuous, was the affecting the public mind upon the subject of Slavery. At this date there was a powerful anti-slavery sentiment pervading Maryland, and a bill for emancipation was lost, by an exceedingly small, majority in the Legislature.

"I have no other memoranda of this Society. It continued, however, in existence some considerable time, and is said to have drawn into it many of the leading citizens of this county. Its efforts were called into exercise to prevent the practice of kidnapping, that is, seizing and carrying off, free colored people to the South, and selling them for slaves—a practice which was prevalent upon this peninsula.

"I myself can recollect when it was the standing *dread* of free colored people that they might be seized or entrapped, and sold away.

"I regret I can give you no further information of Abolition Societies here. The truth is, after Slavery was adopted as a political issue it seemed to lose its moral aspect, and our people viewed it through a party medium, and forgot or seemed to forget that it had been otherwise regarded.

"It became dangerous for any man to express any disapprobation of the system, and Friends were looked upon with suspicion. Nothing but their extreme prudence and discretion shielded them from harm.

"If I can in any way forward the views of your Historical Society, it will give me pleasure to do so.

"Very respectfully,

"Saml. A. Harrison."

Santee Agency, 7th mo. 25th, 1874.

Editors Friends' Intelligencer:

In my last letter I spoke of the compensation for the high and hot winds which had prevailed in the prevention of the descent of voracious insects, but as the winds do not blow always, in one of these lulls, the grasshoppers made a foray upon us and destroyed or badly injured most of our growing crops. In places where they were thickest, they are said to have covered the ground to the depth of several inches, and from what I have since seen I have no doubt of it, for in less than two hours the corn and potatoes presented the appearance of nothing but bare stems. Yesterday we had the most remarkable development of this great scourge which it has fallen to my lot to witness. About 3 P. M. the wind, which had been blowing very gently from the east, suddenly veered to the north with increased force, as indicative of an impending storm, and shortly after the change we noticed the atmosphere darkened by what at first appeared to be dense clouds of black smoke, but which proved to be an advance of the army of grasshoppers going south; of the magnitude of the demonstration I can hardly speak in fitting terms. The mass appeared to be several miles in width and moving before the wind at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It was more than two hours in passing over our heads, and we need not marvel at the desolation which has been produced in Minnesota and Iowa, for before such a voracious mass all human efforts to stay their progress would be futile. Recent appearances seem to indicate that, however vain for human effort, their progress may eventually be stayed by natural means, in that they are carrying about with them the seeds of their own destruction, being accompanied by parasitic insects from one to four in number for each. The annexed extract from the Dakota *Herald* will give a more minute description of the parasite, but my observations do not warrant me in adopting the conclusion of the author, that in this we have found the much needed antidote, nor, until we know more of the habits of the new comer, can we be sure that it is not some worse pest.

G. S. T.

"Our farmers will derive some consolation from the fact that all grasshoppers which have visited us this season are afflicted with parasites, which threaten the annihilation of the pests. From some of our exchanges we notice that an examination of these parasites has several times been made, and it is described as being of a bright scarlet color, and varies in size from a mere point to half as large as a grain of wheat; its length is about two and one-half its breadth; its sides and back are lobulated and covered with fine hairs. The thoracic portion of the body is rather larger and less flexible than the abdominal. The legs are very small, hairy, jointed, and the two hinder ones in hooklets. The head is small and short, very similar to a tick, and armed with a sucker by which it attaches itself to the grasshopper. It is usually fastened to the underside of the wings near the body, but it is sometimes on the body and sometimes near the legs. It is undoubtedly very small when it first secures its lodgement, but grows rapidly till it becomes quite fat and large. The grasshoppers continue to afford it subsistance carrying it wherever it goes, till weakened and exhausted, it being unable to carry it further, it falls to the ground, either dead or so far crippled that life lasts but a short time. About three-fourths of all we catch now are infested with these parasites, and we find a great many hoppers dead on

the ground from this cause. Thus we may see millions of them passing over head every day or two and many apprehend that an evil day may bring them here to the destruction of our crops, at almost any time, yet we can know that they are carrying destruction with themselves, and it will be only a question of a very short time with most of them wherever they may go."

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Last Third-day we attended Concord Quarterly Meeting. The large house was well filled with an interesting company, principally middle-aged and young people. There were three Friends present with minutes from their Monthly Meetings—E. M. M., of Baltimore; E. W., of Sadsbury, and J. P., of Woodbury. These Friends have lately been banded together in the attendance and appointment of meetings, I believe, to mutual comfort. The vocal service of the meeting fell principally to their lot, and I was interested in observing the harmony of their exercises. I was pleased, too, to observe the care each manifested to express what was on the mind in few and simple words; not to get into a *strain of preaching*, whereby the stopping-place might be inadvertently passed. I thought the occasion was peculiarly sweet and impressive. These dear Friends have been for some time kindly taken about and cared for by L. H. B., of Little Britain. It was worthy of note, that those who were not members soon left the grounds at the close of the first meeting, and that few members left the meeting until it ended. In the business meeting, on the women's side, there were the usual routine matters, an earnest address from a young woman to mothers, and the reading of a portion of the "Extracts" of our late Yearly Meeting.

D. thought the men's meeting unusually interesting. After reading the "Extracts," the clerk noted on the minutes the decision of the Yearly Meeting, that there was nothing in the Discipline to prevent the appointment of women on the Representative Committee. A Friend then alluded to the rise of the Society of Friends; how, in a day of much outward profession and superficial religion, they felt constrained to bear testimony to the great truth that there is an immediate revelation of the will of God to the soul of man; that out of this grew the testimony to the spiritual equality of woman; against war, oppression and other evils, and called the attention of all present to the importance of maintaining the organization by an attendance of meetings. Another Friend compared the outward government of our Society to the laws given to the Israelites, by obedience to which they were prepared to come into a higher dispensation; while a third Friend appealed to the experience of those present, that the mingling of spirit with those engaged in public worship, with the mind directed to the Source of all good, was promotive of spiritual strength, enabling us the better to bear up against the trials and sorrows incident to this life.

In allusion to the remark that we recognize the Master of assemblies as the head of the Church, and that men and women are one in Christ, a young Friend said he thought the opening minutes of their meetings should state the fact that it was a "men's" meeting, in the same way as women express that theirs is a "women's" meeting. Another hoped the time would come when this equality would be so fully recognized that there would no longer be the necessity for a separation in business meetings.

The subject of Agricultural Fairs was introduced, as a religious concern, by a Friend who has felt restrained from attending them in consequence of the horse-racing which is so generally practiced on these occasions. In the same connection he mentioned the use of tobacco, and expressed his belief that both these practices tended to raise into ascendency the animal nature, and in the same proportion to check the growth of the spiritual. Several united with this concern who had for the same reasons felt restrained from attending these exhibitions, while not disapproving of their legitimate objects. It was stated by a Friend that the Representative Committee of the "Orthodox" branch of the Society has published a tract on this subject, copies of which he had procured at the office in Philadelphia, and circulated gratuitously.

Our social mingling, both before and after the meeting, was sweet and pleasant. The satisfaction of these occasions is to my mind always heightened when I observe a care on the part of our kind friends not to make them seasons of *feasting;* where the necessary refreshment is simple, mostly prepared the day before, and easily partaken of. Surely the interest attaching to such opportunities should be from elevated social converse, and the necessary attention to the animal wants should interrupt it as little as possible. When I think of the elaborate preparations for the table that used to be thought necessary at Yearly and Quarterly meetings, the contrast with our present more simple arrangements (though there is still room for improvement) is very striking. I have often wondered how it was that, while a flower or a gay-colored ribbon called forth exercise and admonition, the provision for the table, however profuse

and varied, tempting as it did to over-indulgence in eating, seems to have escaped rebuke, and yet perhaps neither the flower nor the ribbon was so calculated to *clog* the spirit. I do long for the time when the principles we profess shall not only regulate our attire, making us superior to the caprice of fashion, but when they shall be carried out into every department of life; when the *body* shall be reverenced as the temple of the Holy Spirit, and when a transgression of its known laws shall be regarded as a defilement of that temple.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 8 1874

REMOVAL.—The office of *Friends' Intelligencer* will be removed, before our next issue, to the store of Friends' Book Association, No. 706 Arch street.

We deem this a suitable occasion to call the attention of our readers to the starting of an enterprise which has long been contemplated by many Friends.

"Friends' Book Association" is designed to furnish an establishment, centrally located, where the publications of the Society and the various First-day school books, etc., can be found or procured on order. The sale of school books and general literature of a solid character, will be included in the plan, and it is also intended to furnish a central headquarters for the accommodation of Friends. We trust that this portion of the plan may not be lost sight of by those having the management of the affairs of the Association, as a place of meeting, especially for Friends from the country, would be greatly appreciated.

The difficulty in the way of the establishment of such an enterprise, has been a financial one. It is not believed that the sale of Friendly literature alone would be sufficient to meet the expenses of a suitable store in a central locality; therefore, in connection with the sale of books, the Association proposes to keep on hand a general assortment of stationery, blank books, etc., and we hope that Friends will do what they can to increase the sales, and thereby render the establishment a success.

The store will be under the management of Walton & Co. John Comly, who will continue, as now, to publish the *Intelligencer*, is also in the employ of the Association.

Believing that this is an undertaking that is likely to supply a long-needed want in our Society, we commend it to the attention of our readers and Friends generally.

TRAVELLING FRIENDS.—There is generally such a cordial greeting extended towards Friends who visit small meetings and mingle with those who live in isolated places, that it is often a question whether more might not be undertaken in this particular, than has been attempted of late years.

To "strengthen the brethren," and encourage in every good word and work has been a requirement of the Church since the days of the apostles, and doubtless was the practice ages before their time. We know that concerned Friends, in the earlier existence of our Society, exposed themselves to many hardships in this service; and the interest that attaches to the journals of many of these fathers and mothers, is largely due to the records of the self-sacrificing journeys they made for this purpose.

How the heart thrills with generous emotions as we read of swollen rivers, forded at great personal risk, of encounters with highwaymen, of storms and perils by sea and land, told in the quaint, earnest way of a century ago, with all the flavor of romance about them!

Now, the ease with which the remotest sections can be reached, and the speed at which we travel, make a trip of many hundred miles an occasion of pleasure; there is, in fact, no sacrifice of personal comfort, and little risk. Compared with the number who pass and repass over all our steam thoroughfares, there is actually less chance of individual injury than in the days when sailing vessels and stage coaches offered the only means of public conveyance.

And people now-a-days so universally travel, that there ought to be no locality unvisited where even the "two or three" Friends may be found. Yet we do know that here and there all over our country many sit apart and alone, craving the visitations of love from ministers and the concerned Friends,

feeling little unity with those among whom their lot is cast, and longing with unsatisfied desires for the hearing of the spoken Word in the language in which they were reared, yet rarely enjoying the privilege.

The heartfelt welcome that is extended to any one having the name of Friend who is led to seek out and sit down with such in their little meetings, is an evidence of their earnestness in this matter, and if there is a willingness on the part of the visitor to give utterance to the feelings of spiritual union and communion enjoyed at these seasons, with what thankfulness even the crumbs are received!

It were well if Friends in looking about them for suitable places to spend a few days or weeks of summer leisure, would take into consideration the wants of many of our small and isolated meetings, and make an effort, or a sacrifice if need be, to carry to these the words of cheer and sympathy. It may be but little that is handed forth, and that little may come through *unacknowledged* channels, yet, if it is accompanied by the Divine blessing, and is offered from a sense of requirement and spiritual need, it *will* accomplish that whereunto it is sent, and both they who give and they who receive will be made to rejoice together.

From a private letter we learn that there is a small meeting held a little way out of the town of Williamsport, in a private house. A visit to this place is thus described by our friend: "There were about twenty persons present, and all appeared to feel the importance of the occasion. It seemed required of me to encourage the little assembly to individual faithfulness, and the holding fast the profession of their faith without wavering. I trust I was in my right place in so doing. There seemed to be a precious covering over the meeting, under which, after sitting an hour, the opportunity was closed. In conversation afterwards, with a dear, tried sister, she told us that the meeting held in that place grew out of the faithfulness of one individual. One Friend was removed about the first of the year. Her loss is deeply felt, and the little meeting, of which she was one of the strongest supporters, scarcely knows how to get along without her.

"We had interviews with many of the members and others, who attended the meeting, but are not members. All, with one exception, believe that if a meeting-house could be built, or a building rented, and a First-day school opened, that there would grow up quite an interest among them. There are about thirty members and professors. Among these are several of Friendly origin, who have united with the Methodists, but are not satisfied, and would be very glad to cast in their lot with Friends, and help build up a meeting. The drawback is the pecuniary inability of nearly all; there being only one wealthy man among them, and business relations require him to be in Pittsburgh most of the time, which deprives them of much of the influence he could otherwise give. Though he is not a member, he has expressed himself as intending to ask to be received. His son, a boy about fifteen, has already become a member."

DIED.

KNIGHT.—On Sixth month 3d, 1874, at the residence of her mother, near Torresdale, Ellen T. Knight.

Summoned almost from perfect health, the season of preparing for the final separation was so brief that it seemed but as a quick flashing up of the flame of life and it had gone out forever, and void and darkness settled like a pall on the hearts of mother and sisters. Possessed of a kind heart, every call of the needy or sorrow-stricken found in her a ready friend and helper, while her cheerful, social disposition, made her highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. But for the aged mother, may the good Father grant a balm of healing, and enable her to realize that though her circle of dear ones is growing narrower and narrower *here*, it is widening in the land of brightest promise, whither our faltering steps are all hastening.

LEEDS.—At the residence of her mother, near Richmond, Indiana, Mary M. Leeds, wife of William Leeds, of New York, and daughter of Joanna P. and the late John M. Laws.

HOWELL.—At Pawnee Agency, Nebraska, on the 19th of Seventh month, Louis Sutton, son of George F. and Phoebe H. Howell, aged 7 months and 19 days.

HOLLINGSWORTH.—At his late residence, on the 8th of Seventh month, 1874, John Hollingsworth, in the 70th year of his age; a member of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, Harford County, Md.

WHITE.—At Eatontown, N. J., on the 9th of Seventh month, 1874, Joseph E. White, aged 75 years.

This dear Friend, although not a member of our religious Society, yet was in full accord with its principles and testimonies, and a regular attender of its meetings when circumstances permitted. He was, it may in truth be said, respected and beloved

by all who knew him, and during his long and painful illness, gave evidence of being in a state of preparation to meet the solemn change. His bereaved relatives have, therefore, the consolation to believe, that his spirit, purified through severe but patient suffering, has been mercifully admitted into companionship with "saints and angels, and with the spirits of the just made perfect," in that city that needeth "not the light of the sun nor of the moon, for the glory of the Lord and the Lamb is the light thereof."

PETTIT.—At Marlboro', Chester County, on Seventh month 3d, Ann, widow of Nathaniel Pettit, departed this life after a short and severe illness, in her 84th year.

In the death of this humble and earnest Christian, there is much to impress the hearts of those who knew her, for their advantage. Possessed with a calm nature, and deep convictions of right and duty, her life was like a pure and placid stream which flows onward to the great ocean, enriching the land through which its current glides. Endowed with a fertile mind, she found time, amid her toils and cares, to commune with numerous authors, a favorite one of which was Edward Young. Many of the rich truths in his "Night Thoughts" were stored in her memory, and served to brighten life's journey as she moved on in the even tenor of her way. Naturally somewhat reserved her life thoughts were more fully expressed in deeds. Many who knew her felt the genial influence of her loving spirit. She is not known to have had an enemy. Her removal occasions a void which is deeply felt, but the grief of her many friends is softened by the thought that she is now an inhabitant of the eternal city, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.

[A tribute to the memory of our beloved friend, W. M. Levick, appeared in the *Intelligencer* several weeks since, written by a member of the Society of Friends. Another, over the signature of John C. Mitchell, was published in *The Journal* of the 22d ult. This, originating from one who "differed from him in education and belief," is thought to possess especial interest, and its truthfulness can be vouched for by many.—Ed.]

WILLIAM M. LEVICK.

Eulogy of the dead is so common, and often so undeserved, that the sensitive mind shrinks from a public notice of the virtues of a departed friend. But there are occasions when men are taken away, about whose lives there has rested none of the glare and show which force recognition, but whose loss is felt and deplored by hundreds in the quiet and retired paths of life, trodden by the great majority of mankind, and their worth has been such that simple justice seems to demand more than the usual record of their departure. Such an occasion is presented in the death of William M. Levick. By birth, education and matured conviction, a member of the Society of Friends, how he lived in honest accord and consistency with his professions, and in unselfish usefulness, and the maintenance of good works, can be best vouched for by those of the same household of faith. Many who differed from him in education and belief, of whom the writer is one, delight to remember and bear witness to his remarkable freedom from bigotry, cant, and uncharitable constructions of other men's motives and opinins. He seemed to be imbued with that charity which thinketh no evil. As a member of the legal profession, and confining himself exclusively to office practice of that branch of the law having to do with real estate and the administration of estates, he wielded an influence, and was in the control and direction of interests to an extent totally unknown and undreamed of by numbers who met with him as the quiet, unobtrusive business man. He was not given to demonstrations of his influence and business, as the manner of some is. Indeed, he had in all respects to be known intimately to be understood and appreciated. Within the sacred enclosure of the family circle, where the real man is revealed, his death brings a sorrow with which the stranger may not intermeddle, and of which more than a mention here is out of place. Desolated homes abound on every hand, rendering this world a strand strewed with wrecks of human happiness and hopes. Another is added to the number. A husband and father, who, combined with these tender relations, those of brother, friend and genial companion to wife and children, whilst in the midst of his household and in cheerful, playful converse, is in an instant parted from them. To them, indeed, the sun seems to have gone down suddenly while it was yet mid-day. In a moment they have been numbered with the widows and the fatherless. A tide of human sympathy is setting towards them, and many are making mention of them in their prayers. At such a time, vain is the help of man. May the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, Who has in wisdom stricken them, bind up their broken hearts, give them strength for the burden He has cast upon them, lift up the light of His countenance upon them, and give them peace. Jno. C. Mitchell.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN HOLLAND.

No. 8.

Next to the Hague, in our proposed line of travel, lies the town of Leyden, one of the most ancient of the cities of Holland. In the city, now occupied by about 40,000 people, 100,000 found homes in the days of its greatest prosperity in the 17th century.

The thoughts on entering the quiet streets of this city revert to the terrible ordeal undergone by its inhabitants during the memorable five months' siege by the Spaniards in 1574. The people suffered great extremity from famine, and have commemorated their deliverance by a Dutch inscription over the entrance of the old Stadhuis, reading, literally translated, "When the black famine had brought to the death nearly 6,000 persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again as much as we could wish." The inscription is a chronogram, the capitals in Dutch recording the date, and the 131 letters the number of days during which the siege lasted.

The steadfast resolution of the heroic burgomaster, Van der Werf, who offered his own body for food to the despairing citizens, is commemorated by a painting by Van Bru, which now hangs in the Council Chamber.

On the stone pave in front of the Stadhuis we observed a circular arrangement of the blocks, which made a series of letters seeming to spell something. I tried to decipher, but could not, and we walked across the street to a book-store to ask an explanation. The proprietor could speak English, and seemed to be much pleased with our interest in the antiquities of Leyden. He told us that during the siege of the city by the Spaniards, a cannon ball, aimed at the Stadhuis, where the Council was then sitting, fell on the pave just in front. The pious fathers of the city caused the spot to be thus marked; and the words mean, "Nothing happens without the will of God."

We also made a pilgrimage to the Burcht or Burg, a circular castle like edifice of brick, on a mound in the middle of Leyden. The steep slope of the miniature mountain is now adorned with trees and clothed with grass, and a pleasant winding pathway leads up to the open portal. A city of refuge in times of dire extremity, this must have been a castle of Drusius, says our guide-book, and we can imagine the defenders upon the lofty ramparts with their rude weapons, doing battle for the defence of helpless ones sheltered within. From the top of the wall we get an extensive view of the country as far away as the Dunes, and except that all the appliances of warfare are wanting, we might imagine ourselves keeping watch and ward over the historic town to-day from this ancient eagle's nest.

But Leyden has a better defence against danger than arsenals and forts. Her excellent university, where the youth of Holland are instructed in the principles of true civilization, is one of the best defences of a free people. The tradition is, that William the Silent, after the siege of 1574, offered to reward the citizens for their faithful endurance, by exempting them from taxation for a certain number of years, or by the establishment of a university in their city. The university was chosen, and was accordingly founded in 1575. It soon acquired a great reputation, and many of the greatest scholars of their age resided and wrote their works here, or were professors at the university, and it still enjoys high repute, especially as a school of medicine and of natural science. The portraits of all the professors, from the earliest to the latest, deceased, adorn the hall of the Senatus, and the serious face of the founder, William, of Orange, looks down from over the mantle. It is a goodly assemblage of calm, noble heads, and we feel that this is indeed a venerable place. Neebuhr has said that, in his opinion, no locality in Europe is so memorable in the history of science as this hall.

The Natural History Museum is a noble collection, admirably arranged for reference and study, but so extensive that a visit of an hour is like a day in the British Museum, utterly inadequate to do it justice. I was specially interested in the cabinet of comparative anatomy, which is represented to be the best in the world. It must be of the highest value to students of medicine to have such beautiful preparations of portions of the vital apparatus, both of man and brute, for their instruction in the philosophy of the structure of the animal body. I cannot do any justice to the wonderful museum, and can only say that there seems to my inexperienced eyes absolutely nothing lacking which could add to its excellence as a means of instruction.

A short railway ride from Leyden brings us to Haarlem, memorable, also, for a terrible siege of seven months, in 1572–73, by the Spaniards. Ten thousand of the people perished, and thousands more were executed by the conquerors after the fall of the city.

Haarlem is the birth-place of Coster, one of the pioneers of the art of printing, and specimens of his earliest work are carefully preserved. A fine bronze statue of the printer adorns the market-place.

From Haarlem to Amsterdam we choose the very deliberate craft called the "Trekschuit," a passenger canal barge, once a kind of conveyance universally employed in Holland, but now almost entirely superseded by railways and steamers.

We wished to have a good look at the fertile plain which was once the basin of the Haarlem Meer, a lake eighteen miles long, nine miles broad and about fourteen feet deep. This lake was increasing in area and endangered the cities of Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden and Utrecht, and accordingly, in

1840, operations for draining it were begun, and completed in 1853, at a cost of 8,000,000 florins. The district drained now has a population of 7,294, and the same engines which pumped the water out of the Meer now serve to keep it dry.

We are informed that in the year 839 the mouth of the Rhine was completely obstructed by sand in consequence of a hurricane, and from that period to 1807 its waters formed a vast swamp, termed the Haarlem Meer. To help the river over the barrier a canal closed with huge gates was constructed. During high tide the gates are closed in order to exclude the sea water, which rises twelve feet on the outside while the level of the canal is much lower. Then at low tide the gates are opened and the accumulated river escapes, washing away the sand the sea hurls up continually. But sometimes the northeast wind will not permit the opening of the gates, as the tide does not fall enough to allow the river to flow into the sea. Accordingly there are great dykes at the entrance of the canal as well as on the seashore.

We are drawn along the canal to Halfweg, the halfway station, when we are requested to go on shore and find that we have to take a short walk to a higher level where another barge awaits us. Inquiring into the mystery of this arrangement, we find that here the waters of the River Ij (pronounced *ai*) are separated by strong lock-gates from the Haarlem Meer. If these were opened, the whole country for thirty miles round would be laid under water, and the water engineers have to watch carefully this vital point. The inspectors of canals reside here in an old chateau of the seventeenth century, to keep constantly in view the great danger, and to guard against it. The four heraldic swans upon the pillars of the gateway are appropriate emblems of the aquatic duties of the officials resident within.

Another barge is awaiting us after we have passed the chateau, and we step on board, while the horse trots onward in the tow path, hardly tightening the line which connects him with the boat. As we glide dreamily along, hearing nothing but the low rustle of the reeds which fringe the canal, Amsterdam, with its spires and towers and conspicuous windmills, comes into view, and we realize that we are about to enter a busy commercial city once more. It is a calm sunshiny afternoon, and the great wings of the countless mills are standing still as if asleep, and as we drive leisurely along the orderly streets to our destination (the Bible Hotel), and note the quaint and ancient houses which reflect themselves in broad and placid canals, and hear the bells peal out the hours in musical chimes, it seems all a dream. But we enter a very narrow street, the houses of which incline sensibly towards each other as if threatening to crush the big cab and its inmates, and in a few moments more pause before the portal of the "Bible." Quite a handsome house it is, with nothing specially antique in its appearance except the marvellously correct semblance of an ancient bible, with ponderous clasps, over the entrance. We are told that the building is 340 years old, and was once used as a printing house, hence its name. The Dutch furbish up and repair everything so faithfully that nothing has a chance to look venerable, but I believe, when they tell me, that in 1542 the first Dutch Protestant Bible was printed in this very house, and that the proprietor, Mr. Hardenburg, has the oldest existing copy in his possession.

During our stay in this house Mr. Hardenburg gave us an opportunity to inspect the quaint old volume, so interesting from the associations connected with it, and for the tragic fate of its author, who escaped with difficulty from the officers of the inquisition here in Amsterdam, only to suffer martyrdom later at Antwerp. The very numerous illustrations are a great curiosity, and must have cost the publisher much pains. From the dim mystery of the creation to the sublime vision of the Apocalypse, everything is boldly pictured.

This city lies just at the junction of the Amstel with an arm of the Zuyder Zee, called the Y (or Ij), and a broad semi-circular canal, concentric with four other large canals within the city, encloses its walls from the outer world. Within a circumference of nine miles there is a population of near 280,000. This would seem rather narrow limits for so numerous a people, but when it is remembered that the houses are all constructed on foundations of piles, and that the work of the builder below ground is as costly perhaps as that above, the wonder is that the city has gained its present proportions. Erasmus, of Rotterdam, is said to have declared jestingly that he knew a people who dwelt on the tops of trees like rooks, and behold! here we are dwelling with them for a little season in their almost submerged city on the tree tops. The canals of Amsterdam divide the city into ninety islands, which are connected by three hundred bridges. Perpetual vigilance and incessant labor are of course required to keep all the immense dams, dykes, canals and bridges safe and secure, and the expense is estimated at several thousand florins daily. If from any cause the people should relax from their defensive labors and allow any defect in their works, Amsterdam would be liable to be overwhelmed by the waters of the Zuyder Zee.

What shall we think of the industry, energy and wisdom of these independent and nobly self-reliant people?

The Amstel river which flows through the city is only nine feet deep, and the canals only three or four feet. The bottom is a very thick layer of mud, which is stirred up by every passing barge. The sluggish, almost stagnant waters would soon be choked by the various deposits of the crowded city did not the dredging machines work constantly to remove the mud, which is borne away immediately to the low lands, where it makes a most valuable fertilizer. The vast volume of water is also being constantly changed by the introduction of pure water from the Y through a shaft, and the removal of the contents of the canals by the pumping of the windmills, so that there is here far less uncleanness and offensive odor than in many cities which have the advantage of natural drainage and pure running waters. All the water for culinary and other household purposes is rain water, and that used for drinking is brought into Amsterdam by pipes from a reservoir, seven acres in area and twenty feet deep, situated in the Dunes, thirteen and a half miles from Amsterdam. This is very good drinking water. In exceptionably dry seasons water is brought by barges into the city from the little river Weesp, about nine miles from Amsterdam.

Continual painting, scrubbing, brightening and polishing is so much a feature of Holland that we cannot call it a peculiarity of Amsterdam. Even the canal barges are all neatly painted in bright colors, with a little gilding, and every part is kept so clean that they make a pleasant-looking sabbath rest for the bargemen, and in some cases, I think, for their families.

The connoisseur finds here one of the finest picture galleries in Holland, comprising many of the most interesting and valuable works of the Old Dutch School. The Rijks Museum was founded by King Louis Bonaparte, who resided in this city, and it has since been greatly increased by purchases, gifts and bequests. Here is the largest and greatest work of Rembrandt, the "Night Watch," very remarkable for the peculiar light, the richness of coloring, and the appearance of energetic movement, and the varied dramatic expression of the faces.

There are a number of other art collections in Amsterdam, which, with the exception of the Fodor Museum, we did not visit, though they are said to be very excellent. Ary Scheffer's "*Christus Consolator*" is the largest, and, perhaps, the most interesting of the Fodor collection. It illustrates the divine mission of Christ as the consoler, according to the prophecy of Isaiah.

"He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives."

The picture is full of tender and beautiful expression, though the face of Jesus is less striking than those of the mourners, who bring their burdens and sorrows to His feet.

One evening, after six o'clock, we took a walk through the Jewish quarter of the city. The Jews constitute one-tenth of the population, having fled to this city of refuge from various countries. The free exercise of their religious rites was accorded to them, and they are said to have regarded Amsterdam almost as a second Jerusalem. Their community is very wealthy, but one is surprised to find their quarter such an astonishing contrast to the Dutch cleanliness of the rest of the city. The streets were thronged with a squalid crowd of filthy people, begging, pushing, scolding, buying and selling, and there was a most unwholesome odor pervading the whole neighborhood. We pause in some uncertainty before an open passage which may lead out of the bewildering crowd, when a boy with an unmistakeable Jewish face politely inquires in broken English if we would not like to visit the Portuguese synagogue, to which this passage leads. We assent, and he courteously leads the way to the doorway of a massive building, where he tells us a service is about to be held. Officials, wearing antique hats, inquire if we are Israelites. "No," we reply, "we are Christians and strangers; may we have seats in the gallery?" But the wardens object to our taking the trouble to mount the stairs, and kindly assign us a central place among the brethren in the body of the synagogue. The great, massive, solemn-looking building is modelled, it is said, after the temple of Solomon; but, if so, the famous temple was not so specially glorious as we have always been led to believe. This synagogue is quite barren of ornament of any kind, and in the evening light seemed rather gloomy, until the priest arrived, the people gathered in and the service commenced. It was only a solemn, joyous chant in Hebrew, in which all the male part of the congregation joined very heartily, and seemed to enjoy. The singing of the little boys was very melodious, and had a beautiful effect as the voices seemed alternately to rise and fill the vast temple and then sink softly into silence. The women, as usual in the Jewish worship, sat in the high gallery, apart, and did not seem to be participants in the chanting, and a close lattice-work screen quite shielded them from recognition from below. In the pauses of the service a young man who sat behind

us took great care to explain the progress of the chanting. It was a service of rejoicing, he said, in which they returned thanks for the coming of the Sabbath. It was soon over, and we passed out with the retiring congregation, our friendly neighbor keeping very near, and inquiring if he should give us any assistance in finding our way back to the hotel. I was very much pleased with the friendly hospitality of these sons of Israel to the stranger within their gates—a pleasing contrast to what is to be observed sometimes in houses of Christian worship.

A steamboat trip to Zaandam, memorable as the place where Peter the Great worked as a ship carpenter, with a view to acquire a practical knowledge of the art, and impart it to his countrymen, and to Alkmaar, occupied one day very pleasantly and profitably. Zaandam is a little town of excessive cleanliness, of quaint costumes and of surprising curiosity. I fully believe the statement of Baedeker, that the enterprising Czar could remain here only about one week, being excessively annoyed by crowds of inquisitive idlers, but preferred to return to Amsterdam, where he could work unmolested in the building-yards of the East India Company.

Crowds of little, clean, smiling children clatter after us in their wooden shoes, evidently taking a strong interest in all our movements. They are not specially rude, but the open-mouthed curiosity is at first irritating; but they are so harmless and guileless that one soon ceases to mind them. I picked up one pretty little fellow, and he was delighted. His little, soft hand drew aside my veil, and a pair of bright eyes smiled down into mine. "Lopen! lopen!" (run! run!) was his polite request, and so I walked with him a little distance, much to his satisfaction. Then I handed him over to other hands which were held out to him, feeling strangely drawn to the little Dutchman who had been clinging so lovingly to me. They told us that he was an orphan, but neat clothing and spotless cleanness were evidences that he did not lack good care.

The hut of Czar Peter is carefully preserved. It is a rude, wooden structure, containing two rooms, and is now in a tottering condition; but Anna Paulowna, the late Queen of Holland, was a Russian princess, and she caused this building to be protected from further decay by enclosing it within a larger structure. The place has been visited by the descendants of the great Czar, who have left memorials of their visits. A marble slab over the chimney-piece, bearing the inscription, "Petro Magno-Alexander," was placed there by the Emperor Alexander, on the occasion of his visit to Zaandam in 1814. "Nothing is little to the great man," is another inscription, in Dutch, which seemed to me to be very appropriate. The life-size portrait of Peter, in the dress of a Dutch artisan, represents him in all the vigor of youth, and as having a rather noble physiognomy, full of energy and intellect.

From Zaandam we take the little Alkmaar steamer on the Zaan, and our voyage up the little canal like river is most interesting and picturesque. The banks are sprinkled with a succession of neat and trim houses, mostly painted green, and having bright-red roofs. Windmills without number there are, too, and their curiously grotesque appearance is heightened by the parti colored sails, one red and another white, in a black frame-work, with a glittering gilt centre-piece. A brisk wind is sweeping over the country, and the mills are all in action, making a curiously gay scene, such as I had never imagined before. The top of the windmill revolves, in order to accommodate itself to the passing breeze, and when we see the giants all looking in the same direction, and swinging their wing-like arms in seeming council, we can easily imagine ourselves in a land of grotesque monsters, who are energetically warning off their pigmy invaders. About one hour after quitting Zaandam, we leave the river, enter the Marker-Vaart (canal), traverse part of the Alkaarer Meer, and then enter the Northern Canal. To the right lies a polder, considerably below us, consisting chiefly of moor and bog, and we can see how Alkmaar found its name (all sea) from the lake and morass which formerly surrounded it. This town has little peculiarity to fix it in the memory of the traveller. There is Dutch cleanliness, as elsewhere; there is an ancient church, bereft of its "idols," in which is the tomb of Floris V, Count of Holland (1296), still covered with its original tombstone and coat of arms. In rather an obscure corner is a painting, by an unknown Dutch master (1504), representing the Seven Works of Mercy. In the first section the merciful are feeding the hungry; in the second, clothing the naked; third, giving drink to the thirsty; in the fourth, healing the sick; in the fifth, sheltering the wanderer; in the sixth, visiting the prisoner; and in the seventh, Mercy is represented, according to antique notions, as chastising the transgressor.

7th mo. 1st, 1874. S. R.

If any man is rich and powerful, he comes under that law of God by which the higher branches must take the burning of the sun, and shade those that are lower; by which the tall trees must protect the weak plants beneath them.

GROWING UP.

Oh to keep them still around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure,
"Mother's" smile their pleasures crowning, "mother's" kiss their sorrows' cure;
Oh to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls and radiant eyes,
Pattering feet and eager prattle—all young life's lost Paradise!

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that clung and clasped,
Little forms that, close enfolding, all of Love's best gifts were grasped;
Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round the winter hearth,
Bidding all the bright world echo with their fearless, careless mirth.

Oh to keep them; how they gladdened all the path from day to day;
What gay dreams we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they lay;
How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was hailed,
As each bark went floating seaward, love-bedecked and fancy-sailed!

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging hold,
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burgeon; lo! the shy, sweet buds unfold;
Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses, steals the maiden's bashful joy;
Fast the frank, bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than ours,
Those young hands will seize their weapons, build their castles, plant their flowers;
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we trained to see;
Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears the main;
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again;
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are rent;
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content. —*All The Year Round.*

THE INWARD LIGHT.

I have a little trembling light, which still
All tenderly I keep, and ever will.
I think it never wholly dies away;
But oft it seems as if it could not stay,
And I do strive to keep it if I may.

Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore aside:
Then closely to my breast my light I hide,
And for it make a tent of my two hands:
And though it scarce might on the lamp abide,
It soon recovers, and uprightly stands.

Sometimes it seems there is no flame at all;
I look quite close, because it is so small:
Then all for sorrow do I weep and sigh;
But some One seems to listen when I cry,
And the light burns up, and I know not why.

Sometimes I think,—"How could I live, what do,
Without my dear light?" then,—"Does each of you,
Dear friends" (I think), "a little light have too?"
But soon I tremble for my words, and sigh;
And it will be my secret till I die.

O God, O Father, hear Thy child who cries!
Who would not quench Thy flame; who would not dare
To let it dwindle in a sinful air;
Who inly feels how precious such a prize,
And yet, alas! is feeble, and not wise.

Oh hear, dear Father! for Thou know'st the need;
Thou know'st what awful height there is in Thee,
How very low I am: Oh do Thou feed
Thy light that it burn ever, and succeed
My life to deepest holiness to lead.

—*Henry S. Sutton.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR SEVENTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	11	13
Rain all or nearly all day	0	0
Cloudy, without storms	2	6
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	18	12
Total	31	31

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC	1873	1874
	Deg.	Deg.
Mean temperature of Seventh mo., per Penna. Hospital	79.46	78.48
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	96.05	94.00
Lowest do reached do do	62.00	64.00
RAIN during the month, do do	5.55 in.	2.75 in.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year	1,764	1,487

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Seventh month for the past 85 years	75.98
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1872	82 31
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	68.00

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1873	1874
	in.	in.
Totals for the first seven months of each year	29.28	24.22

From the above it will be seen the temperature of the Seventh month of the present year varies very little in any of its phases from that of last year, while it was two and one-half degrees *above* the average for the past *eighty-five years*. Not so, however, the *rain-fall*, only about one-half the quantity having fallen. We had not a single settled rainy day during the entire month, the nearest approach to it occurring on the 29th. In that instance the rain commenced the night previous, and we had a number of welcome showers, but this section of the country is still very dry.

Other localities of this wide extended domain have, however, had a surplus—witness Pittsburgh, Alleghany town, and some portions of the southern States. In the first two named the loss of life as well as property have been terrible.

On the last day of the month we clipped the following in reference thereto:

"The subscriptions to the relief fund at Pittsburgh have reached $30,000. The number of lives lost by the disaster, so far as known, is 133. The Pennsylvania Railroad have tendered the services of one hundred laborers to aid in clearing away the ruins. The streets and sewers were damaged to the extent of $50,000."

The decrease in the deaths as compared with last year is very gratifying, and bears a favorable contrast with New York as per the following published comparison, viz.:

"In New York for the week ending 25th inst., there were 873 deaths. In Philadelphia there were 453. Estimating the population of New York at 1,000,000, there was one death to about every 1,146 inhabitants. Estimating Philadelphia's population at 750,000, there was one to about every 1,656. The season ought to be an unusually healthy one everywhere, and it is so in Philadelphia. But in New York it is just the reverse, the mortality being greater than it was in the corresponding week of 1873, while it is less in Philadelphia, week ending 7th mo. 25."

Philada., Eighth mo. 1, 1874. J. M. ELLIS.

NOTICES.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

8th mo. 9, Gwynedd, Pa., at close of meeting.
" 9, Abington, Pa., " "
" 9, Burlington, N. J., " "

It is expected that interested Friends will be in attendance.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS

have been appointed within Western Quarter as follows:

Pennsgrove, 8th mo. 9, 3 P. M.
Avondale, " 23, 3½ "
Hornerville, 9th mo. 13, 3 "
Unionville, " 27, 3 "
Hockessin, 10th mo. 11, 3 "

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 9, Pennsgrove, Pa., 3 P. M.
" 9, Port Elizabeth, N. J., 3 P. M.
" 16, Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M.
" 16, Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
" 16, Catawissa, Pa, 3 P. M.
" 16, Cape May, N. J., 3 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING.

Circular Meeting Committee meets on 6th day, Eighth month 14th, at 4 P. M.

WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

MUTUAL AID.

Stated Meeting Seventh month 14th, 8 P. M.

ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

ITEMS.

ON THE evening of the 26th ult., a tremendous fall of rain at Pittsburgh flooded many streets and houses, and occasioned much loss of life. A morning paper of the 27th says:

"The floodgates of the heavens opened last night, and a vast volume of water was discharged upon the city. During the day heavy showers took place, but they proved only preparatory to the deluge which came down upon us between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. The rain was accompanied with vivid lightning, and for over an hour the rain fell fast and furious. The water came down in sheets which fairly glistened as the flashes of lightning fell upon them in quick succession. For half an hour there were no distinguishable drops as the term is generally understood. It was the descent of a torrent. In three minutes after this terrible waterspout had burst, more than one hundred human beings were swept away."

The United States signal observer at this point rejects the theory of a waterspout, and thinks that, owing to the peculiar geographical formation of this section of the country, a disaster could be caused at any time in those sections by what he terms extraordinary rain-falls He says there was no indication of a storm on Sunday night, except a slight change in the barometer. It appeared to come from the northwest, and passed over the city westward. The disasters in Chartier's Valley were perhaps half an hour later than those at Butcher's Run and Wood's Run.

A special despatch to the London *Times* from Vienna, on the 27th ult., giving an account of a similar storm in Moravia, says that the town of Azagra was overwhelmed by a torrent; sixty-four houses were demolished, and few of the inhabitants escaped with their lives. The railways were badly damaged in every direction.

[Moravia is a province of the Austrian empire, bounded by Galicia, Hungary, Austria, Bohemia and Silesia. It is almost surrounded by mountains, and lying, as it does, in the basin of the Danube, its storms are very destructive.—EDS. EVENING POST.]

A storm of great violence occurred also at Eureka, Nevada, on the 25th ult. "It had been raining with great violence from early in the morning until noon, when a cloud burst on a lofty range of mountains to the eastward, and a vast volume of water rushed down the cañon where the town is situated. The eastern part of the town was flooded in ten minutes. The people in this portion of the place were hemmed in; houses were torn from their foundations, and swept away with their occupants. The total loss of life it is believed will reach 25 or 30."

TELEGRAMS from St. Louis, Mo., and St. Paul, Minn., of 31st ult., state: Great quantities of grasshoppers have appeared in Western and Southwestern Kansas, and are destroying everything before them. Much damage and distress is apprehended. Grasshoppers are rapidly moving eastward in myriads, and will doubtless reach Wisconsin, perhaps Illinois, before the flying season is past. They are reported to-day very abundant at a number of points far east of the former scene of their activity. Even in this city several gardens are overrun with them. All the damage the late comers can now do is to deposit eggs, which will hatch out millions of devastating insects another year. It is now absolutely certain that other States than this will complain of the scourge next year, and if the clouds of insects continue their present movement, even Central and Eastern States will not escape.

A CHANGE in the postal rates to France took effect on the first of this month. For letters, per half ounce, or a fraction thereof, the charge will be nine cents, pre-payment optional. On newspapers, three cents each, if not exceeding four ounces in weight, with an additional rate of three cents for each additional weight of four ounces, or fraction thereof, pre-payment compulsory. Printed matter, samples, &c., will be taken at the rate of two cents for one ounce, four cents for two ounces, six cents for four ounces, and twelve cents for eight ounces, also compulsory.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 15, 1874. No. 25.

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SINGLE NUMBERS SIX CENTS.

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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GENESEE YEARLY MEETING.

We have received the Extracts of Genesee Yearly Meeting. From Men's Extracts we take the minute of exercises and the Indian report, as follows:

During the consideration of the several testimonies as represented by the queries, much exercise was felt, and salutary counsel was offered.

We were reminded that the maintenance of our religious meetings was synonymous with the maintenance of the Society, and were incited to more diligence in their attendance. While it was thought that even those who frequently absent themselves from them, still had a desire for the preservation of the Society, that they would be very unwilling to see the organization broken up; yet, unless there was more faithfulness on their part, our meetings must eventually go down. A deep feeling was expressed for the younger members, that they might be enabled to experience more of those heavenly influences, which flow into the heart from the performance of this obligation, when entered into with a devotional spirit, and the older members, the fathers, were particularly called on to evince by their faithfulness the benign effects on them, that they may draw the young minds around and to them, and thus strengthen them, that all may work together for the promotion of the great life work, the promotion and growth of the inner and higher life.

Our attention was called to the reflection that the concern of the older members for the continuation of the organization, was not because they expected to reap so much of the benefit of it, as they must soon pass away, but as they had experienced a preserving influence from their association with it, that it had aided them in fulfilling the duties of their life work, that from it they had found a strength to persevere in their devotion to their God; so they felt desirous that the same hallowed influence should be thrown around the young, that they too might also partake of the benefits in which the old are rejoicing. The young were counseled to be alive to their higher interests, that they might realize the true joys to be found therein, and then they would uphold the hands of their older brethren, and in this united labor all would be brought into a near unity in the bond of heavenly peace.

We were feelingly exhorted to remember the counsel of Jesus to "love your enemies," and to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness. It was shown us that as we cultivate this spirit and carried it out to the extent he indicated, that of not only forgiving seven times a day, but seventy and seven times, we would find no time to indulge in hardness or ill-will, because to maintain this condition of mind would require a constant watchfulness over

ourselves, and in this we should be preserved from magnifying our brother's fault, and the bond of unity would be kept unbroken.

It was also shown us that as we were faithfully engaged in our great life work, the salvation of our immortal souls, it would increase our love and confidence in God, and from this would flow out a love for our fellow-man, which would incite to seek their higher and best interests, irrespective of sect or class, and would irresistibly draw us to mingle with kindred spirits to offer worship and praise to the Great Supreme.

Those living where the meetings were small, were encouraged to be faithful in their attendance of them, for the good Master was there; and as they were concerned to experience the attainment of this state of preservation, they would find that as Divine love became the ruler of the heart, that where but the two or three are gathered He would be in their midst.

We were reminded that the great basis on which our religious edifice is to be reared as established by Jesus, was to "Love one another," and our early fathers discarded creeds and forms for this; it was the one cementing bond between them, and was the means through which they wielded so powerful an influence, and experience in this our day, shows that it alone sustains all that is good and pure. And we were counseled to examine and see whether we were building upon that basis, whether we were rearing a structure at once enduring, and of such beautiful proportions as to draw to us. If the fathers show that their lives are built upon such a basis, they will draw their children to them, and the same holy influence will extend over all, and a preservation will be witnessed from every thing like tale-bearing and detraction, and all will become as children of the family of God.

A deep concern was felt for a careful, guarded education of the children, and we were admonished to take more care in this respect, to seek to throw around them in their early years, while the mind is plastic and susceptible of impressions which shall be durable, such influences as shall induce them to love our principles, and make them their rule of action.

We have not been unmindful of our great testimonies against intemperance, war and a hireling or paid ministry, and although but few remarks were made respecting them, still a feeling was evident that there is a deep concern resting with us that they be faithfully maintained, and we are assured that as we make this Divine love the basis of our religious structure, and are engaged to closely watch over and against every thing which will tend to draw us from this foundation, we shall not only witness a preservation of our own higher life, but will then be qualified to bear and carry out these testimonies before men, to the honor and glory of our Heavenly Father.

WOMEN'S MEETING.

16th of the month and 3d of the week.

Summaries from the answers as they came from our Quarterly and Half Year Meetings, have been read and adopted, showing there are deficiencies and weaknesses existing amongst us as a religious Society, which caused much exercise of mind, and excellent counsel has been handed forth for our encouragement to persevere against the hindering things of time, remembering that King David said "a sacrifice that cost nothing I will not offer unto the Lord," but press forward and our labors would be blest. Much interest and feeling were manifested in reading the answers to the second query, remembering the importance of love and unity, as this is the badge of true discipleship. We were feelingly encouraged to be faithful in attending meetings, although we may have many difficulties to overcome in the performance of this important duty, being reminded that meetings thus attended are ofttimes the most precious seasons, wherein the presence of Him whom it should be our earnest endeavors to serve, is indeed felt to pervade our hearts, causing us to feel that one hour in His presence is worth a thousand spent elsewhere. One dear sister told us how she had prepared her dinner and then walked three or four miles to attend meeting; her husband and children not being members did not often go with her. She felt that a blessing had crowned her efforts in thus leaving her work for a short time, and believed others would likewise receive if they were faithful in the performance of that which their hands find to do, endeavoring to do it cheerfully, not considering it an unpleasant task to be found serving Him whom we should love with all our mind, might and strength.

We were encouraged to give up all and bow before His footstool; then, indeed, will we know of our wills being brought into subjection to the Divine mind; then shall we know hard things to be made easy, and a way cast up where there seemed to be no way, for with God all things are possible.

Report of the Committee on Indian Affairs to Genesee Yearly Meeting of Friends.

Your committee attended to the concerns entrusted to them as soon as was practicable, and instructed its sub-committee to arrange, care for, and carry out the necessary details,

and the following is a synopsis of its proceedings and the results:

Soon after our last Yearly Meeting we called the attention of the Clerk of the Executive Committee of the Six Yearly Meetings to the necessity of calling a joint convention of delegates from those Yearly Meetings, to consider the propriety of taking some action by which there might be a better understanding in regard to carrying out the pledge given the government, that we would send a committee to visit the Agencies at least once a year. For some reason unexplained to us, the original plan agreed upon in joint convention in 1870, to send a committee to visit all the Agencies on the same visit, had been neglected, and the larger Yearly Meetings had sent their committees to the particular Agencies under their care. In accordance with our request, and for the transaction of some other business, a convention was called to meet in Baltimore, in the Tenth month, at which this matter was fully discussed, and the conclusion arrived at are appended to this report.

The committee also took prompt action in endeavoring to secure the services of a suitable woman to teach the adult women the necessary art of housekeeping at their own homes, and to bring the subject of compensation of such a person before the proper authorities at Washington. On writing to the Agent of the Santee Agency, and requesting him to bring the matter before the Commissioner on Indian Affairs, he informed us that he had had a personal interview with him, had presented the subject to him, and he frankly admitted the necessity of the employment of such women, and thought there was work for two in that direction, and that he would use his influence to have an appropriation made to compensate them; but during the present session of Congress an effort has been made to retrench the expenses of carrying on the government, and we have not been able to get the appropriations made, but would recommend that should the Yearly Meeting see its way clear to appoint another committee, that that committee urge this matter upon Congress through the Central Executive Committee residing near Washington, as we feel confident that we shall ultimately be successful. The subject has claimed the attention of the other Yearly Meetings associated with us; and Baltimore Friends have a woman in that capacity among the Pawnees, and New York Friends are looking for one to go among the Winnebagoes. The success attending the labors of the Friend at the Pawnee, as well as the one sent by us to the Santee-Sioux, we think, will convince the government of the propriety of its compensating such employees as one of the most useful of its efforts in civilizing the Indians.

Before we had secured the services of a competent person for such a position, the small-pox broke out among the tribe in its most malignant form, so that out of 150 cases which occurred, there were some seventy deaths, and under these circumstances we did not deem it advisable or prudent to send any one there until a more healthy condition had been restored. We were also advised by the Agent to wait until we had sent a committee there the present spring, before sending any one to fill that position, that an arrangement might be perfected which would render her labors more effective; hence we did not forward any one until about the 1st of Fifth month, when Julia Kester was sent on, the Committee agreeing to pay her the amount appropriated by the Yearly Meeting last year.

During the early part of winter we were notified by the Agent that the Industrial School building was completed, and that an appropriation had been made for the last quarter of the present fiscal year ending 1st of Seventh month next, and requesting us to make arrangements to secure the necessary employees in accordance with a plan previously agreed upon by the Superintendent of the Northern Superintendency; the Agent of the Santees, and Friends of Ohio and Genesee, who were to consist of a matron, a nurse, a seamstress, a cook, a laundress and a steward.

The committee at once made use of the means within their reach, and secured the services of the matron, seamstress and steward, and we recently learn that Ohio Friends have engaged a cook. The Agent had secured the services of a nurse, who, however, withdrew her application; hence the position of nurse and laundress are as yet unfilled. For the particulars of the opening and the future prospects of the school, we would refer to the accompanying report of the visiting committee.

In accordance with the arrangement made by the joint convention held in Baltimore in the Tenth month last, the committee selected Charles W. aud Jane R. Searing to go to the Agency, examine the practical workings of affairs, give such advice as might seem to them to be necessary, and report, which report is hereunto appended.

Soon after our last Yearly Meeting, reports came to us reflecting unfavorably upon the conduct and efficiency of the Agent and some of the employees. The committee were called together in special session to consider what action it was best to take, at which meeting it was decided to refer the matter to Superin-

tendent Barclay White, with the charges and specifications, and request him to make a thorough and searching investigation. In compliance with our request, the Superintendent visited the Agency, examined the employees and other persons to whom we had been referred, under affirmation, and forwarded the testimony taken to the sub-committee, refraining from making any comments thereon, except to point out such legal bearings as were necessary to explain something complained of. The sub-committee carefully examined the testimony forwarded, and were unanimous in the opinion that the charges and complaints made were in every instance either unsustained by the evidence furnished, or were satisfactorily explained, thus vindicating and sustaining the integrity and efficiency of the Agent.

The Committee have paid from the general fund during the past year, the following sums, viz.:

For expenses of delegate to Baltimore.....$22 00
For proportion of expenses incurred by Central Executive Committee..... 28 86

Upon the abatement of the small-pox, the Agent informed us that they had been ordered to destroy the clothing of the infected, and there would be need of some second-hand clothing to prevent suffering among them during the winter. The sub-committee called the attention of Friends to the subject, and articles of clothing were collected and forwarded to the value of $215 at a low estimate.

In conclusion, we would say, that while our labors for the past year have occupied our attention more closely than during any previous year of our appointment, we feel much encouraged at the prospect opening before us, and would recommend that the Yearly Meeting continue its interest in the subject by the appointment of another committee, believing that we shall soon see more of the fruits of our efforts in behalf of these people.

Should the Yearly Meeting conclude to appoint another committee to continue its care and interest in the concern, we would recommend that the Yearly Meeting raise $150, and place at the disposal of the committee for incidental expenses.

BENJ. CHASE, *Clerk.*

Farmington, Sixth month 15th, 1874.

COMMUNICATION.

It is generally conceded that we are responsible to Him whom we call "our Father," and to ourselves, for the influence sent forth from our lives, our daily words and actions in the family, in the social circle, in the Church, and no less in the presentation of sentiments and feelings through the medium of tongue, pen and press. Hence exists one of the greatest necessities to be guarded on every hand, lest those influences be of a deleterious character or tendency. This thought was lately *afresh* suggested, by observing the continued frequent use of the term "devil" as *personifying evil,* giving the idea of a distinct evil agent empowered to wage war against the active principle of goodness implanted in the mind; an idea, to my apprehension, equal in falsity and absurdity to the Calvinist creed of election and reprobation, and well calculated to lead the youthful and unreflecting or unestablished mind into a labyrinth of perplexity. This was illustrated by the child who, having been instructed that the Supreme was the creator of all living beings, could do no other than regard HIM as the creator of the "devil." His curiosity was consequently awakened, as evidenced by this query to his parent: "What did God do with the devil while He made hell?" A very natural question; but what a gloomy involvement of the love, justice and mercy so manifest throughout the creation, and to no part of it more prominently than to man. I am aware that the Bible may be advanced as authority; but, besides the fact that metaphors are used throughout that volume, linguists inform us that there are many words, both in the Hebrew and Greek language, that have various significations, and as it is but human language, it seems desirable to avoid the perpetuity of erroneous ideas by adherance to words or phrases because of their being used by the ancients.

Indiana, Seventh month, 1874.

FENELON.

The following extract from a sketch of the life of Fénélon, by T. Upham, presents "a characteristic" so beautiful and excellent, so worthy an untiring effort to attain, I felt an almost irresistible impulse to transcribe it for the readers of the *Intelligencer,* with the hope it will act as a stimulus to all who, with myself, feel that they have fallen short of the "grace" portrayed therein. P.

It was one characteristic of this remarkable and pious man, that he bore the passions and faults of others with the greatest equanimity. This is an unostentatious, but an important grace. He was faithful without ceasing to be patient. Believing that the providence of God attaches to times as well as to things, and that there is a time for reproof as well as for every thing else,—a time which may properly be denominated *God's time,*—he waited calmly for the proper moment of speaking. Thus, keeping his own spirit in harmony with God, he was enabled to administer reproof and to utter the most unpleasant

truths without a betrayal of himself, and without giving offense to others.

"It is often," he said, "*our own imperfections which make us reprove the imperfections of others;* a sharp sighted self-love of our own, which cannot pardon the self-love of others. The passions of other men seem insupportable to him who is governed by his own. Divine charity makes great allowance for the weaknesses of others; bears with them and treats them with gentleness and condescension. It is never over hasty in its proceeding. The less we have of self-love the more easily we accommodate ourselves to the imperfections of others, in order to cure them patiently when the right season arrives for it. Imperfect virtue is apt to be sour, severe and implacable. Perfect virtue is meek, affable and compassionate. It thinks of nothing but doing good; bearing other's burdens. It is this principle of disinterestedness with regard to ourselves, and of compassion for others, which is the true bond of society."

It was a natural result of his principles, that he inculcated and practiced *religious* toleration. Without being indifferent to the principles and forms of religion, he had a deep conviction that the appropriate weapon of religion, in its defence and in its extension, is that of *love.*

SPURIOUS LIBERALITY.

Now, he is not broad and liberal who simply denies limitations; who imagines that by rejecting all authority and emptying his mind of all beliefs, he has advanced to a greater altitude of mental survey and knowledge. License to think as one pleases, and do as one pleases, may be advocated by people of the most limited intellectual range, may be carried out by those who are utterly incapable of comprehending the real breadth and measure of teachings, the restrictions of which they rebel against. A man may become indifferent to the right or wrong of opinion, careless of evil, tolerant of vice and wrong-doing, and yet all the while be as narrow minded as the world can show. Another man may have very decided convictions, be utterly hostile towards evil, and yet possess, in truth, a very broad and liberal spirit. Liberality and breadth consist in the comprehensiveness with which we study and measure a theme, and may exist as notably in discovering necessary conditions, as in realizing extent. They are manifested also in the charity with which the acts and utterances of others are judged, in the hospitable tolerance which, while adhering to our own convictions, we extend to the ideas and views of other people.—*Appleton's Journal*

From the Christian Examiner.

WORSHIP IN SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM BALL.

The subject of spiritual worship has been so often before us from our youth, that there may be some danger of its enforcement being regarded, in our day, as something between the trite and the obsolete. And yet it would seem lamentable if, while it was obtaining more thoughtfulness on the par of many, beyond our borders, it should come to occupy a place of less importance in our own view.

It is observable that very little is to be found in the New Testament in relation to the form of worship under the Gospel; but the nature of its substance is there made perfectly clear; especially in our Lord's memorable discourse at Jacob's well. They that worship God, must worship Him in Spirit and in truth. The Apostle Paul employs much the same expression, when he says, that the true Israel "worship God in the Spirit." Thus we are admonished that worship is between the soul and its God,—depending upon its individual exercise before Him, whether in the way of contrition, confession, petition, adoration or praise. But, leading on to these exercises, are those of meditation and self examination, the whole agreeing with, if not composing, spiritual worship. And, while these exercises are in the deep interior of the soul, it is found that there is strength in union when, in the devotional silence of the congregation, many souls are thus engaged, and that the blessing is multiplied accordingly. A living ministry —whether in the proclamation of the Gospel, in words to exhortation, edification and comfort, or in prayer and supplication in the Spirit with thanksgiving—harmonizes well with the mental frame of such a congregation, and is a favor to it. There is, then, the door of entrance, as well as the door of utterance.

Certainly, it appears a very inadequate view of the nature and requirements of worship in spirit to suppose that it consists in the hearing of the ear by listening to the services of our fellow-men, instead of in an engagement of the heart and mind in seeking after God; and humbly endeavoring through our Lord Jesus Christ to draw nigh unto Him, that we may know the blessedness of His drawing nigh unto us. Is not the language of the true worshipper very much that of the Psalmist, "I will hear what God the Lord, will speak." And therefore *that* would seem the best *form* of worship which affords the greatest facilities for its *substance,* by providing, as our meetings do, for that silent "waiting upon God" which, while favoring individual exercises, obtains the benefit of united worship in the public acknowledgment of God therein.

It is most important for us, that *possession* should accompany *profession* in this matter of worship. We scarcely know, when the time has been occupied in listening to others, whether we have worshipped ourselves. And, so far from its being quite the disadvantage that many now deem it is, to be without a frequent ministry, there is the advantage of our knowing all the better how we ourselves have been employed; and a further advantage that, as the upright in heart will not be easy to go from meeting just as they came to it, the inducement is strengthened, when we know that *our own* application to our Lord must bring the portion of the meeting—even to *labor* for the food convenient to us, that we go not empty away.

These are very elementary truths, and such as have been often repeated: but, from time to time, we must still give earnest heed to the things that we *have heard*, lest at any time we should let them slip. I have no wish to look on the discouraging side: discouragement is barren and unfruitful. But if, on the subject of worship, a process of assimilation to the views of others be once entered on, there would be a serious loss to the general Church, as well as to our own, in the surrender of our testimony. Common sense suggests vigilance as to the approach of a small body toward the sphere of a larger one's attraction. At present the Society of Friends has a certain amount of influence upon religious thought in other denominations; and, safely enough to *them*, there may be some symptoms on their part of assimilation; but, in the converse —the approach to them of our body—there would be not only the loss of its influence, but perhaps of its existence also; for the large body that disintegrates a small one in the contact, does not assimilate that which it destroys.

Many indications reach us, publicly and privately, that our views of worship and that "the preparations of the heart," for it must be "of the Lord," are more appreciated than formerly. In a recent and very interesting work ("Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Aug. J. C. Hare), I find at page 214, second volume, the gifted and devoted Maria Hare, thus writing to a Christian friend: "June 8, 1840. Will you let me tell you what of late I have found a benefit from? When kneeling down to pray, instead of beginning to speak immediately, if you would for a few minutes be quite *still*, and not attempt either to pray or think, but yield up your mind to God, striving only to keep out all worldly thoughts, it prepares the soul for the Holy Spirit to move on the waters; and I find that words are poured into my mind without effort of my own, and real prayer is more the result, though at best it is most feeble and wandering. And when your prayer is ended, then it is well to rest unmoved for a short time, that the influence may not pass away, but become abiding." Among ourselves, it may be comfortingly believed that much has been gained to us, of later time, through more healthful and Scriptural views on this great subject of prayer; but it is to be very earnestly desired that a reverent sense of the solemnity of thus "speaking words unto God" may never be lost in our Society, where it has been so prevalent. So long ago as the year 1830, the excellent Daniel Wilson (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta), who cannot be suspected of narrowness on the subject, said, in the Bible Society Committee, "there was got abroad and prevailing a sickly appetite for prayers and hymns, at public meetings;" and that he believed "those performances tended to lessen the good feelings they were designed to produce."

FOR DIRECT GUIDANCE.

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. I am Thy servant; give me understanding, that I may know Thy testimonies." Incline my heart to the words of Thy mouth. "Let Thy speech distil as the dew!"

The children of Israel once said to Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear; let not God speak with us, lest we die." I pray not in this manner; no, Lord, I pray not so; but, with the prophet Samuel, humbly and ardently entreat, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Let not Moses speak to me, nor any of the prophets; but speak Thou, O Lord God, the inspirer and enlightener of all the prophets; for Thou alone, without their intervention, canst perfectly instruct me; but without Thee, they can profit nothing.

Thy ministers can pronounce the words, but cannot impart the spirit; they may entertain the fancy with the charms of eloquence; but if Thou art silent they do not inflame the heart. They administer the letter, but Thou openest the sense; they utter the mystery, but Thou revealest its meaning; they publish Thy laws, but Thou conferrest the power of obedience; they point out the way to life, but Thou bestowest strength to walk in it; "they water, but Thou givest the increase;" their voice soundeth in the ear, but it is Thou that givest understanding to the heart. Therefore do Thou, O Lord, my God, Eternal Truth, speak to my soul, lest, being outwardly warned, but not inwardly quickened, I die, and be found unfruitful; lest the word heard and not obeyed, known and not loved, professed and not kept, turn to my condemnation. "Speak," therefore, "Lord, for Thy servant heareth"; "Thou"

only "hast the words of eternal life"! Oh speak, to the comfort of my soul, to the renovation of my nature, and to the eternal praise and glory of Thy own holy name!—*Thomas à Kempis.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We are told that "by all things we may be instructed," and I suppose the apostle testified truly; but great self-abnegation is needed before we can see and receive the teaching that is hidden in some of the trials that we meet with. May I speak to thee of my late experience? It will be a testimony to the invigorating and sustaining effects of a living Gospel ministry.

I went to our meeting on First-day last, feeling disheartened. My animal spirits were depressed by the weight of discouragements that had been accumulating from time to time, as accounts of afflictive occurrences again and again and again came to my ear—tidings of suffering from various causes, often plainly attributable to wrong-doing. Under this pressure, the dark side of the picture of life came into full view, and its shadow partially obscured the brightness of that hope which rested upon the declaration, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." But, as the meeting gathered, a soothing quiet passed over the troubled waters, and in a little while we had acceptable Gospel service offered by two Friends from other meetings. The feeling that covered the assembly under these communications, which were truly precious testimonies to the spirituality of our profession, had in it the balm of healing, and my faith was renewed in the immediate influence of the Divine Spirit, as able not only to quicken into newness of life, but also to preserve out of all wrong, and I saw, afresh, that whenever there was a failure in coming up to the standard of right, it was attributable to man having cast off this influence and taken into his own hands the reins of government.

Oh, that we were wise enough to accept the safe guidance that is mercifully offered us! How many bitter cups would then be untasted!

Thy letter was truly much appreciated by us. We have encouragement upon encouragement. It is a blessed privilege to be permitted to labor in the Lord's vineyard; the reward is plenteous. The language of my heart is, "*Father, keep me thy obedient child.*" I desire to be but as the clay in the hands of the potter.

I want to tell thee of a work that a young man in my employ and myself have engaged in. Last First day we felt it right for us to go into the drinking-saloons and cigar shops, and give each one we found there a tract, calling their attention to the great and "solemn thing it is to live." We went into some horrible places, spending the afternoon and evening in that way. Out of twelve hundred persons only two or three refused to accept the tract. We made it a point to go to each individual, even though he were drinking or under the influence of liquor, and we were much encouraged, for we felt that our Heavenly Father had been with us. We desire to go all over Philadelphia in this way on First-day afternoons and evenings. . . .

We are still prosecuting our work, with the addition of another helper. There was great rejoicing here when this last young man joined in the work, heart and hand. The Spirit of the Lord surely prompts to action. We have given away nearly eight thousand of those tracts I wrote thee of, and I think it will take twenty thousand to go all over Philadelphia. I paid $1.00 per thousand for the first. By getting ten thousand at once, the cost was reduced to $6.00 Last First-day we went from Broad street across to Tioga, then to a large place by Old Oaks Cemetery, thence into Germantown, and back by way of Nicetown, Rising Sun, &c., distributing eighteen hundred. We have been over Frankford, too, and found several very rough places.

I have taken my seat to fulfil a promise made thee some time ago in reference to the mission work in which myself and two young men in my employ have been engaged.

We were, from the 25th of First month to about the 1st of Seventh month, engaged in visiting the saloons and cigar stores in Philadelphia, and distributing tracts. We went out on First-day afternoons and evenings until they closed up the drinking-houses on that day; then we went in the afternoons and evenings, mostly on Fifth day evenings. We walked about five hundred miles in all. It took us, as nearly as we can come at it, one hundred and seventy hours, and we distributed nearly nineteen thousand tracts. As I told thee before, two of us commenced the work; our number was doubled in a few weeks; two new converts, receiving the spirit of adoption, were desirous of entering into this labor with us. One of these (they are both Methodists) was going home on a visit to his parents, in an adjoining town, and asked for tracts to take with him, which we readily gave, and he distributed them in all the drinking-saloons of the place. The other

one was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, but had been leading a wild life of drinking and profanity. After being in my employ for a while he became thoughtful, and is now an earnest Christian, and it seems as if it would be his "meat and drink" to do the Master's will. He, also, when about to make a visit to his former home, took tracts with him, and in those places where he had been in the habit of squandering his time and his money in dissipation he carried them, and felt it to be a privilege to distribute them there.

We feel that we were rightly called to go forth as we have, and that the seed that has been sown will not be permitted to entirely perish. We also feel that we have been the recipients of good from the work we have performed.

The way has been opened for us where there appeared to be none. We were enabled to go into the very worst dens of vice that can be found in this city, and that without harm. The *power* of *God* is truly *above all.* Places below ground, as well as the Continental and billiard saloons, in the second stories, were visited.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 15, 1874.

PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING convened in the Valley Meeting-house (where the Eighth month quarter is now held), on the 4th inst. The day was unusually fine and pleasant, and the gathering large, filling the entire body of the house and leaving but few vacant seats in the upper galleries. Every arrangement that could add to the comfort and refreshment of those who were there from a distance had been made by Valley Friends, and all received a cordial welcome.

Several ministering Friends travelling with minutes were present, and quite a number of others from neighboring Quarterly Meetings. The precious silence under which the meeting settled was soon broken by a member of our own Quarter. Several others from various places followed in quick succession. The meeting for worship was prolonged beyond the usual time, but appeared to be generally satisfactory, as the offerings were varied and adapted to the several needs of the assembly.

There was very little business in either Men's or Women's Meetings, and Friends were favored to transact what was brought before them in harmony and much tender feeling.

The select meeting held on Second-day afternoon was well attended.

Valley Friends were untiring in their attentions, and though many who were the recipients, felt that the influx of so large a number must be a burthen on the handful of members and others who entertained them, all was done so generously and the mingling in social intercourse gave such evident pleasure, that there were none who did not feel that "it was good to be there."

The meeting-house is built on elevated ground, affording an extended view of the beautiful valley that spreads out in all the wealth of field and meadow, under the highest cultivation; many of the farms have descended from father to son since the first settlement of the valley.

Looking out upon the charming prospect as it lay in the sunlight, the language of David was livingly brought to mind, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion."

TEACHERS.—As we look over our exchanges we are reminded that the closing exercises of the various Institutions of learning throughout the country have taken place. Diplomas and certificates of scholarship have been awarded the most successful students, not a few of whom are from the State Normal Schools and have Teachers' certificates.

The thorough intellectual training pursued in these Institutions, certainly entitles the student, who has had the ability to complete the course, to all the advantages that the knowledge thus obtained affords. Then the opportunity that is given the more advanced scholars, who are looking forward towards becoming teachers, for the exercise of any faculty they may possess for imparting instruction, is invaluable.

If the cultivation of the intellect and a knowledge of the best methods of teaching were all the essentials of a well qualified preceptor, then we might cherish a generous enthusiasm towards these young aspirants, and rejoice that our children are to fall into the hands of such capable persons.

But there is vastly more wanted to com-

plete the fitness, than scholarship and discipline, though these must ever remain essential qualifications and cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

We have need to ask of these schools and colleges, that, in giving Teachers' certificates, they see to it that there is a harmonious development of the whole character, so that the child, in its imitative and receptive nature, can look up to and pattern after its teacher. There has been in the past a lack in this respect among applicants, and school committees and boards of directors have been obliged oftentimes to put up with those of questionable fitness, because of their thorough scholastic attainments, and the ability they possessed to impart knowledge.

Now that education has taken a wider range, and the means of obtaining that careful training, so requisite in a Teacher, is open to all who desire to qualify themselves, there is a constantly increasing class to draw from, and committees have the matter more fully under control.

There is a certain undefinable delicacy and tenderness of manner towards the scholar, that inspires confidence and a respectful demeanor towards the teacher, and establishes a mutual regard and a courtesy that, if continued perseveringly, will react upon the roughest natures.

It is often said that "teaching is a gift." Surely these ennobling traits are special endowments that can neither be acquired nor assumed, they must inhere. It is no more in the power of learning to transform the cold, calculating, heartless man or woman into a warm, generous, sympathizing friend, than it is possible to blunt and destroy these finer sensibilities when they have once taken root in the soul.

The lives of too many have been so starved and blighted in the bud, that half their beauty and completeness have been marred, and not unfrequently a want of care in the selection of teachers has added to these results.

A very large proportion of those who constitute a school have little thought bestowed upon them at home; they are fed and clothed and left pretty much to their own instincts; if these are measurably good, the character develops into ordinary usefulness; if there is a tendency to self-indulgence and willfulness, the course is downward and demoralizing. It is of great importance to such children to have this home-want made up in the teacher. Under that intuitive perception that is indeed "a gift," and the seal of fitness, the want of parental training is recognized, and every suitable opportunity embraced to supplement it; the young heart thrills with responsive emotion, and the teacher at once becomes the model and an approving smile the incentive to honorable action.

The indulgence of over-fond parents fosters a spirit of indolence and insubordination in many children, while the coarseness and discomforts of many homes crush out the germs of better feeling. Lives thus wronged give small promise of future beauty and excellence; they have little to hope for except what they receive from the teachers into whose hands they fall; if these fail them, they are at the mercy of every uncontrolled appetite, every unrestrained passion, and, though they may acquire the whole circle of knowledge, are still destitute of the first elements of useful, happy living.

Too often those who apply for situations as teachers have grown up in homes where little attention has been given to the courtesies and amenities of social life. They are brilliant and are ready with quick response, and a self-possession that the more retiring and sensitive aspirant, though equally well instructed, and far better qualified by home culture, would give much to possess. The odds are in favor of the self-assured candidate, and it frequently happens that the one who is too conscientious to be just to self, and too generous to make a claim, is set aside and becomes discouraged. It is indeed a happy faculty to be able to see beyond the thin exterior and discern the pure gold of real worth and fitness in those who ask to be entrusted with the care of so priceless a jewel as the soul of a little child.

DIED.

PHIPPS.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Aaron Styer, Fifth month 12th, 1874, Susan W. Phipps, widow of Amos Phipps, in the 77th year of her age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

SHARPLESS —On the morning of the 13th of Seventh month, 1874, Sarah Ann, wife of Joel Sharpless, in the 51st year of her age; a member of Middletown Preparative Meeting.

She was subjected to two months of intense suffering from injuries received by a runaway accident. Her patient and calm endurance was an example to all. At times she expressed a wish that her Heavenly Father would take her to Himself, and when the end came she left behind her the blessed assurance of her acceptance.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN HOLLAND—CONCLUDED.

No. 9.

This little trip into North Holland is a very easy and pleasant day's recreation, giving a good opportunity to observe the peculiarities of this strange land, rescued from the grasp of the sea, and liable to be again overwhelmed whenever this patient and indomitable people relax their vigilance. Some sight seer in Holland has sung the praises of Broeck, calling it the cleanest town in the world; and others tell us of the island of Marken, where are to be found costumes, and people, and modes of living of the fashion of two hundred years ago. A screw steamer takes us to the little town of Schouw, whence the canal barge conveys us to Moneckendam-on-the-Zuyder Zee. We find no regular medium of communication with the strange islet, which lies just in sight out in the far horizon; but the fishermen's boats, which lie along the landing, are cleaner than many a palatial steamer, and they beckon us on board. We accept the invitation; and making known our wishes to the skipper, the sails are hoisted, and a good breeze wafts us quickly out into the peaceful, land-locked sea. A dream sea it seems, and yonder lies a dream island, surrounded with dykes and defended by a numerous fleet of fishing skiffs.

Quickly we touch the shores and land upon the strong dyke, and here we are among a people who seem to have stepped out of an old story book. Men, with strange, baggy breeches of the mediæval style, and women, in indescribably strange costumes of tight-fitting caps, hair combed straight down to the eyebrows, and their clipped-off gowns, with linsey skirts and bright-colored calico breast-plates, crowd around us, utterly unable to understand a word we say, though my friend addresses them in German, French, and in modified English, supposed to be adapted to their needs. One woman beckons us into her little cot, and we go in faith, wondering what she wants to show us. It is a poor, little fisherman's hovel, with only one room and a little loft, to be reached by a ladder; but oh, so clean and bright! Pieces of china are fastened up for ornament all around, and every utensil for cooking glitters as though kept purely for ornament. Our hostess gives us chairs, and then, from a high shelf, takes down a little book, which she opens with pride before us. It is an English lesson-book, and she is vigorously trying to master our difficult language without a teacher, and is glad to hear some one speak a little of the unknown tongue and pronounce some of the hard words. We deemed this only another illustration of Dutch perseverance. We take leave of our hostess, wishing to explore farther, and make our way to the little village which nestles down behind the dyke. As we pass by far the finest house in the town, we hear a cheerful hum of voices; and, glancing in at the window, find that here is the village school. We enter, and surprise the master and pupils in the midst of the recess, which they are enjoying in jubilant fashion. The teacher leaves his little playmates, and comes forward to welcome us, followed by the whole troop of children, whom he pushes back. But he knows no English, and refers us to the minister, who lives a few doors away. The teacher walks beside us, and the school clatter after us in their wooden shoes up to the pastor's door, which opens hospitably to receive us. We are welcomed into a pretty parlor; and the minister, a courteous, pleasant gentleman, with blue eyes and fair complexion, tries to understand our questionings. He tells us that he speaks only the Dutch, but can read German, English and French, and then brings a roll of paper, on which we hold a written conversation. He has read much of our country, and has relatives in America. He has read the novels of Fennimore Cooper, and the histories of Mr. Motley, and would like to visit the United States. He said, also, that the people around him in his island home, were kindly and honest, and were all instructed in reading and in writing. He then invited us to take dinner; and, as the day was far advanced, we accepted his hospitality, placing on the table the money which we would have paid at a hotel. This he declined, writing, "The ladies are my honorable guests, and I thank them for the friendly visit." But we explained that he might consider it our contribution in aid of the poor and afflicted among his people. It is a life of real privation, one would think, for a man who has mingled pleasantly with cultivated society in a Dutch university town, to be secluded in this treeless islet, sunk almost below the waves of the Zuyder Zee, and we took leave of the pastor with feelings of sympathy. The skipper who took us back to the main land, was a fine specimen of the inhabitants of this silent little world, which

els not the changes of time. Both himself d his boat were spotlessly clean, and his stume was such as we see represented in nglish and Dutch pictures of the latter part the Sixteenth century. His little son and ughter were part of the company, but de- ned any acquaintance with us, evidently garding us with fear. The little sun- owned maid shrank for protection close to e side of her father, who sheltered her ten- rly with one strong arm, while the other ered the bark. He took great pains to tell about their island home; of their good stor, Dominie Peeters; of the school-mas- , whom their children loved, and of their bbath rest, when wooden shoes and rough thing were laid aside, and they all put on eir comeliest things and gathered in the use of worship. Gold and silver orna- nts are much in use among them, and are d to be handed down from generation to neration. Large gold buttons fasten the an blue blouse of our skipper, and the little l had a chain and locket of silver on her ck. The women, in some parts of North lland, have a broad band of gold or silver, o or three inches wide, which fits the back rt of the head, and ends in some kind of nament, often a sort of spiral cone, just at e temples. This is worn over the close-fit- g, often embroidered, cap, and has a most tesque effect. It is sometimes seen in Dutch intings of rural life, and it is as universal ong some of these peasant people as if it re an article of real necessity. We seldom v any one, either man or woman, who was thout ear-rings of greater or less dimensions. It did not appear to eyes unprejudiced that e little town of Broeck was either more or s clean than other little towns of this riously cleanly country. It has been eatly extolled by those who have visited ne other of the villages of Holland—but en we consider that it is situated very low, most on a level with the water in the ditches, d that they have no spring water at all, ving to depend altogether upon rain water thout ice for drinking, it is rather surpris- g that it should be thought worth a visit at .

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

Quitting Amsterdam for Utrecht, we pass rough a very low district, some of which is hteen feet below the sea level. Every d smiles with fertility, and we pass a suc- sion of villas, summer houses and gardens, cing the last lingering looks at the plains Hollow-land before ascending to higher els in our proposed voyage up the Rhine. An hour's drive about the city of Utrecht, es opportunity for a glance at the beauti- ful environs, which afford such striking evi- dence of the prosperity and taste of the Dutch. The ancient ramparts have been converted into charming promenades, shaded with stately trees and bounded on all sides by flowing water; but the traveller desires rather to see historic ruins than neatly re- paired antiquities which have such a look of commonplace newness. The Dutch, in their zeal for cleanliness, have done some of the strangest things.

We did not go through the churches and cathedral at Utrecht, but in many Holland towns the terrible spirit of repair has taken possession of the people, and the venerable churches, inherited from their more poetic sires, have had the whole interiors *whitewashed*, and the elaborate and curious wood-carvings, rich with the stains of the ages, scoured with sand till they are almost as much blanched as the mighty pillars and arches, thus utterly extinguishing every trace of the mediæval grandeur which attracts admiring visitors to these spots.

From Utrecht to Arnheim we pass to higher lands and become conscious again that we are emerging from the Low Countries to the more elevated Rhine lands, so often visited and so warmly praised by tourists. The lands are often sandy and barren, and it is plainly to be seen why the inhabitants of this Guelderland were described by an old proverb as, "High in mood, poor in goods, sword in hand, such is the motto of Guelder- land." A barbaric people dwelling in these rugged and sterile places would be only too likely to win, "sword in hand," the riches of their more favored neighbors.

The fortified town of Arnheim lies on the south slope of the Velue range of hills, and is as clean, bright and prosperous as all the other cities of Holland. As in Utrecht, the fortifications are converted into promenades, making abundant and beautiful pleasure grounds for the people. We made a visit to the Sonsbeck, the estate of Baron von Heeck- eren. A beautiful wooded hill is made into a park and crowned with a tower called, The Belvidere, which commands an extensive view of the Low Countries, with the tortuous and languid Rhine, lingeringly seeking the sea.

It was a delightful experience, after our dreamy canal travel among the polders, to stand aloft once more and get a general view of the kindly land we were leaving behind. A dwelling-place of freedom and of law, a home of learning and of art, doubly won by this heroic people from the grasp of the Spanish bigot-king, and from the billows of the North Sea, one takes leave of it with feel- ings of the very highest respect. Forever-

more may the broad-headed, kindly-hearted Dutchman enjoy his well-earned fatherland.

Leaving Arnheim by the afternoon train, we reach Emmerich, the frontier town of Prussia, where our supply of florins and cents must be exchanged for thalers and silbergroschen of Prussia. This is one of the little troubles of travel, for it takes time to get familiar with the currency of a country, and to learn to judge intelligently of values. The imperial goverment of Germany has devised a new coinage on the decimal system, which will be a great improvement on the present system, and will correspond very nearly with the English money.

Dusseldorf looks very modern with its straight wide streets, and though it is a manufacturing and, commercial place of importance, there is an air of repose about it, which is not suggestive of traffic. We spent a morning rambling about the highways and byways of the city, visiting some of the rooms of the School of painting, which occupies one of the wings of the old Electoral Palace.

An afternoon in the galleries of Dusseldorf is well spent, we believe, though the chief treasures which once made this city a famous resort for students of art, have been taken to Munich.

An exhibition of the recent works of German artists was being held in the Tonhalle, and we enjoyed examining the various delineations of the scenes among which we had just been lingering—the cloud-flecked skies, the still waters and the tender green of the Holland landscape, enlivened by the inevitable wind-mill and the equally inevitable cattle and sheep which brouse in these tranquil scenes. The home scenes, in which the warm and tender feeling of family life in the Dutch Fatherland are so strikingly expressed, are also a delightful study, and our recent visit to some of the obscurer places which yet retain the strange costumes of other days, gave us ability to judge of their correctness. This city was the birth-place of the celebrated painter Cornelius, and one of the earliest works of this master, "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," is in the gallery at the Tonhalle. The bridegroom is just entering the door and is welcoming in with him, most graciously, the wise and provident ones who had been awaiting him with freshly trimmed lamps, while some of the careless, thoughtless maidens were vainly entreating the wise to share their oil with them; others were hurrying to buy of the merchant at a distance. But before they can get a supply and return, it is very plain that the heavenly bridegroom will be gone and the door will be shut. I was interested and amused to see that the artist had given the wise virgins the broad rosy physiognomy of the Germans, while the gracefu dark-eyed foolish sisters looked much lik vivacious French or Italians.

IN THE RHINELAND.

"The Rhine, leaving at last, regions whe its storied lapse through so many ages, has bee consecrated alike by nature and art, by poetr and eventful truth, flows reluctantly throug the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains int the open fields which extend to the Germa sea. After entering this vast meadow, th stream divides itself into two branches, b coming thus the two horned Rhine of Virgi and holds in these two arms the island Batavia."—*Motley's Dutch Republic.*

Our Rhine journey begins at Dusseldor Below that point the river is winding an rather uninteresting, and though the steame of the Netherland company do traverse th whole distance to Rotterdam, it seems bett to take the short, quick passage by rail thr far, though river travel is generally far pr ferable to the tourist seeking pleasure an refreshment. A pleasant little steamer tak us in three hours from Dusseldorf to Cologn and though the banks of the river are n elevated nor the scenery in any way strikin we did not find the voyage tedious. The cit of Cologne with its numerous towers and i ancient walls presents an imposing appea ance, but its area is only one and a quart square miles for its 129,233 inhabitants. Roman colony was planted here by Agri pina (mother of Nero), A. D. 50. The nam of the settlement was Colonia Claudia Agri pina, and it soon became the capital of Low Germany. The present Town Hall is believe to be upon the site of the Prætorium of th Roman colony.

Cologne was the seat of the first great Ha seatic Assembly, and in 1212 it became a fr city of the empire, and did homage to th archbishops of the districts only on conditio that these princes agreed to respect the privileges.

The great Cathedral (or Dom as it called) is said to be the most magnificer Gothic edifice in the world, and is grand prominent as we view the city from the rive It was begun in 1248, by the Archbisho Conrad of Hochstaden, and the vast wor progressed slowly until the commencement the sixteenth century, when it was complete abandoned, the tower having attained on two-fifths of the projected height. The la Kings of Prussia, Frederick William, Thir and Fourth, caused the great edifice to restored, and the work of building is no actively going on, five hundred men beir employed upon it. It is said that since 181 two millions of dollars have been expende

pon the great Cathedral, and it looks as if millions more would be required before the tructure is completed and the towers rise to he proposed height of more than 500 feet. The interior is 448 feet long and 249 broad, ncluding the transepts, and the choir is 149 eet high. I ascended to the choir gallery or a view of the upper and the lower depths f the church, and then onward and upward o the top of the central tower, whence a very xtensive and magnificent view of the Rhine alley is obtained. "How far do we see?" I sked the guide. "About 100 English miles n every direction," he replies, gravely; and y this astonishing statement I suppose he neant that the view was very extensive. To he south I saw the seven peaks, on one of which is situated the ancient castle of Drachenfels; and to the north, the level lands hrough which for a long distance the wandrings of the bewildered Rhine can be traced. We were much interested in examining the grotesque and most elaborate wood carvings which ornament the stalls. It is amazing hat it ever should have been thought suitable o decorate a temple for Divine worship with hideous grinning human faces, distorted in every imaginable way, and demons of all styles, and manifesting every evil passion which is popularly attributed to the powers of darkness. There are many tombs in the various Choir Chapels which purport to be he resting-places for the bones of mediæval Archbishops, and of the Magi or "Three Kings" which were brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople. They were afterwards taken to Milan, and in 1164 presented by Frederick Barbarossa to Archbishop Reiald, by whom they were removed to Cologne. It seems stupid not to be able to believe the mythical stories which make these cathedrals so interesting, but this we *can* see—that the art of staining glass was carried to great perfection in the 16th century; and that in the middle of the 13th century, when so many of he useful and beautiful arts of the present day were unknown, and the people of Europe are supposed to have been sunk in a ferocious barbarism, there were architects with genius o design this glorious building, and princes and prelates whose revenues were great enough to enable them to carry out these designs.

The voyage up the river from Cologne to Königswinter is not generally considered very interesting, but it certainly makes a delightful rest after six hours in a crowded city on a warm summer day. We take a last long look at the majestic Cathedral, the lofty bridge, and the many towers of Cologne as he boat bears us onward up the river, past he chateau of Bensberg (now a military school) on the left. On the right rises the Erdenburg, a hill surmounted by ruins of a wall, believed to be of ancient Germanic origin. Ruins of churches, castles and abbeys glide past us in the evening light, suggesting volumes of romantic and tragic legends in the dim past. These remnants of the dead ages link the present strangely with the dark days when warlike archbishops and robber knights built frowning strongholds on this historic river, and ruled by cruel force and not by righteous law, each over his little realm, owning but nominal allegiance to the German Emperor.

But the beautiful scenery, which has made this river famous over all other rivers of Europe, is not reached until the steamer nears Bonn, when the Seven Mountains loom up mightily on the right bank. We pass Bonn content to leave it unexplored in order to give a whole day to the picturesque mountains on the other side, and very soon our steamer touches the wharf at Königswinter. The sun is just going down in splendor behind us, and we immediately inquire what facilities there are for reaching the inn, which can be seen on the terrace above, just at the foot of the castle of Drachenfels. The lovely sunset, more richly tinted than ever painter could shadow forth, is already casting golden beams up the river, and we greatly desire to see it from the height above. One man suggests donkeys, but we sadly decline; another assures us that we can walk well enough, it is only half or three quarters of an hour's climb, but we believe that life is too short, and good people too scarce, for vital energy to be expended in such exercise, and so the third alternative, a comfortable carriage, is accepted, and we are soon on our way up the heights. To be among the hills again after many days' journeying in the land of canals, and threading the mazes of populous cities is a real delight. We pause again and again in the ascent to gaze once more down the smiling Rhine valley, over which night is falling. The road is shaded with a thick forest and it is only at a few points that it emerges, and we have a chance to make our carriage an observatory, and as we near our place of rest, the daylight quite dies away and nothing remains but a night's repose, well earned by a day's sight-seeing.

A fair, bright morning, a jubilant sunrise, the songs of countless birds, a soft, caressing breeze, all combined to make the awakening upon the Drachenfels a happy memory. The inn is built upon an artificial terrace, which looks out over the pleasant land from a height of upwards of nine hundred feet. A few minutes' walk along a smooth pathway brings us to the very summit, and we stand in the midst of the ruins of an old castle on the Rhine.

Here are only portions of the massive walls and the foundations of a tower remaining, but the view is of exceeding beauty and extent, including one of the noblest prospects on the Rhine, it is said. To the east are seen several of the Seven Peaks, to the south the basaltic heights of the Menderberg and the Hemmerich. Thirteen cities and towns are scattered along the river bank and beyond to the westward, and we see how correct are the lines of Byron:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine."

We had meant to take a morning look over the scene of enchantment, and then proceed on our journey; but so great is the charm that we linger all day at the Drachenfels, resting from travel, writing letters, and passing hour after hour on the airy heights beneath the shadow of the historic ruin.

We read that the castle on this rock was erected by Arnold, Archbishop of Cologne, at the beginning of the twelfth century, and that he bestowed it on the monastery at Bonn in 1149.

The steep slopes of the hill yield a wine known as Dragon's blood (Drachenblut), and the cavern among the vineyards, visible from the Rhine about halfway up the hill, is said to have been the dwelling-place of a dragon, slain by Sigfried, the hero from the Low Countries, who bathed in its blood, and became invulnerable. Even thus does fable entwine itself around undoubted fact, until the two become undistinguishable.

A little to the southward lies the small island of Rolandswerth, looking tranquil and beautiful with its ancient trees, and more ancient nunnery, which is now a girls' school. A pleasant retreat it looks, very well adapted to its present purpose. It is quite out of reach of the disturbing noises of mankind, yet just in sight of pleasant cities, ancient hills, vine-clad slopes, and of the wandering travellers who crowd the decks of the Rhine steamers.

Upon the hill on the opposite bank rises a solitary arch of the ruin of Rolandseck, said to have been built by Roland, paladin of Charlemagne, who fell at the battle of Roncesvalles. The story is that Roland, returning from a crusade, found that his affianced bride, despairing of seeing him again, had taken refuge in the cloister on the island at our feet, and that he built this tower that he might dwell here in solitude, and sometimes catch a glimpse of her as she passed to and fro to her devotions in the little chapel. When at length she died, it is related that Roland never spoke again, and soon slept the sleep of death, heart-broken. But how can we reconcile this legend with the fierce, unequal contest with the Saracen at Roncesvalles and the dread blast he blew with his dying breath, which have become so familiar to those who read the misty history of the days of Charlemagne?

But the day passes all too soon, and another morning finds us again upon the Rhine, taking long, last looks at the Seven Mountains, at the tranquil isle of Rolandswerth, and at the romantic tower of Roland. Soon they sink into the distance, and we speed onward in search of other heroes and other legends; but not with mythical stories must I weary the readers of the *Intelligencer*. It is enough to say that I found the river surpassingly beautiful, with lofty, vine-clad banks, all crowned with castles and towers. It reminds me of the Hudson, but has a far greater charm for me, because it is so associated in the imagination with the old heroic ages gone. We pass many points in our day's journey from Königswinter to Biebrich at which it would be delightful to pause and spend hours or days, even; but the summer grows warm, and we want to take refuge among the glaciers without much delay. To pause at Coblenz, and spend a little time in making a voyage up the blue Moselle, would be delightful, as that river has charming scenery, by some thought to be superior to the Rhine, but the cool mountains of Switzerland attract yet more powerfully.

Towards evening our steamer passes the Binger Loch, a rapid caused by the narrowness of the rocky channel. To widen the river at this point was the work of ages, from the days of Roman dominion down to 1830–32, when the last blasting was done. Just above these rapids rises the tower of Ehrenfels, erected about 1210. The entire hill of Rudesheimer Berg is covered with walls and arches, the careful preservation of which conveys an idea of the value of the vines which are thus secured in their perilous rocky heights. The tradition is that Charlemagne observed from his palace at Ingelheim that the snow always melted first on the Rudesheimer Berg, and therefore caused vines to be planted here. The labor of making this steep, rocky slope a place for grape culture seems prodigious indeed, and even the dressing the vines and the gathering of the fruit would seem perilous.

The little town of Bingen looks inviting, but we pass it by, and reach our destination, Biebrich, just as the evening shades begin to gather.

S. R.

Selected.

THE SICK CHILD.

Oh! I would like to rise, mother,
When the dew is on the flowers;
And to wander through the verdant fields,
In the sunbright morning hours.
I like to watch the hills, mother,
With their changing light and shade;
And the forest-trees, that wave aloft
Their dark boughs o'er the glade.

I like to see the sheep, mother,
And to hear their tinkling bells,
Whose silver sound it reaches far
Adown the rocky dells;
And I love the cooling breeze, mother,
And the sky's etherial blue;
The thin soft mists, and fleecy clouds,
Of varied form and hue.

Or, I would wander forth, mother,
Beneath the noontide ray;
I would rest me by the waterfall,
Amid the dashing spray;
I should hear the warbling birds, mother,
In the branches o'er my head;
And the nimble-footed hare to start
Forth from his heather bed.

And oh! I love to gaze, mother,
Upon the glowing West,
When the sun has veiled his burning brow,
And calmly sinks to rest;
And I would walk abroad, mother,
In the silence of the night,
When hill, and plain, and stream, and tree,
Are bathed in silver light.

But these are earthly joys, mother,
Yet they speak of things above;
And I see in Nature's varied scenes
A hand of power and love.
In the freshness of the morn, mother,
In the radiance of the noon,
In the stilluess of the twilight hour,
In night's pale and silent moon.

In the mountain's lofty peak, mother,
In the floweret's modest grace,
In each I view the hand of God;
Through all, His love I trace.
Oh! these are blissful thoughts, mother;
But I know more blissful still—
He has prepared a home in heaven
For those who do His will.

Should I never taste again, mother,
The joys I love so well;
Should I never rove the hill's smooth turf,
Or repose in the mossy dell;
There are joys more pure than these, mother,
There are pleasures all divine;—
When I pass away from earthly scenes,
Such pleasures may be mine.

Then oh! mourn not for me, mother,
Should health no more return;
You will raise your hopes above, beyond
The ashes of the urn.
I hear a warning voice, mother;
That voice is from on high;
It calleth me, in gentle tones,
To Immortality.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Hymns of Faith and Hope.*

PLANT FERTILIZATION.

A. S. Wilson, who sometime distinguished himself by proving that the seed of *Lolium temulentum*, or Darnel grass, was entirely harmless, though for many hundred years it had been charged with communicating a poisonous principle to wheat flour, contributes a very interesting article to the proceedings of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh (Feb-10th) on the fertilization of the grasses, in which he places beyond doubt the fact that in oats, wheat, rye and barley fertilization does take place before the flower opens. The process of fertilization, he says, may be accelerated by art; and the growth of the stamens, opening to the flower, and discharge of the pollen is one of the most beautiful phenomena in Nature, and can be readily seen by good eyes without the aid of the microscope. When the flower is mature, handling the grass spike causes the valves of the flower to open. He says he has seen eleven rye florets throw out their bright yellow anthers at one and the same time, by simply drawing the spike through the hand. Bringing a cut spike into a warm room has the same effect. The force used in opening is considerable. He has seen a floret from the common Darnel grass held apart from the rachis by a tension which counterbalances 110 grains. When the flower is ready for fertilization the stamens grow with tremendous rapidity. In a barley floret they grow so fast that if the growth was continued at the same rate for an hour, the stamens would be six inches long. As soon, however, as they have risen half way up the little green cups which constitute the flower, the anthers burst and the pollen is scattered in every direction. The whole article is extremely interesting. As "grass" is such an extensive idea and affords such a great number of species, many of which are unknown in England, our American observers may have a great field for discovery before them the present season, as it is not at all likely that the behaviour of any two species is, in respect to the manner of growth and fertilization, exactly the same.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 16, Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
" " Catawissa, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Whitemarsh, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Cape May, N. J., 3 P. M.

Friends in the city who may incline to attend the Whitemarsh Meeting, can take the North Pennsylvania Railroad, from Berks and American streets, at 2 P. M., for Fort Washington Station, which is near the meeting-house.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

This Meeting commences on 31st inst., and letters have been received cordially inviting any who feel interested in attending that or the First-day School Conference, held during that week (commencing on the evening of 31st) to do so. Those from the East, over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, stop at Wheeling; those by way of Pittsburgh, at Portland or Bridgeport. As Friends live some distance from these stations, early notice should be sent to Mercy J. Griffith, Mount Pleasant, Ohio, or Isaac T. Morris, Harrisville, Harrison County, Ohio. As it would be more pleasant for those from the East to go in company, such will please forward their names and addresses to the office of *Friends' Intelligencer*, 706 Arch street, as early as they can make convenient.

ITEMS.

Some specimens of English laces were shown at the South Kensington exhibition this year, the thread of which cost $800 per pound. Much of this thread had to be wasted, not being sufficently perfect. The threads of these and other laces are so attenuated that the slightest motion in the air foils the worker, and even when this is imperceptible a north wind has the same effect. So gossamer-like are some of the filaments that the separate threads are almost undistinguishable to the naked eye unless backed by color.

The new school law of California makes it obligatory upon parents to send their children to school at least two-thirds of the time between the ages of eight and fourteen. Parents and guardians failing to meet the requirements of the law, are liable to a fine of not less than twenty dollars.

Sir John Hawkshaw has received a commission from the Emperor of Brazil to proceed to his dominions for the purpose of surveying the extent of coast (about 5,000 miles) from Pernambuco to Campos, with a view of developing harbors and of mapping out such lines of railway as may be conducive to the extension of trade on the southeast coast of America.

Another Parliament has followed the good example afforded by the legislatures of Great Britain and of Italy, in reference to International Arbitration. A motion, similar to those of Mr. Henry Richard and Signor Mancini, has been introduced into the Swedish legislature at Stockholm, and carried by a majority. This affords another highly satisfactory illustration of the fact that the great work and object of the Peace Societies can no longer be stigmatized as mere Utopian dreams. Nothing is more practically real than the action of the great representative councils of nations. Wendell Phillips, the great American orator, once said of the Temperance Reform, "If you want it to attract attention and make progress, manage to bring it before the courts of law in some form, either by prosecutions of the chief agents of public demoralization, or otherwise. Then you will secure discussion and attention everywhere." The remark is still more applicable to the introduction of great reforms before national parliaments. The utmost degree of publicity and attention is thus secured. And even where the success of the desired object is not thus at once attained, yet it gains an amount of respect and influential examination, which, in the case of any intrinsically reasonable subject, cannot but be highly auxiliary and beneficial to its ultimate triumph.—*The Herald of Peace.*

The first Old Catholic synod, held at Bonn, seems to have accomplished some good work. The salvation of a person was pronounced to rest with himself; not to lie in the hands of a priest. The Jesuit practice of getting at secrets through the confessional was severely condemned The mere publishing of one's sins, and the forgiveness of a priest, were declared to be useless. As to fasting, the matter was left with the individual conscience, to be determined by personal and other circumstances. A desire was expressed to have the Church Service in the language of the people instead of Latin.—*Liberal Christian.*

An admirable plan is in preparation for extending the advantages of Vassar College to young women of high character and of the best natural abilities, to whom thorough academical culture would be invaluable, but who have not the means to obtain it. The details of the plan, we believe, are not finally determined upon; but they will be formed with a view of giving specific direction to the benevolence of persons inclined to help those who specially deserve help. The sum of about five thousand dollars would endow a single scholarship, to be called by such name as its founder shall choose, and to communicate its benefits through all coming time to such young women as may be selected for the purpose. American colleges have hitherto greatly neglected the matter of endowed scholarships, fellowships, etc., and this project at Vassar is a step in the right direction.—*Christian Union.*

Professor Tyndall has recently been making some experiments upon the "acoustic transparency of the atmosphere," or its power of transmitting sound under different conditions, and has been led to some curious and important results. The most remarkable one (and it was entirely unexpected) is this: that a cloud of vapor, uncondensed, and, therefore, entirely invisible, obstructs the transmission of sound incomparably more than a visible cloud of droplets formed by the condensation of the vapor. Thus, during a fog, the air is vastly more transparent to sound than just before its formation or immediately after its clearing up. While the fog lasts the water is in the form of minute drops, which do little mischief. Before and after, it is in the form of invisible vapor, and then powerfully obstructs the sonorous vibrations, sometimes, as in one case instanced, reflecting a portion of the sound so strongly as to produce a clear echo, seeming to come from mid-air without any perceptible cause. The clearness of the weather, therefore, is no indication of distance to which a sound can be heard. In fact, for various reasons, in cloudy weather sounds are, on the whole, likely to be heard the farthest.—*The Methodist.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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A memorial of Oblong Monthly Meeting concerning our beloved friend MARTHA IRISH, *deceased.*

She was the daughter of William and Mary Titus (members of the Society of Friends), and was born at Cornwall, Orange County, New York, the 4th of Second month, 1789.

Being trained by pious parents, as she grew in years she grew in grace, and when she reached womanhood she strove to exemplify those Christian testimonies professed by the Society of Friends.

So consistent were her early life and conversation, that she was successively appointed to fill the station of Clerk to the Preparative, Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, a service which she performed to quite advanced age.

In the year 1816 she entered into the marriage engagement with our friend David Irish, of Oblong Monthly Meeting, Quaker Hill, Duchess County, N. Y., at which place she continued to reside during the remainder of her long and useful life.

She viewed the selling and holding of human beings as slaves, to be very inconsistent, cruel and unjust, and a direct violation of the principles of Christianity.

When young she witnessed the sale of a number of slaves by public auction, and this circumstance undoubtedly strengthened her feelings of repugnance towards this iniquitous system.

In riper years she was many times led to question the propriety of paying the master for the product of his slave's labor, lest by so doing she might become a participator in his injustice.

Although, for a season, no way clearly opened for carrying these views into practical effect, yet subsequently her circumstances in this respect were changed, and she was enabled to bear an uncompromising practical protest against one man's claiming property in his fellow-man, by abstaining from the use of the product of the labor of slaves, and to this testimony she remained faithful to the end.

A few years after becoming a member of Oblong Monthly Meeting, she was appointed to the responsible station of Elder.

A fitness for this office, she believed, was only to be acquired by seeking the same Divine power and guidance, by which the true and faithful gospel minister is instructed and actuated. Such were her watchful care and concern in the discharge of this trust, that she was continued in it during the remainder of her life.

She several times filled the station of Overseer, and was frequently called to serve the Monthly Meeting in other capacities, in all of which she manifested a lively engagement for the preservation of harmony and good order in the Society, and for the maintenance of its discipline in the authority of truth. She

desired that offenders might be treated with in the persuasive language of restoring love, knowing that truth is stronger than error, and "love the fulfilling of the law."

When women were admitted, with the same privileges as men, to membership in the Rep resentative Committee by the Yearly Meeting of New York, it gave her much relief and satisfaction, as she believed that the proper exercise of talents promoted growth and use fulness no less in woman than in man.

While she was careful to guard against tale-bearing and detraction, she shrank not, on suitable occasions, from rebuking evil and injustice, even though they had the sanction of the civil law. One instance may be cited as follows:

She one day saw a girl sitting for a consid-erable time in a wagon near a store kept by a justice of the peace, who sold liquor. Inquiry being made of the girl what she was waiting for, she replied, for her father, who presently appeared from the store under the influence of liquor. Our faithful friend Martha soon went to the store (accompanied by her husband), not to purchase goods, but as a religious duty to deliver a heartfelt message. Finding none in but the Justice and his wife, the opportunity was favorable, and she laid before them in a clear, forcible, but calm manner the iniquity of thus furnishing liquor to such persons as he knew had lost the power of self-control. Thus it seemed to be her concern, when admonition and rebuke were called for, to place them where they justly belonged, and having performed her duty, to leave the issue in the hope that all would be well.

To her husband she was a loving and ever ready adviser, and helpmeet, and to all her acquaintance an excellent example of indus-try, economy and charity. To her children she was a most tender mother; in their younger years combining with this tenderness, a wise firmness and decision, that insured their respect and love.

She was especially watchful in guarding them against the vain customs and fashions of the world, and from violating any of our Christian testimonies. Although careful in training her children to practice industry and economy, she considered it an indispensable duty to habituate them to devote a portion of their time to the regular attendance of all our meetings. She was concerned not merely to preserve the form of religion, but to cultivate its power and efficacy in all who came within her influence.

She often expressed her regret at the ex-travagance and display which not only marks the manner of living at the present day, but is even exhibited at the interment of the dead. So great was her concern in this particular, that she requested that her own coffin might be made as plainly as possible—of pine.

Her desire to accept and submit cheerfully, no less to the cloudy days of life, than to those of bright sunshine as coming from a kind Father's hand, was often evinced by her re-marks in times of deep proving and trials, and the reverent recognition of her many blessings she at one time expressed, during a season of severe illness, by repeating these lines:

"A thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ,
And not the least, a cheerful heart
To taste those gifts with joy."

She was a remarkable admirer of the order and beauty of the visible creation, from which she derived lessons of deep instruction, recog-nizing therein the hand of Almighty Power.

She never had a very strong constitution, and though for the last seven or eight years of her life her health was quite delicate, still she continued as she had always been, re-markable for her perseverance in attending all our religious meetings. Only five days before her death she attended the Monthly Meeting held in the Valley, a distance of four and one half miles from her home.

Notwithstanding her great bodily infirmity, she remarked on her return, that she felt her-self none the worse for this effort.

Evidence of gradually increasing weakness soon appeared, upon which she calmly re-marked it was to be her last sickness.

She complained of no severe pain, but gave the most striking evidence of perfect resigna-tion. The day before her death she said to her husband, "We must part;" and a few hours previous to her close remarked, "she could see nothing in her way."

Retaining her senses perfectly, she quietly, at the age of 84 years, yielded up her spirit on the 22d of Second month, 1873, and, we believe "she is now an inhabitant of that city whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise." On the 25th of the same month her remains were taken to Oblong Meeting-house, where a solemn meeting was held, during which several testimonies were borne to the universality and efficacy of that Divine Power in which her trust had been placed, and the desire was expressed that survivors might be encouraged to profit by her example and be prepared to meet a like peaceful and glorious close.

On behalf of Oblong Monthly Meeting.

ELIHU WING, } *Clerks.*
MARY J. WING, }

PRAYER was not invented, it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DRESS.

I am pleased to find a public journal that has moral courage sufficient to speak out upon the extravagance of dress. The article headed "Worse than ever," attracted my attention. I feel as though it was time that Friends' should hold to their testimony against all superfluous dress, particularly in Friends' boarding-schools. I regret that the good seed sown by our dear departed ancestors should have fallen among the thorns and briars of the world, and thus suffered a loss that is now so widely felt. Many years ago, when I attended at Friends' "Nine Partners" boarding-school, how beautiful was the discipline, both in regard to dress and manners. There was no extravagance; all wore plain and simple attire; they studied the adornment of the mind! How changed! They are now allowed to use the plural you, and address each other as Miss and Master. It is hard to distinguish a Friends' school from that of the public.

I am an old-fashioned Quaker; I am bound to no sectarian party; am to no sect confined. My brethren are all mankind; I wish to exalt the good, let every ism fall. I was much pleased with the article published in the Second month's *Intelligencer* upon dress, and am pleased to see you are not weary in speaking against that extravagance. Those that are blessed with abundance should set the example that the less fortunate in this world's goods might be induced to follow. Human nature is weak; the youthful mind is easily drawn away to adorn the frail body to the injury of the health and unfitting them to become wives and mothers. I thank my Heavenly Father that I had dear, good Quaker parents; my dear mother would say to me, "none will ask thee, when thou art grown, what thou wore when young." I was brought up in plain dress. All my ancestors, to the third and fourth generations, were Friends. My mind is drawn out more particularly to the discipline in Friends' schools where the young mind is easily influenced and principles made lasting. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." A great responsibility rests upon the officers of schools. They take the place of parents; possibly more children are placed under their care at critical ages, just coming into woman and manhood, to be educated that they may become useful citizens. It seems to me it would be wise to have a uniform school-dress. No jewelry should be allowed, neither flowers nor feathers; a simple and convenient bonnet; long trains to dresses should be abandoned, and those unbecoming *camels'-backs*. What a deformity! I was much pleased with the epistle read at New York Yearly Meeting from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, which contained many valuable and treasured thoughts.

A READER OF YOUR VALUARLE PAPER.

Duchess county, N. Y.

To the Committee on Indian Affairs of Genesee and Ohio Yearly Meetings:

The undersigned, having been appointed by your sub-committee to visit the Santee Sioux Indian Agency, in Nebraska, "to examine the accounts of the Agent; see that the money placed at his disposal as well as other property has been properly applied and accounted for; to observe his general management of affairs; to inquire after each employé, with a view to finding out his or her fitness for the position they occupy, and the manner in which they have performed the duties confided to them; in a general manner to look after the workings of Friends at the Agency; to make such suggestions and render such advice as in their judgment will be for the benefit of the Indians, and the maintenance of the high trust confided to Friends in the oversight of a much-injured people," report as follows:

"In the early part of Fifth-month last we proceeded to fulfil our appointment, arriving on the reservation the 10th of the month, aud leaving the 21st. We went by the way of Omaha, spending nearly two days with Superintendent Barclay White, who received us very kindly, and appeared willing and anxious to give us all the information in his possession. With his assistance we went over some of the accounts of the Santee Agency, to show the manner in which they are kept, and he expressed entire satisfaction with the Agent, saying that at none of the Agencies in his charge were the affairs better or more economically managed.

"We have spoken, and shall continue to speak of the place where the Indians are located as their 'Reservation,' but it seems right, here to say that it is not, in a proper sense a reservation at all, not having been secured to them by treaty stipulations. The President withdrew it from entry and sale to white men, removing some who had already settled there, and located the Indians on the land. Should the President at any time withdraw his prohibition, all the land not already allotted to the Indians, could be taken up by white men. The land which has already been allotted to these Indians is secured to them on the records of the Land Office at Washington. There is not, perhaps, any likelihood that this will be done while the present Executive remains in power, but great efforts are being made by some of the people of

Nebraska to bring it about. Should they at any time succeed in inducing the President to withdraw the prohibition, the effect on the Indians would be disastrous.

"Even now the Agent, who is active and untiring in his efforts, has not succeeded in stopping entirely the sale of liquor to the Indians, and with unprincipled men settled on the reservation it would be impossible.

"We could not ascertain the exact number who have not applied for land but are entitled to it, but both the Agent and Farmer say it is small, and they give as a reason for not applying for it that they think of crossing the river into Dakota and taking up land there. Within the last three or four years about seventy families have done so, and are doing well, having become citizens, and many of them voting at the last election. The reservation lies on the south bank of the Missouri river, extending back an average distance of fifteen miles, and is twelve miles wide, making four whole townships and two fractional ones, and containing about 115,200 acres. The accompanying diagram of the reservation, prepared by George Truman, the farmer, will show the location of the Indians on their lands. The land on the river, suitable for cultivation, known as the 'Missouri Bottoms,' has all been allotted and is mostly very good, but in some places is rather sandy. Above this bottom land is what is called a bench, which is some twenty or thirty feet higher, and on which the Agency buildings and Mission houses are situated, and which extends back to the foot of the hills and is very fertile. The rest of the land suitable for cultivation is found in the valleys of the creeks which run through the reservation. The Bazille creek is the largest of these, coming from the south and falling into the Missouri river near the west line of the reservation, with a branch coming from the east. On this creek is the grist mill, about ten miles from the Agency, and here we found the best land and the best improved farms on the Agency. Much the largest part of the reservation is composed of what is called 'Missouri Bluffs,' high, steep hills, entirely unfit for cultivation, but good for pasturage, though destitute of wood and water. We have thus endeavored to show where and how the Indians are located, before describing the situation in which we found them.

"On arriving at the Agency, the Agent, Joseph Webster, and all the employés showed us the greatest kindness, and endeavored in every way to forward the object for which we had come. The Agent having sent the Government Interpreter to Omaha with some Indians, as witnesses to procure the indictment of persons who had been selling liquor on the reservation, to Indians, very kindly detailed Joseph Steer, the blacksmith of the Agency, and who was well acquainted with the Dakota language, and had been longer with the Indians than any other person there, to accompany us in visiting them. Until Friends had the control of the Agency, the Indians were all or nearly all collected in the immediate vicinity of the Agency buildings, depending altogether on the rations issued by the Government, and doing little or nothing on the land for their own support. Now they are settled over the reservation wherever there is wood and water, some of their settlements being as much as fifteen miles from the Agency. This makes the visiting of them a far more laborious but much pleasanter task.

"We first visited some of the houses in the immediate vicinity of the Agency, among others that of Iron Elk, one of their head men, and once considered to be a great orator, but now, owing to ill health and partial blindness, not taking an active part in their affairs. We endeavored to encourage them in having their children educated in the Government school and in the English language, and he expressed much satisfaction in having one established where they would be instructed in it, as the missionaries have heretofore taught them altogether in the Dakota language.

"The substance of what he said and also of what was said by Paul Abraham, a deacon in the Congregational church, whom we likewise visited, was taken down by Joseph Steer and is appended in this report. We visited the settlements up and down the Missouri from the Agency and those on Lost Creek, Cook's Creek, Bazille Creek and East Bazille, some houses on the latter as much as fifteen miles from the Agency.

"We found the Indians very generally, both men and women, planting corn, but mostly in small patches, some of them planting several of these.

"The small-pox last fall prevented them from plowing much then, and was a great discouragement, consequently there was not a great deal of wheat sown this spring; but the Agent and the Farmer both said, and we could see for ourselves, that they were trying to plant all the corn they could.

"The Commissioner of Indian Affairs visited the Agency last fall, and directed that the land which had been worked by the Government employés should be allotted among the Indians, which has been done accordingly, and they are now cultivating it.

"It seems hard work for them to break up their land in the first place, but when once broken they have no difficulty in working it, and it would be a great help to them could they have some more broken for them. The

Commissioner also told them at the expiration of the present year (30th of Sixth month) the Government would stop giving them any rations, but he promised them oxen, lumber-wagons, and harness for their ponies. He accordingly sent them at that time, forty-three wagons, fifty yoke of oxen, fifty cows, twenty sets of harness, and there has been distributed among them in all, about one hundred wagons, seventy-five yoke of oxen, and a number of sets of harness. These have been of great service to them to work their land, draw the materials for their fences (which before they had been obliged to carry on their backs), and take home their rations.

"It was the opinion of the Agent that the entire withdrawal of their rations would have a disastrous effect on the Indians, and might cause many of them to leave the reservation, although he approved of a reduction in the amount. He thought that pork, tobacco, soap, coffee, sugar and salt could be discontinued entirely, and that the rations of flour and meat might be reduced. On making these representations to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, he concluded to allow them something, but the amount was not known when we were there. At a council held with the Indians on the 18th of Fifth month, the Agent informed them of this, and they appeared much pleased to hear they were to be allowed something from the Government.

"The clothing which will be issued to them this year, will be in the piece instead of ready-made as heretofore. The estimated cost of the clothing asked for is $5,442.85. Last year the cost of clothing was $15,521.42. We attended the weekly issue of provisions, and the amount given to each Indian, great and small, was five pounds of beef, three pounds of flour, and one half pound of sugar; and nothing else was issued at that time, although in addition to these they previously had coffee, tobacco, soap and salt, which had been discontinued.

"While at the Agency we endeavored to make ourselves acquainted with the condition of the Indians there, visiting them in different parts of the reservation, at their houses. These are built of logs, with a board floor and what is called a dirt roof; this is made by covering the rafters with boards on which they put tarred sheathing paper, and covering the whole with eight or ten inches of dirt. The Indians put up the logs for themselves, and the Agent furnishes them with flooring, boards for the roof, and the doors and windows, also a bedstead, a cupboard and a cooking-stove. Some that we visited were neat, clean and comfortable, giving evidence of good housekeeping, while others were filthy and in much disorder. The men appeared to have adopted the usual kind of citizens' dress, while the women adhere to the blanket or shawl as a covering for the head.

"Several that we talked with expressed a wish to have their children educated in the Government school and in the English language, but this school has many adverse circumstances to encounter. Just before it was opened, thirteen or fourteen boys of a suitable age to attend it were taken from the Agency to the Mission school at the Yankton Agency, nearly fifty miles west, and among Indians said to be far less civilized than the Santee Sioux; still, if the Government supports the school, by making the necessary appropriation to carry it on, we have no doubt but it will succeed. It has the support and co operation of the Superintendent and the Agent. The matron in charge seems well fitted for the place, and active in her efforts for the benefit of the school. The position of laundress and nurse were unfilled, and that of cook only temporarily supplied when we were there. It had been recently opened, and the employés necessarily lacked experience, but there was a marked improvement in the pupils in the short time we stayed.

"The Government has put up a good building for the school, at an expense of nearly $8,000, and it seems unlikely that it will suffer it to fail for the want of the small appropriation necessary to carry it on; but at the last account they had had no notice that any had been made. The school is intended for forty pupils, twenty of each sex. At its opening there were present twelve boys and six girls. When we were there they numbered seven boys and eight girls, some of the boys having been taken out to assist in planting corn. It looks as if one of the greatest difficulties might be the unsteadiness of the attendance. Since our return we have been informed that the number of boys was again twelve, and the Agent thought there would be no difficulty in securing the whole number intended when they were fully prepared to receive them.

"Julia Kester, the young woman who went out with us as Village Matron, visited the Indians with us on the reservation, and when we left was ready to commence her duties. She had been provided with a house at the Agency, where the Indian women could come to her for instructions in sewing and the various branches of housekeeping, and by a letter received since we returned we learn that she has commenced visiting the Indians at their houses. There is a number of families that can be reached without difficulty by walking from the Agency, but there are many that are settled at various distances off, up to fifteen miles. These it would be impos-

sible for her to visit on foot or alone. and at the suggestion of Superintendent Barclay White, we requested Agent Webster, in his estimates for the coming year, to include a pony for her use and for the pay of an Indian woman who can speak the English language, and a pony for her to accompany the matron in her more distant visits. He promised to do so, but whether they will be granted he thought somewhat doubtful. If they should not be, her usefulness will be much impaired by the want of them. In visiting the Indians at their houses, we saw in many of them the benefit they had received from the labors of the former Matron, in the nice patchwork bed quilts and other evidences of good housekeeping. . . . . .

"George Truman, the farmer, has an arduous duty to perform, his business bringing him in close contact with the Indians, showing him their ignorance, indolence and unthriftiness. We think that both by example and precept, he and his son, John Truman, the assistant farmer, are endeavoring to better their condition in these respects. The carpenter, Wm. J. Phillips, has been detailed by the Agent as clerk, it being impossible for one person to perform all that is required of the Agent, there being no provision made for a clerk; this being sanctioned both by the Superintendent and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Charles Hill, the assistant carpenter, has three apprentices who have become quite skillful workmen, capable of doing any common job of carpentry. They were busily at work all the time we were there. Joseph H. Steer, the blacksmith, has been longer there than any other white person. He has two apprentices who are both good workmen, and capable of doing anything in that line that they are likely to be called upon to do. John A. Phillips, the miller, has one apprentice, who is competent to run the mill when everything is in order, but could not as yet take the charge of it. He is learning to dress the stones, and will probably before long be master of the business. The position of miller is an unpleasant one, the mill being ten miles or more from the other buildings on the Agency, making it very lonesome for him. Of the other employes on the Agency, aside from the school, Dr. Eagle, the physician, and James H. Baskin, the interpreter, we can only say their services are acceptable to the Agent. From all that we could see or learn at the Agency, we believe that the Agent and all the employes are working together in harmony for the good of the Indians.

"About one year ago the Superintendent received notice that the Northern Superintendency would be abolished, and to close up the business of the office, as the Agents who had reported to that office would be required to report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs direct. From some cause this order was revoked, and the office continued for another year.

"When we were at Omaha, the Indian appropriation bill was before Congress, and the item for the support of the Omaha superintendency had been stricken out. Whether it has been since restored we do not know. Should this superintendency be abolished it will be a question for the serious consideration of Friends whether they should not withdraw from the Santee Agency. The Santee Sioux are the only tribe of the great Sioux nation among whom Friends have an Agency. There has been for many years two missions established among them, who, although not in harmony between themselves, are not pleased with the position Friends hold on the Agency. Tne place of Indian Agent, always a vexatious one, would, under these circumstances, and unsupported by the superintendent, be a hard one. With this report we give an extract from the report of Agent Webster to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Ninth month 9th, 1873; also the monthly report of the same to the same for Fourth month, 1874, together with the reports of some of the employes for the same month.

"Since our return we have received from the farmer the report of the planting done in 5th month, from which it appears that the Indians have planted 416 acres of corn, 46 of potatoes and 36 of other vegetables. We were pleased to find that they kept up a Friends' meeting on first days, which we attended with satisfaction, nearly all belonging to the agency being present; it is held in the school room. The health of employes and Indians was good, but the small pox made fearful ravages among them last fall and winter; the number of cases were 151 and the deaths 73. By a census taken since the sickness it appears that the whole number of Indians is 834.

"All that are employed on the Agency expressed the belief, that an earlier visit of Friends would have prevented some of the misunderstandings which have arisen as well as have cemented us more closely in feeling.

"The total expense incurred by us in the performance of this service is $220.52.

"CHARLES W. SEARING.
JANE R SEARING."

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Abington Quarterly Meeting was held at Gwynedd on the 6th inst. The occasion was one worthy of remembrance on account of the harmony that prevailed. This spirit of harmony produced a feeling of great satisfac-

tion in the mind of the writer, and doubtless many, who were present, could testify to the same.

Our Friends, John Parrish, and Edith Webster and Elizabeth M. Matthews, with their companion, Levi K. Brown, were all present with minutes from their respective meetings. Some individual states were spoken to, and all were exhorted to keep upon the watch-tower, to "seek the Lord while He may be found," and to renew their covenants with Him. Samuel J. Levick laid before the meeting a concern to visit, on a religious account, New York and New England. The matter seemed a weighty one, a Friend remarking that "no Minister of our Society had obtained a minute to visit New England for more than fifty years." After earnest consideration his concern was very fully united with and a minute granted. Attention was called to the practice of coming late, and allusion was also made to the fact that each year we find some vacant places on assembling. After the usual routine of business, the meeting closed under a feeling of considerable solemnity. E. R.

Gwynedd, Eighth mo. 8th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

No. 36.

During the present month (*Seventh*), the following interesting letter has been received from one of our teachers in Charleston, S. C., which appears to be a summing up of the present entire season.

Accompanying the letter was the usual monthly report, by which it appears the school has decreased *only six* during the past month, while the average attendance has kept up *within four*. Nearly all the pupils *read*, and fifty-one are in *arithmetic*.

It will thus be seen that both teachers and pupils still maintain a commendable interest in the schools, and that their standard, in every respect, is higher than we usually find amongst the Freedmen.

J. M. E.

Phila., 7th mo., 1874.

Mt. Pleasant, 7th mo., 1874.

Jacob M. Ellis: Dear Friend,—With this month closes another school year. It has been marked by nothing of unusual occurrence, but has passed pleasantly and successfully as former years. As teachers, we have enjoyed unusual health, neither of the three having lost a single session of school through sickness (or from any cause). The money pressure has been felt here as elsewhere. The failure of the cotton crop last year left many of these planters on a small scale, with a debt, which they have had to struggle with this year in addition to their usual labor of planting. This makes some poor, and less able to spare their children. Others, who have been in a measure successful, in their greed for more, like many parents elsewhere as well as here, lose sight of the best interests of their children, and either detain them altogether, or send them irregularly.

Then, again, as a natural result of great ignorance, others think they have learning enough if they can read and write.

These are some of the difficulties we have to contend with, but in spite of them we have a well-attended school. It is divided into six classes. The highest, or advanced class, as we term it, are studying arithmetic (decimal fractions), physical geography, etymology and physiology. There are three pupils in this class, and two of them (girls) have walked ten miles a day during all the days and months it has taken for this advancement. The next, our first class, has numbered ten. These study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and etymology. The next class has three studies, while the others, except those in Primer, study reading, spelling and arithmetic.

So you will see we have quite classes enough to occupy our time very fully, and make us wish sometimes the sessions were longer.

The first of Third month we adopted the plan of forming a "*Roll of Honor*," upon which the names of those whose credit for attendance, deportment and scholarship came up to a certain standard each month, should appear. The standard was high, and but three have attained to it *every* month out of the first class and one out of the second.

Nothing but unavoidable absence has prevented the two girls of the advanced class from reaching the mark. Others have striven, and some have succeeded for one or two months, but these three have shown great perseverance and self-control in holding out to the end.

The industrial department has become a very marked feature of our school. The children have attained to considerable skill in basket-making and hat plaiting. A large number have plaited hats for themselves, which really do them and their teachers great credit.

Quite a number of our Northern friends have favored us with little visits during the winter and spring, which we have enjoyed greatly. We are only too glad to welcome all who feel interested in us or our work, to our "home by the sea."

While we feel thankful that we have been so favored with health, we cannot forget the affliction that has come to you and your

household. Our comfort at all such times is in the thought that these things are wisely ordered by Him who doeth all things well.

I must not forget to speak of our First-day school, of which we still have control, and which is composed mostly of our day school pupils. Here we have one hundred registered names, with an average of about seventy five. They always present themselves looking neat and clean, with smiling, happy faces, and we enjoy the hour spent with them very much, while we trust some good seed is being sown into their young hearts.

The industrial department will be carried on through this entire month, and as Cornelia will at all events remain, she will give instruction to those of the more advanced classes, who will avail themselves of her kindness, but of this she will probably speak herself.

I am going to send you a copy of our "Roll of Honor," with the names of those on it who have, each month, attained to the given standard. We regret that we did not think of it the first of the year.

With many thanks to all our friends for continued kindness and favors, I remain

Your friend,

ABBY D. MUNRO.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 22, 1874.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From the report of J. P. Wickersham, Superintendent, we gather some items that cannot fail to interest our readers. According to statistics furnished, there are 1,200,000 persons of proper age to attend school, in the State, of these, 900,000 attended school the past year. Over 75,000 children between the ages of ten and fifteen are employed in our various manufacturing and mining industries. At least one-half of these children receive no education, or none that is of much value to them.

There are some 1,000 or 1,500 pauper children, most of them very imperfectly educated and badly cared for in the several county poor-houses. J. P. W. states that, to his knowledge, "Lancaster is the only county that has attempted to make separate provision for the destitute, friendless little ones found within her borders. There are some thirty-five institutions in the State, bearing various names, whose work it is to gather in, instruct and care for, and as soon as possible find good homes for the destitute children of the respective sections of country in which they are located."

. . . . . .

"But this work of private benevolence still leaves undone much that ought to be done. A few are cared for while the many are left to curse society with their ignorance and crime. How is this sad state of affairs to be remedied? I have shown in former reports that a compulsory law fining and imprisoning parents, and others in charge of children, for not sending them to school, would not be enforced in this State, and if enforced could not cure the evil. Many of the neglected children are orphans; some of them are homeless; the parents and relatives of nearly all of them are too poor to furnish them fit clothing with which to attend school, or books to use if there, quite a large proportion indeed are dependent upon the earnings of their children for a livelihood; to collect fines from such parents would be impossible, and to imprison them would be to aggravate the evil. If a compulsory law would not bring our neglected children to school, what would do it? This:

"1. Pass a general law making it the duty of all parents, guardians and employers to see that all children under their control attend school for a certain number of months in the year, up to a certain age.

"2. Establish, by the combined aid of the State, county and private individuals, an institution in every county, or in several counties formed into a district for the purpose, a home for friendless children or an industrial school to be governed in its main features in the same way as such private institutions are now governed.

"3. Make it the duty of boards of school-directors, through competent agents, to see that the law in reference to attendance at school is obeyed; or if not, after proper notice and warning, let them exercise the power of taking the children away from those who neglect them and sending them to the county or district home or school, compelling the parents or others responsible for the neglect, if able to pay in whole or in part the necessary expense.

"This plan, in its main outlines, has been

previously presented in my reports. Much reflection on the subject has gone to confirm me in the opinion that it is the only plan that is feasible and sufficiently comprehensive to cover the whole field. The evil is scarcely felt in the thinly settled parts of the State; it is greatest in large cities and in populous counties. There let the remedy be first applied. The Home for the Friendless in the city of Lancaster, may be taken as a model. The State has made appropriations to it. The county gives it $5,000 a year, and the county officers visit and report with reference to its condition. Benevolent ladies and gentlemen freely bestow upon it the time and money necessary to make it a success. One thing only is wanted, and that is adequate power lodged in some safe hands in each school district of the county, to see that every child in the district either receives a certain amount of education, or is sent to the Home. One more move in Lancaster county, and the whole plan will be in operation. A number of other counties have taken preliminary steps looking in the same direction. The State should now take hold of the matter and convert these forming plans into regular systems."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE RHINELAND—CONTINUED.

No. 10.

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Where Nature, not too sombre or too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year."

Yes! we must take leave of the Rhine for a little season at Brebrich, though

"The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round."

It is a river of inexpressible charms, uniting as it does wildness and abrupt sublimity, to legendary and historic interest. As we glide past the crumbling towers on the giddy heights, scenes of stern conflict crowd upon the imagination and one is almost transferred for the moment to the weird dreamland of the past when feudal chiefs and fierce barons built their eagles' nests on the frowning cliffs.

"Behind these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will."

But around these relics of the dread barbaric past, is spread the beauty and beneficence of nature

"The fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
And wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art."

We wish to visit the city of Wiesbaden famed as long ago as the times of Pliny for its healing waters, and until recently the legalized resort of fashionable gamblers. Here we shall see the German people enjoying themselves in their own way during a summer holiday. The little territory of which Wiesbaden is the chief town, now a province of Prussia, was, until recently (3d of Tenth mo., 1866), the Duchy of Nassau. The town is pleasantly situated in the midst of fine scenery, and in every direction beyond the city the traveller is greeted by smiling valleys, rich orchards, flowery meadows and fields, vine-clad hills and wooded mountains.

Wiesbaden itself is not very elevated, being only 90 feet above the level of the Rhine and 377 feet above the sea, but to the northwest at a little distance, reached by an hour's drive, is the Platte, the site of a shooting lodge of the Duke of Nassau, which has an elevation of 1640 feet. These heights with that of the Wursel, 1890 feet, protect the town from the rough blasts of winter, and in consequence of this moderate elevation and sheltered situation, the place during the winter months is the refuge of thousands of foreigners. During the summer this finest of Rhine watering places counts between fifty and sixty thousand visitors.

If we attempt to enumerate the attractions of Wiesbaden I should say it is a well built, pleasant old town, improved and embellished in every way which can be devised. Gardens, forests, fountains, lake, libraries, reading-rooms, stores for the sale of every needful and every pretty thing heart could wish, and plenty of interesting and leisurely people resting at all hours in the charming resorts. They come most generally, I think, to enjoy the benefit of the baths, and to drink the warm saline water. The waters are believed to be beneficial in cases of rheumatism, gout and many other ailments.

One of their poets, literally translated, sings the praises of Wiesbaden thus:

"Hither they come from distant zones,
When spring approaches with her rosy tread,
And here meet those of every clime and folk,
Differing in customs, speech and mien
They come, they go throughout the summer tide
Nor can ye trace the sufferings washed away;
Nature laughs on, though with the wanderer's staff,
Thousands depart filled with deep gratitude."

A draught of the water from the boiling spring (Kochbrunnen) reminds one of weak chicken tea, having no disagreeable property whatever. It has a temperature of 147° Fahr., and bubbles up profusely in the midst of the city and is continually dispensed to visitors and patients by naiads in attendance.

A pleasant afternoon drive brings us to the Platte, where stands the unpretending but commodious house which is denominated the Duke's Hunting Box. The view from the top of this palace of sylvan sport is fine, and extends a long distance in every direction, and the horns of the many antlered victims of ducal heroes adorn the walls and form the furniture of the house. Everything is neat and orderly, and visitors are kindly admitted to the lodge and permitted to ascend to the lofty platform on the summit whence a noble view of the beautiful Rhine Gau is obtained, and of the valley of the Rhine as far as the Haardt Mountains.

About half way up the hill in the midst of lovely forest scenery stands the Greek Chapel erected by the Duke of Nassau as a Mausoleum for his first wife, the Duchess Elizabeth Michaelowna a Russian princess, who died 1845.

This rich building in the form of a Greek cross, is covered by a large and four smaller domes, all beautifully gilded, and glorious in the sunset light. The loftiest dome is surmounted by a Russian double cross 190 feet from the ground, and secured by gilded chains. The interior is entirely of marble, and a rich altar-screen, adorned with numerous figures of saints on a golden ground, a specimen of Russian art, separates the body of the chapel from the choir. A pentagonal recess on the north side contains the monument of the youthful Duchess, a beautiful work. The recumbent figure of white marble rests on a sarcophagus, at the sides of which are statuettes of the twelve apostles, and at the corners Faith, Hope, Charity and Immortality.

In this exquisite memorial temple, service according to the Greek ritual is held every week, to which the public is not admitted.

Seen from a little distance, the Chapel seems to look out from the dense, rich forest on the mountain like a beautiful oriental vision.

But there are cool, delicious lands among the Alps, and not even the inviting and cheerful scenes of Wiesbaden can compensate us for the debilitating fervors of July when we know that a few more hours travel can transport us to the coolness, verdure and fragrance of the May-times.

Our first movement on leaving Wiesbaden, on Seventh month 8th, is to Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city dating back to the time of Charlemagne, and still one of the most important places in Germany. But the excessive heat makes it undesirable to stay here long enough to do justice to this interesting place. An interval of forty-five minutes between the trains, enables us to walk immediately to the monument of Gutenberg, Faust and Schöffer, in the Ross market. It is a noble group, and is rich enough to repay a longer examination. Gutenberg is holding the types in his left hand, and seems to be earnestly explaining his ideas to his friends who stand on either side of him. On the frieze are portrait-heads of thirteen celebrated printers, with Caxton among them. Beneath are four niches containing the arms of the four towns where printing was first practiced —Mainz, Frankfort, Venice and Strassbourg. Theology, Poetry, Natural Science and Industry are appropriately represented by sculptures, and their distribution to the four quarters of the earth by the great invention, is symbolized by the heads of four animals which serve as water spouts. There is a beautiful monument of Goethe, erected in 1844, a little farther on in the Platz. The poet stands in colossal majesty on a pedestal, holding a laurel wreath in his left hand. On the pedestal are reliefs illustrative of the great poet's works. In front are represented Natural Science, Dramatic and Lyric poetry, and his leading literary works are beautifully illustrated on the other faces of the pedestal. Near the monument the house in which Goethe was born, bears an inscription recording his birth, August 28th, 1749. The arms over the door, consisting of three lyres placed obliquely and a star, were chosen by Goethe's father on his marriage, from their resemblance to a horse-shoe, the grandfather of the poet having been a farrier. Wonderfully appropriate did the curious armorial bearing prove. We can only glance hastily, and hurry back to the train which is to bear us onward the same evening to Heidelberg. The next morning we devote to an ascent of the castle-hill, from which we get an excellent general view of Heidelberg and its beautiful environs. It is the key to the mountainous valley of the Necker, which, below the town, opens into the plain of the Rhine. It was the capital of the Palatinate for nearly five centuries, when the seat of government was transferred by the Elector Manheim, owing to ecclesiastical difficulties with the Protestant citizens. As we look down from the lovely shaded mountain terrace on the picturesque city between its lofty hills, ornamented with the magnificent ruins of its great castle, we can feel the poetic charm with which the old historic city is invested. And now we descend to examine the castle which stands more than 300 feet above the river on the

wooded slope of the hill, a most interesting relic of the warlike ages gone by, when the Electors Palatine were among the powerful princes of Europe.

To the right, as we drive into the castle-yard, we see an antique fountain with granite columns, which, it is said, once adorned the palace of Charlemagne at Ingelheim. One is immediately struck with the magnificence of the ruin, the grandeur and beauty of which survives the most cruel ravages of war. It was founded, we are told, by Lewis, son in law of Rudolph of Hapsburg, about the close of the thirteenth century, was enriched by sculptures, and enlarged and strengthened by various princes through the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The great stronghold and palace was blown up by the French general Mélac, in 1689. This occurred during the reign and by the will of Louis XIV, and both the town and castle met with most cruel usage at the hands of the French in 1693. It was surrendered after little or no resistance, when the conquerors, with incredible barbarity, massacred the inhabitants, burned the city to ashes, and entirely dismantled the castle. A stroke of lightning in 1764 was another agency of destruction. The walls are of vast extent, and form, it is said, the most magnificent ruin in Germany. The towers, turrets, buttresses and balconies, the lofty gateways and fine old statues, and the spacious courts and grounds, have suggested for this splendid ruin the title of the Alhambra of Germany. Over fallen towers and crumbling walls a magnificent growth of ivy seems with a kind of tender pity to cover up the desolations of war and of time. We walked through the long vaulted passages under the castle, and our guide pointed out entrances to cruel dungeons which have long since been walled up, and one thought of the miseries endured in these gloomy depths quite reconciles one to the remorseless destruction of this stronghold of feudal tyranny. We remember the serious words which the Dutch have inscribed on the pavement of the Leyden, where the ball of the Spaniard struck harmlessly: "Nothing happens without the will of God."

Our guide drives us next to a curious looking old building, which he tells us is the oldest house in Heidelberg. It is just opposite a Gothic church of the fifteenth century, one end of which is used for Protestant, and the other for Catholic worship. We enter this old house to see if we can tell what charm preserved it when almost every other house in the city of any size was destroyed by fire in the devastation of 1693. The walls were of mighty thickness, the front wall being nearly six feet through, and the stairways were of solid stone. The caretaker conducted us up to a room in which were preserved some relics of the past. But we turn away from the gloomy antiquity of the inn, "Zum Ritter St. George," and ask to be driven to the University, where 800 students are receiving instruction. It is a great, large building, quite without ornament, said to have been erected in the fatal year of 1693, though the University was founded 1383 by the Elector Rupert I. The University buildings are supplemented by a library of 200,000 volumes, a botanic garden, a zoological museum and an extensive collection of minerals. One would expect great enlightenment among these young men of learned Germany who are enjoying such fine educational facilities. It is reasonable to suppose that they will stand in the very fore front of Christian civilization; but we learn that even now these students decide their differences at times by the absurd, barbaric duel. Even as we pass, a group of students loiter by, one of whom, at least, has an ugly sword cut on his forehead, making a surprisingly coarse visage still more hideous. Why do not American fathers and mothers think of the possible moral influence of these brutal customs on those of their sons who are expatriated, during the period of their education, to Germany, where these feudal barbarisms yet linger? Better it were to send our educators to Europe to learn wherein our present methods may be improved, or import worthy scholars from Germany to fill professorships in our own colleges, than to run any risk of spoiling the morals of our young republicans. S. R.

Seventh mo. 13th, 1874.

FARMING.

Extracts from "The Declining Towns in New England."

BY B. G. NORTHROP.

Farming is the leading and most essential business of the country. Its depreciation would ultimately demoralize the nation. It was the original and divinely-appointed calling of man. God planted a garden in Eden, and made it man's first duty to "dress and keep it." When driven from Eden, it was still his mission "to till the ground from whence he was taken," and to "eat bread in the sweat of his face." Agriculture is the ground work of civilized society—the basis of all progress. On its prosperity hang the hopes of the race far more than on any other calling. It must provide the means of sustaining and increasing population, or there can be no growth. Commerce and manufactures depend upon it more than it does upon them. In the words of Webster, "They all stand together like pillars in a cluster, the

largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture." Said Washington: "Agriculture is the most healthful, the most useful, and the most honorable employment of man. I know of no pursuit in which more real and important service can be secured to any country than by improving its farming. A skillful agriculture will constitute one of the mightiest bulwarks of which civil liberty can boast." Washington himself is only one of many historic men, in this and other lands, with whom agriculture was a school of patriotism. Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison and Lincoln were also farmers. Says the Hon. Townsend Harris, once American Minister to Japan: "In respect to the supply of their physical wants, and the absence of suffering from poverty or pauperism, Japan, when opened to the world by Commodore Perry, was the most favored country on the face of the earth." The dignity there conferred upon agriculture, and the great skill shown in its pursuit, is the leading explanation of this remarkable fact. In their old system of caste, recently abolished, after the nobility and the samourai ranked the farmers, because theirs was the most useful and honorable of all industrial pursuits; then followed mechanics and artizans of various grades; and lower down, with the non producers, were merchants, play-actors, singers, etc. They have little to learn from us in farming except in reference to improved fertilizers and agricultural implements. In the utilization of waste from their cities, they furnish a lesson to the world."

In the best days of the Roman Empire, agriculture was honorable. It was a sign of degeneracy when in the progress of centralization and corruption her labor became servile and the word rural became synonymous with rustic.

The influence and value of rural attachments are more happily illustrated in Switzerland than any other country in Europe. Out of 485,000 households, according to Karl Baedeker, 465,000 possess landed property. The population of Switzerland during the last twenty years has increased more relatively than in the surrounding countries of France, Belgium and Italy. Although two thirds of her territory are made up of glaciers, lakes, rocks, and barren or snow-capped mountains, and although thriving manufacturing villages have grown up suddenly at Bale, Lucerne, Zurich, Neuchatel, Geneva, Vaud, Bern, and other centres, few of her most sterile districts have declined in population, as have so many of the mountain towns of New England. The people cling to their native soil. They love the country, however stern it may be. Many kinds of skilled handicraft are carried on successfully far away from the large manufacturing centres—such as straw-plaiting, an endless variety of wood-carving, embroidery, chasing in gold and silver, and the manufacture of various articles of bijoutry. The stock costs but little, but these fabrics command high prices, by reason of the beauty of their design and the skill shown in their execution.

The motto of old John Adams—that the ownership of land is essential to individual self-respect and thrift, and to national dignity and prosperity—should be cherished in America as fully as in Switzerland. The system of tenement should give place to homesteads. Laborers of every grade should be encouraged in the purchase or erection of houses. They have then new motives to industry and economy—to lay up something, if possible, every month. Such a community would give little encouragement to the Internationals to preach the gospel of idleness or agrarianism. This is already the policy of some of our leading manufacturers, who furnish to their permanent hands special facilities for procuring homesteads. It is fortunate that so many of our adopted citizens, especially the Irish and Germans, invest their spare earnings in homesteads and land. In any community the landowner has given bonds to society for good behavior. Owning an integral part of a town, he has a new interest in its name and prosperity.—*Independent.*

AMONG THE ANCIENT MONARCHIES.

An Extract from "Israel in Egypt."

BY EDWARD L. CLARKE.

"The foundation of all the joys of home-life in Egypt is the respect shown to women.

"The Egyptian has but one wife. She is associated with him in all his honors and sports, as well as the management of his household. At every feast, and finally in the tomb, husband and wife share a single seat, and have their arms lovingly placed upon each others shoulders.

"It is even claimed that by marriage contract the wife has rights superior to her husband, that daughters are obliged rather than sons to support their parents, because they are better able to provide, and that the will of the mother is supreme in the family.

"However this may be there have been many queens upon the throne.

"Great Scemiophia reigned nobly at Thebes.

"Nemt Amon was sister, if not colleague of Tothmes III, and shared the glory of his monuments with him. Their names are side by side at Karnak, as if in government no distinction was known between them.

"As Isis is worshipped more than Osiris,

and in honor is at least his equal, women in Egypt claim the same privileges as men. Not that women attempt what belongs by disposition and fitness to the pursuits of men, but count themselves in their own sphere, as worthy of the same respect and praise with those who serve in public stations.

"The two figures of the gods of 'Home' and 'Religion,' are always associated and usually the goddess of 'Love' stands between. In this way the Egyptians confess that there is no serving in house or temple which can long endure, unless it has its springs in an ardent affection. The mother therefore, seeks to gain the love of her children by her kindness and sympathy, just as the gods claim her reverence, because they are not so far removed as to forget the wants and trials of her daily labors. As the king in his grandest monuments is represented with his wife and family beside him, so every man in social life associates the children with all his honors and sports. Nothing is more common than to see the little people at play with their parents. The mother joins in the favorite game of ball; the balls are made of leather and stuffed with bran. The father teaches his boys to play chess; the chessmen have human heads, or as the fashion was in Ramese's day, they are made round, an inch and a half high with balls for heads. Drawing lots, games of chance, hoops, riding upon each others backs, swinging bags of sand, are all familiar sports. We often see the upper robe laid aside, and a strap over the shoulder is made to support the girdle and the dress, while both parents join in the sport.

"Yet at the same time, the utmost respect is required of the children as in Israel, so in Egypt many faults are overlooked, but a want of reverence and consideration for years is a sin which cannot be forgiven. This duty of respect the priests the more insist upon, since only those who are taught to obey at home are able to obey in civil affairs, and only those who are disciplined by their parents can enforce discipline in the army or in foreign provinces. Beside this, the young are accustomed to regard their parents as their teachers. Thus every child grows up to revere and love his home; he wishes for no better place in which to enjoy life.

"In bidding our host farewell, the hostess receives an equal share of thanks, of compliments, and congratulations. She is conscious of that merit which Solomon ascribes to the virtuous woman. If the wool and flax of curtains and garments are woven well; if the fruit of the vineyards is well ripened; if her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband praises her, and trusts her with all the house, it is because she has made herself to be respected and loved So long as these homes endure, and these sources of power and happiness are ordered aright, Egypt will rule in the gates of her enemies. The goddess of home will be the power behind the throne of Osiris."

BUCKLING-TO.

There is no circumstance in life, and no condition, where buckling-to is not the wisest thing. Take it how we will, either to combat or to bear, energetic acceptance does more for us than fretful resistance, and a powerful hand-to-hand fight with adversity—buckling-to for the battle—is a finer thing than supine and melancholy yielding. To do with all our might both the task of to-day and the preparations for the pleasures of to-morrow is a more manly kind of thing than to shirk half the difficulties of the one, consequently let slip half the richness of the other. Had we buckled-to in real earnest we should have overcome the one and been rewarded by the other sooner and more bounteously than as things are. But we slipped and slid, and wore our harness loose; and we came, in consequence, to a fall on the side of the hill, and an upset on the top.

There are certain men who can never buckle to their day's work, save under compulsion. Good servants, when firmly held and inexorably guided, are lost as freedmen governing themselves. Give them two days for the essay which cost them four hours to write, and it will not be done on the evening of the third: stand over them with your editorial buckle and thong and you will get it in three hours and three quarters. Tell them, blandly, "There is no hurry" for the picture, the copy, the deed, the agreement, and you may wait till your hair is grey and all the savor has gone out of the thing you wanted; press them for an unimportant matter as if your life depended on it, and time had that kind of quality which gains more vitality the more it is shortened, and you will have your work done to the moment, and of first rate force. It is all through want of ability to buckle-to of their own accord, all the old dependence on a leading hand for the fit wearing of the yoke, and the consequent carrying of the load to its destined end. But what a pity that want of ability is, and how many lives are wrecked by it.—(*London*) *Queen* from *National Baptist.*

THE USE OF PARIS GREEN.

Its Uses and Abuses—A Warning from Manufacturers

The enormous demand which is taking place for Paris green, to check the advance of the potato beetle from the West, also to battle with the much-dreaded cotton worm—thus

bringing the article into common use more generally than ever before—makes necessary a timely warning.

The leading manufacturers in this city are deeply interested that information as to the needed precautions in its use be widely diffused. Ignorance on this subject, and carelessness resulting, have already led to fatal results in numerous instances. Paris green is much in demand for domestic use in the destruction of vermin, such as rats and cockroaches, and is procured at any paint shop without difficulty. Manufactures are candid enough to state that they wish for a law to prohibit the use of this deadly poison, as is done in England and France, for every purpose except for the destruction of vermin, on account of the injuries resulting from its careless and indiscriminate use. From the laborer who makes it to the poor working girl who decorates paper boxes, all are sufferers.

While the sale of other poisons is regulated by legislative enactments of a stringent character, no proper discrimination is made as to Paris green, the most insiduous, subtle and deadly. It can be obtained under any flimsy pretense. Without seeking for any illustrations in point, we need only to refer to the frequent cases of suicide from the use of this deadly pigment.

An ignorant farmer, or a child gets the fine and almost impalpable powder in his hands, or it flies into the nostrils, and the victim dies. Especially in warm weather, when the skin is moist with perspiration, is there danger from this source. If the powder adheres to the skin, malignant sores are formed. If it penetrates the coatings of the stomach, death surely follows. In one instance, a farmer mixes Paris green in an oat measure, afterward feeding his cattle therefrom without cleansing the measure, and the consequence is the death of two valuable horses before night. A child, having been employed to use it on vines for the extermination of insects, eats a slice of bread and molasses without first washing its hands, and dies the same night. In factories, like the establishment of C. I. Reynolds & Co., at Bergen Port, N. J., which manufactures on a larger scale than other here about, the men are compelled to cover the body completely, even in the warmest weather, every man putting on a dress prepared expressly for this use, so that nothing can penetrate, the face only being exposed. In addition, a wet sponge is tied over the mouth and nostrils, and to the cheeks and eyes a thin mush-like solution of hydrated oxide of iron is applied. But these resorts are necessary only where men are working in an atmosphere filled with the dust. Farmers need only cover the face and mouth with a handkerchief while at work, afterward washing the face, neck and hands, and dusting the clothes.

In a case of poisoning, there is no better remedy than the free use of milk as a beverage, this substance seeming to take up the arsenic with singular efficacy, and to remove it from the system. For sores, hydrated per oxide of iron (simple iron rust) is no less effectual, applied either to the surface or internally; if externally, as an ordinary salve; if internally, a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water, twice a day.

Within a few years the consumption of Paris green has rapidly increased. One manufacturer this season has sold upward of one hundred tons, for use in the cotton fields. Probably there are ten other manufacturers in the United States, of whom about one-half are located in New York or its suburbs, in Brooklyn, Harlem, and Jersey City. The works at Bergen Point, N. J., are the largest, and now employ, on Paris green alone, forty men. Ten men are sick, but all are kept under pay, and the doctor's charge when medical attendance is needed.

The most valuable escluent known in cookery is endangered by the ravages of the beetle, and according to reports from farmers the potato crop in the West, but for the use of Paris green, would ere this have been "wiped out." This bug is terribly prolific, producing three broods in one season, beginning about the end of May, when the infant larvæ first appear, each insect in turn, through the successive generations, laying from 700 to 1,200 eggs. Thus far the "Colorado bug," so generally called, has confined its ravages to the West and Southwest, but is advancing Eastward, according to accepted theory, at the rate of 300 miles per annum. About one-half of the entire potato crop of the UnitedStates is exempt thus far.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Register* has these remarks, which we hail as the germ of a "free gospel ministry." May it grow:

"Our friend, J. F. Clarke, urged again his favorite idea that a church can live without a minister, or even without a place of worship, if it will only engage its members in some practical religious and philanthropic work. And the Western Conference has within its limits more than one society that conducts its worship without any salaried preacher, and is satisfied. The experiment in Sandusky, after a year and a half of trial, continues to be satisfactory."

Selected.

WATCHING.

The light-house referred to in the following poem, by lia Thaxter, stands upon White Island, one of a group nstituting the Isles of Shoals, lying in the Atlantic, about n miles east of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where years o, before the building of this house, many vessels were st. Celia Thaxter dwelt here when a child with her her, mother, and two brothers; and her fondness for ture in the vast and the minute, appears to have been eat as we learn from her own account of her childhood, ent upon this and neighboring islands. She speaks of equently waiting alone on the rocks with a lantern in her nd for her father's boat. The bright rays from the tower ove her, reaching far into the ocean, seeming to make e darkness below greater.

In childhood's season fair,
n many a balmy, moonless summer night
hile wheeled the light-house arms of dark and bright
Far through the humid air

How patient have I been,
ittir g alone, a happy little maid,
aiting to see, careless and unafraid,
My father's boat come in.

Close to the water's edge,
olding a tiny spark, that he might steer
o dangerous the landing far and near)
Safe past the ragged ledge.

I had no fears—not one;
he wild, wide waste of water leagues around
ashed ceaselessly; there was no human sound
And I was all alone.

But Nature was so kind!
ike a dear friend I loved the loneliness;
y heart rose glad as at some sweet caress
When passed the wandering wind.

Yet it was joy to hear
rom out the darkness, sounds grow clear at last,
f rattling row-lock, and of creaking mast,
And voices drawing near!

"Is't thou, dear father? Say!
hat, well known shout resounded in reply.
s loomed the tall sail smitten suddenly
With the great light-house ray!

I will be patient now,
ear Heavenly Father, waiting here for Thee
know the darkness holds Thee, shall I be
Afraid, when it is Thou?

On Thy eternal shore
n pauses, when life's tide is at its prime
hear the everlasting rote of Time
Beating forevermore.

Shall I not then rejoice?
h never lost or sad should child of thine
it waiting, fearing lest there come no sign,
No whisper of thy voice.

THE SILENT PRESENCE.

Unheard the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And, silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night reigns in silence o'er the pole
And spreads her gems unheard;
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.

Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.

Oh! grant my soul an ear to hear
Thy deep and silent voice;
To bend in lowly filial fear,
And in Thy love rejoice.

—*Plymouth Collection.*

DUE CREDIT TO OPPONENTS.

There is no infirmity of human nature so common as that which leads us to depreciate and disparage those who differ from us materially in opinions or in faith. As we cannot but reject these, we are wont to associate with what we conceive to be erroneous views some moral defects. We regard such defects as the natural results of false doctrines, and are more than ready to admit their existence.

While it is true that our principles must affect our practice, yet principles really fundamental are so generally received that we might reasonably expect nearly uniform results, notwithstanding some modifications in consequence of differences in subordinate questions.

Again, even where there is a deeper chasm, and men are more widely separated in matters of faith, yet social approximations, and other influences, will prevent great dissimilarity in moral characteristics.

We should not, therefore, be led astray, and be prepared to admit charges of great delinquency in moral matters, merely because we hold certain opinions as erroneous or doctrines as false.

Must we necessarily malign and falsify in order to fortify ourselves against the doctrines of opponents? It surely seems great weakness and indecision, a real unbelief in the truth of our own principles, when we cannot maintain them without representing those of opponents as wrong—not in themselves, but because they are not ours, and we are unable to answer them except by impugning motives or character. Certainly there are and there have been good men in all the time, who have yet been in error. There have been earnest Christians who have yet diverged far, as we believe, from the high standard of sound doctrine.

Let us, then, not attempt to meet and oppose error by refusing all due credit to those who possibly hold it, for all the good they have done, and all the noble traits they may have exhibited.

Earnestness and devotion will not prove exemption from error, nor will sound doctrinal opinions always preserve from immorality and guilt.

Let us stand by the facts—if the life be honest and upright, admit it—if doctrine be unsound, condemn it for itself.—*Epis. Rejister.*

THE idea of duty, that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience; a principle of subordination of self-mastery has been introduced into his nature; he is no longer a mere bundle of impressions, desires and impulses.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 23d, Avondale, Pa., 3½ P. M.
" " Pittsgrove, N. J., 3½ P. M.
" " Centredale, Iowa, 3 P M.
" 30th, Bridgeport, N. J., 3 P. M.
" " West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

Some of Executive Committee propose visiting Sadsbury School on 23d A. M., and Bart (adjourned to suit) at 3 P. M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

This body will commence its sessions on Second-day evening, Eighth month 31st, at 7 o'clock, in the Yearly Meeting-house, at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. The several associations are desired to forward reports and appoint delegates. Friends generally are invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } *Clerks*
MERCY J. GRIFFITH, }

The Executive Committee will meet at Short Creek frame Meeting-house (one mile west of Mount Pleasant), on Seventh-day, 29th inst., and it is desirable that there shall be a full attendance.

JOS. T. McDOWELL, *Clerk.*

OHIO YEARLY MEETING (CORRECTION.)

To avoid confusion, it is thought best for all Friends to be met at Bridgeport (opposite Wheeling), being the most accessible to Western, as well as Eastern Friends. From this point about ten or twelve miles has to be traveled to reach the neighborhood of Friends; therefore, the arrangements should be to reach there sufficiently early in the day to suit, and notice should be sent as early as practicable to Mercy J. Griffith, George S. Evans, Abel M. Walker, George P. Clark, or Samuel S. Tomlinson, Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio, or Isaac T. Morris, Harrisville, Ohio.

ITEMS.

AMONG some literary curiosities recently announced for sale by auction in London was a rolled manuscript of the Hebrew Pentateuch, acquired a few years ago from a synagogue in Palestine. This manuscript was written in the twelfth century on sixty skins of leather, and measures one hundred and twenty feet in length by two feet two inches in breadth.

THE sovereignty of the Fiji Islands has been formally ceded to England by King Cacaban, and Mr. Layard, the British consul, has accepted the cession, subject to the ratification of the home government. This cession, if ratified, will not merely facilitate the missionary work on these islands, but will help to put a stop to that foul blot on civilization, the slave trade in the Pacific Ocean.

A GOOD deal of the summer travel to Europe may be lessened by the improvement of accommodations at home. Country life may and doubtless will become more attractive through the improvement in the roads, the condition of which is what is killing country life in this part of the country. Men who have got used to park roads in this city will not submit very long to live on the dirt roads which the country road-masters so laboriously repair every year by heaping up muck on them out of the ditches; but it is safe to say we shall witness before many years competition between neighborhoods in the making and repair roads, as a means of enhancing the value of real estate. Good roads have made the fortune of Switzerland; they are making the fortune of Newport; and they would make the fortune of the Hudson River. A broad, well-kept macadamized route, running up to the Highlands, with occasional branches, and with good sidewalks, would bring back to real estate owners, we have no doubt, the happy hopeful times of fifteen years ago. The condition of our country roads alone is enough to send any man to Europe in summer who loves either walking or riding. We need a state of things in which a man need not possess horses of matchless speed to prevent people "giving him their dust."—*Nation.*

THE steamer Pat Rodgers, was burned on the Ohio river, near Aurora, Indiana, on the 4th inst. The fire was first discovered in some bales of cotton in the after part of the boat. From the fact that the tiller rope was cut and the steamer would not answer her helm, it is thought the fire was the work of an incendiary. There were one hundred passengers on board, and it is supposed twenty of them perished. The boat and its cargo, consisting of cattle, sheep, hogs and cotton, all a total loss.

THE attention of the authorities in New York has been directed to the subject of baby farming. Cases have occurred in which babies thus farmed out have died under circumstances leading to the belief that they were purposely made away with. According to Dr. Elisha Harris, of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, there are about 34,000 births in this city every year, of which only 26,000 are properly accounted for as taken care of in conformity with the requirements of the Health Board. Five thousand of these are subdivided or classified thus: 2,500 illegitimate and 2,500 to be abandoned or got rid of in some way or other. The former are usually put out to board with irresponsible persons, whose business it is to dispose of the infant in such a way as to prevent all future trouble to its unnatural parents.

THE title of hero was fairly earned by the man who rescued another from the rapids above Niagara Falls, recently. One McCullough, while painting the bridge leading from Grand Island to the Three Sisters, made a misstep and fell into the stream, which rushes down the tremendous incline above the American Fall in a raging torrent, breaking continually over huge rocks, and swept the poor fellow on with the velocity of thought itself. By the rarest chance he caught and clung to a rock, scarce forty feet from the brink of the fall, and yet that seemed but a moment's stay of an inevitable fate. Among the hundreds who were soon on the river banks, there was, however, one who did not share that opinion. This was Tom Conroy, a guide at the Cave of the Winds, who quickly fastened a rope securely, took the free end of it in his left hand, and swimming down the terrible current, reached McCullough safely, tied the rope around himself and the nearly exhausted man, and both were speedily hauled ashore.—*Springfield Republican.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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A Memorial of Creek and Stanford Monthly Meeting, concerning our Friend, THOMAS C. STRINGHAM, *deceased.*

Sensible of the loss we have sustained in the removal, by death, of our esteemed Friend, whose example and precept are worthy of imitation, we feel it will be profitable to those who are left behind to preserve a memorial concerning him, that they may be encouraged to greater faithfulness in the path of duty.

His parents were Thomas and Mary Stringham, who moved from Queensbury, N. Y., and settled within the limits of Creek Monthly Meeting about the year 1798.

They were valued members of the Society of Friends, who felt a deep concern for the welfare of their children, that they might be led into the true path; which produced in the mind of our deceased Friend, in after years, a religious feeling, which was manifested throughout the course of his life.

He was born the 3d of Sixth month, 1801, about three years after his parents had settled within the verge of this meeting, where he continued to reside the rest of his days.

He was married in 1824 to Hannah, daughter of David and Judith Halsted, by whom he had several children, only two of whom survived him. After being married about sixteen years, he met with a severe trial in the loss of his wife.

In 1841, he married Naomi, sister to his former wife, with whom he lived in much love and harmony the remainder of his life. He was a kind, indulgent husband, and a tender parent, desiring that his children should pursue a right course through life.

He was thoughtful of, and sympathetic to the afflicted, visiting them in their trials, and ever ready to do a kindness. He was from his youth diligent in the attendance of meetings, and manifested much interest in Meetings for Discipline.

About the 60th year of his age he appeared in the ministry, to the satisfaction of his friends; and in due course of time his gift was acknowledged by them, they believing him to be a faithful steward of the talent committed to his care.

He travelled but little abroad, his labors being confined mostly within the limits of his own meeting.

He spent much of his leisure time in reading; and daily devoted a portion of it to the perusal of the Scriptures of Truth, which he highly valued, often remarking that he did not think a day well spent unless a part of it had been so occupied.

He enjoyed uninterrupted health, with but few exceptions, until his last sickness, and was permitted to attend his meeting until within a short time of his death.

During his illness, apparently thinking his recovery doubtful, he said to his wife: "I feel an assurance of perfect rest and happi-

ness, where nothing can disturb or annoy, but all is love and joy unspeakable."

About four days previous to his death, with great composure, he gave directions in respect to his funeral. He said he wished it to be conducted in a plain way, and nothing to be done for pride or ostentation.

His love seemed to flow to all, and he mentioned the names of many of his intimate friends, to whom he wished a notice to be given.

A short time before his close he appeared to be engaged in prayer, but his voice was so feeble that much of it could not be distinctly understood. On being asked, a few hours previous to his departure, if he knew those present, he replied: "Yes; I know you all as well as ever I did." He continued gradually to decline, and quietly passed from the trials of earth, more fully to realize the saying he often expressed, that one hour in the presence of God is worth a thousand elsewhere, the 14th of Tenth-month, 1872, in the 72d year of his age.

His funeral took place on the 17th, at Crum Elbow Meeting-house, where a large and solemn meeting was held, leaving the impression, on many minds, of a loss that is not easily replaced.

Signed by direction of Creek and Stanford Monthly Meeting, held at Creek, the 18th of Seventh month, 1873, by

JOHN STRINGHAM,
MARY H. STRINGHAM, } *Clerks.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FREE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

In considering this subject, it has been necessary to go back to the earliest historical records bearing upon the worship of the Divine Being.

Among all peoples of the historic ages, dating back to the dim traditions of the world's infancy, there has been a recognized ministry, claiming delegated authority from invisible powers, who, under various names, were worshipped as supreme rulers in the affairs of men.

This office appears to have been held in the beginning by the oldest male head of a family, descending from father to son, by right of primogeniture, hence there was maintained that respect for parental authority and reverence for age which characterized the patriarchal form of government.

There is a picture rises before my imagination that inspires me with reverent awe and pure devotion. I see the hoary patriarch gathering his family around the consecrated altar, whereon, for many generations yet to be, his children will light the fires of sacrifice. I see the flame ascend, a sweet savor unto God, who, in condescending love, accepts the offering; and, as the anointing oil of Divine grace flows into the patriarch's soul, I see his lips move in prayer—I hear the burthen of his desire, "Oh that Ishmael may live before thee!"

As families merged into nations for mutual aid and protection, priestly authority became centralized, and the rude home altar gave place to shrines and costly temples, where men and women, assuming to be divinely appointed, received oblations and offered sacrifices, for the burthened hearts that bowed before them, as oracles of the gods.

This universal acknowledgement of a Divine gift conferring on its possessor the ability to discern spiritual conditions, and to minister to the wants of the soul, is, in itself, the best evidence that such a ministry is ordained of God.

In the organization of the Hebrew nation, one whole tribe, comprising a twelfth part of the people, was set apart to minister in holy things. Ages before, however, God Himself had established His own order of priesthood in the person of Melchisedec, "made after the power of an endless life," the type of that pure and living ministry which was fulfilled in the life of the holy Jesus by the indwelling of the Christ power, through which He became a "High Priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec."

In every nation, those who officiated at the altar or were in any way connected with religious service, derived their support from the gifts of the worshippers, hence the saying of the Apostle, "They who wait at the altar are partakers with the altar."

These gifts, which doubtless, in the beginning, were voluntary, came at length to be demanded as a right. Moses, in the regulations of the religious customs of the Hebrews, directed the setting apart of a tithe or tenth of all the increase of material wealth, as the Lord's portion, to be used for offerings and the maintenance of the priesthood.

This tithing in after ages grew to be a heavy burthen for the Jewish nation. In the exacting of dues, gross outrages were committed, and the immoralities and cruelty of the priests became proverbial; yet, through all the ages, there had not been wanting in Israel, as in every land, prophets and holy men who raised their voices for God and humanity.

These were ever calling the people back to the purity and holiness from which, through a corrupt priesthood, they had been drawn away, encouraging them to a nearer approach to God, through whom alone every blessing was dispensed.

I have thus hastily glanced over the religious usages of the world, anterior to the coming of Jesus, and the introduction of Christianity. And this brings me to the consideration of the subject which first induced me to take up the pen—the ministry of the gospel. In the new covenant made, not after the order of Aaron, as we are distinctly told by one of its earliest defenders, but after the order of Melchisedec, and sealed by the blood of Him through whom the covenant came, how stands the Gospel ministry it its relation to the church? How stands the church itself in its relation to all the forms of worship that preceded it? These are the questions that are now shaking the whole fabric that we have been accustomed to consider the building of God—the Christian Church.

Occupying, perhaps, the smallest niche in this vast building, Friends have claimed to lay our foundation, which we believe is "built upon the prophets and apostles," very near to Christ Himself, who is declared by all to be the chief Cornerstone.

And what is the testimony of these anointed ones? A prophet declares *this* to be the covenant that the Lord will make with the house of Israel, after these days (referring to the departures of priest and people), "I will put my law in their inward parts (in the translation from the Greek it reads, in their minds); and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord: for they shall know Me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive them their iniquity and I will remember their sin no more." Peter, writing to the brethren scattered throughout Pontius, Galatia and other regions, who had received the Gospel with gladness, gives them this encouragement, "ye, also, as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifice acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," through whom, says another apostle, "we are made kings and priests unto God."

That there might be an end to the worship that was outward and ceremonial, and to the binding of the souls of men by priestly traditions, it pleased the Father to raise up Jesus from the tribe of Judah, thus separating Him from the Levitical order and His followers from the bondage which it imposed.

Seeing, then, that the worship which stood in "divers washings and carnal observances" is annulled, the sacrifice that is acceptable to the Father must be a surrender of the heart and affections, and all the offerings that will avail on the spiritual altar must be those deeds of kindness and love which are declared to be the evidence of a "pure and undefiled religion, unspotted by the world." It is a lamentable sight, when the church, in any of her parts, turns from this simple faith to the beggarly elements from which, through the ministry of reconciliation, she had been redeemed, and cavils and disputes about "phylacteries and the borders of garments," and distracts and divides and scatters over doctrines that are but commandments of men, and forms of expression that have only life in them as they become vitalized by a living experience.

The literal fulfilment of the glorious vision as seen by the prophet, when none should need to ask of his brother or his neighbor, Know ye the Lord? for all should know Him remains in the uncertain future. That there exists, at the present time, a need of the gospel ministry we cannot deny. With all the light that the increased facilities for knowledge give, there is much superstition, and religion, falsely "so called," remaining as a veil over the consciences of men, that obstruct the development of a more spiritual faith.

"It pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching," said an apostle, "to save them that believe." It is still His pleasure to use this instrumentality as a means of grace; and it is in place to consider the relation that exists between the priesthood under the Jewish law, and the gospel minister. This brings us to the question of a free gospel.

We turn again to the record, for whatever in the after revelation of our Heavenly Father may have been made clearer to the spiritual vision, we, in the candid consideration of this subject, must refer to the example and teaching of Jesus and His immediate followers.

In the first sending forth of His apostles to declare the truths of His gospel, He forbade them to make any provision for their physical wants or personal comfort; no purse, or scrip, or staff, offered a hindrance to the work; they went forth in the helplessness of newborn babes as to any outward dependence, and the reason is given in words as plain as language can make them: "For the workman is worthy of his meat."

That these instructions bore reference to their physical needs, and are to be so interpreted, is also very plain. In the great commission we find the spiritual power and office quite as distinctly stated. There can be no mistaking the one for the other, and to attempt it is in no sense a fair rendering of the text. Jesus directs that they "go not into the way of the Gentiles," and into any city

of the Samaritans. Said He, "Enter ye not, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and as ye go, preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand; heal the sick, raise the dead, cast out devils."

"*Freely ye have received, freely give.*" Now what did they receive freely? Was it not the power to release the souls of men from the thraldom of sin, and by a special endowment bestowed for a special purpose, to restore the diseased to health? Freely, that is without stint or measure, as we say of a fountain that has no obstruction, or, of a river, with a smooth, sandy bottom, it flows on and on, without impediment, and will continue to flow on through unmeasured time as freely. So, also, I understand this gift of God, descending through His own appointed minister, whom He anointed and ordained, Jesus the Christ. This spiritual Power having been conferred upon Him without measure, unstinted, and in its fulness, so He handed it forth to these His own ordained recipients, and they in turn were to withhold nothing from those to whom they were sent; there was to be no keeping back from any; the gospel stream must flow out in its fulness to every child of Abraham. No human consideration, no question of policy, no preferment of condition! as He had set the example in His ministry of healing, so were they to follow, regarding only the wants of the lost children of His brethren. This is the freeness of the Gospel of Christ. Coming from the Father as a free gift, it is to be as freely handed forth by His anointed messengers, without fear or favor, looking for the recompense in the redemption of the souls of men. In connection with this commission is a caution that is very important. Jesus warns them that they are going forth among men who, like ravening wolves, will seek to destroy them: therefore, says He, be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves, wise in discriminating between the true and the false, harmless in efforts for the salvation of the brethren.

Thus it seems to me did he strive to meet every emergency that might arise in the prosecution of their gospel labors, and so well were they prepared, that we hear the band of disciples—the seventy who followed them—declare, that even the spirits of evil were subject to their power.

It cannot be substantially claimed that the New Testament forbids a provision to be made for the physical wants of the ministry; and it is not logical to conclude that such support as is provided by most branches of the church for the ministry, of itself constitutes the recipient a hireling; nor can a salaried minister be fairly branded a hireling. This ought to be very plain to the unprejudiced mind, for it is not from the church that the anointing to the ministry is derived, but from God's Holy Spirit. All the church can do, when it is true to its high calling, is to acknowledge the gift of God to the individual, and exercise a loving, watchful care, over the frail earthen vessel, through which the message of saving grace flows; for, though the highest possible gift, that of standing between the Father and his erring children with the offer of peace and forgiveness, is bestowed, it in no sense renders the recipient invulnerable. The same animal instincts are there; and though, by obedience and watchfulness, a mastery over all that is hurtful may be gained, it is only as this is persevered in that the gift can be worthily held. The Spirit of God and the soul of His chosen vessel must be in constant intercourse. As it is recorded of Jesus, "It was His meat and His drink to do the will of His Heavenly Father, so must it be with those who claim to have been called to this apostleship."

The arrogant assumption of human ordinations, by which the man, who chooses the gospel ministry as a profession whereby to gain a livelihood, is set apart to the work of saving souls, has no foundation in the authority of the New Testament, and can never be anything but a snare and a hindrance to true gospel labor. Its counterpart is found in the apostate Hebrews, of whom the prophet Micah, in enumerating the evils that had come upon Zion, asserted that "the heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money, yet they will lean upon the Lord and say, 'Is not the Lord among us?' none evil can come upon us."

While this human appointing to the ministry has for many centuries prevailed in the Christian Church, and a large proportion of the clergy of every grade has been made so by the will of man, there has never failed in any form of religious fellowship living witnesses for God, consecrated, and set apart, with the same anointing by which all His chosen instruments are endued—these have not failed to declare His whole counsel, and have been indeed the salt of the sacred calling.

It is time that we, as a distinct religious body, basing our claim to the title of Christian upon the precepts of Jesus, and the teachings and practices of his immediate apostles, had re-examined the ground of our profession. The leaders, in the early rise of the Society of Friends, built up the fabric of our church polity upon the testimonies gathered from the New Testament, which, with a few modifications, are the rule of faith and practice at this time.

They saw the corrupting influence of a man-made ministry, and how its fatal errors were spreading, and uprooting the very foundations of truth and holiness; making the sacred calling of minister of the everlasting Gospel a by-word and proverb, and bringing into contempt the worship of God. And their souls were fired with the same zeal that animated their great Exemplar, when He drove out the money-changers from the Temple! They, too, would preserve the newly-gathered little flock, from these money-changers; and they incorporated among their fundamental articles of church fellowship an unqualified testimony against a hireling ministry. And the words were well chosen, standing clearer and firmer, and better defining the point at issue in the present age than any other language that can be used.

It *is the hireling* that the gospel denounces, and the condemnation falls upon the ministry in our own Society equally with that of all others. It discriminates between the true and the false. It claims no more for our unpaid ministers, who, in the absence of all churchly ceremonies and sacraments, are left free to labor for their own sustenance than it awards to those who, by a complicated machinery of church service, are obliged to give their whole time to the care and oversight of the membership; under either system they may be hirelings. In both we know there are true and faithful witnesses, who "watch for souls," and are ever seeking not their own, but the Father's glory.

Nor are we any more favored than other denominations, though claiming such high ground for our ministry. Indeed, it would appear that the freedom of the gospel, as we understand it, by the very liberty that it gives is often a hindrance to the progress of vital religion. There is an increasing class of earnest, thoughtful men and women in our Society, scattered here and there among the various meetings, who, in the exercises that are frequently given forth, find so little food for their spiritual hungering that the attendance of public worship becomes a burthen to them. That holy silence, in which the waiting soul hears the voice of the great Teacher, may at any time be interrupted by some, "Lo! this is Christ," or, "Lo! it is not," or the meeting may be held in a lifeless form, without a spark of living faith to kindle into a blessing. As a people, we are in a thralldom to what we claim is a free gospel ministry, that is not to be found in any other denomination. If regular attenders of meeting, we are often obliged to listen to statements that have no savor of a gospel message in them.

We must make the most of random thoughts on every imaginable subject, relevant or irrelevant to the public worship of our Almighty Father; must listen to dogmas that are not to be found in our book of Discipline or the New Testament. At times, the most cherished hopes of our souls are rudely handled or irreverently ridiculed; and all of this is handed forth as coming from that Power which enables the chosen vessel to discern between the precious and the vile.

Far be it from me to question the claims of any who feel called to the work of the Christian ministry among us. That call gives spiritual qualification and authority to speak for God, but it does not ignore the channel through which the stream of gospel life must flow; moreover, being the highest gift of the Spirit, it should be held too sacred to be used in any manner that would mar or hinder the work. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability that God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified." And while we are unsparing in our condemnation of the hireling, let our Elders, whose office it is to watch over the ministry, see to it that the sheep of the fold are not left to wander upon the barren mountains, because of the unfaithfulness of those to whose care and oversight they have been entrusted.

Phila., Eighth mo., 1874. L. J. R.

EMOTIONAL RELIGION.

That the religious sentiment should manifest itself differently in persons of different temperament—that an enthusiastic nature with a tendency to expression should feel, act and speak unlike one of a calm, unimpassioned and reserved disposition, would be generally admitted. Yet we are prone to be impressed by outside appearances and profession. There are many persons who habitually square their conduct by the law of right, who follow duty for its own sake, who yet are so little predisposed to *religious emotion*, that, comparing themselves with those who have much to say of the joy and peace they find in "believing," they are sometimes tempted to doubt of their own acceptance with their Heavenly Father. This, like most of the comparisons we make of ourselves with others, is unprofitable. It is in the use we make of *our own* gifts, in the discipline of *our own* characters, under the guidance of that divine spirit which is never withheld from those who seek it aright, that acceptance will be found.

Religious emotion, therefore, is not a good test of religious character, because it is greatly dependent on temperament, and is sometimes seen in connection with very inconsistent lives. *Religious principle* is a better

test. Our own consciousness will bear witness whether or not this governs us, and we are privileged to judge, to some extent, whether it dwells in the heart of another by the fruit it bears,—by the daily life and spirit. In obedience to the law of right, which comprehends justice, mercy and truth, we come more and more to love it and to love the Lawgiver.

There is something *mercenary* in that spirit that embraces religion in the hope to experience exalted, joyful feelings as a *reward;* and it is to be feared that the desire to realize these feelings and to jump at once to the state of those who have "overcome," has led many into religious excitement, and to the adoption of doctrines that lull the conscience while the passions of pride, vanity and selfishness are still suffered to grow. The real *reward* of watchful obedience to the divine law is experienced in its *result* upon the character, in the growth and strength of the spiritual life. Religious emotion is often mistaken for religion itself. There is a certain enjoyment in the exaltation produced by devotional music and impassioned prayers and discourses, with which, it is to be feared, many are satisfied, because they are unacquainted with that true peace which is the result of passions subdued, desires limited, and affections purified.

There is a religious emotion which is healthful, but it is spontaneous, not brought about by extraneous means. These "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" may be rare to some; the emotions may be faint in comparison with what appear to be felt by others, but there should be no effort to seek or to prolong them. They are the *luxuries* of the Lord's table, to be gratefully received when handed to us—not the "daily bread" which is to be labored for—the daily bread of obedience and watchfulness.

S.

Philada., Eighth mo., 1874.

THOROUGHNESS.

In this busy age, and more especially in this busy country, where labor is so universally honored, and industry in its many phases is, not the hard lot of the masses, but the true dignity of all, we seldom pause to consider the elements which make up its real value. Among these, perhaps, none is more vital, and at the same time more rare, than that of thoroughness. The complaint is generally all over our land, and especially in our cities, of the superficial character of labor. The consumer laments it in the manufactured goods which so soon perish by the using. The employer complains of the negligent service rendered by his workmen. Railroad and steamboat disasters, fires and explosions testify loudly to the imperfect construction of machinery and buildings, and to the recklessness of those who take charge of them. The same lack of thoroughness pervades professional pursuits, political life, educational enterprises, and our national literature. Few touch bottom in their work; most skim its surface lightly and popularly, but fail to fathom or to disclose its depth. For ten who work industriously, there is perhaps scarcely one who works thoroughly.

There are several reasons that may be alleged for this failing. In a newly settled country the power of versatility is more valuable than that of superior excellence in a single pursuit. The early settlers coming from an old and long established community, find their special superiorities at a discount, and in order to meet the new requirements, they gradually learn and teach their children to turn their hands to everything with a more moderate efficiency. As the community becomes more thickly settled, and its wants multiply, the increasing division of labor produces an opposite demand, which can only be met by another gradual transition. With us, at at least in our Eastern cities, it is becoming more and more necessary for each citizen to do one thing thoroughly, rather than many things moderately, and not a few will find their success and power of benefaction increased by concentrating upon one object the energies that they at present diffuse among several.

A deeper source of the lack of thoroughness lies in the character of the motives which prompt our labors and the spirit which is brought to bear upon them. Every man's character is photographed in his life work. If it be pure and noble and true, his work, whether of hand or brain, will be earnest and faithful. If it be selfish, debased, and mean, his work will be superficial and imperfect. It is true that all labor rests primarily on the simple requirements of our physical nature, yet he who performs it with no higher purpose, has failed to comprehend its breadth of meaning, and will fail to reap its best results. Beyond the material benefits for which it can be exchanged, there are two grand purposes for labor to achieve, the benefaction of the community and the reflex influence in the improvement and development of the individual. If these ends be appreciated and these results aimed at, a motive for the thorough and faithful discharge of duty is at work that no hope of gain can supply. It is where labor is regarded simply as a system of contracts, where honesty is only followed from policy, where neither justice nor benevolence nor self-culture are the lessons of

daily toil, but only the adjustment of the minimum of giving to the maximum of getting, that we find the quality of labor so inferior and superficial. He who works *only* for money or applause will put no more power, energy and zeal into his work than is just sufficient to produce the desired reward. The laborer will relax his force or shorten his time if possible, the manufacturer will use inferior materials, the author and orator will cater to the tastes of their patrons rather than enforce unpalatable truths, the politician will serve his party rather than his country's best welfare. But could they be imbued with the higher aim of real usefulness to mankind, and of making their work a means of good in itself, then enthusiasm will clothe the arm with new vigor and inspire the mind to nobler efforts. Whatever the vocation may be, if the aim is to perform its duties in the best manner, if a sincere desire exists for the perfection of the work apart from its rewards, then a tendency toward completeness is established and the basis of thoroughness is laid.

Such an aim will naturally incite the mind to study the chosen pursuit in all its bearings. Two elements of real success in any undertaking are a comprehensive view of its nature and intents, and a faithful attention to its practical details. Thought and action are inseparable and equally indispensable. If we would thoroughly perform our task, we must grasp it mentally and do it patiently. The wise general takes a full survey of his whole position, and then arranges with exact accuracy every detail of his campaign. So, whatever we undertake, demands the best powers of our minds to discover its whole bearing and intents, and the most strict and vigilant observance of every specific duty which it involves. Nothing great or noble or worthy is ever accomplished without enthusiasm, self-sacrifice and patient labor; but with these, and with a singleness of purpose and purity of aim, we may hope to surmount all difficulties and to attain a thoroughness in our life pursuits that no inferior motives or feebler efforts can ever secure.—*Ledger.*

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons,—little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great, heroic act, or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning,—the waters of Siloah "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudencies, little foibles, little indulgencies of self and of the flesh,—the avoidance of such *little* things as these goes far to make up, at least the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Extract from Dr. H. Bonar's "God's way of Holiness."*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

How long, how very long it seems since we had the pleasure of having thee with us, and how much has transpired since then, both in the inner and outward world. Thou hast been a busy worker, and I hope will find thy home here a quiet haven of rest, for I think it likely thou wilt need a little quiet and rest for both mind and body—a good breath, a broad landing to rest upon ere ascending another flight of stairs. It is a comfort to know that in some of the seasons, when we do not seem called into any great labor, the soul's great work can still be progressing. There seems no possibility, happily, of standing still; our slippery footing can only be maintained by pressing forward; and sometimes when everything outwardly seems most calm and quiet, are the times of the spirit's greatest conflicts. When we look into our own hearts, and think of the struggle that is often going on, how should our sympathies go forth to every poor child of Adam, for we know not what a warfare may be going on, how dear bought the victory may be, that seems to us like a defeat. How comforting the thought, "God sees not as man sees." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

My feelings have been greatly interested this afternoon for a poor colored boy, once an innocent babe, now a slave to sin—so young, so hardened apparently. Well, surely, all the hardening influences which attend the home education of some poor children, will be remembered. The Judge of all the earth will do right. The tender Father will pity even those who have not learned to love Him.

The interest thou manifests in thy distant friends is appreciated. It shows us that, though separated from those whom in days past we have been wont to meet in social and religious communion, we are not forgotten. Many of our close friends have been called away from this scene of probation, and have gone up higher; but our Father does not forget those who yet a little longer have to bear the burdens of this present life. He still watches over and feeds them with a Shepherd's care, and they partake of that

food which nourishes the spiritual life and gives strength to hold out to the end, when the probations and trials now known will be known no more. Some of us sometimes experience seasons of darkness and doubt, but around all this there is often known a trust that all will be well with those who wait upon the Lord—wait for His appearance—the renewed inshining of His light—the inflowing of His love.

Oh, that "Friends" would "keep to their plain way of living and plain way of preaching!" How much brighter would their lights shine, showing forth fruits of humility, simplicity and love of each other; the strong bearing the infirmities of the weak.

The little silent meetings want strengthening. It is from these, as there is a simple dependence upon the teachings of the spirit of truth, that must come the pure, fresh, gentle streams to form and supply the rivers which feed the ocean, from whence again the springs are replenished. Is not this a beautiful figure of the everlasting fountain of Divine, omnipotent Goodness—never failing—inexhaustible? And the fountains from whence these little springs flow, are high above the larger waters which they form, as they meet and flow on together to the great ocean. Come, then, let us go up to the top of the mountain and partake of the pure waters that flow immediately from the Source of all good.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 29, 1874.

CHURCH AND STATE—The eyes of the whole Christian world turn just now to the brave little republic of Switzerland, which seems moving forward to a crisis that is likely to produce in the end a final separation of her political and religious affairs. The winds of dissent and disestablishment that ruffle the surface of every other State in Europe are carrying the storms of revolution to the very heart of her established church, and drawing the line so closely between what are known as the evangelical and the liberal parties, that the "Old Catholics" are awakening to the issue and joining hands with the evangelical or orthodox branch for the preservation of the State church from the radicalism of the Liberals.

The contest in the Canton of Geneva has been decided in favor of radicalism, and making the appointment of pastors entirely subject to the whole body of electors, who are thus entitled to vote upon questions affecting the Protestant church. It will be seen by this that the most sacred rights of the national church are turned over to the keeping of a political majority, without any regard to their religious professions, and the pulpits open to aspirants of any faith, who may have sufficient influence with the electors to secure their votes.

While entire emancipation from creeds and confessions of faith has been achieved by the Liberal party, it is scarcely possible for the present state of things to continue for any length of time; the very extent of the liberty thus gained will hasten the severance of the church from State control, and, we may hope, open the way for the adoption of the voluntary system that prevails in this country. No form of religious faith, be it ever so broad and liberal, can be safely trusted with legal control of the consciences of men. The world has been slow to recognize this important truth, but there is progress; and the nations of Europe will be compelled to listen, sooner or later, to the demands of dissenters and nonconformists, for entire liberty of conscience in the worship of God.

The struggles of early Friends and other religious reformers who had the courage and endurance to be true to their convictions; the persecutions, imprisonments and tortures of every kind, imposed or abetted by priests and bishops claiming Divine authority over the souls of men, these sowed the seeds of opposition to State religions that are now ripening a harvest of earnest, enlightened and determined effort.

As liberty of conscience in matters of faith has always been held to be an inalienable right by the Society of Friends, our sympathies must ever be on the side of those who are seeking emancipation from priestly authority, believing that under the light of a vitalized Christianity we may all become "kings and priests unto God."

We ought not to suffer ourselves to be indifferent spectators of this great wave of religious feeling that is casting its troubled waters upon the surface of the present time; in this strife and turmoil there must, in the very nature of the struggle, be great latitude allowed on both sides and many accusations of infidel-

ity and atheism must be submitted to. To those who hold that the creed is greater than the man for whose benefit it was given forth, any departure from the line that it marks out is a heresy that, if unrepented of, condemns to Divine displeasure. On the other hand, there are not a few among the Radicals who, like the opposers of olden times, neither fear God nor regard man. These, by their scoffs and unkindly taunts, are not slow in branding all who are unwilling to forsake entirely every landmark of the past as priest ridden and superstitious. With all the liberty that we enjoy, and the complete emancipation of our political affairs from every form of religious belief, there is this same element of proscription in our midst that, like an under current, is felt to exert an influence which retards the development of Christian unity and forbearance.

That for which so much has been endured, and which is conferring such unnumbered blessings on our own free land, must be able to bring the same reward to every other nation.

As we meet in our places set apart for the worship of the Great Ruler of the universe, and, in the reverent attitude of believers, wait for the consolations of the Gospel, which are as the springs of life to the thirsty soul, let us ever be mindful of what it cost those grand old champions of religious liberty to bring about the freedom that we now enjoy; and while we rejoice in our privileges, let us guard well all the outposts, lest in an hour when we think not, at some weak point in our defences, the enemy may gather strength to renew the conflict for mastery over the souls of men.

The injunction of the Great Teacher, addressed to those who were breaking away from the traditions of an outward faith, is as much needed in our times as it was when, under the olive shade, He sat with His disciples and bade them "watch," "what I say unto one I say unto all, watch."

MARRIED.

PRAY—SHREVE.—On the 6th inst., under the care of Upper Springfield Monthly Meeting, N. J., William P. Pray to Elizabeth Shreve.

DIED.

CHILD.—On the 11th inst., Mary H. Child; a Minister of Darby Monthly Meeting.

WAY.—On the 27th of the Fourth month, 1874, at his residence in Pike Township, Clearfield County, Pa., Caleb Way, in the 70th year of his age; a worthy Elder of West Branch Monthly Meeting.

HOPPER.—At York Harbor, State of Maine, Anna M. Hopper, wife of Edward Hopper; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

This dear Friend left her home, a few weeks since, with her family, in the hope that the short time allotted to her on earth might be passed with less discomfort in the cool, bracing atmosphere of the sea-coast than in the confined air of the city; and after much bodily suffering, but with great inward peace, she quietly passed to her everlasting rest on the morning of the 3d inst.

During her illness, she expressed an especial wish that her burial should be without those demonstrations incident to the manner in which funerals are generally conducted; which she considered as inconsistent with the simplicity of Truth, at variance with sound taste, and incompatible with the feelings which such an event should inspire in the hearts of those most closely concerned with it; and she suggested the names of two Friends who should join her family in the performance of this last service.

The burial, which took place on the afternoon of the 6th inst, at Fair Hill, Philadelphia, was strictly in accordance with the request so consistent with her unobtrusive and useful life.

PARKER.—At Eatontown, N. J., First month 6th, 1874, Deborah Parker, in the 83d year of her age.

She was very diligent in her attendance of meetings, and her seat was seldom vacant during her long life. Very unassuming in her disposition, she gave freely of her substance to aid the needy, without ostentation, and died as she had lived, peacefully in the quiet seclusion of her happy home.

TILTON.—At Eatontown, N. J., Third month, 18th, 1874, William W. Tilton, in the 75th year of his age; a member of Shrewsbury Monthly Meeting.

This dear Friend was quiet and retiring in his manners. He had a concern to attend meetings regularly, seldom failing to occupy his accustomed seat; and he manifested a love for the principles held by the Society of Friends, acknowledging them to be his solace and his stay.

KETCHAM.—At the residence of her son, Joseph Ketcham, Seventh month 9th, Mary Ketcham, widow of the late Nathaniel Ketcham, in the 89th year of her age; a member of Cornwall Monthly Meeting, New York.

WHITSON.—At Newtown, near Flushing, on the 8th of Eighth month, Milton S., son of Samuel and Phebe J. Whitson, aged 3 years and 9 months.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE RHINELAND—CONTINUED.

No. 11.

One more evening ride, from Heidelburg to Bâle, passing through Carlsruhe, Freiburg, and for a long distance along the fair broad Rhine valley which is bounded on the eastward by the densely wooded hills of the Black Forest.

We feel a longing to explore this poetic region, rich in curious legend, rich in varied beauty, and full of that woodland charm that attracts tourists to our Adirondack region

The spurs of the Black Forest decline precipitously towards the plain of the Rhine, while the east slopes are more gradual. The fragrant pine forests look tempting indeed, as we speed past them, but the coolness of the land of glaciers and mountain lakes is yet more tempting in this noon of summer.

As the shades of night gather round us, we bid adieu to the German land and enter the Swiss city of Bâle on the Rhine We are now on the frontiers of three nations: Switzerland, Germany and France, and in a city founded by the Romans, it is said, near the Christian era. It is our doorway to the Alpine land, and we only give one morning to explore Bâle a little before pressing onward.

The ancient church, built 1010–19 by the Emperor Henry II, is a curious and interesting place. We examined with some care the quaint ornamentation of the portals, and the extensive cloisters, once family burial-places where the reformers, Ecolampadius and Grynaeus were buried. From a terrace behind the Minster, we look down on the murmuring, rippling Rhine below, and get a pleasant view of the pure green river and of the dark heights of the Black Forest. At a very little distance are the statue of Ecolampadius and the house of Erasmus of Rotterdam.

Everything is well preserved at Bâle, and we saw masons at work repairing an ancient house of which each story extended perhaps twelve or eighteen inches over the one below it, and the roof was shaped precisely like a mountain ridge, but the builder was only mending the old without changing the form or destroying its antique character. This seems to be the general custom at Bâle, so that the city looks both well preserved and very ancient.

We start out from Bâle on our way to Lucerne into a lovely valley, bordered with lofty hills and softened and refined by the most neat and perfect cultivation. The road skirts the slopes of Mount Jura, and pierces the mountain by a long tunnel, beyond which we had charming views of the Bernese Alps in the distance:

> "The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity."

Not cold did the Alpine heights look to day as the hasty shower dissolved into great snowy cloud masses and rested in rich sunset glory on the mountain tops. How poor, indeed, compared with these beautiful high places, are the columns and idol dwellings that Gothic or Grecian hands have builded! I think we could hardly have had a more delightful introduction to this poetic land.

At the point where the river Reuss emerges from Lake Lucerne, is situated the handsome little city which bears the same name. Its site on the Lake is a kind of amphitheatre between the mountains Rigi and Pilatus, and facing the snow clad Urner and Engelberger Alps. Lofty bed-rooms were assigned us at the hotel, owing to the multitude of visitors, but I felt fully rewarded for my climb to the fifth story of "The Swan," when from my pillow I saw the sun rise clear and glorious from behind the mountains. It was my first view of a sunrise in the Alps, and it could not have been more fortunate. The pure emerald-green Reuss issues impetuously from Lake Lucerne, with its tribute of clear water from the mountain heights to feed the Rhine, and we crossed the long roofed bridge at the extremity of the lake, taking a little time to look at the 154 quaint old paintings which decorate it. They represent scenes from the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne, and events of Swiss history. It is ancient and curious, but it is whispered that the spirit of renovation will ere long sweep it away, and replace it with one over which vehicles as well as foot passengers can pass. The old Roman lighthouse (Lucerna), from which the town derives its name, rises from the river near the bridge, and is another interesting memorial of the vanished past.

The thirty-four pictures of The Dance of Death decorate another covered bridge not far from the Bâle Gate, and recall to memory the words of Prince Henry to Elsie in Longfellow's "Golden Legend:" "The Dance of Death:"

> "All that go to and fro must look upon it,
> Mindful of what they shall be; while beneath,
> Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
> Rushes impetuous as the River of Life."

I have seen it stated somewhere, that these ghastly delineations have reference to the ravages of the plague in Europe, but other authorities suggest a theological meaning, and believe they have reference to the deliverance from the dread of death which Christian trust and faith bestow. The lesson suggested by the poet is very sweet:

> "The grave itself is but a covered bridge
> Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness."

We gazed long on the beautiful and noble monument which commemorates the faithfulness of the Swiss guard, who died in the defence of the hapless Louis XVI and his queen, when their own less devoted nobles had abandoned them. A fine limestone cliff, of which the strata are inclined about 45°, rises perpendicular and smooth from a pool fed by a mountain rivulet, to a height of at least 100 feet. About one-third of the dis-

tance up, a cavern has been hollowed out, in which is sculptured the slain lion, pierced by a broken lance. His position and expression are in the highest degree expressive of anxiety and suffering, and his dead paw yet seeks to shelter the *fleur de lis*. Stately trees shaded the spot, and upon the cliff above was another border of elms and maples, some of the branches of which hang far down the cliff, adding much to the beauty of the scene. It was most pleasant to sit here and listen and look, while

"The little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,"

and hurried tourists came, gave a quick glance at the masterpiece, and departed. This monument was designed, but not executed, by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, and the original model is shown in a building near at hand. Our guide-book gives the dimensions of the Lion as twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet high.

Our next move is a trip on Lake Lucerne in the little steamer, and the ascent of Mount Rigi. Longfellow describes Lucerne as

The Lake of the Four Forest Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being!"

We embark in the early morning, and the swift movement of the steamer creates for us a pleasant breeze, and no words of mine can give any adequate idea of the beauty, grandeur and completeness of the scene. The dreamy blue waters reflecting the snow-capped mountains, the quiet beauty of the banks, on which the flocks and herds were feeding, the pretty little farms, which sometimes reached to the lofty hill-tops, the picturesque cottages, with balconies opening on the lake, the water birds, the deep grottoes, the promontories and bays; all combined with a most wondrous and rapidly-changing cloud-land to make up a scene of enchantment that I never hope to see surpassed. I had never, in the slightest degree, realized, either from pictures or from the glowing words of rapt tourists, the glory of the snow-capped Alps, and I doubt if any one can without seeing them face to face.

The Rigi Kulm, as it is called, is 5,905 feet high—nearly as lofty as our Mount Washington, but it is grass-grown to the very summit. We choose the most recently devised mode of ascent—the railway. It seems to be just such as that which lifts the traveller to the top of Mount Washington. There are no chains or ropes to guard us against the powerful force of gravity, but running in the middle, between the rails for the wheels, there is a heavy iron bed, with sockets close together, to receive the cogs on wheels under the car, and should any accident happen to the engine or to the outside wheels, this central cog-wheel, we are assured, can sustain the whole weight.

And so we go, rising, rising, rising, and the view of the mountains, so tenderly beautiful from the lake, grows clearer and clearer, and the earth below in the valley becomes absurdly little. One of old described his uncertain state of mind by the words, "I saw men as trees walking;" but we see trees as less than men, no bigger than sheep, indeed, and the broad lakes have dwindled down to ponds of small extent, and the boats look like children's toys. The snow-clad summits, softly blended with the cloud masses, which are now golden-tinted by the setting sun, change continually as we ascend nearer and nearer to that purer air in which they dwell.

The evening is very fine, and when we reach the summit, and stand in the centre of this grand amphitheatre of untold splendor, we grow silent and calm and grave.

Says Ferguson, in his "Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains:"

"When the Almighty rested from His labors, He looked on everything that He had made, and behold it was very good. The plain, yielding bread to strengthen man's heart, and wine to gladden his face; the forest, with its fruitful trees and its shelter for the hunter's game; the lake, the river, with its myriad fish,—oh, yes! the fertile plain is good, and the forest and the teeming lake; but the lonely mountain, the terrible glacier and the awful cataract? Yes! and he who can feel that they too are good, completes a link upwards toward his Creator. Even poor Shelley, when he looked upon the glory of Mont Blanc, could exclaim, amid his sorrows and doubts:

'Thou hast a voice, great mountain! to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe.'"

On Seventh month 12th, we took our Sabbath rest at Rigi Kulm, and seldom have I known so charming a day. Every variety of light and cloud flitted over the solemn ice and snow-fields, which looked so calmly up towards heaven, and the bright hours slipped away too quickly. Towards evening, a shower, with thunder and lightning, ending with a rainbow, completed our day's experience among the mountain tops—a day long to be remembered, a bright spot of enduring tint on the fading record of memory.

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands."

S. R.

Seventh month 13th, 1874.

COUNCIL HELD AT SANTEE AGENCY, NEBRASKA, FIFTH MONTH 18th, 1874.

Present.—The U. S. Indian Agent, Joseph Webster, the U. S. Interpreter, James H. Baskin, Charles W. Searing, Jane R. Searing, Mary K. Brosius, Julia Hester, Dr. Eagle and C. H. Searing—whites. Wabashaw, head Chief of the Santees, Hocke Waste, Moc-pe-a-doo ta (Red Cloud), Yellow Medicine, Chiefs of bands, and also their head men and thirty or forty other Indians.

The interpreter, speaking for the Agent, introduced the Friends, who he said had come to see them and note their condition and the progress they had made.

They represented Genesee and Ohio Yearly Meetings, and came to give us such advice and encouragement as they see we need. This lady many of you know; she is the matron of the school we have just opened. This lady in the centre they brought with them to visit you in your houses, and have you visit her in hers. She is to take Mary Freeman's place, and teach your women to cook, sew, &c. The Superintendent had sent them word that he wanted them to save their ashes to make soap with, and he hoped they would do it.

C. W. Searing.—The Agent has told you of my errand. I am a farmer, and not much used to talking. I have been pleased in going around among you, to see how much land you have got broken, and hope you will keep on till each of you gets a nice large field that you can work. You have been waiting a long time for this school to open, and now that it is opened, I hope you will send your young men and women to it to learn the English language, as there are very few books printed in *Dakota*, and a great many printed in English. We had thougnt before we came that your Agent was doing you all the good he could, and now we have been and seen, we know he has.

Wabashaw.—Every once in a while there is a strange man drops in here, and he is so glad to see him and to hear him speak. He has been in council a great many times, has been to Washington and spoken with the President. He likes to see the ladies, and does not suppose we can teach them anything. He has heard for three months that you were coming, and hoped you would bring them great news. He was glad to see anybody from Washington, and to have them speak to these young men. You have spoken in high tones of the school and the Agent, and he was glad if they were situated to suit you. You have seen their houses, fences, &c., and may suppose the white men did this, but you are mistaken; these men you see did it. You have seen their houses from the outside, an they say they look very well, but if you wen inside you would not find them so nice, unles they knew you were coming, as they thin some of those you visited did, and fixed u some for it. When you go back I hope yo will tell the people just how we are situated no better, no worse.

Hocke Waste.—You have come and spoke to us of our houses and farms, and I am gla to see you. We all know we have got t make our own living soon, and so we hav adopted the white man's dress and gone t work. He too was a farmer, and not used t talking. Doesn't suppose he can learn yo anything about farming, but will tell you ho he does. They cannot get fence enoug We want good fence and a large lot fence in. We have worked pretty hard, and think one or two killed themselves carryin posts, &c., before we had teams. The grea est thing the white man has done for us the mill. These large lots you see is the wor of Major Stone, a former Agent. The sa mill ought to be covered over, as everybod knows the iron will rust if it is not; eve the Indians know this. There are a fe white men to give advice, but it is not so eas to follow it; the Agent always promises to d everything we want, but fails to do it som times, probably on account of some the em employes. But they live so much better tha they used to do, that they ought not to con plain.

Mac pe-a doo ta (Red Cloud).—You ha come to see what the Agent has done for u and what we have done for ourselves. W do not claim any credit, but give it all to Higher Power. First in authority is th Agent, and then down there are a number employes, and I do not dislike any of then The Great Father has given us a piece land and wants us to live on it, and we mea to do our part as well as we can, but ha not the means to do it, as you have see having been around among us. Have live here five years, and have lived in stables an holes in the ground, but he does not blam the Agent for that, but the governmen They have made some advancement though have two blacksmith's apprentices, thr carpenter's apprentices, and a miller's a prentice. If the government dropped the they would have to go back.

Yellow Medicine.—I expect I will offen some one, but I shall speak the truth. I a an Indian, but the Great Fat r wants should live and dress like a whit man. can neither read nor write, and a n not much account. There are three old chief the rest were appointed by Agent Janne Each chief has to look out for their ow

and, and now is the time to speak. They ould like to have a government committee ome out and see them; the Friends do not ike interest enough in them. Last summer he Commissioner was here, but he was in too uch of a hurry, he only said a few words nd was off. The grist-mill is all right, but he saw-mill is no good. There is not a frame ouse here built by it. I have got lots of hildren, and mean to do the best I can by hem, and want them to learn to speak Engsh.

The Agent.—You remember the Commisoner told you when he was here that he ould not give you any more rations after he 1st of July. I wrote to him, giving him easons why he should give you something ore, and now I will tell you what I have ot told you before, that I have heard from im, and he is going to give you something et. We are having the hardest time for oney we have had since I have been here, nd I have borrowed money to run the sawill, what we have run it.

C. W. Searing.—I have been a farmer long ough to know you cannot farm without ols, and I was glad you had so many plows nd good wagons, and hope they will get ore. Some of your land is better than where live and I believe you could make a living f of it if you once got it broken.

umber sawn for the year ending	8, 31, 71,	165,000 ft.
" " " " " "	" " 72,	240,000 "
" " " " " "	" " 73,	025,000 "
" " from 7, 1, '73, to 5, 15, '74		45,000 "

Saw-mill was blown down Fourth mo., '73. all of same year a new engine was put in nd frame for building put up. The carenters are now at work completing it.

Maj. Stone is accredited with doing the ncing; there is no fence now standing on he Agency put up by Maj. Stone.

W. J. PHILLIPS.

THE LANGUAGE OF FISHES.

There is something truly romantic in the oaning of the grand old sea. Its voice omes to us in muffled notes, as if trying to urst from itself, now with a huge roar, and gain dying away up the long line of white nd, in a low, murmuring sigh, which seems o say good-by, until its fellow comes thunering on, bringing new tidings from the dark unfathomed caves," and throwing its ars of spray at your feet. But these are ot the only sounds that come up from the ea. Musical notes are often heard that in lden times were credited to the "siren's arp." They come to us in low, sweet notes, urdened with a hidden meaning, swelling n each rise, and finally bursting from the deep in a chorus of rich sounds and harmonies.

These peculiar marine serenades were for years regarded with superstitious awe by the toilers of the sea. By some they were taken as signs of good luck, and by others, of the old school and Marryatt class, as the songs of the vast crews of the dead who roamed the sea in their phantom crafts, that appeared to their living comrades at dark moments and in weird form, an ominous foreboding of speedy ill-fortune, and so these strange notes were traced to different origins, until some curious individual threw the blame of all the disturbance upon the fish family, and then it became known that they, having mouths, spoke after their own fashion, and so our sirens and mermaids passed away. Their fair forms are no longer seen reclining on the mossy shore. Their sweet voices have been superseded by the croak of the unoffending pisces, and the well-known lines:

> In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
> And coral reefs lie bare,

Have lost their romance. Alas, for the advance of time, as with every throb our old and well-loved legends slip away, and disappear in the dim distance of the past.

A noted fishy vocalist is found in the *Anevent Scarus*, which was noted for the powers of its vocal organs. Pliny embalmed it in verse as the king of fishes, and Ovid and Ossian have also sung its praise in song. Seleucus stated, with all good faith, that it was the only fish that ever slept, and Ælian bestowed upon it the honor of being the best beloved by its fellows. Wonderful tales are told of its powers of intonation, and, although it was in great demand for the table, the men were loth to take it in consequence of the wails and moans it gave vent to when captured. At other times, when free, its voice rose from the sea clear as a bell, and ravishing in the sweetness of its melody.

The well-known gurnards are noted far and wide for the strange sounds they produce, and as yet the peculiar mechanism has not been clearly demonstrated. At times the sound is not unpleasant, and at others it resembles the barking of a dog or the grating of two rough substances. This may be the case in some species, but I have held a fish found in the Southern waters, and similar to our perch, in my hand, and listened to the sounds, and they seemed to be produced by a movement of the jaws or throat, as the lips and mouth protruded at every sound it uttered; but it is not unlikely that they are produced by grinding the teeth with a quick motion in trying to escape On the Jersey coast the *Prionotus pilatus* is called the pig, or hog fish, on account of its continual barking as it is drawn

in by the net; and in almost every section of the country we find these localisms, all tending to represent the vocal tastes of finny population.

In the days of old Rome, the murænas, or sea eels, were supposed to have a regular language. "Low and sweet," says an old writer, and "with an intonation so fascinating that few could resist its influence," and, it is said, that the Emperor Augustus pretended to understand their words. It is well known, however, that he did devote much of his time to the cultivation of these creatures, not for a hypothesis of language, but because they were highly esteemed in a gastronomic point of view. In fact, so far was this carried, that some epicures would only eat those that had been fattened on human flesh.

Strange sounds are often heard also rising from the waters of our own coasts, that would be apt to astonish the superstitious listener if he were not acquainted with the unoffending cause of all the disturbance. Sometimes it rises into the air like the bang of a huge drum, and again seems to steal over the waves with a low, murmuring wail; and if you were to place your ear close to the surface, the strange sounds would appear to come from five or six different places. Seamen are often startled by the "boom, boom," that seems to steal over the vessel, seeming to their ears more like the drum of some long-lost crew than the voice of an insignificant member of the family of fishes. For such it is, and well-known as the bearded drum-fish. But how it produces the queer musical notes, is something that it would be well for our "fish commission" to discover this summer on the sound.

Still another faithful satellite of Euterpe is found in the noisy maigre. It makes a cooing moan, accompanied by a sharp croak that can be heard at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The fish attains a length of about six feet, and weighs forty pounds. What these sounds are for we know not, but on the principle that all things are for some particular purpose, they must have a meaning. That the imperfect voice of the fish is used to express discontent and pain, I have no doubt, as in numerous experiments on a fish found in the Gulf of Mexico, called the grunt, I found that the voice was used and modulated as with other animals. When touched with the knife the grunts that it gave vent to fairly rose to a shriek, and when dying its moans and sobs were almost disagreeably human.

I shall never forget the first one of these veritable porkers that I caught. Thinking that my bait needed replenishing, I hauled in, and found nicely hooked a grunt, and no sooner had I placed him in the boat than he commenced a series of grunts and sobs that bid fair to take me by storm. Now he would make a low noise, and gradually swell the "melody," and finally hurl at me such a blast of entreaties, all of which were produced without a struggle, that my better nature was aroused, and I made haste to toss him back; and as he disappeared he uttered a squeak, which, together with the splash, sounded to me like a *bona fide* "thank you," and I have no doubt but what it was.

Baron Humboldt mentions an occurrence which he witnessed in the South Sea. "About seven o'clock in the evening the sailors were terrified by an extraordinary noise in the air like the beating of tamborines, followed by sounds that seemed to come from the ship, and resembling the escape of air from boiling liquid."

Many other instances could be called up to prove that fishes use their vocal organs to some purpose, but the above only serve to show that they have a well-defined voice, and that it is capable of modulation.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE PERFORATING POWER OF ROOTS.

It is, indeed, wonderful how easily the roots of plants and trees bore through hard, impacted soils in search of nourishment. They use for this purpose a sort of awl, of immense power, situated at the end of the root, and capable, with the aid of the other root machinery, of thrusting aside heavy weights and getting through almost any obstruction. Yet the awl consists only of a mass of microscopic absorbent cells, formed by protoplasm or vegetable mucus—the fluid in which vital action is first set up. The roots of the elm and the maple will bore through the hardest soil of walks or streets, enter drains, twine about water pipes, and penetrate through the seams of stone and brick structures. The roots of some plants have been known to pass through eighteen inches of solid brick-work, and make their appearance in a wine cellar below. Plants have a vast power in overcoming obstacles, when foraging for food. They are like a hungry animal, which no fences can restrain when there is food beyond. The movements of roots in soils proceed on certain principles of utility in connection with the welfare of the plant. Some need much more moisture than others, and the roots will drive through rocks to obtain it; others need silicious food, and will penetrate through a clay bank to reach the desired foraging ground. The urgency with which nature drives plants and animals in pursuit of food is almost irresistible.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched, to soothe afflictions, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

STREAMS FROM THE ROCK.

Oft when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is, indeed, the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams:
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own:
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring us gain?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives:
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

—*Thomas Toke Lynch*, 1855.

THE LOWLY SPIRIT.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As His abiding rest,
And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited
When Kings had no such guests.
The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valley free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain
But barren sand the sea.

"THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE YOUNG."

BY J. DE NORMANDIE.

The training of the young is one of the most grave and important matters. There is an influence which lies behind the Sunday-school; and character is more than education. And this "character" in its highest aspects depends upon the home training more than upon anything else. Yet there appears, in too many instances, a desire to escape that routine of duties which has been laid upon parents by the Divine Providence, and shift the responsibility upon others. There is no doubt that education is an aid to a higher social life. But there is not the slightest connection between the possession of all knowledge and the performance of the slightest duty. Is our national education giving us a higher human life? Is it deepening our better natures, or calming our rivalries, or reconciling the differences between capital and labor? Do parents think their duties are discharged when they have sent their children to the Sunday-school? What is an hour in the church, or Sunday-school, as an off set against a laxity of teaching and training in the home? No one can plead ignorance of the Divine will and law. Theft, impurity, deception, and all the vices, are *known* to be such. It is not knowledge we need so much as better example and influence. Duty is of all things important, and knowledge unimportant, comparatively. The best men who have ever lived have become such through the examples they have seen in their homes, and the influence of their training. When the fountain leaps higher in the public character you find its source in the deep breast of some noble, true mother. If the hope of humanity ever seems likely to us to go out, we know not how it can ever be rekindled,

except in discharging the duties and bearing the penalties which God shall impose upon us as parents and guardians.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.—I saw some where the other day, a sentence like this: "The truest courtesy is the truest Christianity." This is not simply saying, I take it, that a Christian will be a gentleman; it teaches that the spirit of self-denial, of foregoing personal advantages for the sake of favoring another, is the root and substance of the regenerated life. Now, here is a practical test, brought near to us in all the scenes of our intercourse with our fellows, showing what manner of spirit we are of. If we are truly, that is, sincerely, courteous and polite we are serving Christ, showing His example, and exhibiting His spirit. If, in the collisions of personal interests through the day, we are more careful to favor ourselves, to secure the best, to be served first, to gratify our own wishes and tastes, than to gratify and serve others, I care not what names we bear, or what professions we make, or what religious exercises we engage in, the spirit of the Master is not in us. —*A. L. Stone.*

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Eighth mo. 30th, Bridgeport, N. J., 3 P. M.
Ninth mo. 6th, Abington, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Reading, Pa., 2 P. M.
" " Chester, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Constantia, N. Y.
" " Pennsneck, N. J., 3 P. M.
" 13th, Warrington, Pa.

FRIENDS' BOARDING-HOUSE ASSOCIATION.

Managers and Canvassing Committee will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room on Sixth-day, Ninth month 4th, at 4 o'clock.

Full attendance desirable.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

The First Stated Meeting after the recess will be held at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day evening, Ninth month 2d, at 8 o'clock. All interested are invited.

WM. J. JENKS, *President.*
NATHANIEL E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

ITEMS.

THERMOMETERS are called Fahrenheit, or Reaumur, from the names of two philosophers who first utilized these instruments. Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit was a native of Dantzic, born in 1686, and died in 1736. Rene Antoine Fenchault de Reaumur was born at Rochelle, in 1683. He was cotemporary with Fahrenheit, and the principal difference between their thermometers is in the method of noting the degrees. Fahrenheit starts zero, according to his scale, at thirty-two degrees below the freezing point of water—an arbitrary idea—the reason of which cannot be successfully explained. One suggestion is that, the thermometer being experimented upon principally at Florence, it was not easy to obtain a great degree of cold or heat as a starting point. Fahrenheit has one hundred and eighty between the fixed points. Reaumur has but eighty degrees. So that Reaumur degrees, according to numeration, do not seem to show the same heat or cold which is marked on a Fahrenheit thermometer. In Fahrenheit the freezing point being thirty-two degrees, the boiling point is two hundred and twelve degrees, thus showing one hundred and eighty degrees between freezing and boiling. In Reaumur, the difference between the freezing and boiling is only eighty degrees; so that a degree (Reaumur) is equal to two and a quarter degrees Fahrenheit. A more sensible thermometer than either is that of Celsius of Leyden, invented in 1742, which gives one hundred degrees between freezing and boiling. This is usually called the centigrade thermometer.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

PRE-HISTORIC AMERICA.—The *Alta California* recently described discoveries made by Mr. J. A. Parker, superintendent of a canal company, engaged in irrigating the Pueblo Viejo Valley, Arizona. This valley is described as being sixty miles in length and about four miles wide. Mr. Parker found the ruins of ancient cities, extending along the valley about a mile apart from each other, and the remains of a large canal, with triangular shaped reservoirs, built of stone, in each of the cities or towns. Pottery, household implements (made of stone) and human bones have been found in the ruins. The dwellings seem to have been destroyed by fire, and are, in some cases, covered up with from ten to forty feet of earth, growing luxurious vegetation. The pottery is decorated in colors, the walls of the dwellings are laid in cement, and the interior of a large building, supposed to have been a place of worship, had been smoothly plastered. The remains indicate that the inhabitants of these cities were far more advanced in civilization than the Indians or Mexicans of historic times, and it has been supposed that wanderers through Asia crossed Behrings Strait and made their way down the Pacific coast to the rich valleys of Arizona and New Mexico at least one thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. The Indians have a tradition that the people who lived there went to battle in the South, and were all killed. A thorough investigation of all the remains might lead to important knowledge regarding the history of these and the South American races. —*Public Ledger.*

A NEW life-saving invention has recently appeared in Paris in the shape of a durable garment which covers the entire body. It is made of rubber and is provided with a flexible tube, which has a mouthpiece. By blowing into the latter the person in danger inflates the garment, which buoys him up when in the water.—*Scientific Amnrican.*

DRIED POTATOES.—Lately, a trade has been developed among some Rochester shippers, about which but little is known. It is the trade in dried potatoes. Potatoes are sliced up and dried much in the same manner as dried apples. One firm in that city has an order on hand now for 50,000 pounds of these dried potatoes, as well as for 1,500 bushels of onions, which are dried in much the same manner. They are intended for the navy. A bushel of potatoes dries away to about ten pounds. When ready they are put into large tin cans, holding forty pounds, and sealed.—*Southern Workman.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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Concerning JOSEPH THORN, *deceased: a Memorial of Rochester Monthly Meeting. Issued by New York Yearly Meeting*, 1874.

The subject of this memoir was the son of Jacob and Eunice Thorn, and was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., on the 12th of Sixth month, 1802. When quite a lad, he removed with his parents to the town of Half Moon, Saratoga County, N. Y. It appears from the accounts we have been able to gather, that he was very thoughtful concerning the higher duties of life while in early youth, and that at an early age he united himself with the Methodists, with whom his father was also a member. In speaking of this period of his life and of his religious experience, he said he soon became dissatisfied with the form and manner of worship among that people; that it did not meet the cravings of his spiritual nature, nor furnish him with the peace he longed for. About the 20th year of his age he united himself in membership with Friends. In what manner he became acquainted with them, and convinced of the truth of their principles, we are unable to learn, but he frequently expressed, that when mingling with them in silent communion with God, he found what he had sought, and enjoyed a sweet peace in the performance of the religious duties which were required of him among them.

During the time of the commotions which agitated the Society soon after he became a member, and which resulted in a separation, he passed through a season of deep mental conflict to determine with whom he should remain, but settled in remaining with Friends, although his parents took the opposite course.

In the year 1826, he was united in marriage with Jane Ann Badgley, with whom he lived in near affection until her death, which took place on the 10th of Eighth month, 1862.

She was one who was qualified to feel with him in his spiritual baptisms, and thus enabled to be a strength to him in seasons of depression, and to aid him by her counsel, as well as example, in living out all the religious requirements he felt were laid upon him.

They removed with their family, in the year 1832, to the town of Wheatland, Monroe County, N. Y., where he remained until the spring of 1838, when he purchased a farm in Chili, and resided there until 1868, when he removed to Mendon, where he lived until his decease.

He early took a deep interest in the affairs of the Society, and was a diligent attender of its meetings. Although living for thirty years about four miles from his meeting, he was seldom absent from them unless prevented by sickness, and, notwithstanding he was heavily in debt, with a family dependent on him, and being obliged to entrust his business affairs during his absence to hired help, ill-health alone kept him from his mid-week

meetings, and when prevented from taking his family with him on account of the state of the roads, he would go on foot.

His demeanor in meeting was solid and dignified, evincing that his mind was not resting in careless ease, but was seeking and holding communion with the Master of all rightly-gathered assemblies.

His faithfulness and devotion soon gained him the confidence of his friends, and in the Third month, 1836, he was appointed to the responsible position of an elder, which he filled with propriety and usefulness the remainder of his life. Possessing a sound judgment, and a ripe experience, he was prepared to enter into feeling sympathy with the ministry, and to rightly encourage those in whom he saw the pure gift.

In his intercourse with the world in the transaction of his business, he was regarded as a model in uprightness and integrity of character; his word was sacred, his representations truthful, and in all his dealings he was careful to be just.

In his family he was an affectionate husband and a kind father, caring for the spiritual as well as the temporal interests of them all, often collecting them around him, and reading to them from the Scriptures or from some other good work, or administering to them words of counsel and admonition, seeking to induce his children to be ever faithful in endeavoring to cultivate the inner and better life, that they might advance onward to an inheritance in that beautiful city whose builder and maker is God.

During the last ten years of his life he made several religious visits as companion to a Friend belonging to the same Monthly Meeting, with whom he traveled in near unity and sympathy. His deep religious experience, and his quick feeling heart, peculiarly qualified him for such a service, and he not only entered into sympathy with him in his baptisms in these visits, but was at times qualified to hand forth a few words to those assembled which were accompanied with the true life.

In the fall of 1867 they were set at liberty to visit the families of Farmington Quarterly Meeting, a service which had rested on the minds of both for a length of time unknown to each other until a few days before laying it before their friends. In this labor he was led into close feeling with the families visited, and in nearly all had some pertinent counsel to offer, which appeared to be well received, and which, while deeply trying to a retiring nature like his, brought him the sweet reward of peace.

In the years 1871 and 1872, they were engaged in the service of appointing meetings among those not in membership with us within the limits of Farmington Quarterly meeting. During the performance of this duty he gave up to that which he had long felt to be required of him, to appear in public testimony as directed by his Heavenly Father, though he had occasionally thus appeared previously. His offerings were lively and satisfactory, and, as he continued to grow in the occupancy of this gift, it was acknowledged by his friends.

In the summer of 1862 our dear friend met with a severe affliction in the removal by death of his beloved wife, who was taken from him with but a moment's warning; but, while feeling his loss very keenly, yet he was preserved in that patient resignation of the Christian, under which he could adopt the language, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In the year 1864 he was united in marriage with Abigail D. Clark, with whom he lived in much affection and harmony, and who still survives him.

For several years his health had been declining, and after attending the Monthly Meeting in the Eleventh month, 1872, he was severely attacked with an affection of the stomach, from which he never recovered. His sufferings at times were very severe, but all were borne with Christian patience and fortitude.

The closing scenes of his long and useful life were such as we might look for from one whose chief endeavor has been not only to appear, but to live, the true Christian.

A friend, on calling to see him shortly after he was taken so seriously ill, while in conversation with him, alluded to the probability of his recovery, when he pleasantly replied, "I have not seen the end, but am resigned to the Lord's will," and soon added, "Oh, what a bright prospect is opened before me, and of what little moment are the things of earth compared to the glorious inheritance! I can see where I might have bettered my life, yet my chief object has been to serve my Heavenly Father!"

At another time, in conversation with the same friend, he remarked, "What a care I have had for my children! and I can see some fruits of that care, and I desire more may be manifested."

At another time he said, "There is a brighter and a happier time approaching. Oh, what a concern I have had for a nearer love and unity among the servants of the Lord, that they may by their example point the people to a better way!"

At another time, in speaking to the same friend of the close bond of sympathy and

unity in which they had travelled in their religious exercises, he said, "Our affection has been like that of David and Jonathan."

A few weeks subsequent, when he had failed much, and his friends were daily looking for the final change, he again remarked, "Oh, what a sweet prospect of soon meeting in that world where parting will be no more, and of staying with the loved ones gone before, and with our blessed Lord!"

After this he seemed to rally so as to give some encouragement of being more comfortable, but an unfavorable change took place, and he passed away suddenly, but quietly, on the morning of the 26th of Second month, 1872, in the 71st year of his age.

In the life of this dear friend we have a beautiful evidence of the sustaining and guardian care of our Heavenly Father over those who put their trust in Him, and who make it their chief object to serve Him, preserving them amid varied conflicts, enabling them to discharge their temporal and spiritual responsibilities with fidelity and integrity, gaining thereby the respect and affection of their brethren, qualifying them for usefulness in the church, fitting them to rightly labor for the good of mankind, and finally crowning them with an unfaltering trust and hope under which they can adopt the language of Paul, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness; and not for me only, but for all those who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus,"—thus preparing them for an entrance into an eternity of joy and peace.

THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.

The propriety of cultivating feelings of benevolence towards our fellow-creatures is seldom denied in theory, however frequently the duty may be omitted in practice. It has been recommended by the eloquence of heathen philosophers, and enforced by some extraordinary examples of heathen philanthropy; but as the foundations on which they built their beautiful theories of virtue were narrow and confined, the superstructure was frail and perishable, and never was the true foundation discovered, till brought to light by Jesus Christ. He first taught how the obstacles to benevolence were to be removed, by conquering that pride, self-love, and vain glory which had, till then, constituted a part of the catalogue of human virtues. He first taught the universality of its extent, by connecting it with the love of the common Father and Benefactor of all, and made the love of our fellow creatures the test and criterion of our love to the Creator, while from true devotion to the Supreme Being, he thought that benevolence to man must necessarily flow. He likewise taught that upon all who were convinced of these truths, and were anxious to fulfil the Divine commandments, Divine assistance would be bestowed. He alone ennobled virtue by the assurance of an eternal reward.

CHARITY.

ALL-EMBRACING, ALL-SERVING, ALL-BLESSING.

The apostle had exhorted his brethren to acquire and exercise fortitude, resolution, knowledge, moderation, patience, godliness, and brotherly kindness; a gradation of Christian graces which is climacteric, to crown which ascending series he introduces another and the most glorious of all, saying, "Add to your faith charity."

Faith he regarded as being fundamental to all spiritual worth, and these other attributes its fruit and decorations. In his estimation the man of faith would need fortitude to endure the cross of the Christian profession; resolution, to execute secret convictions of duty; knowledge, to prevent zeal from degenerating into fanaticism; moderation, to guard against all extremes of personal indulgence and outward vicissitudes; patience, to bear him calmly through individual annoyances; godliness, to overcome the world; brotherly-kindness to create within his bosom a tender sympathy for all the disciples of Christ in every land; and, soaring still higher, charity or holy and compassionate love for all mankind.

Charity is all-embracing. In the comprehensive apostolic sense of the word it is the health of the soul, condition of its best growth, and guarantee of most prolific usefulness. Charity is the most vigorous and attractive offshoot of faith, the faith of Divine grace. . . . . It is the prerogative of faith to restore us to God, and of charity to fill us with God. Faith conducts us to the source of salvation, and charity thenceforth transforms the whole Christian life into a beneficent stream thence derived. These two graces can never exist divorced from each other. With as much propriety might we say that fire is perfect without heat, or that the sun is perfect without light, as that faith can be perfect without charity. It is not faith but faithlessness that expects to attain eternal joys without the preparatory discipline of love and good works. Not that his beneficence will purchase redemption; but the absence of love will be the presence of eternal woe. True charity is as indefatigable as it is inexhaustible. It incessantly renews its own energies, and the more it imparts to others, the more in its original resources it superabounds. He who thus loves and labors for

the highest good of the greatest number, renders his own heart a paradise on earth. He has God within him, for God is love; and the divinity with which he is imbued leads him forth to enterprises that are Divine. It founds hospitals, and builds asylums of every form and name. Its ear is open to hear every groan, and its hand is ready to wipe away every tear. It makes personal visits to the cellars and garrets of wretchedness, and everywhere speaks those kind words of sympathetic affection which are exhausted never. God remembers a cup of water given in His name.

St. John records a very significant declaration made by Jesus Christ. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." This new commandment has an emphasis which is very remarkable. Humility, purity and Christian discipleship were things new and strange indeed to the pagan world; but not so new were they as this precept of universal love. Jesus adds that this shall be the sign by which His disciples shall be recognized; not that humility, purity and fraternity were not also signs very evident and very striking of the Christian profession, but because charity is the ocean whence all virtues emanate, and to which they return. It is this that renders one humble, chaste and fraternal; and consequently Christ declared that this should be the capital sign of the soul transformed. Perhaps wisdom is valued most of all acquisitions; but it is not equal to love. Every true believer will say with St. Francis de Sales, "My dear Philotheus, I would give twenty serpents for one dove."

Christian charity is all serving as well as all-embracing. The man of practical godliness does not repel the mendicant at his door with a frigid sermon when he should kindly relieve his wants with a silver shilling. On the contrary, when he says, "be ye fed, be ye clothed, and be ye taught the way to heaven," his own efforts comport with the law of Christian duty and fulfil it. "He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity."

Condescension is a trait peculiar to the good, who love to stoop, that, like their Master, they may elevate the dejected, and move about with active charity in the humblest spheres. It is the prerogative of real superiority alone thus to descend in order to raise to itself those with whom it communicates, and through which intercourse it instrumentally renders Divine aid. Always guided by heaven and seeking its light, charity attaches itself to truth as to a duty; and being constantly directed to what is practical and saving, it frequently reverts to the cross for wisdom, ever striving to bring souls to Christ. It endures by its patience and inward peace what to the world seems full of disquietude and disgust. It cures or mitigates every pang, and feels that the drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than all the ferocious wars of the world. Among the graces, charity is the most amiable and potent; gently lifting the veil of obscurity, teaching us to love all mankind for their own sakes and as the children of God, and to cherish them most when most destitute, when they are bereaved, and our love alone can indemnify them for the trials they endure.

It is not only true that he who does most good is thereby endowed with abilities to do still more; but he who is most beneficent will also enjoy the most delightful attachment to those who are the objects of his regard. Charity generates mutual esteem and replenishes earth with the elements of heaven. When it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not so much that we should love him first and do him good as the result of that love; but thou shalt confer benefits on thy neighbor; and this thy kindness will react on thee in that tide of love which shall indicate the infinite beneficence of God, and be to thee the foretaste of immortal bliss. It is this which inspires in the sanctified heart a tender relationship with all the inhabitants of earth as the offspring of a common Father, and gives to the possessor much of the pure and generous emotions which celestial spirits feel.

Charity not only embraces all and serves all, but its constant purpose is to bestow actual benefits in the greatest profusion upon the greatest number. How can a Christian hate any one, since he is commanded to love his enemies, even? Love, gentle and diffusive, permeating and beneficent, reposes in the breast of a true disciple as a drop of dew in the bosom of a flower. Jesus clearly taught that whoever is able and does not relieve the sufferer wherever he is found, is his foe. The heart that has been melted and transformed at the foot of the cross will not freeze to doubt the amiable impulses which charity prompts, but spontaneously springs forth with a lively instinct to relieve the sufferings of our race:

> It seeks again those chords to bind
> Which human woe hath rent apart;
> To heal again the wounded mind,
> And bind again the broken heart.

Jesus Christ was a public blessing in the world; "He went about doing good;" and such should all His followers be. The plain command of our God is, "Honor all men,"

not with equal esteem, but always with beneficent regard. In all ranks and conditions of mankind we are to recognize and honor our own nature, the precious remains, however defaced, of God's own image. To treat any with absolute neglect is to despise Divine example as well as the Divine law of love.—E. L. MAGOON, *in National Baptist.*

THE GREAT END OF SOCIETY.

Property continually tends to become a more vivid idea than right. In the struggle for private accumulation, the worth of every human being is overlooked. The importance of every man's progress is forgotten. We must contend for this great idea. They who hold it, must spread it around them. The truth must be sounded in the ears of men, that the grand end of society is to place within reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man. There is a higher duty than to build almshouses for the poor, and that is, to save men from being degraded to the blighting influence of an almshouse. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids, and encouragements, and culture, by which he may fulfil the destiny of a man; and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries.—*Channing.*

DEAD WORKS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Finalities are an impertinence in a growing world, and the man who thinks his own work final does but make himself appear ridiculous. Other men have labored and we enter into their labors, and others still will enter into ours. Many wastes of error must be traversed before the truth is reached. Honor to those who have traversed them courageously, abiding in their wild and lonely places in all singleness of heart. They die, not having received the promise. But they are saved by hope. Their faith is counted unto them for righteousness.

Let us not, then, allow ourselves to be made sorrowful, save as to some extent we must be by all past things, by the "dead works" of literature and art and skill that once were full of palpitating life. They were so to some purpose. The growing world has taken up their life into itself. They have been assimilated. They have passed into the tissue of the race. They have become bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

But there are dead works that may well make us sorrowful. They are *those that never were alive.* And in order to see these we have no need to go into old libraries, or famous galleries, or among the ruined temples, shrines and palaces of other days. We have no need to go far back in time or far away in space. Happy are we if it is even necessary for us to cross our own thresholds in order to discover them. Works without heart in them—these are the real dead works, the works that never have been alive. And such dead works are never far to seek. They can be found wherever men and women can be found. On the lowest planes of physical toil one cannot help seeing the difference between one workman and another. And then this difference reaches up into the highest walks of intellectual activity; and wherever we discover it, what a mighty difference it is. There are men who do hard work ten or twelve hours a day, and without a week's vacation in the year, and they ask no odds of any one. Their hearts are in their work and they rejoice in it. They sing and whistle at their toil, and it does one good to get near such people, stand they at lathe or forge, work they in field or factory, be their work ever so disagreeable to all outward seeming. All pity is wasted on such men, work they ever so hard. They can imagine nothing more nearly to their mind.

But, on the other hand, there are men all of whose works are dead works. They take no joy in them. They worry through them in some poor mechanical way. If the work is naturally mechanical, it may not suffer; but the most mechanical employment ought to have a heart behind the hands. For making a wooden table or an epic poem give us the man whose heart goes to a merry tune. His work will inevitably be more efficient. It will have sunlight in it and fresh air. The work that lives, and lives to cheer and bless, has gladness for its inspiration. Such work is always beautiful. Its opposite is a sad sight to look upon. We see men of business whose business is much more to them than a means of making money. They never envy those who have nothing to do. A life of idleness has for them no charms. If fair winds favor them, it is well and good. If not, if adverse winds prevail, if storms arise, if breakers roar ahead, they rise to the height of the occasion. They "put on victory as a robe." But there are men of business whose relation to their business is purely mercenary. They have no heart in it. They endure it for the sake of its results. To come in contact with such men is fearfully depressing. They cast a shadow wherever they go, a shadow that has in it no power of healing.

There are dead works of the home as well as of the market-place, dead works of housekeeping, dead works of rearing children.

We have all seen them ; women going about their daily work with about as much enthusiasm as has "a galley-slave at night scourged to his dungeon "; women whose children are a burden, not a blessing, an occasion for perpetual anxiety, not for perennial joy. And side by side with these we have seen others of a different mould, women whose days are all thanksgiving days, who believe in women's rights, suffrage and all, and mean to have them, but who ask no exemption from their round of ordinary care, and only ask to do the work they are now doing, with a larger outlook and with higher aims. Such women step as if to martial music on their toilsome way. Their cares seem joys to them ; their children—no better than other people's—a perpetual income of strength and peace ; an outset in no wise. They make all ordinary definitions of the word Home seem incomplete and trivial, they make the thing so wonderful in its significance.

But what good is there in this distinguishing between dead and living works, unless the power to make alive or dead is given in some measure to every one of us, unless we can do something to put heart into our own works and into other people's? Truly, not much, and yet some good may come from noticing that these are not entirely under individual control. There are differences of temperament which we must accept as ultimate facts. It is as easy for some people to work as it is for other people to be idle. And there are other differences of temperament quite as positive as this. Of course, the true man is the one who fights against his natural tendency when it is not enlisted on the side of good, but the difficulty still remains that many have to fight in this way, while others are born in the moment of victory ; the fighting is all over when they arrive upon the field. And so the first lesson to be drawn is one of charity, that we do not judge men as if virtue were equally accessible to all, seeing that some find it close at hand and others shall hardly find it, though they seek for it earnestly and with tears.

But, though temperament is oftentimes tyrannical, an immense province is within the bounds of individual control. For one thing, a great many dead works are to be accounted for by lack of health. Without health how shall a man put heart into anything he says or does? "But health as well as temperament, is something for which we are only partly responsible." Yes, but we are *partly*, and, in so far as we are, our work should be alive to the full extent that health can make it so. Without becoming a morbid vivisectionist of his own body, a man can so obey some of the most obvious laws of health as to lay hold of a corresponding advantage of immense value. Ill health is at the bottom of an immense amount of half-heartedness, and ill health is very often the result of knowingly and willfully breaking the divine commandments. To get health is to get heart and to make mechanical activity, dead works a much remoter possibility.

Another fertile source of dead works is misdirected energy. Men cannot put their hearts into one thing because they are already in another, in which, if they could work, their work would throb with life. And here the first word is, choose deliberately the position for which you are best fitted by your natural abilities, and be very faithful to these, and no dead works will cumber you. But if the choice has been made and not well made, is a man doomed to go on forever doing heartless work? Not if he can see that independence and domestic love are better even than to be exactly in the place for which we are designed by natural aptitude. Let a man once see how good a thing it is to stand on his own feet, asking no favors of any one, still better, let him see that we are here for love's sake more than any special task, and that nothing can cheat us out of this, and the most uncongenial work shall be no longer dead. It shall be caught up and transfigured. Let a man see these things, and if he will he shall put more heart into a business for which he has no liking and no aptitude, than without this insight he could put into the most congenial occupation.

There is nothing else which has so much life in it as love. For the husband and wife who love each other with pure passion and all reverence, dead works are quite impossible. But there must be thoughtfulness in the love that is equal to the wear and tear of such a busy work-day world as this. All the chivalry, all the desire to please, all the delicate attentions must not end with courtship or the honeymoon. Many a man or woman goes famishing for years because of little kindnesses undone that once were plentiful enough. Many who now, after a few years of marriage, find themselves uncongenial, would never make this terrible discovery if both, or even one, should exercise a hundreth part of the considerate tenderness that lit up the days before marriage with such pure radiance. . . . . .

SERVE God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the Apostle's words, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

—*Spurgeon.*

PERIOD OF SELF-CONCEIT.

In almost every man's life there is a period of self-conceit. But with a true heart and a well-balanced head the disease is of short duration, and is not liable to recur. There are only a few incurable cases, and still fewer in which one's vanity becomes inflated as seasons leave their silvery register upon his locks. The period is somewhere between fifteen and twenty-five, at which men are generally the smartest. They are sages then, and are standards of wisdom in all things. They are Zaccheuses in the giddy heights of the sycamore. Some of them tumble out and break their necks, while others see their folly and come down among humble and wise men. But this is a critical period in one's life. He may act foolishly towards others, but others should exercise discretion toward him.

Older men should not aggravate the ill, but bear patiently and gently with it. Kindness and patience will best help a young man through this crisis of vanity. Harsh treatment may leave unpleasant reflections after the patient has been restored. The insane and delirious never forget derision and ill-treatment. So the puffed-up young man may remember all attempts to puncture him with ridicule. After his collapse of vanity, and the normal adjustment of his faculties, he may know who had pity and patience, and who sought to kill rather than cure. We would therefore say to our brethren: Bear with that vain young man; he may be ripening into maturer strength that shall largely advance the cause of truth.—*Herald.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We have just returned to this place after an absence of five weeks, spent in different portions of the country, having had a very pleasant time, feeling perfectly well. One of our rides, while in Bucks county, extended to the far-famed Cattalossa, seven miles above New Hope. There is an Indian legend that a squaw left her pappoose on the banks, while she went in search of berries, and on her return the child was no where to be seen, the wolves (which were numerous at that time) having carried her off. The mother ran along the bank of the stream crying, catta (daughter) lossa (lost). The stream is insignificant and so crooked that we crossed it seven times in our ride. The scenery is magnificent. The woods are about four miles in extent, with occasional glimpses of the river Delaware, sometimes a close view, which enhances the beauty of the scene. Great hedges of *Rhododendron*, or Mountain Laurel, eight or ten feet high, with clusters of waxen flowers, some tinged with delicate pink, others perfectly white, set in glossy leaves, looked rich indeed. Even the common Sumac, with its cone-like crimson flowers on bushes three times the usual height elsewhere, claimed more than common attention. Ferns of every variety, to please the eye—one of our writers has termed them the "coxcomb of plants," we may be allowed to differ, as they occupy a low position, and are suggestive of as great thoughts as many of our flowers; the lilies gracefully growing near by, in all their queen-like dignity.

It was rich in floral productions, and would well repay a botanical investigation. There is also a public fountain erected on the way-side, which supplies man and beast with a refreshing draught. Near here Whittier spent a portion of a summer vacation when in Philadelphia; no doubt but it would have charms for his fertile imagination, and furnish food for his mental strength.

The wish thou expresses, that we were near enough to accompany thee on an occasional visit to those young people who are "seeking after the bread of life and submitting to the forming Hand," meets a response in my feelings. I greatly desire their encouragement. May they hold fast that which they have received, and let no man (not anything) take their crown. May they seek first the kingdom of heaven within them, and become established in the *Truth*, then they will find that all things needful will be given, and they will be enabled to walk in the path of safety. This path may sometimes appear to them narrow, and even needlessly contracted, but it is the only one that leads to true peace, and gives an assurance of rest. The glory and applause of this world are not enduring, they fade away with the using. They cannot nourish the inner life. If our young people in all their movements would look at and follow the pattern which is shown them on the mount (the mount of God), they would realize more true peace and have more real enjoyment than can be obtained by following after the imaginations or inventions of man, let them be ever so alluring or fascinating to the natural eye or ear. This path, though apparently contracted and uninviting to one who is seeking after great things, will lead into a "place of broad rivers and streams, wherein goeth no galley with oars, neither doth gallant ship pass thereby. "For the Lord is our Law-giver; the Lord is our King; He will save us."

Doubtless, in all ages of the world, this

path has been known. Abraham, through obedience, was led into it. He walked in it; taught his children the way of it, and the children of Abraham (the faithful) still walk in it, for the *door* which Christ (the indwelling Power) opens, is the entrance thereto. There is none other; and when He opens none can shut, and so, too, when He shuts, none can open.

The language formerly addressed to Moses, referring to his guidance of the children of Israel, "And look that thou make them after the pattern shewn thee in the Mount," is beautifully symbolical of a condition, in which the mind and the affections are raised above all mundane things, to the enjoyment of communion with the Divine mind. It is in this state that we receive a clear knowledge of what we should do and what we should leave undone, and in proportion as we shape our course by the pattern thus shown us, we will ensure our safety and our peace.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 5, 1874.

NOTE.—On the first advertising page attached to No. 25, a notice, headed "Schooley's Mountains," was inserted, the latter part of which should not have had a place there. We regret its unintentional admission.

FRIENDS IN IRELAND.—Through the kindness of our young friend, S. Raymond Roberts, who is now travelling in Europe, we have received a copy of the "Proceedings of the late Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends in Ireland, held in Dublin." As we have observed by the reading of these minutes, that many subjects are brought up in this meeting that do not come officially before our Philadelpnia Yearly Meeting, we have thought it would interest our readers to give a few extracts. The first that we present is from a Report of the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders to the Yearly Meeting as follows: "It is cause for renewed thankfulness to our Heavenly Father that we may again report we are favored with a living Gospel ministry, and that those who are in the station of recorded ministers exercise the gifts entrusted to them very generally to the satisfaction of their friends.

"There are also, in most of our meetings, those who believe themselves called to speak in the line of the ministry, but who are not recorded, not a few of whom, we trust, are designed for increased usefulness, and we continue to feel a tender interest in their welfare.

"From the answers received from our several Quarterly Meetings of Ministers and Elders, it appears that the members of this meeting are generally diligent in attending their Meetings for Worship and Discipline, and careful to promote the attendance of their families. That a good degree of care is taken not to overcharge themselves with trade or other outward engagements, to the hindrance of their service. That they endeavor to rule their own houses well, and, by example and precept, to train up their families in a religious life and conversation consistent with our Christian profession, and that they are preserved in love and in a good degree of unity, one with another, endeavoring to administer encouragement or counsel, as occasion may require, in reference to ministry or conduct."

From a "Report of the Committee appointed to Consider the Constitution and Functions of the Meeting of Ministers and Elders," we take the following: "We think that the bond of union between our Meeting of Ministers and Elders and other concerned members of our body, might be drawn closer than at present; and with this view we would suggest to the Yearly Meeting to direct that, wherever there is a Meeting of Ministers and Elders, there be held, at least once in the year, and oftener, if convenient, a special meeting of that body, to which they should be encouraged to invite Friends, particularly those of the younger class, who appear at times in the ministry in our meetings, and which should also embrace the Overseers in each Monthly Meeting, as well as any who take part in approved religious work among us. We believe that such meetings would afford an opportunity for free interchange of sentiment; sometimes, perhaps, remove misapprehensions, and draw us more closely together in the promotion of our Great Master's service."

"Looking at the original appointment of Elders in our body, it appears to have been

with the view of caring for the ministry, and affording assistance to Meetings of Ministers; but we believe that Elders are called to take a more Scriptural view of the duties of that station. The apostolic injunction to the Elders was 'to feed the Church of God'—a solemn responsibility.

"Our present mode of officially recognizing or recording ministers has had our consideration. Our present practice in effect constitutes an individual so acknowledged by the body—a minister of the Gospel for life. It does not appear that this practice existed in the earlier days of our Society, not appearing to have any existence previous to the year 1773, but on this subject we are not prepared to recommend any change."

This report was satisfactory to the meeting, and it agreed to the proposition.

The subject of Intemperance claimed attention, and an "address to the members, on the use and sale of intoxicating drinks," was printed and sent to the Monthly Meetings for distribution.

The meeting gave consideration to the mode of defraying the expenses of Friends travelling in the work of the ministry, and also as to whether some arrangements might not be made for the payment of the expenses of some who, though not recorded ministers, are engaged in appointments on behalf of the Church. The whole matter was referred to the Yearly Meeting's Committee.

This Committee, at a subsequent sitting, recommended that "in each Monthly Meeting two judicious Friends shall be appointed, who shall have special charge of providing for the necessary expenses of Friends travelling in the ministry, and of the furnishing of all accounts of expenses incurred to the Yearly Meeting's Committee, verified by their signatures."

Reports from the schools under the charge of the meetings comprising the Yearly Meeting, show that the education of the children is not neglected; and that while the schools are not free, as with us, pecuniary assistance is rendered to those who are in need thereof.

The statistics are very full, and embrace, in addition to the usual information concerning the membership, the number of Overseers in each particular meeting, reports respecting Scriptural instruction and First-day Schools in each meeting, and reports respecting those who attend meetings, but are not members. From the latter we learn that "such continue to receive care from Friends in their individual capacity, and are generally visited, once in the year, by a committee of the Monthly Meeting. In some of the meetings they are expected to attend the Preparative Meetings, and such social and religious gatherings as are held at the request of Friends travelling in the ministry, or for other objects relating to Friends. In several instances they were visited by the Friends appointed to give the annual advices."

The letters from our young friend, before alluded to, bear testimony to the kindness of the Friends, through whose attentions his visits to Dublin and Belfast have been made occasions long to be remembered.

EDUCATION.—We are pleased to hear that the subject of establishing schools under the care of Friends is receiving attention throughout our Yearly Meeting, and that a new school is now being opened at Easton, Md., within the Southern Quarterly Meeting, where quite a lively concern is manifested in the subject, not only by Friends, but many others. An advertisement will be found attached to this number for a teacher to take charge of the new school, to which we call attention.

DIED.

CHILD.—Suddenly, on the afternoon of Eighth month 11th, 1874, of heart disease, Mary H., wife of John Child, of Darby, Pa., in the 71st year of her age.

Whilst sitting on the open porch, enjoying her home and the beauties of nature she loved so well, talking pleasantly with her husband and youngest daughter, with no warning, without a word, a struggle or a *look of pain*, her face illuminated by a beautiful smile, her pure spirit was lifted into the Father's kingdom Only the colorless face and stilled pulse told the separating hand had gathered as ripe the immortal soul that was ever ready for the mansions prepared for those that love Him. From her earliest youth she had daily gathered in His sunshine, sheaves for the heavenly garner, and, when her sun went down, the twilight melted into moonlight, out of which came the morning star, only to fade in an eternal and "perfect day" The *thought* of God *dwelt* in her heart; the *way* to Him was easy and familiar. Each link in the long chain of years had been days of duties well done, brightened by the Christian spirit, which

shed radiance all around it, and the immortal touch only crowned a complete and finished life, which, "when illuminated by the light of time, will contain no shadow from end to end." *She* knew no touch of death, only closing the eyes here to open on the eternal beyond. Those who found in her the ideal of woman, wife, mother, friend, will find their greatest comfort in remembering what she *was*, and what *she now* enjoys, knowing that by imitating her example of living under the Divine guidance, they too will be ready for eternal blessedness, and, though *this* agony seems so hard to be borne, it *can* be laid where *she* took all *her* griefs—at the Master's feet. M.

NOBLE CONSISTENCY.—When Algernon Sydney was told that that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE ALPS.

No. 12.

A pleasant ride of an hour and a half through a fertile valley, and we pass from Lucerne to Zurich. Apple, pear and cherry trees, richly fruited, gladden all the wayside; and it is hardly possible to imagine richer and greener pastures than the flowery meadows through which we pass. The summer sun is very warm and the showers are frequent, so that the development of the vegetation is excessively rapid. On southern slopes, vineyards are planted, and the heat to which their inclination exposes them must be almost tropical; while on the hillsides which have a northern exposure, grass and the various grains are flourishing. About halfway between Lucerne and Zurich lies the town of Zug, on the northern shore of the lake of the same name, but we content ourselves with a friendly look at it as we approach and as we pass beyond it, and press right on to the city of Zurich, which we enter at eventide. It is beautifully situated on the northern extremity of the lake (Zurich) and on the banks of the beautifully clear and rapid little river Limmat, which is hurrying to bear the sweet waters of the Alpine snows to the Rhine. The day of our arrival happens to be the time of a musical festival, and we see the bright, clean and prosperous little city in its most joyous aspect. The hotels are thronged with guests, and the people in holiday garb are enjoying the evening in the gardens or in gayly decorated boats on the lake. Later in the evening, both the gardens and the lake were illuminated, and a brilliant display of fireworks and rich strains of musi reminded us that the wise man in ancien days believed that there is a time to be merr —but to us, wearied with a long day's trave and sight-seeing, it seemed a more fitting tim to rest and sleep. These Swiss seem to be livelier people than the Germans, and so re semble the French somewhat. Their countr being at the border land of the three nations France, Germany and Italy, has the languag of all three, the French being perhaps th most in use among the more cultivated Their ease in acquiring languages is astonish ing, as many of them speak three or four wit facility; and their readiness to oblige an quickness of perception make it easy to ge any information or assistance needed. I one of the small inns where we sojourned som days, I noticed that the girl who performe the duties of chambermaid and waiter, coul speak German, French and English wit equal facility. She was a person frequentl called upon in the house, her duties seemin endless, and I asked her how she had foun time to learn so much of the languages. Sh answered, "The Swiss people are poor, an they have to learn something, or they coul not get a living." Then she told us that sh had gone to London and had remained i service there long enough to learn English and that she was looking forward to learnin Italian as soon as possible, having alread made some progress in that language. Wha would we think of a servitor so accomplishe in Philadelphia? I believe domestic servic is an occupation much more honored i Europe than with us, and filled by a class o people who respect themselves and respec their calling.

We did not give the city of Zurich that at tentive examination which might seem due t the literary and manufacturing centre o Northern Switzerland, but contented ourselve with observing the exceeding beauty of it situation and surroundings, its fine avenues o trees and its handsome and tasteful moder buildings. This was the city of Lavater Zwingli and Pestalozzi; and many memorial of these distinguished persons are here pre served. Amid such perfect surroundings with the very best educational facilities o every kind, and with excellent political insti tutions, which combine enlightened liberty with order, we might naturally expect to find a noble people able to illustrate the principles of self-government to the nations. The dens population and the long winters, however make poverty, or at least very slender means the rule, and affluence the exception in thi country, which is so rich in people, and in th beauty and the glory of the mountains. The amount of labor that has been bestowed on

e country strikes the beholder with astonish-
ent. In the cultivated fields and the grass
nds every stone has been carefully removed,
aving a green sward as smooth and perfect as
yde Park; and roads as smooth and solid as
e streets of Paris, are built along mountain
pes and through frowning gorges which
uld seem passable only to the eagles. Man
estles with nature here in this mountain land
bravely as the Hollander in his delta country
ives with the devouring sea. Wherever
have talked with the people, they seem to
ke great interest in hearing about America,
arly all having friends or relatives in the
nd beyond the western wave. Many more
uld emigrate if they could command the
eans for the long journey. Would not such
igal, industrious, honest citizens be a de-
able acquisition to any land and especially
ours which has so large an area of unde-
loped country, waiting for inhabitants?

After leaving Zurich, our next visit was to
e Pilgrimage Church and the Monastery of
nsiedeln, which lies a few miles south of
ke Zurich, in a valley 2,770 feet above
e sea. It is a little out of the line of ordi-
ry travel, but a few hours' pleasant steam-
at and diligence ride, and we are here, in
e very headquarters of Swiss Catholicism.
e drive into a neat little town of 5,000 in-
bitants, clustered at the footstool of the
eat church, and are received into an excel-
t hotel, not inferior to those in the great
ies. The proprietor, evidently a devout
tholic himself, takes us for pilgrims, per-
ps, for he immediately proceeds to give us
ormation in regard to the religious services
out to be performed in the church. Vast
mbers of devotees resort to this abbey to
ebrate the high festivals, but to day is quite
ordinary day, and we do not expect to see
y except the people of the town at their
d-day devotions. But quite a number of
grims are present with wallet and staff,
d they are kneeling at the different shrines
d altars around the church.

Poor people they are, hard workers and
rden bearers, no doubt, but they are de-
ntly clad, and have contented, cheerful
es, and I would not on any account have
turbed the peace they felt in bringing their
rrows and burdens here. It is said that
ny of the pilgrims are paid for their ser-
es by the rich, who thus perform what they
lieve to be an act of devotion by deputy.

We are astonished at the elegance of the
urch and the rich decorations. The pres-
t building was re erected 1704–19 in the
lian style, after its destruction by fire for
e sixth or seventh time, and is 480 feet long
d 416 feet deep, enclosing four gardens or
urts. It stands on an eminence, which is approached by an inclined plane, with a few steps in front, and by arcades on the right and left, which form a semicircle. Over the arcades is a terrace with a substantial wall, on which are placed many statues commemorative of the benefactors of the Abbey. Two German Emperors, Otto I and Henry II, both fierce, broad-headed warriors, stand guard above the arcades, just in front of the entrance to the church. It is in the midst of a mountain plateau of great fertility, bordered by lofty heights, and the situation is strikingly grand.

In the large, open space between the Abbey and the town is a black marble fountain, with fourteen jets continually flowing, surmounted by an image of the Virgin. The people believe that the Christ Himself once partook of water from one of the jets, and consequently ascribe special sanctity to the fountain. Pilgrims drink from all the jets in succession, in order to be sure to follow the Divine example. It is to be hoped that they are as carefully instructed to follow the blessed example of the founder of Christianity in more important matters.

In the year 1861, the Benedictines of Einsiedeln celebrated, with all possible magnificence, the thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Abbey, and of the death of their patron saint, Meinrad, Count of Sulgen on the Danube.

We learn, that in the far off days of Charlemagne, in the year 797, A. D., Meinrad, a descendant of the ancient family of the Counts of Hohenzollern, was born. He was educated in a Benedictine Abbey, where he greatly distinguished himself by his proficiency, soon becoming more learned than his masters. After finishing his studies, Meinrad entered upon a religious life, and became a professor in a Benedictine seminary. But after a few years he imagined himself drawn to a life perfectly solitary, and obtaining the consent of his superiors, he built himself a hermitage in the solitudes of Mount Etzel. He could not long enjoy this refuge, however, for the fame of his sanctity had gone forth, and multitudes came to take counsel of the reputed saint. After seven years at Mount Etzel, Meinrad resolved to abandon his hermitage and enter into the vast forest, situated beyond. Says the chronicle: "Where thou seest to-day Einsiedeln, with its splendid church, its cloisters of vast proportions, and a population active and industrious inhabiting the smiling hamlet, would have been found a thousand years ago only an impenetrable forest. Bears and wolves had here their dens, the eagles and vultures had here their eyries. No human being inhabited this savage solitude. It was called the dark forest."

This place promised the pious hermit a more profound retreat, and it is said that the silvery fountain, which gushed pure and limpid from the hills, influenced his choice. It seemed to him the symbol of the abundant grace with which his soul was to be enriched in the wilderness, and he built his cell close by the perennial spring. But to this solitude devotees soon penetrated, and in exchange for the spiritual benefits they imagined they received from Meinrad, they insisted on bestowing temporal goods. They built him a spacious hermitage under the shadow of the majestic pines, and the Abbess Hildegarde of Zurich built him a chapel and presented him with a statue of the Virgin, which is yet preserved in the church at Einsiedeln. It is not strange that in this dark age robbers, as well as devotees, were attracted to the mountain solitude, where these valuable gifts were known to be collected; and we read that in 861, after Meinrad had lived twenty-four years in the desert, he was murdered. After his death his reputation increased rapidly, and a Benedictine Abbey was founded on the spot where his cell had stood, and it is yet believed by these simple people that Christ and the angels performed the ceremony of its consecration. Pope Leo XIII confirmed the miracle, and accorded plenary indulgence to all who should perform the pilgrimage to the shrine of "Our Lady of the Hermits," as the miraculous statue was denominated. The crowds of worshippers brought great wealth to the Abbey, which soon became one of the richest in Switzerland, and the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg created its Abbot, Prince of the Empire, in 1274. This dignitary lived in great magnificence, exercising authority over an extensive district, and to this day Einsiedeln is the most considerable Abbey in Switzerland, and in the Roman Catholic cantons the abbot is still styled "Prince of Einsiedeln," and invested with considerable power. In the church is exhibited a record of all the princes and abbots of Einsiedeln from 950 to 1846. The present Abbot, "Pere Henry," as he is called, is a fine intellectual looking man, somewhat resembling the French statesman Thiers, but more stately. The second day of our visit was the fête day of the patron saint of the Abbot, and we witnessed the celebration of a solemn high-mass, and saw the Abbot upon his throne of state. The ritual of the old faith, accompanied with wonderful harmonies in this grand temple among the hills, rich with the gifts of many princes, had a strange fascination about it, and we cease to wonder at the rapturous devotion of the kneeling pilgrims all around us, who evidently feel that they have brought all their sins and sorrows to lay them at the foot of the cr
They have brought boxes and bags of li
charms and trinkets, and when the service
over, they draw near to one of the al
screens, where a priest murmurs a ceremon
incantation, and then dips a mop in a ba
of water and sprinkles the mass of peo
with their rosaries, crosses and little books
devotion with it. Then he nods a fathe
adieu and departs, and the devotees dispe
evidently feeling that they have received
blessing of value inestimable. Some sit do
to rest before departing, and my friend se
herself beside an aged pilgrim, and asks
if she has come very far. "About seven
hours," she answered, cheerfully. To
sympathizing remark that she is old to w
so far, she nods her head pleasantly, a
smilingly promises, "I will pray for yo
The Abbey numbers at present sixty pri
and twenty brothers of the Benedictine ord
with a corresponding number of lay breth
for the management of the property.
seminary, a good library of 26,000 volum
and a lyceum, are connected with the Abb

It is stated that the Reformer Zwingli
parish priest at Einsiedeln from 1515 to 15
and that the effect of his stirring eloque
was such, that in 1517, on the anniversa
festival, the monks left their cells, and
Abbey was for a considerable time desert
When the French invaded this country
1798, they seized the richest of the treasu
which had accumulated at Einsiedeln, a
took them to Paris. The sacred image
near the entrance, and in front of the shri
and arranged all over the wall in the front p
of the church are certificates, pictures a
various rude offerings from those who
reputed to have been benefited in a physi
sense by its miraculous power. The sta
itself is of black marble, and astonishin
ugly. It is small, not more than one-th
life size, and both the Mother and Child
richly attired and adorned with crowns
gold and precious stones. The image
copied in many ways, and little med
brooches and charms can be purchased in
boothes below, and duly blessed by the pri
when these simple people believe they hav
household god who can guard them from
jury, cure their diseases, and be their defe
in a spiritual sense. We made many inqui
in regard to the color of the image, and
ceived various replies—from the unlearned
all equally incredible. The most ratio
explanation I heard, was that it was ma
black in accordance with these words fr
the Song of Solomon (chap. i, verse 5),
am black, but comely, O ye daughters
Jerusalem! as the tents of Kedar, as the c
tains of Solomon."

We leave this curious place with feelings amazement that in the latter part of the eteenth century such superstition should st in any part of the Christian world, and ecially that it should flourish among these rious mountains and in this ethereal air. e remembers the words of the royal lmist descriptive of the objects of ador- on to which darkened minds offered wor- p in his day: "The idols of the heathen silver and gold, the work of man's hands. ey have mouths, but they speak not; eyes ve they, but they see not; they have ears, they hear not; neither is there any ath in their mouths. They that make m are like unto them; so is every one that steth in them."

A rapid ride down the mountain road in ly morning brings us to the town of chterswyl, where we meet the steamer from rich, which bears us swiftly to Rapper wyl, on the northern side of the lake. en we take the railway train to Ragatz, d I shall not attempt to describe the ex- ding beauty of the rapidly unfolding pan- ma of rugged and snow-capped mountains ogling with the cloud-land; of wooded d grassy slopes, of soft vales and sparkling ers and lakes, which make our ride a con- ual delight. Ragatz is a little village, uated on a roaring mountain stream, the mina, a tributary of the Rhine. We wish visit the gorge of Pfäffers, and we drive an excellent road between sombre, pre- itous limestone rocks five hundred to eight ndred feet high, to Bad Pfäffers, two and alf miles distant. The impetuous Tam- roars and rushes far below us and the ep rocks from above, but the road seems e as possible, especially as our steed is er-minded and reliable. But very nervous sons would prefer to walk this mod- te distance, rather than ride to the bath ablishment. It is a substantial building, e hundred and seventy years old, con- ucted between walls of rock six hundred t high, to which, in the height of summer, e sun only penetrates from 10 to 4 o'clock. e purchase tickets here, and are passed through the house to the hot spring, quarter of a mile beyond. A wooden llery is constructed through a gloomy rge from twenty to forty feet wide, rough which the Tamina roars and dashes irty or forty feet below. We pass without ar under the black, dripping walls, for we ow that our pathway lies upon solid rock upon firm masonry, and soon reach the end the passage, where a low, wooden door mits the traveller bent on penetrating all ysteries, to a vaulted chamber ninety feet ng, where the hot spring (100° Fahrenheit) gushes forth. It is a terribly hot, steaming place, and one retreats with all possible haste into the open air. The water is perfectly clear, tasteless and without odor, but is said to have important medicinal qualities. From Ragatz we proceed to Coire by rail the same evening, and from this point the diligence is the only conveyance to our proposed resting place in the Engadine valley.

Before passing onward we paused to examine, hastily, the ancient episcopal Cathedral of St. Lucias. The iconoclasts of the sixteenth century have not destroyed the curious and interesting remains of ancient days in this antique church. Some original manuscripts of Charlemagne, written by Alcuin, are shown, bearing the veritable seal of the great monarch; a bishop's crosier of ivory belonging to the same age, so heavy that I could scarcely lift it; and a bishop's sword, which only a giant could have wielded. Some portions of this building belonged to the eighth century, and some of the adornments to the fifth century.

But we hasten onward. A few hours' diligence ride from Coire, brings us to Thusis, whence we take a carriage drive through the Via Mala, a fearful mountain gorge, with perpendicular limestone walls 1,500 feet in height. Here, again, my greatest wonder is, not that the elastic vapors within the rocky crust of the earth should have rent the firm rocks asunder, nor that the roaring, rushing river should have slowly channelled out this deep bed, but that human hands should have hewed this roadway in the steep, fearful rock, and made it as safe and as pleasant as if it lay over the level plain. About a mile and a half from Thusis we pass through a tunnel two hundred feet in length, and immediately beyond, through an open gallery over which the rocks project. The road crosses the river three times at short intervals, and upon the middle bridge we alight from the carriage to look down into the roaring Rhine, three hundred feet below. Dark browed Italian women stand ready with great stones, which they drop into the torrent to show how sharp is the resistance which the tumultuous waters give to the rock obeying the impulse of gravity. A fierce, explosive sound like the report of a gun surprised us, from the abyss, as the rock sank in the river. The Rhine here winds through a ravine so narrow that the precipices above almost meet, and we are told that, although the bridge is now so high above the stream, in the Eighth month, 1834, the river rose to within a few feet of the arch. Here we turned backward, for our purpose is not now to pass to the Italian lake region to which this road leads. We return to Thusis, and a pleasant evening ride takes us for

the night to Tiefenkasten, where, on the morrow, we take the diligence to St. Maritz, through the Julier pass. The regular coach is full, and a supplementary open carriage with four fresh horses is prepared for the four ladies who cannot find room in the crowded diligence, and we are the most fortunate of all the travellers. In the bright, warm morning, we mount rapidly along the precipitous brink of the Stein, to a wide and populous green valley, about six miles in length. Again we ascend through a defile with beautiful cascades, and attain another terrace of soft meadow lands, beyond which we enter a magnificent gorge which leads us to the pretty village of Molins, where our caravan halts for dinner.

We have now attained a height of 4,500 feet, and the snow-capped mountains seem very near; but the road still ascends, and wilder and bleaker grows the scene, till we turn to the east, and commence our winding ascent of the bleak stony slopes of the Julier. Most of the travellers descend from the coaches, and take the more direct footpath, and, walking leisurely along, reach the summit of the pass before the diligence. It is cold and bleak, the elevation being 7,040 feet, and all available wraps are needed, and we feel the change from the sultry weather of the valley we quitted a few hours ago. But even on these lofty and rugged heights are green pastures, and large flocks of sheep and of goats are grazing contentedly upon them. It is said that 40,000 sheep are brought from the plains below to graze on these lofty pastures every summer. The summit of the pass is marked by two round pillars of mica-slate, supposed to be of Roman origin of the time of Augustus.

Here we take leave of the Rhine and her tributaries, which have discoursed such eloquent things to us in all our wanderings, so far, in Switzerland, and make acquaintance, in our descent, with a brook, which is hurrying to join the Inn in the Engadine valley.

A heavy shower shuts us out from any extensive observation, but we see that our way lies between continuous lofty precipices. In less than an hour we have accomplished the descent, the shower has spent its force, and a rainbow arch of singular intensity illuminates the glorious snow and ice fields of Bernini, which lie before us.

The little town of Silvaplana, the destination of several of our fellow-travellers, is situated here on a little lake, which reflects one of the most enchanting landscapes conceivable. Here are gushing cascades, snow-capped mountains, flowery meadows, rapid waters and a tranquil lake; and here is an atmosphere so cool and pure that even a misanthrope must be joyous in it. We are in the Engadine, and we a making acquaintance with the head wat of the Danube, and we are in the midst lofty peaks with snow fields and glacie among the most magnificent and extensi in Switzerland. St. Moritz, where we ha intended to rest, lies five miles further and is soon reached. We descend from t coach with high hopes of a pleasant rest this poetic land, of days and weeks of tra quil botanizing, of reading and of taki friendly counsel with travellers of like tas with ourselves. But the fame of the Eng dine, with its healing waters, its mounta glories and its refreshing coolness, has go abroad in the earth, and no room remains this town of hotels and pensions for us. Thr hours we seek fruitlessly for a resting-plac and then follow the advice of a friendly ho clerk, and take a carriage to a little villa further on, where he tells us there is yet roo and where we shall find good cheer. It now dark night, but we go in simple fait seeing nothing, but believing all things. W are to go to Celerina, and we are to find qua ters at Pension Ronzi, so we are told. A rived, at length, in the darkness, our driv calls long and loud, and knocks valiantly the portal, for the inmates are asleep. T door, at length, opens cautiously, and to o anxious inquiries if they can receive us, receive a glad assent. Our weary search over. Here are neat rooms, good beds, kindl intelligent people; and in sleep all the excit ment and fatigue of travel, and all the ine pressible weariness of home hunting are ha pily forgotten.

In the morning, we find our location quite fortunate, with splendid scenery a around, and with the merry, rapid river soft flowing through the green meadow at our fe

It is a pleasant place, in which to take Sabbath rest, and within easy walking di tance of St. Moritz, of Samaden and of Po tresina, and near also to the glaciers on yond mountain heights. During the day, all t remaining rooms of the Pension Ronzi a taken by a pleasant company of ten Ame cans from Bangor, Maine, and we find ou selves among congenial fellow-countrymen this lofty land. My first use of this qui leisure is to write a letter to the *Friends' I telligencer*, in which to all who read it I se greeting. S. R.

Seventh month, 21*st*, 1874.

THE spirit of research and inquiry, in pra tical and useful directions, and even in tho fields which are considered purely intellectu should never be abandoned. The old prove is as true as it is trite—"It is never too l to learn."

SILENCE.

BY PROF. UPHAM.

When, smitten, thou dost feel the rod,
Be still, and leave thy cause with God;
And *silence* to thy soul shall teach
Far more than comes from outward speech.

When secret arts and open foe
Conspire thy peace to overthrow,
In *silence*, learn the hidden power
Which saves thee in that bitter hour.

Doth not thy Father take thy part?
Doth He not know thy bleeding heart?
And when it seems that thou wilt fall,
Doth He not feel it? bear it all?

Make no reply, but let thy mind
In silent faith the triumph find
Which comes from injuries forgiven,
And trust in God, and strength in Heaven.

THE CROOKED-NECKED GOURD.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

he rich and the noble may spurn aught but gold,
And drink, for their pleasure, the choicest of wine;
r else, for a goblet their dainties to hold,
May seek for the ore of Potosi's rich mine;
ut ne'er to my lips will aught taste half so sweet,
From golden or silver or crystal, when poured,
s the cool, sparkling drops which my thirsty lips meet,
Just dipped from the spring with the crooked-necked gourd.

he banqueting-hall may its riches display,
And thousands attract to its pleasures again;
s visions of lightness will soon pass away,
And naught but a sense of deception remain;
ut the innocent joys which the heart often felt,
With memory's bright pictures are carefully stored;
nd oft we revert to the time when we knelt,
And dipped the cool draught with the crooked-necked gourd.

he silver and gold may be pure to the lips,
No taint to the bright, flowing liquid impart;
hile the emblem of truth from the beaker one sips,
A stain of pollution is left on the heart;
ut hung by a string to the moss-covered wall,
A truth and a pleasure 'twill always afford;
e humble, be useful, to one and to all,
Is the lesson we learn from the crooked-necked gourd.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WESTERN FIRST DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The Western First-day School Union met t London Grove on Seventh-day the 25th f Seventh month last. Quite a large number ere in attendance; a beautiful feature being most interesting collection of children. To ee so many happy and smiling young faces n a Friends' meeting house, is certainly an vent to be remembered. We may hope that ne good seed that is being sown by many evoted and loving hearts, operating in the various First day schools among us, will grow and bear good fruits.

Written reports were received from eight schools, and verbal reports from two others within the Quarterly Meeting limits. When it is remembered that the main object of the First-day School Union is to encourage the formation of schools where there are none, as well as to strengthen the weaker, it is to be regretted that a single school should remain out of the influence of the Union.

It was observed at the meeting that while the older and stronger schools could get along without the Union, the new and the weaker schools could be benefitted in many ways, not the least of which is the opportunity afforded for the social mingling of officers, teachers and pupils. It is claimed that all may be benefited, and that the older and stronger schools may get many hints from the weaker.

There is no reason why some of the zeal shown in the First-day school may not be manifested in the meeting for worship preceding, or, after the school, and we, as a denomination of people, having faith in our convictions, become more aggressive in proclaiming these convictions or in publishing to the world the testimonies of truth as held by us, whether they be *old* or *new*, remembering the injunction, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

The reading of the reports brought out many suggestions from Friends, amongst whom were some from Philadelphia and New Jersey, for whose company and labors, we offer our warmest acknowledgments.

A recess of two hours, at noon, with an opportunity to inspect the baskets of provisions on the ground, prepared us for the afternoon services, which commenced about two o'clock. Some class exercises were heard, which, with reading and declamation by some of the little children present, closed one of the largest and most successful meetings we have had. It is thought, however, that one feature might be dispensed with in future, long readings or declamations by children, some of whom have voices so weak, that scarcely a tenth of the audience can understand what is said. A proposition for the appointment of a committee to regulate in some degree, such exercises for our next meeting was made, but one Friend preferred the present plan, or rather no plan, and it was left over. If at the next meeting to be held at New West-Grove, the first Seventh-day of the Tenth month next, the teachers who will be present, will be careful to have no exercises that cannot be heard by all, it will add much to the interest of the occasion. If there are any schools that still decline

meeting with, or being identified with the Union, we hope they will send a statement showing the number of pupils, with the average attendance, the number of books in the library, and the number that has been taken out; this will give all an oppportunity of knowing the extent of the First-day school work in this part of the vineyard. The attendance of our religious meetings where there is a lively First-day school, has been very much increased. The appearance of children at these meetings in considerable numbers, where formerly there were few, and the attendance of many of our neighbors not in membership with us, indicate that by means of the First-day school, Friend's meetings instead of declining, will become as active and useful as in years past. T. F. S.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.

We can alter the combinations and form of matter, but we can in no way destroy it; and though we may avail ourselves of its properties, in order to obtain an enormous force to do our bidding, and so make ourselves independent of wind and tide, and even anticipate the flight of time, we can create no new property. "One of the most obvious cases," says Sir J. Herschell, "of apparent destruction is, when anything is ground to dust and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials; scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking. In many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke—nothing visibly dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and when all has disappeared, except, perhaps, some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect, in the invisible stream of heated air which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax—an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of vegetable and animal life."

NOTICES.

PHILADEDPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION will meet at the West Philadelphia Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, Ninth month 11th, 1874, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. BENJ. HALLOWELL, JR., *Clerk.*

CONCORD FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION holds its next meeting at Goshen, on Seventh-day, Ninth month 12th, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M.

MORDECAI T. BARTRAM, } *Clerks.*
MATILDA GARRIGUES, }

ITEMS.

THE sewers of Paris deserve to rank among the wonders of the world. They are traversed throughout a great portion of their extent by railways, and are as free from unpleasant odor as the streets above them. Passage through the remaining portion is effected by means of boats. Along these magnificent sewers are carried the wires of the telegraph as well as the pneumatic tubes for the transmission of packages by atmospheric pressure. The stream of water passing through the main sewer is so swift that not a bit of anything is seen floating along. They are kept free from any large amount of sewage deposit by means of peculiarly-constructed barges each of which does the work of a hundred men. The smaller ones are kept clean by hand, six hundred and thirty men being employed for the purpose, whose tenure of life, after they enter the sewers, rarely exceeds fifteen years. It is by such a perfect system of sewage that Paris has earned the enviable title of being the cleanest city in the world. All the solid matter is utilized and made to pay a revenue to the city largely exceeding the interest on the original cost of the sewers.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

THE number of bodies of victims of the disaster to the steamer Pat Rogers, thus far recovered, is forty-five, making the loss of life more than double that at first reported.

THE following are some of the rules which apply to the remailing of mail matter under the new postal law: Letters with request to return written or printed thereon are to be returned without additional postage. When a subscriber to a newspaper changes his residence, and desires his paper forwarded to his new office, transient rates of postage, one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, must be charged on each copy as received. If a party receives a paper from the office of publication and remails it, he must pay postage on it at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Pamphlets and books cannot be returned at the request of the writer without prepayment of postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Letters once taken from the postoffice by the proper parties cannot be forwarded without again being prepaid. This applies also to return request letters once taken out of a postoffice Letters addressed to a person not found at the office addressed, may be forwarded without additional charge.

A NEW law in reference to truant children is about to go into effect in New York city. It is designed to clear the streets of the young vagrants who, growing up without care, furnish many recruits to the criminal classes. The law gives the Board of Education authority over all children between the ages of eight and fourteen years who are found wandering about the streets and public places during school hours, having no lawful occupation or business, and growing up in ignorance. These children the Board may order to be taught in the schools like ordinary pupils, or they may be instructed in useful trades, or they may be put in confinement and educated there. The agency of the police force is availed of for the enforcement of this new law.—*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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Memorial concerning ELIZABETH BAKER, *deceased. Issued by Scipio Monthly Meeting, and endorsed by New York Yearly Meeting, of* 1874. *Written by her children.*

We feel that the memory of the just and upright in heart often proves a strength and a blessing to the traveller Zionward, and that this tribute of love and respect is due our beloved mother, who was born on Staten Island, in 1780. Her parents were Thomas and Elizabeth Ridgway; the former was drowned when crossing Rahway River upon the ice (to attend meeting), that broke under his feet, causing him to be immersed in the water, from which he could not rescue himself. The subject of this memoir, then in her ninth year, was thus early in life deprived of a religiously concerned father's care and counsel. Her mother was a woman of good judgment, endowed with a clear and penetrating mind, and conscientiously keeping the eye single to the light within, was enabled to bring up her family of seven children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

There were no Friends upon the island where they resided, except herself and family, and sister in-law, who were steady in their attendance of Rahway Meeting, of which they were members. To accomplish this they had many difficulties to encounter, as the facilities for crossing the river were far different in ease and convenience from what they are at the present time.

In 1811 she was married to our dear father, Aaron Baker, with whom she lived in an unbroken chain of affection until his death, in 1855, being a help and a strength to him, spiritually and temporally. Shortly after her marriage she removed to Central New York, within the verge of Scipio Monthly Meeting, of which she was a member sixty-two years, and was a faithful elder from the time of the separation in our Society, in 1828, until her death.

By many occurrences which have come to our knowledge, we feel assured that our dear mother, from early childhood, was careful to attend to the pointings of truth, as manifested to her mind, by which desire she was actuated through her long, useful and exemplary life, enabling her to fill the various stations in which she was placed, in the social circle, in the most satisfactory manner to those by whom she was surrounded, ever considering the comfort of others more than her own.

The poor and destitute were always objects of her care and sympathy.

She was an example of patience in an eminent degree, bearing the loss of her eyesight for many years without murmur or complaint; always cheerfully submissive, sometimes remarking that it was a privation, but never an affliction. She was deeply concerned that her family should walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

From the unvarying sweetness of her spirit, it was evident that she was a true disciple of Jesus, her daily life and example proclaiming this language, "follow me as I am endeavoring to follow Christ."

It was remarked by a friend, "Her quiet, cheerful life, up to the very end, seemed like a foretaste of heaven." She peacefully ceased to breathe, upon the morning of the 9th of Eighth month, 1873, aged 93 years and 15 days.

"Truly her children rise up and call her blessed."

Read, approved and signed on behalf of Scipio Monthly Meeting, held the 19th of Third month, 1874, by

ALLEN HOXIE, } *Clerks.*
JANE R SEARING, }

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

BY I. PENINGTON.

God is to be worshipped in spirit, in His own power and life, and this at His own disposal. His Church is a gathering in the Spirit. If any man speak there, he must speak as the oracle of God, as the vessel out of which God speaks, as the trumpet out of which he gives the sound. Therefore, there is to be a waiting in silence till the Spirit of the Lord moves to speak, and also to give words to speak. For a man is not to speak his own words, or in his own wisdom and time, but the Spirit's words, in the Spirit's wisdom and time, which is when He moves and gives to speak. And seeing the Spirit inwardly nourisheth, when He giveth not to speak words, the inward sense and nourishment is to be waited for, and received as it was given when there are no words. Yea, the ministry of the Spirit and life is more close and immediate when without words than when with words, as has been often felt, and is faithfully testified by many witnesses. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, how and what things God reveals to His children by His Spirit, when they wait upon Him in His pure fear, and worship and converse with Him in spirit; for there the fountain of the great deep is unsealed, and the everlasting springs surely give up the pure and living water.

From the British Friend.

JOHN HOWARD.

SOME LESSONS OF HIS LIFE.

John Howard, F. R. S, was born in 1726, at Enfield, educated in London, engaged in business pursuits in the city (Watling street and Old Broad street), resided, before and during his first years of married life, at Stoke Newington, but subsequently dwelt chiefly at Cardington, near Bedford. He became High Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1773, and died at Cherson, in Russia, in 1790, aged 64. He travelled about fifty thousand miles, and expended £30,000 of his property in efforts of mercy. During his life he received the thanks of the British and Irish Parliaments, and the homage of Europe, from the prince to the peasant. His death was officially announced in the *London Gazette* ("a distinction never before, or since, conferred upon any private individual"), and occasioned lamentation throughout the civilized world. He chose for the single motto of his epitaph the words, "Christ is my hope," and requested that the text for his funeral sermon should be Psalm xvii, 15: "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake, with Thy likeness."

It has, perhaps, been too common to regard Howard merely as a man of one object, as an indefatigably persevering visitor of prisons at home and abroad, and a keen-eyed investigator and exposer of their abuses. But he was much more than this. A brief notice of the broad grasp of his efforts and their actuating motive may still be interesting to some.

A leading feature in his character was his comprehensiveness of aim, together with an unimpassioned practical circumspection of the *pros* and *cons*, and the associated bearings of all the subjects which interested him. In this he was an eminent example to philanthropists, that excellent class of men whose besetting weakness is, not unfrequently, to pursue their objects so rapidly and impulsively as to lose sight of the guiding posts of *surrounding fact*, and to plunge into difficulties, which might otherwise be obviated or diminished by a due regard to the real state of things around. This width of outlook was the more creditable to him, inasmuch as he never enjoyed the advantages of a university education, and was born amid some of the narrowest sectarian influences. But his combination of Scriptural study and meditation, with London business training, much travel, and long intercourse with Churchmen, Catholics, Unitarians, Quakers and others, more than compensated for this disadvantage. A decided Congregationalist himself, he regularly accompanied his two successive wives to the services of the Church of England, once each Sunday. A staunch Protestant, he dwelt with delight upon the manifold charities of self-denying Catholics, witnessed by him on the Continent, and on their efforts for the reform of prison discipline, which anticipated his own by the establishment of several prisons and reformatories in Rome, in 1655 and 1704, possessing improvements far in advance of any Protestant institutions of the time. And he

expressed disapprobation at the harsh treatment of aged monks by the Emperor Joseph II. Although a Trinitarian, he found some of his chief co-adjutors in Unitarians; and, although a liberal upholder of a stated ministry, and of ordinances, he habitually cherished intimacy with many members of "his favorite religious sect, the Society of Friends," as his biographer, J. B. Brown, terms the Quakers. His admiration of civil and religious liberty, simplicity and useful industry (the latter especially enforced in the Dutch gaols and schools) attracted his interest more to Holland (which he visited nine times) than to any other foreign land. But, plain and simple as he was, he was also so eminently polite, so gallant to ladies, and so neat in his attire, as to be most welcome in company, and he was once mistaken by a Liverpool Quaker for a French dancing-master. He pursued his inquiries abundantly amongst ministers of state, magistrates, and other authorities; but he also visited and questioned the prisoner, the criminal and the outcast. He moved an honored guest amongst nobles and even monarchs; but records, "Let this maxim be a leading feature in my life—*constantly to favor and relieve those that are lowest.*" Kings honored him, senates thanked him, the Pope blessed him: yet he was literally "a hero to his valet." His faithful attendant, John Prole, charged his children to imitate his "good master," "that worthy, benevolent and good man, Mr. Howard, with whom I enjoyed all the happiness that a rational mind could wish."

His comprehensiveness of effort was by no means confined to prisons. He was a pioneer of sanitary reform. His last great journey was undertaken, not to visit prisons, but to investigate into and acquire the most accurate information possible, in relation to the Plague, its nature, origin, treatment, cure and prevention. Hospitals and lazarettos claimed a vast amount of observing study from him. He not only urged the importance of a great increase of attention to cleanliness, diet and regular nursing in these institutions, but far outstripped his contemporaries in the perception and inculcation of the value of *ventilation*, and exposed prevalent errors as to the inert and poisonous tendency of confined or vitiated air. He urged also the necessity of a *good water supply*, and *thorough drainage* for all buildings. Nor did he overlook the sanitary advantages of light and *sunshine*, but denounced the window tax. By the way, all his study was practical; not mere library erudition, or book-shelf knowledge; no learning to swim on a dry table. Everywhere his plan was to visit personally—see for himself—measure, weigh, note, record, in every detail. He was, as Dr. William Guy remarks, a most eminent statistician—indeed, a model statist.

A model landlord also was he. Not in mischievous poverty-perpetuating alms-giving to his tenants; but by liberal, intelligent beneficence and well calculated charity. He mainly aided the poor by inducing them *to help themselves.* He made his bounty generative, as George Peabody did a century later. He greatly encouraged popular education in his vicinity, but did not believe, as some modern School Boards seem to do, that education of the head is much real help to the children of the poor, apart from education of the *hands*, and training to industry. . . . . But Howard's fundamental principle in the education of children, the reformation of offenders and the prevention of crime, was remunerative industry—his again and again repeated motto, the Dutch saying: "*Make men diligent, and you will make them honest.*" He encouraged the village girls to knit stockings, the boys to plough and dig, to chisel and hammer. They should read and write, but not learn to dislike labor. He did not believe that even sermons and tracts would make men or women good or moral, whilst herded in styes. Hence he built (and got the neighboring gentry to do it, too) clean, *healthy cottages* for the poor, pulling down the unhealthy and dilapidated ones. Sound sanitarian that he was, he made good drainage, and freedom from damp, the main objects in his cottage building. He greatly encouraged that important counteractive to Land Law agitators—the allotment system. If he did not supply his poor neighbors with Mr. Disraeli's useful triad—"an oven, a tank and a porch"—he endeavored to secure for each a potato patch, a flower-pot, and a clean dry floor. But none of these boons to the poor were to be enjoyed gratis, or without useful *conditions.* The rents were low; but they must be paid. Further, he stipulated that these advantages should be partly conditional on regular church and chapel going, and on abstinence from pot-houses. He loved to give the poor children halfpence; but even these must carry a condition—"Wash your hands and faces, and be good boys."

Again, long before the modern temperance movement, Howard actively promoted its principles. He was too shrewd and wise to be befooled by cries of "rob a poor man of his beer," for he saw that, ofttimes, intemperance was robbing the poor man of home and food, of virtue and liberty. Abstinence from ale-houses was a frequent condition of his bounty during life. And at his death he left legacies of £5 each to a number of poor cottagers "if they had not been in an ale-

house for a twelvemonth." He drafted a bill to exclude all intoxicating liquors from gaols. He records, "I have often wished that in all bills for small debts there was a clause to prohibit arrests for debts contracted in public houses." He adds: "For I have observed that the great number of ale-houses is one chief and obvious reason why our prisons are so crowded." Yet did he not intemperately condemn moderate drinkers, or ignore the just claims of publicans. Although most abstemious himself, yet, whenever he arrived at an inn, he ordered meat, wine, etc., "for the good of the house," but gave the same to his servant or attendants, whilst he contented himself with tea, milk, bread, fruit and vegetables. Here, again, one sees his broad liberal mind.

As a prison reformer he showed the same breadth and comprehensiveness, avoiding extremes, weighing all *pros* and *cons*. He was one of the earliest advocates of the separate system, which even St. Paul indirectly defends when he declares that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Howard characterized gaol gangs and congregate prisons as "filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can generate between them." But he also widely deprecated *prolonged, absolute, idle* solitude as "more than human nature could bear." He vigorously exposed and protested against every species of torture in gaols or elsewhere, and repeatedly took pains to collect and publish statistics showing the tendency of frequent capital punishment to increase rather than diminish crime. Whilst he was never weary of urging, on moral, sanitary, financial and penal grounds, the importance of the self-supporting system of remunerative prison labor—that criminals might be compelled to work hard in gaol, and so be trained to virtuous industry on their release, and that honest ratepayers should not be compelled to carry about on their shoulders (as it were) lazy and vicious offenders, who have already injured and plundered them —he objected to making pecuniary profit or mere safe custody the sole aims, irrespective of moral reform. Hence he foresaw the evils of the Australian Transportation System, then just beginning under specious pleas. The convict "hells" and gangs of Norfolk Island, Port Arthur, &c., had not yet commenced. But he already denounced "the expensive, dangerous and destructive system of Transportation to Botany Bay."

What, then, was the motive power, the great driving-wheel, whose steadily sustained force kept in action the machinery of his widely energetic life? For Howard was not the man lightly to forsake English comforts, home and wealthy ease for the innumerable privations and annoyances of his arduous toils and journeys. He was too sensible to care much for human praise. He had no ambition for transient fame. Nor did his philanthropy arise from very sensitive sympathies or impulsive excitement, at sights or tales of woe; for he was cool and slow in temperament. Indeed, impulsive sympathies by no means necessarily accompany real beneficence. The sentimental school-girl, weeping over her novel, often remains as selfish and slothful as ever; whereas the Miss Florence Nightingales and Miss Mary Carpenters are not given to weeping, but to active usefulness. Nor is that surgeon, who shudders during an operation, so practically humane as he who, with unquivering eye and muscle, plies the needful knife. So it was with Howard. He was not, and could not have been, impelled to his tremendous exertions and dogged perseverance, by mere excitement, or by emotions which were not natural to his calm, cool temperament.

But he was ever sensitive to one grand motive—THE LOVE OF CHRIST, with the hope of immortal joy in His presence. That was the secret power, the sustained and mighty impulse of his life. Again and again he acknowledged it. When at Naples, he wrote of "the honor and glory of God, my highest ambition." At Lyons he recorded, "My soul, may it be thy chief desire that the honor of God, the spread of the Redeemer's name and gospel, may be promoted. Oh! consider the everlasting worth of spiritual and divine enjoyments! Then thou wilt see the vanity and nothingness of worldly pleasures. Remember, oh, my soul! St. Paul, who was determined to know nothing in comparison to Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Oh, the glorious hope of an interest in the blood and righteousness of my Redeemer, and my God!" Similar expressions occur throughout his life. He endured, therefore, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and as daily dwelling upon the infinite love of God in Christ. This daily religious meditation and prayer, persistently maintained everywhere, supported his arduous toils. He loved and aided the repulsive and the ungrateful, not so much for their own sakes as FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR LORD, who loves all, and despises none of His creatures, and "who will have all men to be saved." And, through the operation of that Lord's Spirit upon the souls even of the most degraded, Howard recognized in them, as in others, *glorious capacities of immortal growth*, even as, when walking in his groves at Cardington, he saw in each acorn the germ of a noble oak. Similar motives and similar convictions will ever be essential to prolonged and effective efforts for the social elevation of mankind.

Modern "Philosophy" may, perhaps, pronounce Howard's strong religious convictions to be fanatical delusions. Well, he did not trouble himself about those abstruse speculations concerning which even the most eminent philosophers hopelessly contradict each other; such as "the absolute" and "the unconditioned," the "noumena" and the "phenomena," the "ego" and the "non-ego," "innate ideas," "invariable sequence," or "*à priori* judgments." But, in his way, he was both a Positivist and a true Philosopher. He believed in Christianity, not as a mere dream, but because he saw that its necessary results were visible, tangible, positive realities of the highest order in civilization. The hospitals, schools, reformatories and churches, and the varied practical beneficence peculiar to revealed religion, afforded him scientific demonstration as certain in its way as the mathematician can attain, and incomparably *more* solid than most of the results of philosophy. And if he knew nothing of the "Development Theory," he at any rate witnessed the most degraded and miserable of mankind, when brought under the power of the Gospel, become the subjects of both moral and physical transformations far more wonderful and indisputable than any that even Darwin ever dreamt of. Hence, also, he had *scientific* reason to believe that, if Christianity could effect so much on the few, it would accomplish infinitely more glorious results when proclaimed and exemplified to the many.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BENEVOLENCE.—Good deeds are very fruitful; for out of one good action of ours God produces a thousand, the harvest whereof is perpetual. Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all succession of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, besides that they are presently comfortable to the doer, are also exemplary to others; and as they are more beneficial to others are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommodious, I would seek after them for the conscience of their own goodness; how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them for that they are so profitable both to myself and others, and to myself in others.—*Hall.*

SALVATION OUT OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

In Cæsarea there was a cohort of soldiers, the body guard of the governor who resided there. They were not, as was the case in other towns, provincial soldiers, but, being a guard of honor, were all Romans, called commonly the Italian Band. One of the centurions of this guard was Cornelius,—"a devout man." A truth loving, truth-seeking, truth-finding man; one of those who would be called in this day a restless, perhaps an unstable, man; for he changed his religion twice. He had aspirations which did not leave him contented with Paganism. He found in Judaism a higher truth, and became a proselyte. In Judaism he was true to the light he had: he was devout, gave alms, and even influenced some of the soldiers of the guard, as it would appear (verse 7). The result was as might have been expected. "He that hath, to him shall be given." Give us such a man, and we will predict his history. He will be ever moving on; not merely changing, but moving on, from higher to higher, from light to light, from love to love, till he loses himself at last in the Fountain of Light and the Sea of Love. Heathenism, Judaism, Christianity. Not mere change, but true, ever upward progress. He could not rest in Judaism, nor anywhere else on earth.

To this man a voice said, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up a memorial before God." Prayers—that we can understand; but alms,—are then works, after all, that by which men become meritorious in the sight of God? To answer this, observe: alms may assume two forms. They may be complete or incomplete. Alms complete—works which may be ennumerated, estimated, —deeds done and put in as so much purchase, —ten times ten thousand such will never purchase heaven. But the way in which a holy man does his alms is quite different from this. In their very performance done as pledges of something more; done with a sense of incompleteness; longing to be more nearly perfect,—they become so many aspirations rising up to God; sacrifices of thanksgiving, ever ascending like clouds of incense, that rise and rise in increasing volumes, still dissatisfied and still aspiring. Alms in this way become prayers, the highest prayers; and all existence melts and resolves itself into a prayer. "Thy prayers and thine alms"; or if you will, "Thy prayers and thy prayers," are come up to be remembered; for what were his alms but devout aspirations of his heart to God? Thus, in the vision of the everlasting state which John saw in Patmos, the life of the redeemed presented itself as one eternal chant of grateful hallelujahs, hymned on harps whose celestial melodies float before the throne forever. A life of prayer is a life whose litanies are ever fresh acts of self-devoting love. There was no merit in those alms of Cornelius; they were only poor, imperfect aspirations, seeking the ear of God, and heard and answered there.

All this brings us to a question which must

not be avoided—the salvability of the heathen world. Let us pronounce upon this, if firmly, yet with all lowliness and modesty.

There are men of whose tenderness of heart we cannot doubt, who have come to the conclusion, that without doubt, the heathen shall perish everlastingly. A horrible conclusion; and if it were true, no smile should ever again pass across the face of him who believes it. No moment can, with any possible excuse, be given to any other enterprise than their evangelization, if it be true that eternity shall echo with the myriad groans and agonies of those who are dropping into it by thousands in an hour. Such men, however, save their character for heart at the expense of their consistency. They smile and enjoy the food and light just as gaily as others do. They are too affectionate for their creed; their system only binds their views; it cannot convert their hearts to its gloomy horror.

We lay down two principles: No man is saved by merit, but only by faith; no man is saved, except in Christ. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

But when we come to consider what is saving faith, we find it to be the broad principle of trust in God, above all misgivings, living for the invisible instead of the seen. In Hebrews xi, we are told that Noah was saved by faith. Faith in what? In the atonement? or even in Christ? Nay, but in the predicted destruction of the world by water; the truth he had, not the truth he had not. And the life he led in consequence, higher than that of the present-seeking world around him, was the life of faith, "by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Salvation, therefore, is annexed to faith. Not necessarily faith in the Christian object, but in the truth, so far as it is given. Does God ask more?

Moreover, recollect that the Bible contains only a record of the Divine dealings with a single nation; His proceedings with the minds of other peoples are not recorded. That large other world, no less God's world than Israel was, though in their bigotry the Jews thought Jehovah was their own exclusive property, scarcely is, scarcely could be, named on the page of Scripture except in its external relation to Israel. But at times, figures, as it were, cross the rim of Judaism, when brought in contact with it, and passing for a moment as dim shadows, do yet tell us hints of a communication and a revelation going on unsuspected. We are told, for example, of Job—no Jew, but an Arabian Emir, who, beneath the tents of Uz, contrived to solve the question to his heart which still perplexes us through life,—the co existence of evil with divine benevolence; one who wrestled with God as Jacob did, and strove to know the shrouded name, and hoped to find that it was Love. We find Naaman, the Syrian, and Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian, under the providential and loving discipline of God. Rahab, the Gentile, is saved by faith. The Syro-Phœnician woman by her sick daughter's bedside, amidst the ravings of insanity, recognizes, without human assistance, the sublime and consoling truth of a universal Father's love in the midst of apparent partiality. The "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" had not left them in darkness.

From all this we are constrained to the conviction that there is a church on earth larger than the limits of the church visible; larger than Jew or Christian or the Apostle Peter dreamed; larger than our narrow hearts dare to hope even now. They whose soarings to the first good, first perfect, and first fair, entranced us in our boyhood, and whose healthier aspirations are acknowledged yet as our instructors in the reverential qualities of our riper manhood, will our hearts *allow* us to believe that they have perished? Nay. "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of Heaven." The North American Indian who worshipped the Great Spirit, and was thereby sustained in a life more dignified than the more animalized men amongst his countrymen; the Hindoo who believed in the rest of God, and in his imperfect way tried to "enter into rest," not forgetting benevolence and justice, these shall come, while "the children of the kingdom"—men who, with greater light, only did as much as they—"shall be cast out."

These, with an innumerable multitude whom no man can number, out of every kingdom and tongue and people, with Rahab and the Syro Phœnician woman, have entered into that church which has passed through the centuries, absorbing silently into itself all that the world ever had of great and good and noble. They were those who fought the battle of good against evil in their day, penetrated into the invisible from the thick shadows of darkness which environed them, and saw the open vision which is manifested to all, in every nation, who fear God and work righteousness. To all, in other words, who live devoutly towards God, and by love towards man. And they shall hereafter "walk in white, for they are worthy." It may be that I err in this. It may be that this is all too daring. Little is revealed upon the subject, and we must not dogmatize. I

may have erred; and it may be all a presumptuous dream. But if it be, God will forgive the daring of a heart whose hope has given birth to the idea; whose faith in this matter simply receives its substance and reality from things hoped for, and whose confidence in all this dark, mysterious world can find no rock to rest upon amidst the roaring billows of uncertainty, except "the length, and the breadth, and the depth, and the height of the love which passeth knowledge," and which has filled the universe with the fulness of his Christ.—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE ETERNITY OF RELIGION.—The great spiritual verities which are the heart and substance of religion, do not fade away in the light of candid inquiry. In the dim starlight, one may look upon the snow clad Alps, towering like phantoms of the night, like ghost forms that will flee away at morning. But when the east slowly whitens they take on clear outline and substance; then their foreheads begin to glow with a celestial light; and, when the sun rises, they stand revealed, with their precipices and glaciers and untrodden snow-fields, as they have stood and will stand while a thousand generations pass away. More abiding than the Alps, or than the starry heavens, are conscience, hope, faith, love; duty, the soul's law; love, the soul's life; God, the soul's home—these shall abide when all this outward garniture has faded like a dream. Fear to think, to study, lest these things prove unreal? Sooner fear to tread the earth, lest it dissolve under our feet!

THE PRESENT.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

LIFE.—Life is no speculative venture with those who feel its value and duties. It has a deeper purpose, and its path becomes distinct and easy in proportion as it is earnestly and faithfully pursued. The rudest or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauty, and a satisfaction. All ships on the ocean are not steamers or packets, but all freight-bearers, fitted to their tasks, and the smallest shallop nobly fulfils its mission, while it pushes on towards its destined port, nor shifts its course because larger crafts career to other points of the compass. Let man right himself on the ocean of time. Let him learn whether he is by nature a shallop or a ship—a coaster or an ocean-crosser; and then, freighting himself according to his capacity and the market he should seek, fling his sail to the breeze, riding with wind and tide, if they go on his course, but beating resolutely against them if they cross his path. Have a well-chosen and defined purpose, and pursue it faithfully, trusting in God, and all will be well.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Amid the many discouragements that appear among us as a body of religious professors, I feel a care to treasure up what I can gather on the other hand, or, in other words, to look on the other side of the picture, and in doing so I frequently find not only a moderately fair record, but a record that calls for the thankful acknowledgment that we are still remembered, and helped, and preserved by Him whom we acknowledge as our holy Leader and Teacher.

Such a record as I have just alluded to came to me unsought, the other day, in a note from one of the members of our Monthly Meeting; and as I love to share my treasures with thee, I transcribe it—my friend says:

"I thought our Monthly Meeting an unusually favored one. The feeling of interest throughout was so general, deliberate thought so active, and yet without excitement, and the disposition to give this thought utterance, without fear or favor from young and old, and every and any part of the house, made this meeting to me a pleasant memory."

I think I may be allowed to treasure up such a testimony and receive encouragement from it, for, as a Monthly Meeting, we sometimes feel disheartened, mainly, perhaps, because so often the feeling of interest, which surely exists, is not manifested by a more general and active participation in the business that comes before us.

There are, in our Monthly Meeting, as well as perhaps in many others, quite a large number who allow themselves to be mere spectators of the labors of others, who yet have a lively interest in all that is being done, and to whom is often given a clear judgment. I feel sure that if these were willing simply to heed the impression of duty, they would find they are sometimes called to express this judgment, and the few words thus spoken would be as oil poured upon the chariot wheels, causing them to move less heavily. I do not want to promote unbidden activity, I would only stimulate to an earnest industry, whereby an honest livelihood will be insured. "The industrious hand maketh rich," is as true spiritually as it is outwardly, and in both connections "the Wisdom that is profitable to

direct," is equally needful, and must be waited for, if we would prosper in our work.

One of the rich blessings dispensed to the family of man, is the bestowal of this wisdom freely upon all who sincerely ask it. The universality and impartiality of the Father's love is thus graciously manifested, and as a body of religious professors, we hold the belief that we can and do receive this wisdom immediately from the Fountain as well as through chosen instruments. I do not speak thus as supposing I am saying anything that is new to thee; but, pursuing the subject with which I commenced my note, I have been led into this train of thought, and I sometimes derive an advantage from putting my thoughts on paper. They thus assume a tangible form, and are more readily retained than when they merely pass through the mind and are not clothed in words. Words are very good, and have a very important service to perform, when under right government; but words without life are but as sounding brass; and I am going to stop right off now, lest I give thee some such words.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 12, 1874.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING.—This meeting is held alternately at Salem and Mount Pleasant, for the better accommodation of members who are remotely situated. The arrangement is a good one, though not so necessary now as in earlier years, before the railway system had permeated every part of the State.

The meeting just concluded was held at Mount Pleasant, a town of considerable size, near the eastern boundary of the State, and well deserving the name, as a more lovely inland situation could hardly have been selected. The country is beautifully rolling, and under excellent cultivation. The commodious residences of the farmers in the immediate neighborhood bear testimony to the success that has attended their efforts, and their large hospitality welcomes the stranger to the lovely homes which, through patient industry, they have surrounded themselves with.

Less than two years ago the family with whom we are staying saw the homestead that had sheltered them for fifty years disappear in the consuming flame so rapidly that in two hours it was a smouldering heap; but the energy that had leveled the forest and reclaimed the wilderness was still left them.

Younger heads planned, and, with artistic taste, have carried through to completion a model house, which one who enters cannot fail to see was built to accommodate not themselves alone, but a numerous company of Friends; indeed, it has been a question, whether it is *ever* full, as to every new comer we hear the same salutation, "There is yet room."

Quite a number from the East arrived on Sixth-day, the 28th inst. (Ninth mo.), by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The nearest point that could be reached by that road was Bridgeport, a busy little town, built along a shelf that is lifted above all danger from the floods of the Ohio river, which at this point divides, taking into its embrace an island of considerable size, that forms a part of the city of Wheeling, with which it is connected by a lofty suspension bridge, so high that navigation is not interrupted. The main channel of the river is on the Wheeling side. Between the island and Bridgeport the stream is of considerable width, but very shallow. We left the cars at Wheeling and crossed over to Bridgeport on a street railway. A bridge of humble pretentions connects the latter place with the island.

The river hills rise abruptly behind the little town, leaving it barely room upon which to stand; these are mostly covered with vineyards, and are said to contain extensive beds of soft coal. A shaft has been opened into one that yields a handsome income to the owner, who is a woman.

A ride of eleven miles, climbing around steep hills, and up and down their undulations, brings us from Bridgeport to Mount Pleasant. All this distance do Friends go, with ample means of conveyance, to meet those who come to attend their Yearly Meeting.

On Seventh-day morning the meeting of Ministers and Elders was held. Sarah Hunt, Lydia Garrett and Harriet E. Kirk, ministers of Philadelphia, and Wm. Way, of Baltimore Yearly Meetings, were present with minutes from their respective meetings; also, Charles Kirk, Thomas P. King and Gideon Frost, Elders; and Eliza Chandler, the trav-

elling companion of L. Garrett. This meeting was felt by those who attended it to be a favored season. In the afternoon, the Representative Committee of Ohio Yearly Meeting held a sitting. This committee is composed of an equal number of men and women.

On First-day morning the large meeting house was very well filled. The presence of children of all ages is a feature not seen in any but Western meetings. There was much speaking, mostly by ministers from a distance. An appointed meeting was held at three o'clock; this also was well attended, and the service of the Gospel ministry was felt to be profitable. In the evening a family sitting was held at the residence of Hannah Griffith, who is in feeble health. This also was an interesting religious opportunity.

The business sessions were all characterized by much earnest devotional feeling. Every representative in both meetings answered to his and her name; many of these are yet in the early walks of life. In each meeting the voice of supplication was heard.

And words of encouragement were freely handed forth by exercised minds.

The minutes of all the before-mentioned ministers and elders were read in both meetings, and the company of those without minutes, equally with those having them, was gratefully accepted.

In the Women's Meeting, Epistles from Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings were read at the first sitting.

On Third-day both meetings entered upon the state of Society. Three Quarterly Meetings compose this body, Short Creek, Stillwater and Salem, and one day sufficed to answer all the queries; and under the feeling that the cares of the world sometimes engross attention to a greater extent than is profitable, much counsel and admonition were handed forth, with the desire that the word of exhortation might lead to a closer examination into the ground work of religious profession. There was much exercise in regard to intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and the evil tendencies resulting therefrom.

While it was thought that the Women's Meeting was fully up to its average size, it was believed that the Men's was not as large as usual.

The exercises in the Women's branch, called forth by the answers to the queries, were deep and searching. The duty of attending meetings regularly was impressively urged by Sarah Hunt, who said, in relation to her own experience:

"That when she was very young she covenanted with the Lord that if He would be with her she would fulfil this duty. There was then but one other young woman who was regular in her attendance. That covenant she had been strengthened to keep, and she would encourage all to attend to this service, with the assurance that our Heavenly Father is ever ready to fulfil His promises to His obedient children." "Dear young sisters," she added, "He only calls upon you to leave off those things that interfere with your peace of mind. Consult the oracle that He has placed in every heart, and be willing to follow wherever it directs."

Another friend was brought into sympathy with some who were in darkness. Such were exhorted to hold fast; the Lord would be their strength and deliverer. If they would keep close to that Power which has led them from their youth up, His hand would be still stretched forth to help onward.

Testimony was also borne by another to the importance of faithfulness in little things; and older Friends were encouraged to remember the young, extending to them the word of sympathy and the helping hand.

A living concern was felt and expressed that the young be led into moderation and simplicity, and that they neglect not the reading of the Scriptures of Truth. That they be temperate in all things, and that the younger women so exert the influence they possess over the young men that the fall of none of these may be laid to their charge. Fourth day the meeting-house was opened for public worship. A large concourse of people assembled, among whom the Gospel was freely preached. The continued presence of children, and their general orderly behavior, is a promise of good for the future of Ohio Yearly Meeting. In the afternoon the meetings met with open shutters, for the reading of the Minutes of the Representative Committee and the Report of the Committee on Indian Affairs. This was a session of peculiar

interest. The reading of the Minutes of the Representative Committee introduced the dilapidated condition of some of the meeting-houses in places where Friends had dwindled away until there were not sufficient left to maintain public worship. In regard to one instance brought up, much encouragement was offered, and Friends in other parts of the Yearly Meeting were advised to assist in repairing the house and re-establishing the meeting. Much interesting information was contained in the Indian Report, the greater part of which has already appeared in this paper in connection with Genesee Yearly Meeting.

The closing sitting on Fifth-day was occupied mainly with unfinished business, of little interest to the general reader. After the adjournment, men and women sat together to hear an interesting account by Wm. Starr, of his late visits among the Omaha and Winnebago Indians.

All the sessions were marked by a harmonious interchange of sentiments. The kindness extended to the First-day School General Conference, exhibited by the postponement, in two instances, of meetings of Yearly Meeting Committees that the Conference might hold afternoon sessions, was felt to be an evidence of the deep hold the First-day School cause has on the hearts of those who exert a controling influence in Ohio Yearly Meeting. The proceedings of the Conference will be published at an early date in pamphlet form, and distributed throughout the several Yearly Meetings.

DIED.

FRITTS.—At the residence of her son, George Fritts, Macedon, N. Y., Third month 31st, 1874, Penelope Fritts, in the 80th year of her age; a member and elder of Farmington Monthly Meeting.

This excellent Friend and elder was one who had carried out in her daily practice the pure and exalted principles which she professed. When she was fourteen years of age she moved with her parents into Orange County, and at seventeen she was married; thus early taking upon herself the sober responsibilities of life. Her scholastic education had been limited; yet she carried out her work successfully, performing all her duties with propriety. She was a diligent attender of Friends' meetings, and was careful to take her family with her, discouraging as far as possible a vascillating or careless spirit in those around her in this particular. She was an example of industry, always finding something useful for her hands to do, and ever glad of an opportunity to assist the needy. She was guarded in her reading. The Scriptures of truth were her principal reading during the latter part of her life, and in her death she left a full assurance that to her it was but a happy change. It seemed that she could adopt this language: "For I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A. H. G.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE ENGADINE.

No. 13.

The Upper Valley of the Inn, in which we are now sojourning, extends from southwest to northeast fifty-seven miles, and is seldom more than one mile in width. The lofty snow-capped mountains of this region, under the influence of the summer suns, pour down rivulets, torrents and cataracts which meet and seem to have a little interval of reflective calm in the mirror lakes which image back playfully the majestic heights. But the rest is only apparent, for the garnered waters dash onward incessantly, gathering strength as they go singing through the meadows, from mountain rills on the right hand and on the left. Ever and anon they widen into lakes and then dart onward in their arrowy course, obeying the impulse irresistible that bids them seek the distant sea. We have traced the course of the Rhine backward from her languid, plethoric fulness, her inert old age wandering lost amid her deltas in Holland, to her merry childhood among the Alpine hills and lakes, and now it may be that we shall trace the Danube downward from its birth-place in the glacial valleys to its destination in the Euxine. Who can tell?

We have a chance now, at least, to tarry awhile among its primal springs and nursing lakes in this valley of green pastures and sweet flowers, 5799 feet above the sea level. Lofty mountains are all around; to the northwest are the Engadine Alps, and to the southeast the Bernina chain, and very near are snow fields and glaciers, among the most magnificent in Switzerland. The climate of this lofty valley is said to resemble that of the north of Sweeden or Finland, the cultivation of grain being unknown and tillage of any kind uncommon. Little gardens are, however, attached to some of the houses, in which a few vegetables are found. I saw very nice salad, poor little beets and radishes, and ambitious, chilly looking strawberries; and the garden beds were bordered with bright pansies and pinks, which suggest early May-time in our country. The crimson poppies are also cultivated, but the gardens

are not worth a moment's consideration in comparison with the spontaneous children of Flora which choose to dwell in this poetic cloud-land. It must be the very native land, the Eden, of the little *Viola tricolor*; not the giant sort in favor with the gardener, but the refined little creature which we have known from the earliest days, in our rural garden-walks. All among them are such blue forget-me-nots; bluer I think, and more emphatic than ever a *Veronica* was before. The *Labiate* family is largely represented in this high company, and the *Leguminosia* are almost as numerous and of every hue. The *Stellarias* with cleft petals are also plentiful, and daisies great and small open and close their eyes at their own sweet will. The succulent Stonecrop race is represented by two very fleshy and luxuriant species, one bright yellow, and one red, which find footing in every little rocky nook and out-of-the-way place not otherwise occupied. They have the tender beauty and richness of the most pampered green-house favorite, and yet are hardy to the point of desperation. I have a heroic specimen of the crimson sort lying before me as I write, which I snatched from the very foot of a glacier, where it evidently had a most congenial *habitat*. Little bulbous clusters of leaves were forming as fast as they could around the sturdy, succulent stem, which rose to a height of four inches and was laden at the summit with as many flowers and flower-buds as could find any resting-place upon it, and such flowers, suggesting the richness of cactus blooms; leaves, which do not know whether to be green or red, and so vary and compromise continually; roots so firm and leathery that they can find vantage ground in the stoniest soils. The yellow and the red stars hold their faces right up to the bright heavens to catch every ray that falls to their share, for they know that their whole work must be done quickly in this Alpine land—that the summer lasts only a few weeks, and that they have to ripen their harvest of seeds, as well as raise a nest of bulbous tufts of succulent leaves for another summer. Provident, healthy and joyous little plants! I will not crush you out of all likeness to your living selves and send your poor discolored mummies to my fatherland. Stay here and adorn the bleak mountain country, and laugh in the very face of the glacier. But the special glory of the Alpine flora is the little crimson *Rhododendron* which is called here the Alpenrose. The flowers, about three-fourths of an inch long, grow close together, shoulder to shoulder, in clusters of about ten, among the box-like evergreen leaves. Its rarity makes it prized, growing as it does in the more inaccessible places, and hanging temptingly over the giddy precipice: but its beauty is great enough to bear close and frequent inspection. We pluck the gay clusters and note the rusty under surface and revolute border of the leaf, and the brittle, short-jointed stem, which seldom cares to rise more than a foot or two from its rocky fastness. Its growth from summer to summer must be very slow, not over half an inch. It is a conservative, this blood-tinted, scentless dweller on the mountain tops.

Here is a handsome pink cluster among the mosses at our feet. We pluck it and look more curiously. It has the papilionaceous blossom, the trifoliate leaf, the unmistakable stipule and the rounded head of the clover tribe, but it also has an orchis like delicacy of tissue, and richness of tint and odor. We note the slender, whitish leaflets, and the long flowrets folding themselves back languidly when their little life-work is done. It is the proudest and most high-born of all the useful race of clovers. But here is a more inflated creature of a loftier stature.

It is a foot or eighteen inches high, has a stem with swollen joints, has opposite leaves, and has regular flowers in parts of fives. Looking closer, one sees that it belongs with our familiar pink family, and that its leading characteristic is a curiously inflated, persistent calyx, smooth membranaceous, and deeply veined. I have no Alpine botany at hand, but a friend not favorable to hard scientific nomenclature for the frail creatures of the floral world, assures me that my flowers are "Job's tears," and I accept the name for the ethereal, drooping bells. And here is an aristocrat of the homely plantain race. A tender, succulent leaf, a slender, soaring flower-stem, and a spike of flowers with a halo of long, purple-tipped stamens, serve to illustrate how the glorious surroundings, the cool breezes, and the clear blue heavens of the lofty Engadine can ennoble even the lowly Plantago. We gather great wreaths and garlands of the wild thyme from among the pebbles, and admire the less conspicuous Crucifers, Stellarias and Galiums. This is the very paradise of the Galiums, which assume here an imperial bearing and a profusion of flowers that make us doubt their relationship with the lowly people of that name that we have known in our own land. Of course, the Gentians, those lovers of the North Wind and of the Frost King, are here in full force among the hardy flora of the Alpine land; and it would be cruel injustice to make no mention of the myriad harebells and all the kindred bells, which grow in the greatest profusion, massing themselves together, shoulder to shoulder, as if for mutual help and sympathy. Wise little bells!

The hardy heath, which can endure all things, climbs high on the rocks, and would remind one of little stunted cedar-trees were it not clothed with a profusion of the tiny pink bloom so appropriate to this frosty land. Then, again, the cosmopolitan yarrow has assumed unwonted tints, varying, with its situation, from a deep pink back to its normal white, and a wonderful *Euphorbia* with bright-red flowers and linear-clustered leaves like those of a miniature spruce-tree. The dark-blue monk's hood lifts up its tall spikes in a threatening manner, gloomy and poisonous looking; and then, as an offset, there are the most tenderly fragrant and beautiful pinks which we never weary of gathering.

Upon the lower mountain slopes we find the larch and the beautiful and graceful Arve, or Alpine cedar (*Pinus cembra*). This tree is almost unknown in the rest of Switzerland, and is said to be the only forest-tree that grows at the height of 7,000 feet. It does not thrive on the plains, but some beautiful specimens of the larch are standing in the soft meadow nearly opposite our house. I think the cedar of Lebanon is scarcely more stately than this noble tree, with its graceful, drooping branches. The wood of the *Pinus cembra* is said to be very light, white in color, and extremely durable. It is fine in grain, very fragrant, and much admired for cabinet work. The cones contain thirty to forty kernels, inclosed in a hard, triangular shell, and have a pleasant flavor, which, strange to say, suggests the pine-apple.

We are now (Seventh month 22d) in the midst of the hay harvest, and it is the only harvest that the earth yields directly to the industrious people of the Engadine. The people make of this work a kind of fête, and large numbers of day laborers from other parts of the country are at work, and all classes are participating. Even the schoolmaster, who is superintending the harvest, when appealed to for some Italian lessons, excused himself till after the hay was gathered, when he would be able to turn his attention again to his proper calling. The short, broad scythes of the mowers are at work among the flowery, fragrant meadows and upon the terraces and steep slopes of the green foot-hills, and the work is accomplished in the most perfect manner, not an atom of the hay being wasted, and the shorn sod looks as though a razor had passed over it.

The mowing machine, which sweeps away our harvests like a sort of a benevolent giant, is not seen in these valleys of the mountains; and where man labor is so abundant, there is little need of such agency. As I write, a succession of thunder showers are drenching the valley and sadly baffling the labors of the hay-makers. The people say that their season has been exceptionally dry up to this time, so that the hay crop is much less than usual; and one regrets to see the fallen grass subjected to such a soaking process, knowing how important the hay crop must be in this grainless valley, where they have to endure the rigors of nine months winter. The rain falls heavily almost all day, and we, prisoners of the thunder-storm, hardly think it worth while to look out towards our mountain walls. Towards evening a restless, inquiring fellow-traveller draws aside the curtain, and takes a look at the storm-swept valley. He gives an exclamation of astonishment, and we all hasten to see what phenomenon the window reveals. Behold! the green, low hills all around us are snow-clad, and here is a little winter in the midst of summer. The rain-storm of the vale had been the driving snow-storm on the hills. The revelation of the next morning, when the sun shone again from among the veiling clouds, cannot be painted by word pictures of mine. The everlasting snows of the loftier heights had received a fresh, clean coating, and a gauze-like mantle had been thrown over the lower mountains reaching almost down to the investing firs. The welcome returning sunbeams, the broken cloud masses which lie around, filling every gorge and defile, mystifying and spiritualizing the ruggedness of crag and solemn height, make a scene which varies as the morning sun rises higher and higher, and the gentle breeze tosses the veiling mists to and fro. There is such a combination of purity, splendor, and silent, solemn majesty, that the observer wishes only to sit and gaze silently, striving to so photograph the glorious scene upon the memory, that it may be a joy for evermore.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence."

Accordingly, one party starts out for a pleasant stroll to the neighboring town of Samaden, another to St. Moritz, another to climb one of the lower neighboring heights, and two or three of us, less ambitious, will visit the ruined church with a crumbling tower, on a near hill-top, and will take a nearer view of the stately firs, and botanize a little on the slopes. But the poetic clouds, that linger so lovingly round the mountain-tops, are not to be trusted, and yonder is one which is rolling this way, and looks a little ominous; but I press on up the hill-side, for I want a branch of the fir-tree as a trophy. The height is reached in a very few minutes,

and I stand within the enclosure where the ashes of the forefathers of Celerina rest. Some of the little hillocks are freshly trimmed and planted with simple flowers, and the headstones record the names of the dead who are not yet forgotten. But the older graves, which lie a little more in the background, are buried deep in the rank grass, and one can hardly read to what name and date the discolored stone bears witness. A favorite symbol for these Alpine graves is a black anchor with gilded tips—a reminder of the hopeful voyage on which these mountaineers of by-gone days have embarked. There is a warning tone in the rumble from yonder hill, and, sure enough,

> "Far along,
> From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder!"

I snatch a branch of the drooping fir, which mourns gracefully over the churchyard, and hasten down the hill. The rain is beginning to fall, and, as we reach the door, is pouring down in earnest once more, a real damper to the haymakers and to the botanists of the Engadine.

Since we are in the immediate vicinity of magnificent glaciers, and as these are the peculiar feature of Switzerland, it is eminently proper to make as early and as intimate acquaintance with them as possible. Agassiz's careful study of the glacial systems of Switzerland, has made these formations very familiar to all reading and thinking people. It is hardly needful to say that the glacier is a mass of ice reclining on the side of a mountain-ridge or enclosed in a mountain valley, which is always descending, but never (or almost never) advancing, for it wastes away from heat at its lower extremity as rapidly as it is augmented at its source by the accumulation of the perennial snows. The continual pressure from above has forced the glacier down far below the line of perpetual winter, and the alternate thawing and freezing it undergoes, transforms it into a granular, opaque, bulbous ice, which at last changes into the blue ice of the glacier proper. During the summer, the surface of the snow in the high regions becomes covered with dirt, which the next winter covers with another snow-sheet. In summer these snow-layers become changed to ice, on their surfaces, at least, so that a series of layers occur —snow, dust, ice. As the whole is pushed down the valley, these layers tend to assume a vertical position, from the bottom of the mass moving faster than the top. The middle of the glacier being deeper, moves faster than the sides, and the lower layers advancing more rapidly than the upper ones, the strata become curved forward, the lower layers being more sharply arched. It is easy to see that this onward movement by this enormous mass of ice, will grind, furrow and polish the rocks over which it moves, and that those furrows and polished surfaces, which are often observed on rocks remote from any living glaciers, are the record of the former passage of the ice-plow over that region.

A pleasant drive of two hours to the southward brings us to within twenty minutes' walk of Morteratsch Glacier. We seem very near the snow fields before we start—they do not look a mile away; but we drive on steadily towards the shining land to the south, which seems to get no nearer to us, but only to grow larger. It is one of the singular consequences of the exceeding purity of the Alpine air that we are not able to judge correctly of distances. A place a little elevated, so as to be fully above the horizon, looks to be a mile away, and one starts hopefully for the goal, thinking to reach it in half an hour; but, like the glacier, it grows larger, but gets no nearer as we walk and walk, and climb and climb, and the aspiring traveller learns at last that two hours' vigorous striving is required instead of the trifling walk at first intended. But here is the glacier, a stern reality at last. Not, as viewed from the foot, a glittering field of ice, as my childish fancy had once supposed, but a frozen cataract, all bespread with a thick coating of dust, which bereaves it of its glory. It fills the valley between the wintry heights on either hand, and our guide book says it is six miles long. We walk up to the end of the glacier, climb over the terminal moraine, and stand for the first time face to face with this birth-place of the river. It is perhaps forty feet high, and much wider, and from beneath the mighty mass a river comes roaring and tumbling. It is not a pure, bright stream, such as I had imagined, but white almost as milk, evidently bearing away in its fierce exit much of the substance of the ancient hills. The summer day is shining on the upper surface, and the sunbeam is busily striving to tear down what the dread winters of long ages have builded. How firm and strong the icy barrier, and with what mighty force must the advancing glacier (for they assure us it is ever advancing, though never gaining) grind and score its pathway down the vale! As we look at the amazing ice-cliff, the conviction grows strong that some other means than the force of gravity is propelling it onward. It is believed that the principal agent is the infiltration of water, which is the greatest when the winter snows are melting. The granular snow of the glacier incloses air particles, which, when the snow is compressed into ice,

form a net work of capillary fissures that serve as canals of infiltration. The water in these freezing, propels the mass onward. We see abundant evidence that the glacier is gradually diminishing, both in depth and in length—that the powers of light are triumphing over those of darkness. The terminal moraine is not a well-defined ridge of rocky debris, but is scattered along for many yards in front of the glacier, and there is quite a space between the ice wall and the nearest of the larger boulders.

An early morning drive of seven or eight miles up the valley to St. Moritz, the Bath House and to Silvaplana, gives an idea of the inclement character of this bleak land. One has the benefit of intensely pure air, intensely blue sky, intensely white mountain-tops, glittering in the morning sunbeams, and a combination of all the charms which the flowery vale, the arrowy river and the lofty mountain slopes, furrowed by numerous cascades, can give; but, as we face the breeze which is pouring from the snowy heights ahead of us, all our available wraps are insufficient for a defence against the cold. Winter clothing, furs and thick shawls would be most comfortable in riding, but the pedestrians, with their staves, look exhilarated and quite happy in the crisp, frosty air. The Bath Hotel is a large building, most beautifully situated, and it would be a charming place for a prolonged sojourn; but it is crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe, and the wayfarers have not the slightest chance to get in for months to come. Many hotels are being built, and another summer will find the accommodations quadrupled, perhaps, and a yet greater multitude of health and pleasure seekers concentrating here. The mineral springs of St. Moritz are powerfully chalybeate, and strongly impregnated with carbonic acid and alkaline salts. As long ago as 1539, the celebrated empiric and alchymist Paracelsus, is said to have pronounced them efficacious in scrofulous and other diseases, and now the whole world seems to confirm the judgment of the alchymist. The great Curhouse (cure-house) accommodates hundreds of patients, and not only bathing facilities are afforded, but there are covered promenades, elegant grounds, fountains, reading-rooms and the various aproved devices for amusement. Added to these advantages, not the least of the curative agencies would be the cosmopolitan company always to be met with here, affording the contemplative and observant traveller or sojourner a most instructive study.

S. R.

Seventh mo. 29th, 1874.

"WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE."

Still, still with Thee! when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with Thee!*

Alone with Thee! amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee! in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up in silent prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, *I am with Thee!*

H. B. STOWE.

SONNET.

BY R. C. TRENCH.

We live not in our moments nor our years—
The present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet future which we often find
Bitter to taste, or find *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears,—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive.
Meanwhile the joy by which we ought to live
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings,
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things,
And of the griefs unborn, to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

RELIGIOUS charity requires that we should not judge any set of Christians by the representations of their enemies alone, without hearing and reading what they have to say in their own defense. . . . . Some men cannot understand how they are to be zealous, if they are candid in religious matters. But remember that the Scriptures carefully distinguish between laudable zeal and indiscreet zeal. . . . The object is to be at the same time pious to God and charitable to man; to render your own faith as pure and perfect as possible, not only without hatred of those who differ from you, but with a constant recollection that it is possible, in spite of thought and study, that you may have been mistaken; that other sects may be right; and that a zeal in his service, which God does not want, is a very bad excuse for those bad passions which his sacred word condemns.—*Sydney Smith.*

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

An intelligent interest in the lower orders of creation is to our minds so becoming, so human, that the lack of it appears to us one of the most painful evidences of misculture. Sir Charles Darwin, by the close study of the habits of pigeons, has worked out the frame of his theory of the progress of species from lower to higher forms. Mr. Wallace, by his protracted observations among the islands of the South Pacific, of their fauna, has developed most important theories of animal distribution. Audubon has watched the habits of American birds and thereby has made himself immortal. For simple pathos, we know of nothing to exceed Dr. Brown's dog story of "Rab and his Friends." And as for Biblical example it is one of the titles of Solomon's fame, that "he spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowls. and of creeeping things, and of fishes." Most likely Solomon made the beginnings of a natural history, which would be the earliest on record, but has been lost. Irenæus is undoubtedly in good company.

How far have these creatures intelligence? The mammals among them are closely related to us. They have the same organs of sense, the same muscular, nervous and nutritive systems that we have. They are capable of some of the affections which are characteristic of ourselves. They have memory; they draw inferences from experience; they can be taught to perform certain actions, and so be enlisted in our service. Millions of them do our heavier work, and are, therfore, a part of the industrial system of the world. Is instinct in them lapsed intellect? The most profound of English metaphysicians finds the difference between man and brute in the difference between understanding and reason. The former he calls the faculty which judges according to sense, that is, draws inferences from experience, the latter the faculty which perceives universal and necessary truths. A horse can infer promptly, from the drawing of a rein, which way he must turn; but he could not comprehend that all the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or the law of gravitation. He can reason upon his experience, but as far as we know, is incapable of going further. That the members of the brute creation can communicate with each other in an inarticulate way has been proved by facts so numerous as to leave no room for doubt.—*Selected from the Methodist.*

VIRTUE AND PEDIGREE.—I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigree; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—Think how shameful it is to get all knowledge, and not to know ourselves; and how miserable he is that encompasses all the world, and searches into all things, but neglects his own peace, or seeks it among the occasions of his trouble. Discharge thyself, therefore, with all speed from thy passions, of rashness and hasty thoughts. Learn thy duty; do it; know God, and thyself, and the world; and when thou art once humble, prudent, thankful, and heavenly-minded, then thou wilt not be displeased at what God or men do; nothing will trouble thee, or, if anything do, it will be this, that thou doest these things no better.—*Bishop Patrick.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR EIGHTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	17	9
Rain all or nearly all day	3	1
Cloudy, without storms	2	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9	16
Total	31	31

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1873	1874
Mean temperature of Eighth mo., per Penna. Hospital	Deg. 75.95	Deg. 74.73
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	93.00	93.50
Lowest point reached per Penna. Hospital	61.00	58.00
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital	Inches 12.28	Inches 6.53
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for each year	1,964	1,715

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Eighth month for the past 85 years	73 38
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1872	81.64
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	66.00

SUMMER TEMPERATURES.	Degs.
Mean temperature of the 3 Summer months of 1873	76.50
Mean do do do do 1874	76.24
Average of the Summer temperatures for the past 85 years	73.73
Highest Summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1872	80.09
Lowest Summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1816	66.00

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1873	1874
	Ins.	Ins.
Eighth month	12.28	6.53
Totals for each year thus far	41.56	30 75

The rainfall of the present year has, from month to month (with the exception of Fourth and Sixth months), fallen short of that of last year, and the extreme quantity of 1873 has increased the difference in comparison considerably. A very severe drought has prevailed for some time in many sec-

tions of our country, which will render the corn crop in some places almost a total failure. The writer has heard of some farmers in Jersey who have offered to sell their crops, occupying fields of twenty to twenty-five acres in extent, for *five dollars per acre!*

And yet—while we seldom pass an entire season where the universal opinion is that it has been unusually pleasant, we think the present summer will compel all to admit the fact. We have had some few extremes, it is true, but in neither of the three months have we had more than three or four consecutive days of excessively hot weather. About the warmest days occurring during the month just closed were—

Eighth month	18th, ...	79	82	85
" "	19th, ...	82	84	87
" "	20th, ...	81	86	90
" "	21st, ...	86	93	95

This was succeeded on the 22d by a cold rain, not, however, amounting to much in quantity.

The temperature continued unusually low until the last day of the month—on the 26th, some eight or nine miles out of the city, the mercury dropping to 50 and 51 degrees. Returning to the *rainfall*, we find that during the storm of the 7th and 8th about six inches of the entire quantity for the month fell. This excessive fall damaged many of our culverts, overflowed cellars, &c. Dry as the month in general has been in our vicinity, it has been as nothing when compared with the West. In Southeast Missouri "There has been no rain for several weeks; the corn is dried up in the fields, and the pasturage has disappeared entirely." In New Madrid county it is thought both corn and bacon will have to be imported for the supply of the population.

The Springfield *Patriot* says: "Scarcely any rain has fallen during the season, and the vegetation has dried up and crisped to mere shavings."

The Boonville *Eagle* states that "Nearly every family in town is actually suffering for water. In the country a great many of the fruit-trees are dying, and the people are obliged to drive their stock for miles to streams."

The Henry County *Democrat* informs that "For weeks there has been no rain, until, with a burning sun every day, and the mercury standing at 96 to 106 degrees, our farmers have almost given up in despair. We learn that corn will not in many fields average *one bushel to the acre!*"

In addition to this, such clippings as the following are by no means uncommon:

"Grasshoppers have destroyed everything in Northern and Southwestern Kansas and Nebraska. The corn crop is totally destroyed, and the damage inflicted exceeds that of 1866."

On the 3d of the month just closed, the following account of a curious phenomenon was published:

"There was a dust-spout at Central Falls, R. I., the other day. A dense volume of dust from the Spring Pike was suddenly seen to rise into the air, and, assuming a conicle shape, was borne to a very high altitude, so high, indeed, that the top seemed to dwindle to a mere speck against the clouds. The sight is described by those who witnessed it as wonderful, although of short duration, the cloud or 'spout' being soon broken, and falling in showers of dust in the vicinity. Its formation was doubtless owing to causes similar to those producing water-spouts at sea, but some declared that it was only the tail of Coggia's comet, which had descended to the earth. At the place where the base of the column rested on the road, the dust was removed as completely as if it had been swept away."

Another singular occurrence is thus chronicled:

"Chicago, Aug. 21.—An acre of ground near Mound City, Pulaski county, sunk ten feet yesterday, leaving a smooth edge as if cut with a knife. A number of trees were on it, but they were not disturbed by the land-slide." J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, Ninth mo. 2d, 1874.

NOTICES.

A stated meeting of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs will be held in the Monthly Meeting Room, (Race Street), on Sixth-day, the 18th instant, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Punctuality to the hour is requested.

Jacob M. Ellis, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

The Baxter line have now six steam canal boats running between New York city and Buffalo. They have a carrying capacity of about 200 tons each, and make the trip each way in about six days. Allowing for one day at each terminus, the round trip is made in fourteen days, or two trips a month. This is double the speed of the horse boats, they averaging but one trip a month. During the winter these boats will be run on some of the Southern canals. They are already playing a very important part in solving the problem of cheap transportation. —*Public Ledger.*

The enormous and alarming increase of the importation of opium into this country, which, in 1872, was over 250,000 pounds—ten times that required for medicinal use—is ascribed, by the Massachusetts Board of Health, as in a great measure due to the extensive use of soothing syrups, which cultivates a love for the drug in children, that in adult age renders them confirmed opium eaters. A recent analysis of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup shows that this popular medicine contains one grain of the alkaloid to an ounce of the syrup, and the dose for infants, as directed, is four or five times the quantity that is usually regarded as safe. This is a matter that should receive the attention of parents, who would not knowingly do a permanent harm to their offspring.—*Delaware County Republican.*

The incompetency of some of the operators employed by American telegraph companies is a matter of almost daily remark. In strange contrast with this state of affairs is the strict code in vogue in the Netherlands, requiring of candidates, for even an apprenticeship in telegraphy, these qualifications among others: He must be a Netherlander, not younger than eighteen, nor older than twenty-five years; of irreproachable character; healthy, and without bodily defects; and a quick, clear and elegant penman. He must present a thesis in Dutch, sound, grammatical, and in good style, and pass an examination on the French, English and German languages, arithmetic, algebra, geometry and geometrical drawing, and geography. To attain any grade higher than that of an apprentice, he must give proofs of efficiency yet more startling than those above enumerated. —*Boston Transcript.*

The *Scientific American* lately contained a letter from a correspondent, pointing out a danger to be found in cans used for preserving fruit. A mixture of lead and tin is sometimes used in cheap cans, and the corrosive effects of the fruit upon the lead may result in lead poisoning.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 19, 1874. No. 30.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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THE PRINCIPLE OF THE SPIRITUAL HARVEST.

The *principle* is this: "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

There are two kinds of good possible to men—one enjoyed by our animal being, the other felt and appreciated by our spirits. Every man understands, more or less, the difference between these two; between prosperity and well-doing; between indulgence and nobleness; between comfort and inward peace; between pleasure and striving after perfection; between happiness and blessedness. There are two kinds of harvest, and the labor necessary for them respectively is of very different kinds. The labor which procures the harvest of the one has no tendency to secure the other.

We will not depreciate the advantages of this world. It is foolish and unreal to do so. Comfort, affluence, success, freedom from care, rank, station—these are in their way real goods; only the labor bestowed upon them does not procure one single blessing that is spiritual.

On the other hand, the seed which is sown for a spiritual harvest has no tendency whatever to procure temporal well-being. Let us see what are the laws of the sowing and reaping in this department. Christ has declared them: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (with righteousness). "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." You observe—the beatific vision of the Almighty—fullness of righteousness—comfort. There is nothing earthly—spiritual results for spiritual labor. It is not said that the pure in heart shall be made rich; nor that they who hunger after goodness shall be filled with bread; nor that they who mourn shall rise in life, and obtain distinction. Each department has its own appropriate harvest, reserved exclusively to its own method of sowing.

Everything in this world has its price; and the price buys that, not something else. Every harvest demands its own preparation, and that preparation will not produce another sort of harvest. Thus, for example, you cannot have at once the soldier's renown and the quiet of a recluse's life. The soldier pays his price for his glory—sows and reaps. His price is risk of life and limb, nights spent on the hard ground, a weather-beaten constitution. If you will not pay that price, you cannot have what he has—military reputation. You cannot enjoy the statesman's influence together with freedom from public notoriety. If you sensitively shrink from that, you must give up influence; or else pay his price—the price of a thorny pillow, unrest, the chance of being to-day a nation's idol, to-morrow the people's execration. You cannot have the store of information possessed

by the student, and enjoy robust health. Pay his price, and you have his reward. His price is an emaciated frame, a debilitated constitution, a transparent hand, and the rose taken out of the sunken cheek. To have these opposite things—a soldier's glory and quiet, a statesman's renown and peace, the student's prize and rude health—would be to mock God, to reap what has not been sown.

Now the mistakes men make, and the extravagant expectation in which they indulge, are these: they sow for earth, and expect to win spiritual blessings; or, they sow to the spirit, and then wonder that they have not a harvest of the good things of earth. In each case they complain: What have I done to be treated so?

The unreasonableness of all this appears the moment we have understood the conditions contained in this principle, "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap."

It is a common thing to hear sentimental wonderings about the unfairness of the distribution of things here. The unprincipled get on in life; the saints are kept back. The riches and rewards of life fall to the lot of the undeserving. The rich man has his good things, and Lazarus his evil things. Whereupon it is taken for granted that there must be a future life to make this fair; that if there were none, the constitution of this world would be unjust. That is, that because a man who has sown to the Spirit does not reap to the flesh here, he will hereafter; that the meed of well-doing must be, somewhere in the universe, the same kind of recompense which the rewards of the unprincipled were here—comfort, abundance, physical enjoyment—or else all is wrong.

But if you look into it, the balance is perfectly adjusted even here. God has made His world much better than you and I could make it. Everything reaps its own harvest, every act has its own reward. And before you covet the enjoyment which another possesses, you must first calculate the cost at which it was procured.

For instance, the religious tradesman complains that his honesty is a hindrance to his success; that the tide of custom pours into the doors of his less scrupulous neighbor in the same street, while he himself waits for hours idle. My brother! do you think that God is going to reward honor, integrity, high-mindedness, with this world's coin? Do you fancy that He will pay spiritual excellence with plenty of custom? Now consider the price that man has paid for his success. Perhaps mental degredation and inward dishonor. His advertisements are all deceptive; his treatment of his workmen tyrannical; his cheap prices made possible by inferior articles. Sow that man's seed, and you will reap that man's harvest. Cheat, lie, advertise, be unscrupulous in your assertions—custom will come to you. But if the price is too dear, let him have his harvest, and take yours. Yours is a clear conscience, a pure mind, rectitude within and without. Will you part with that for his? Then why do you complain? He has paid his price—you do not choose to pay it.

Again, it is not an uncommon thing to see a man rise from insignificence to sudden wealth, by speculation. Within the last ten or twenty years, England has gazed on many such a phenomenon. In this case, as in spiritual things, the law seems to hold, "He that hath, to him shall be given." Tens of thousands soon increase and multiply to hundreds of thousands. His doors are besieged by the rich and great. Royalty banquets at his table, and nobles court his alliance. Whereupon some simple Christian is inclined to complain, "How strange that so much prosperity should be the lot of mere cleverness!" Well, are these really God's chief blessings? Is it for such as these you serve Him? And would these indeed satisfy your soul? Would you have God reward his saintliest with these gauds and gewgaws—all this trash, rank and wealth, and equipages, and plate, and courtship from the needy great? Call you that the heaven of the holy? Compute, now, what was paid for that. The price that merchant prince paid, perhaps with the blood of his own soul, was shame and guilt. The price he is paying now is perpetual dread of detection; or, worse still, the hardness which can laugh at detection; or, one deep lower yet, the low and groveling soul which can be satisfied with these things as a paradise, and ask for no higher. He has reaped enjoyment—yes, and he has sown, too, the seed of infamy. It is all fair. Count the cost, "He that saveth his life shall lose it." Save your life, if you like, but do not complain if you lose your nobler life—yourself. Win the whole world; but remember you do it by losing your own soul. Every sin must be paid for; every sensual indulgence is a harvest, the price for which is so much ruin for the soul. "*God is not mocked.*"

Once more: religious men in every profession are surprised to find that many of its avenues are closed to them. The conscientious churchman complains that his delicate scruples, or his bold truthfulness, stand in the way of his preferment; while another man, who conquers his scruples, or softens the eye of truth, rises and sits down a mitred peer in Parliament. The honorable lawyer feels that his practice is limited, while the unprincipled practitioner receives all he loses; and

the Christian physician feels sore and sad at perceiving that charlatanism succeeds in winning employment; or, if not charlatanism, at least that affability and courtly manners take the place that is due to superior knowledge. Let such men take comfort, and judge fairly. Popularity is one of the things of an earthly harvest, for which quite earthly qualifications are required. I say not always dishonorable qualifications; but a certain flexibility of disposition—a certain courtly willingness to sink obnoxious truths, and adapt ourselves to the prejudices of the minds of others—a certain adroitness at catching the tone of those with whom we are. Without some of these things no man can be popular in any profession. But you have resolved to be a liver, a doer, a champion for the truth. Your ambition is to be pure in the last recesses of the mind. You have your reward—soul upright and manly; a fearless bearing, that dreads to look no man in the face; a willingness to let men search you through and through, and defy them to see any difference between what you seem and what you are. Now your price—your price is dislike. The price of being true is the cross. The warrior of the truth must not expect success. What have you to do with popularity? Sow for it and you will have it. But if you wish for it, or wish for peace, you have mistaken your calling; you must not be a teacher of the truth; you must not cut prejudice against the grain; you must leave medical, legal, theological truth to harder and nobler men, who are willing to take the martyr's cross and win the martyr's crown. This is the mistake men make. They expect both harvests, paying only one price. They would be blessed with goodness and prosperity at once. They would have that on which they bestow no labor. They take sinful pleasure, and think it very hard that they must pay for it in agony, and, worse than agony, souls deteriorated. They would monopolize heaven in their souls, and the world's prizes at the same time. This is to expect to come back, like Joseph's brethren from the land of plenty, with the corn in their sacks, and the money returned, too, in their sacks' mouths. No, no; it will not do. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." Reap *what* you have sown. If you sow the wind, do not complain if your harvest is the whirlwind. If you sow to the Spirit, be content with a spiritual reward — invisible — within — more life and higher life.—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE time will come, says Hooker, when a few words, spoken with meekness, and humility, and love, shall be more acceptable than volumes of controversy.

JOHN STANTON GOULD.

This eminently gifted man was the son of Stephen and Hannah Gould, of Newport, Rhode Island.

He was during his whole life connected with the Society of Friends (the Orthodox branch) of which his parents were consistent and active members.

He informed the writer that before he was eight years of age he had read attentively Barclay's Apology, with which he was thoroughly familiar. His elementary education was chiefly obtained at Providence School (R. I.), and at a very early age he had made considerable progress in scholastic attainments.

At the solicitation of Joseph and Benjamin Marshall he removed to Hudson (N. Y.), in 1827, and at the age of fourteen years was placed in the responsible position of chemist in their extensive calico print works at Stockport. The faithful discharge of the duties of the situation gave him an opportunity of making practical application of his knowledge of chemistry. After being thus occupied several years he turned his attention to agricultural and other pursuits, embracing some of a benevolent and charitable character.

During his minority a mercantile firm in Philadelphia offered him a position, with a prospect of advancement, in their extensive and profitable business, which offer he respectfully declined, preferring the more retired situation of chemist (which he then held) to the prospect of wealth. The study of useful science being his choice, always being a close student, he found time at this early period for general culture, and soon the use which he made of his acquisitions began to attract public attention.

From early life he familiarized himself with the different theories of agriculture. He filled the office of President of the New York State Agricultural Society acceptably for one term. His lectures on "The Grasses," which he delivered before that society, were considered the most masterly production ever presented to that body.

With the cause of education he was early identified, and was for four years superintendent, under the common school system of the State of New York, for the District of Hudson.

He had a remarkable command of language and a ready faculty of imparting knowledge to others, which always insured him a welcome in public and private circles. As a lecturer on the subject of education, science, or agriculture, but few excelled him.

He was elected Agricultural Professor in Cornell University, at the opening of that

institution, which position he filled with marked ability.

He was a zealous worker in the cause of First-day schools, and while he adhered firmly to his own religious convictions, he possessed a broad catholic faith, and taught in schools connected with other religious sects, and zealously labored for the benefit of all who desired religious instruction.

This excellent Friend peacefully closed his useful life at Hudson, N. Y., on the 8th day of Eighth month, 1874, after a short illness, aged 62 years.

The faith manifested by him during life, in the hour of death supported and sustained him.

One of his last expressions was, "Thy will be done!" and, speaking to those around, he said, "Be not afraid; He leadeth me by His Light." T.

Philadelphia, 9th mo. 4th, 1874.

FOR REPOSE IN GOD.

What art Thou, Oh, my God? What but the Lord God—most hidden, yet most present; most beautiful, yet most strong; stable, yet incomprehensible; unchangeable, yet all-changing; never new, never old; all-renewing, and bringing age unto the proud, and they know it not; ever-working, ever at rest; still gathering, yet not lacking; supporting, filling and overspreading; creating, nourishing and maturing; seeking, yea, having, all things. Thou changest Thy works, Thy purpose unchanged; receivest again what Thou findest, yet didst never lose; never in need, yet rejoicing in gains; never covetous, yet exacting usury. Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe; and who hath aught that is not Thine? Thou payest debts, owing nothing; remittest debts, losing nothing. And what have I now said, my God, my life, my holy joy? or what saith any man when he speaks of Thee? Yet woe to him that speaketh not, since mute are even the most eloquent.

Oh, that I might repose in Thee! Oh, that Thou wouldst enter into my heart and inebriate it, that I may forget my ills and embrace Thee, my sole good! What art Thou to me, O Lord? Have mercy on me, that I may ask. Or what am I to Thee, that Thou shouldst command me to love Thee, yea, and to be angry with me, and threaten to lay huge miseries upon me if I love Thee not? Is it, then, a slight woe to love Thee not? Oh! for Thy mercy's sake, tell me, O Lord, my God, what Thou art to me! Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation; but say it so that I may hear Thee. Behold, Lord, my heart is before Thee; open Thou the ears thereof, and say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. Let me know Thee, O Lord, who knowest me; let me know Thee as I am known. Power of my soul, enter into it, and fit it for Thee, that Thou mayest enjoy it without spot or wrinkle. —*St. Augustine.*

From The Christian Union.

THE SCRIBES.

BY WOLCOTT CALKINS.

We are at first surprised at the remark: "Jesus taught as one that had authority, and not as the scribes;" for no class of men ever arrogated to themselves more authority than the scribes. In three important fields their influence was supreme.

I. In the civil law. The "lawyers" of the New Testament were all scribes. And all the scribes had more or less to do with the government. The man who came to Jesus with the request: "Speak to my brother that he divide with me the inheritance," was doing as everybody did in that day; he was selecting, as he supposed, the most powerful rabbi as arbitrator in a family dispute. The scribes were always appealed to in arbitration. When the amount involved was large, they formed little juries of three or seven, selected by the contestants. When personal rights involved penal consequences, the lower Sanhedrim of Twenty-three was assembled, composed chiefly of scribes. And in the great Sanhedrim of Seventy-one, the state attorneys and judges of the law were all scribes; so that they were the virtual arbiters of life or death. They occupied all important stations of power and emolument left by the Roman empire to the civil law of the Jews.

II. In education. The most learned of the scribes sat in the school-room of the Temple, on an elevated platform. This was the national high-school. Here the teachers were educated, sitting literally at the feet of the rabbis. Similar schools were established in every considerable city of the land. Scribes were employed as private tutors in wealthy families. They prepared the few books read by the people. Thus, the only substitute that age possessed for the influence exerted by our common-school teachers, professors, editors and book-writers, was concentrated in the hands of the scribes.

III. In religion. While the Tabernacle, and afterwards the Temple, was the only place of public worship for the nation, the priesthood held their pre eminence. But the exiles brought back from captivity their love for their little local meeting-houses, which had been their consolation in banishment, and from that time instruction began to displace liturgy in divine worship; intelligence rose above hereditary succession; the learned scribe

became the ruler of the synagogue, rather than the priest who could offer no sacrifice there. So the scribes had gradually gained for themselves the chief seats, and soon made the easy transition from teaching the ignorant to exercising lordship over them, until in our Saviour's time they possessed the ban of excommunication, by an authority usurped, in deed, but unchallenged.

Who then ever taught as those who had authority if not the scribes? And who ever disclaimed such authority so positively as Jesus? "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" He would not exercise the judicial functions of arbiter. "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" He never took any degrees as doctor or rabbi in their schools. "They cast him out of their synagogues." So far from exercising, he refused to defend himself against their religious authority. What then was the authority of Christ which so influenced His own age?

It was the authority of sincerity over hypocrisy. What had become of the great first principle of the rabbinical school, that every scribe must work at some useful trade with his hands? It is true that Hillel remained to the day of his death as poor as he was in his youth. Gamaliel and his pupil Saul, of Tarsus, earned their own bread, but these were now rare exceptions. Shammai, the straitest of his sect, was rich, luxurious and self-indulgent. The scribes devoured widows' houses, *i. e.*, they imposed on helpless women of wealth by their pretended sanctity, to gain possession or inheritance of their estates. They tithed their mint, anise and cummin, and collected exorbitant fees. They blew trumpets to collect crowds of beggars for their pennies, while they were cheating men out of talents on legal quibbles. These fearful charges of Christ are fully corroborated by the Talmud: "The rabbi should avoid walking in haste; advance slightly, bending forward, and with bowed head. He should not converse with a woman, not even with his wife. If the evil nature ever gets the better of him, let him go into a place where he is unknown; let him put on sombre garments and cover himself with a black veil; and then let him indulge in what his heart demands, so that he dishonors not publicly the name of God!" This unblushing counsel of hypocrisy can scarcely find a parallel in the secret instructions of the Jesuits.

Of course, such men lacked authority. Their teaching was timid twaddle. There was nothing back of it to brace it against the onset of passions like their own. The piety they preached was nothing but a study of appearances. It left men gasping for spiritual breath. Upon such a horde of mercenary imposters comes the Son of the carpenter, eating the bread of poverty, having no place to lay his head, yet feeding the poor, healing the sick, always giving more than is asked, and receiving nothing in return. Then He opens His mouth. Never man spake like this man, because never man was like this man. Sincerity, divine purity, a magnanimity above the dream of the fondest ascetic, gives unspeakable sanctity to His words.

This was the beginning of that authority which was so instinctively recognized. How or when it kindled into a radiance which was truly divine no one can tell, any more than the eye can mark when the dawn becomes the day. Slowly and irresistibly the conviction gains ground, that the same authority which broke the eternal silence of the Arabian mountains, and breathed through the fervent warnings of the prophets, was again on earth, summoning the world to awful silence, vindicating itself to the inmost heart, needing little external confirmation, and supplying that little by the same powerful word which so penetrated and startled conscience. The authority of Christ was the personal sway of Divine purity. The authority of the scribes was the usurped dignity of ambitious placemen.

In all good things give the eye and ear full scope, for they let into the mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a spender; few men have repented of silence.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

It is for mothers to teach the boys of today, who will be the men of a few years hence, a truer religion of the body than the present generation learned in boyhood. It is for them to show their boys how truly alcohol is a poison, not merely in name but in fact; to teach them just what its effects, even in moderate doses, are—how it inflames the coatings of the stomach; how it gives to the heart, every time it is taken into the system, an extra and hurtful task of lifting, measured by tons in a day; how it over-stimulates the liver, and leaves it torpid; how it affects the brain and the muscles destructively; how that the drunkard's purple and vein-seamed nose means something more than mere ugliness, and is only an evidence of a dangerously disordered circulation. Let them teach these things thoroughly and intelligently, and let them remember that the appetite for alcohol is itself a disease, born often of badly ventilated nurseries, or of dainty feeding upon unwholesome victuals. Let them remember that when they pamper young appetites and cultivate infantile self-indulgence, they are sowing the seeds of future drunkenness in their precious ones.—*Hearth and Home.*

From the Public Ledger.

MORAL PROGRESS.

There are few things more detrimental to the cause of moral improvement than the despairing view which some people take of the degeneracy of modern times. It is the habit of certain minds ever to compare the present with the past, to the great disparagement of the former. They are continually contrasting the vice, fraud, hypocrisy and selfishness of the present day with the purity, simplicity and integrity of the days that are past. They refer, with pride, to the time when *they* were young, when practices that are now common would not have been tolerated; when a far different and, in their view, far superior standard of character was maintained; when virtues flourished that have since decayed, and vices that now poison the moral atmosphere were unknown.

It is not surprising that gloom and sadness should encompass those who cherish such views. Indeed, we can hardly conceive how they can ever be cheerful or joyous. If there is any possible conviction or idea that is wholly dark, sorrowful, bitter and crushing, that admit of no ray of hope to relieve its blackness of despair, it must be that of human deterioration. If the world is truly growing worse, as these despondent ones would try to prove, what a terrible future is open to our view! If virtue is dying and vice developing, what is to become of the rising generation? If good is to be gradually conquered by triumphant evil, what a fearful place will the world be for those who are to come after us! But can it be thus? Human instinct recoils from the picture. The most dreary prophet of evil would shrink in horror from the inevitable outcome of his gloomy predictions and hasten to repudiate them.

Truth, however, points the other way. Mankind is not deteriorating but improving. Good, and not evil, is gaining the ascendancy. Progress is the great law of humanity; a law which may be traced through all history, from the earliest records to the present time, and in which we may safely put our faith for the future. In everythiug, save moral goodness, this truth is undisputed. No one, looking at the civilization and intelligence of the human race, denies for a moment the steady march of improvement. The resources of the earth are being developed and utilized; the inventive powers of man are constantly unfolding, mental capacity is increasing, knowledge accumulating, judgment and wisdom ripening. Education and liberty are being daily extended and diffused; art is ever budding into newer and fresher beauty, science is discovering, one by one, the hidden truths of nature. All are agreed in admitting progress in these directions; it is only in regard to moral character that we are thought to stand still or to move backwards. But nature admits of no exceptions to her laws, and this law of progress is as sure and steady in its operation upon character as upon all else.

It is true that, on comparing periods comparatively near together, there will be an apparent increase of certain faults. Thus the reverence paid to age fifty years ago is now scarcely known, and its loss is much lamented. Intemperance is said to be spreading among certain classes, pauperism has increased, and impure literature diffuses a wider corruption. Yet a clear insight into the causes of these things would show most of them to be evils inseparable from a transition state. Often, when society becomes aroused to the enormity of an evil, when reformers attack it, and government frowns upon it, and the social conscience condemns it, a reaction takes place, and an excess in the opposite direction is the result. Thus the evils of tyranny, becoming more and more manifest, men, in their eager search for liberty, have thrown off many wholesome restraints, and evils unknown before seem to spring up. Time, however, again restores the equilibrium, these temporary excesses are toned down, and then a great gain is seen to have been made.

The discipline of character is ever becoming more comprehensive. With increasing civilization new temptations arise, new dangers appear, new difficulties have to be overcome, new responsibilities and new duties spring up. Thus the demand for energy, patience, vigilance and self-control is constantly on the increase. It is more difficult to be good, true and generous now than in former times, because life is so much more complicated, and its claims so much more interwoven. The power adequate to meet the exigencies of a simple and tranquil existence is by no means sufficient to cope with the excitement and turmoil of our modern life, and thus character, though really making steady advances, may seem to the superficial to be retrograding.

Besides this, our ideals of excellence are ever rising. What satisfied us once satisfies us no longer. Our standard is higher, our demands greater. The doctrine of equal rights invests every man and woman with responsibilities once only laid upon a few. More is expected, less allowance is made. Failure is more disgraceful, merit less meritorious. This very change in the tone of public feeling is a proof of the moral gain that has been made. A clearer perception of goodness is of itself an advance in goodness—

and conduct is sure to follow closely upon character. There is no doubt, whatever may appear to the contrary, that principles of justice are obtaining a deeper hold upon the community, that convictions of truth are gaining power, that the impulses and emotions are warmer and more generous, that thought is more chastened, and imagination more pure. If it seem not so, if we stand appalled at the amount of evil and wrong, fraud and deceit, vice and impurity, let us remember it is because it is so much more palatable to our view than the wrongs of a former age, because our standards are higher and our expectations greater, because life has more wear and tear, and the temptations are fiercer. Is there not every encouragement in such a view? We can always work successfully *with* nature's laws—never *against* them. If moral retrogression were the rule of the universe, all our strivings after virtue would be useless. But progress, and not degeneracy, is the law of a beneficent Providence, and, if we have faith in it, and put ourselves into harmony with its workings, no honest and sincere effort will ever be lost.

Let us meddle in our own business only; we have quite enough to give an account of our own thoughts, words, deeds and omissions; let us bring that restless curiosity and scrupulous examination to bear on our own conduct, instead of setting up ourselves as censors of others, and spending so much valuable time in scrutinizing and diving into the deepest recesses of other people's hearts.—*St. Chrysostom.*

PRAYER.

By explanation, the simplest things often become obscure. Hear the physiologist explain the nature of life, or the metaphysician define self-consciousness, and their explanations will only confuse. It is so with prayer. The labors of the divines to simplify that which is already perfectly simple, have created much confusion in the minds of many. Prayer is simply "the offering of our desires to God for things agreeable to His will, with confession of sins and acknowledgment of mercies." The Heavenly Father wishes to hold family intercourse with His beloved children, and He promises to hear our confessions when we have gone astray, our thanks when we receive gifts, and our requests when we have wants. He is never so busily engrossed in the affairs of the universe, but that He can sympathize in our sorrows, our joys, and our wants. If, through prayer, we accept His sympathy, He will assuage the first, deepen, increase and perpetuate the second, and supply our real wants. But He is the Judge, not we. This is the secret of prayer. It is a mystery, simply because the Divine nature is a mystery. Let us not, while seeking to fathom and understand its nature, lose the benefits and blessings attached to prayer. —*Christian Observer.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

After a warm, dusty ride down here, we are now enjoying the cool sea-breeze and a temporary release from the turmoils of city life; but I think, with all the sorrow there is in the world, there is not much danger that our spirits will rise above the true medium. The only relief I find from the pressure which a sense of it sometimes brings, is in the reflection that our Heavenly Father has placed us at school, and that until we leave it, we shall not know fully what we have learned.

A late writer, W. G. Eliot, who appears acquainted with the "discipline of sorrow," says, "There are chiefly three sources from which effectual comfort is derived, and which become more abundant and impart more perfect peace, in proportion to the greatness of the calamity under which we suffer: a *clear conscience, the Christian faith, and the accustomed performance of duty.*"

A clear conscience will certainly enable us to feel that the calamity is a discipline and not a punishment, and the blessed result of a lively Christian faith, is a conscious thought that God our Father and Helper is with us. "When we lie down to sleep, Thou art our defence; and when we awake, we are still with Thee." In this thought surely there is strength. And again, as our writer has said, "comfort is derived from the accustomed performance of duty." Therefore, instead of sitting down to idly brood over or nurse our sorrows, it is well to heed the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

I can scarcely realize that our beloved friend ———, has gone from among us; that we shall no more see him in his accustomed place; that his earthly work is done, and that he has been called to receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant." But I cannot sorrow that he has laid down life's burden; I mourn for those who must journey on without him. But when I recall the sad experiences of some who still live, and are suffering under the consciousness of wrong-doing, I feel that to have "fought the good fight" is unspeakable joy to the one safely gathered, and rather cause of gratitude than

mourning. Yet, we will miss him greatly. In our Education Committee I know not who will receive his mantle, but I trust there will be those who will be found ready to take it up and continue the good work. For a year there has seemed to me a peculiar earnestness and seriousness about him, as if he increasingly recognized the responsibility of right living, and no doubt the impression of his work being "nearly done" tended to deepen that feeling.

One after another we are passing off this present stage of being, until it almost seems that the majority of our cotemporaries are on the other side. At times, the contemplation of this fact presses heavily upon us, and it may be salutary occasionally to dwell upon the picture, but it needs care that we do not indulge the feeling to too great an extent. Let us rather endeavor to gird up our strength, leaving the partings and the sad regrets with Him whose mercy alike underlies our life and death.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 19, 1874.

FRIENDS' MEETING AT CHICAGO.—By a private letter, we have received the interesting information that efforts are being made to resuscitate "Friends' Meeting" held at Chicago, "and place it upon a more permanent feeling, by connecting it with the Society somewhere." It "has been composed of Norwegians and Friends in nearly equal numbers, from five to eight of each. Since the establishment of the Orthodox Friends' Meeting, and the removal of a prominent Norwegian, it has been dwindling," perhaps for the want of a living faith in the efficacy of silent worship; but the thought now is to endeavor to arouse those professing our name to action in the attendance upon religious worship, and the effect thus far has been that some new faces are found gathering with the few concerned Friends who regularly attend meeting.

"The meeting gathers at 11 o'clock A. M., on First-day, in the third story of the Methodist Church block, on the southeast corner of Clark and Washington streets. Friends passing through the city, and being there on First-day, will receive a welcome at this meeting."

"TRIAL BY NEWSPAPERS."—Had a stranger been amongst us lately and read our daily papers during some of the past weeks, he would have formed a very unfavorable opinion of our social morals; and infer that a love of low gossip was the prevailing taste. But he would be as much mistaken as if he were to judge of our usual weather solely from the evidence of a thunder-storm. Saddening and revolting as these public exposures have been, and ministering to a depraved appetite, yet we trust not only that the evil effects have been temporary, but that important lessons have been learned.

In view of the facilities by which information of all kinds is now disseminated, it can hardly be expected that they should always be rightly used. When to these facilities is added the eager rivalry among newspaper conductors to furnish the first and fullest news, can we wonder that in a case involving so much public interest, a flood of detail should be poured forth, reminding one of a swollen stream carrying with it both the valuable and the worthless. Neither can we wonder, considering that the principal person involved is one who has largely influenced the religious thought of his age, that many who are unused to such reading should have felt obliged to wade through it in order to form a judgment for themselves.

For the evil effect of the publicity given to this sad case, whether temporary or not, some of the daily papers are mainly responsible; while those who patronize them share this responsibility. Some of these journals create and minister to a love of unhealthy excitement by the *manner* in which subjects are presented, and often, too, by unscrupulous means. It is much to be regretted that heads of families, who admit that the newspaper they take is liable to these objections, should through supineness continue to give their influence to what they cannot approve; and this, while papers at least measurably free from these objections can be obtained.

Would it not be well for those who are often saddened and oppressed in view of the many things in society at large which are inconsistent with sound mental health, and an onward and upward progress, to ask themselves

whether through a careless want of consideration they are contributing to the state of things they deplore? It is the lot of but few to be conspicuous as public reformers, but every one may do something toward lessening an evil by avoiding as much as possible participation in it. Many who from custom and habit are mixed up with things their better self disapproves, excuse their supineness by concluding that while living in society they cannot keep clear of its prevailing evils. But do these ever reflect that when obliged to pass through a dirty lane they have the alternative either of plunging through the most miry part, or of so picking their way as to contract the least possible soil on their garments.

A recent number of the *Spectator* (an English paper) thus characterizes "Trial by Newspaper."

"Gossip sits upon the judgment seat, and every one is by turns, or sometimes at the same moment, judge and advocate, jury and witness, reporter, commentator and executioner. Everything is evidence, and nothing is one whit better evidence than another. The columns of a hundred journals are open for the reception of a limitless mass of matter, which may have no other relation of relevancy to the charge that is being tried than the caprice or the cunning of the editor who contrives to connect it with the exciting topic of the day. There is no arrangement, no balancing of testimony; public opinion is formed upon isolated statements of fact, or more often upon mere statements of impressions, and day after day each new assertion of this kind, dragged out of its relation to the rest of the story, gives a footing for a new movement of the public mind. The newspapers surrender themselves without scruple to the task of satisfying the craving of the public appetite, and in their competitive ardor they soon lose sight of the interests of truth and justice. In a short time, too, almost every person in the motley jury of millions, which is the self-constituted tribunal that takes cognizance of the cause, loses what little of the judicial spirit he may have started with. Everybody forms a theory, and out of the mass of relevant and irrelevant testimony is able to put together a statement of the case that will square with his theory. The absence in 'trial by newspaper' of any tests of the relevancy or the trustworthyness of the evidence adduced makes it next to impossible to attain the truth in this way; or if one man chances to reach certainty thus, his next neighbor, arguing from different evidence differently presented, and following a different line of reasoning, is pretty sure to reach a different conclusion. So in any case, the probabilities of injustice are multiplied. But a worse sort of injustice is still more likely to follow from the enormous disproportion of the penalty compared with the offence. 'Trial by newspaper' exercises no discretion in its punishments. It either acquits by acclamation—and this it does seldom—or it inflicts upon the accused 'a stain like a wound.' Such a stain, once flung upon the character of a great leader of men, or a revered public teacher, is almost ineradicable; if undeserved, it is a calamity of the most deplorable kind, for it not only paralyzes a force that might be powerful for good, but it generates a cankering distrust for goodness itself, and a scoffing joy over the humiliation of what seemed to be goodness."

"The Great Show."—There may be many of our readers, remote from the scenes of excitement that keep up a continual turmoil in our large cities, who have not even heard of the Great Show—"the Roman Hippodrome," as it is called. Nor would we be willing to bring it to the notice of any, were we not convinced that very many, indeed, multitudes, of professing Christians in our own city and elsewhere, are thoughtlessly giving it their countenance and support.

The evil lies not, as we apprehend, in the fact that it is a spectacular exhibition, for it is possible for such shows to be made both amusing and instructive, without presenting any feature that need be objected to. In this case the public are invited to behold a grand procession of chariots and monarchs as they have appeared in the various ages of the world; to see an epitome of Indian life in all its original wildness; and these things awaken an interest in the curious, who, by reason of conscientious scruples, never enter a theatre or circus; and, believing the objectionable features of those representations are avoided, they are induced to go with their families, and not until they are there do they realize that they are lending themselves to the support of a gigantic scheme, gotten up to please every grade of society. They find themselves giving encouragement by their presence, to men and women to perform extraordinary feats at great peril to life and limb, for the sole purpose of amusement, setting at defiance all known laws of human protection against accident, and stimulating the performers to a strain that it is beyond the power of the human frame to endure, and while they look on, some poor victim to this unhealthy appetite falls from sheer exhaus-

tion, or a false move, and is carried off the arena wrecked or mangled, perhaps for life.

Yet this is but a fraction of the great wrong such displays inflict upon a community. They have a demoralizing effect upon the children and youth, who are attracted by showy handbills of daring exploits on the tight rope and in the arena, and of horses and chariots with gilded royalty in flimsy tinsel, and are allured to witness the performances. That love of excitement and of the marvelous, so largely the portion of the youthful mind and a natural endorsement of healthy, happy existence, is of itself sufficient to meet all the natural wants of its being; fertile in resources, it finds its own satisfaction in the sports and pastimes that since the world began have belonged to the domain of childhood. But, in the *civilization* of to-day, we are lifting the children out of the simple wonder-land of their own innocent fancies. While their minds are being fed—tainted, perhaps—by narratives of reckless, defiant outlawry and morbid sentimentalism, their eyes are feasted with shows and spectacles so extraordinary, that every fibre of the body is made to quiver with excitement, and the nervous system subjected to a strain, from which it may never react. The appetites are unwholesomely stimulated, the passions allowed to run into excess, and while yet the joyous spring-time of life has not tolled out the years that belong to its period, the days are darkened by ennui or discontent. And all this because the stores that were meant by the Creator to last for three, or four, or five scores, have all been expended in one. Poor, and with nothing to fall back upon but the remembrance of the riches so recklessly wasted, the endowments so lavishly squandered, it is no wonder that the life which was intended to be so full and exhaustless, becomes a barren waste devoid of every comfort. For how much of this sad picture we have to charge the shows and exhibitions, to which the children are admitted, and the sensational literature they pore over, we leave to others to decide: for ourselves we shall have accomplished our object if we awaken our readers to a serious consideration of these things.

DIED.

SNOWDEN.—On the 8th of Fifth month, 1874, Sarah Snowden; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. She looked forward, with hope and resignation to a happy entrance in the mansion of everlasting rest. She was a devoted sister, a warm friend and beloved by all who knew her.

COWMAN.—On the 25th of Seventh month, 1874, Sarah Cowman, in the 86th year of her age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

Full of years, and estimable in all the relations of life, she has gone hence, and her good example will live after her, embalmed in the hearts of her relatives and friends.

GRIEST.—At his residence in York Co., Pa., on the 12th of Second month, 1873, Peter Griest, in the 80th year of his age; a member of Huntington Particular and Monallen Monthly Meeting. He was a prominent teacher for over fifty years.

GRIEST.—At her residence in York Co., Pa., on the 1st of Ninth month, 1874, Mary Griest, widow of the late Peter Griest, in the 71st year of her age; a member of Huntington Particular and Monallen Monthly Meeting. She was a devoted mother, a kind, sympathizing friend and neighbor, and beloved by all who knew her.

SIDWELL.—At his residence, in Winchester, Virginia, on the evening of the 28th of Eighth month, 1874, Richard Sidwell, in the 52d year of his age; a member of Centre Preparative, and Hopewell Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

No. 14.

As our stay in the Engadine is prolonged, my wonder grows that any people could be found wise enough, frugal enough and industrious enough to gain a subsistence from this bleak land and in this inclement climate. Snow seems not unusual even in their very short summer, and I have seen hardly any fruits of any kind growing in this lofty valley, and, indeed, food plants for the use of man seem quite wanting; but we are told that in some localities potatoes are cultivated. The pasturage is the only wealth which Nature provides for these children of the Alps; consequently the flocks and herds are among the most important possessions of the people. The cattle are beautiful and gentle creatures, resembling somewhat the Alderneys now so much in favor with us, but are of a soft gray or dun color, varying to white on one hand and to brown on the other. The barn is almost invariably a part of the dwelling-house, and the gentle, soft-eyed cows are a part of the family. It is interesting to see the herd, with their tinkling bells, driven into the village in the evening, when each owner opens the wide stable door which leads to the basement of the house, where the cow has her abiding place. The milky mothers generally want a little direction, and the master walks

out into the street, and kindly takes his individual cow by the horns and leads her down to the stable. They are always treated with the greatest gentleness.

During the hay harvest we have noticed many cows, as well as oxen, helping in the good work of gathering the only crop of their country. But the little hay carts are light, the loads moderate, and the natural deliberate pace of the animal is never quickened by blows, and one gets the impression that the hay-harvesting in the Engardine is a joyous time, both for human and brute workers. The grass is much of it only a few inches in length, but very thick on the ground, and is gathered in tow sheets, the corners tied across and loaded on the wagons, in order that nothing may be lost. The mowers cut very close to the earth, and the sod after the gathering of the hay reminds one of the back of a shorn sheep. The scythe of the mower has followed every little inequality of the surface, and has worked its way along steep slopes, which I should think it hardly safe to ascend or descend; and out into the very waters of the brimming river, and the faithful rakers do not allow a handful to be wasted. The costumes of the workers, both men and women, are picturesque, and well adapted to the kind of life they lead, and there is no appearance of overwork nor of squalid poverty anywhere to be seen. I think I have not seen a single beggarly person of any description in the Engadine.

The dwellings are all of goodly size, and have astonishingly thick walls. The windows in the older houses are small, and are deeply sunken in the walls, which are sloped away to admit the light. Larger windows with double sashes are used in the new houses, but I have never seen an old house remodelled, and made to look like a new one in this country. These people do not seem to care to

"Ring out the old—ring in the new,"

but they defend and cherish the old and build the new around it very gradually. Careful intellectual education, as well as training in all industrial pursuits, is the rule in the Engadine, but we are told that the youth usually leave their native valley and migrate to more generous lands. They often engage in the business of sugar baking, confectionery, coffee-house keeping and manufacturing liqueurs and chocolate, and sometimes gather considerable fortunes, when they return to their peaceful native valleys, and spend the rest of their days. The traveller sees with some surprise the picturesque and substantial houses, with their little windows, which seem to shrink from the cold, and their gilded lattices; and is prepared to believe, from the many evidences of thrift without, that these abodes are most comfortably furnished, and that their owners are generally well educated and in every way highly respectable.

This is essentially a silent land, though we hear the distant tinkle of the cow bell on the hills, the murmur of the river, the jubilant voice of the mountain brook and the solemn melody of the winds among the firs. About five o'clock in the morning, the early diligence, on its way up the valley, gives our little town a wonderful bugle blast, which either banishes sleep from our pillows, or twines itself curiously among the morning dreams; and the bell on the spire in the village gives forth an occasonal signal peal. But these sounds are only unfrequent breaks in that grand expressive silence of the snow-clad majestic mountains, which wall in this upper world from the noises of the common earth.

After two weeks' dalliance here, one remembers, as a far-off, almost-forgotten dream, that there are populous, busy cities, roaring railway trains, and all the clamors of mankind only a few miles away.

It seems an ungracious thing to criticise, in the slightest degree, these peaceful and contented people; yet one cannot help having grave doubts whether it is wise to combine the human dwelling and the stable, as it is done here. It is easy to see that the long period of cold and snow which the Switzer has to brave every year, would make it needful to have his dumb creatures near at hand for mutual aid and comfort in the dark hours. But the odor of the stable is all-pervading in their villages, and no amount of sweeping and cleaning can purge it away; and we feel that such a state of things must be unfavorable to health, and may be a fruitful cause of the distressing disease called goitre. But this malady does not specially belong to this locality.

A three hours' ride on a pleasant afternoon takes us to the summit of the Bernina Pass, the highway which leads down through the Bernina mountains into Italy. This mountain chain is scarcely inferior in grandeur to any in Switzerland, and some of its peaks rise above 12,000 feet.

As we ascend the perfectly faultless road, a series of surpassingly grand views is unfolded. We approach very near the Morteratsch glacier, and have a most satisfactory view of it from above, getting a refreshing taste of the cool breath of the frozen cataract. An immense medial moraine mars the beauty of the lower part of the ice sheet, but it grows ever narrower as we ascend, and the pure ice, which reaches down from the surpassing

splendor of the snow peaks, is magnificent in the sunbeams.

We soon pass the region of trees, but there is still green herbage, and large flocks and herds are pasturing on the chilly, desolate heights. The sheep have long ears and long coarse wool, and seem to look upon visitors with gentle and trustful eyes, their intercourse with mankind having evidently been of the most amicable character. The shepherds lay around in the sunshine, enjoying, perhaps, the most leisurely life that can be profitably lived on the earth. I thought of the Chaldean shepherds, who, as they lay thus watchfully on the mountain slopes, made those observations of the distant worlds coursing through the pure ether above them, which laid the foundation of the science of Astronomy. A certain elevation of mind must be promoted, it is easy to believe, by this watchful, silent life among the noblest of Nature's works. It was in such scenes that the inspired lawgiver of Israel communed with the omnipresent Deity, and meditated wisely on the present sorrows and the future possibilities of his beloved people, who toiled for the cruel Pharaohs; and in such silences lay the poet shepherd of a later age, with his heart full of wonderful melodies, dreaming not of the glorious destiny which lay before him—the spiritual teacher and civilizer of the Israelites, their chosen king, the founder of their long line of princes.

But we are passing the great ice-fields of the Bernina, and the foot of an arm of the glacier seems temptingly near. It seems only a stroll of a quarter of a mile between two lakes, one of which is nursing-mother to the Inn, and one of the Adda. The carriages pause at our request, and a party of five descend to explore the glacier mouth. We pass merrily along a stony pathway, enriched with a myriad of tiny plant forms peculiar to this lofty and chill region. They shrink close to the sheltering rocks, and look up cheerfully from the crevices. The little starry flowers, white, purple or pink, are embedded in mossy tufts of green leaves; they do not loftily aspire, they lovingly nestle. Here is a kingly buttercup, indeed, broad, rich-tinted beyond all his kindred, decked with firm, finely-cut leaves. I gather it and admire, but cannot preserve it. It is the *Ranunculus glacialis* of Linnæus. But my friends are not botanically inclined, and I must not loiter, or the object of the walk will not be attained. On the left-hand side of our path lies the Lake Bianco, which feeds the Adda, and on the right, considerably lower, lies Lake Nero, which descends to the Inn. Now, why is Lake Bianco opaque and whitish, and her little brother Nero dark and clear? As we walk on, the reason for this difference grows plain. A roaring torrent from the glacier pours its milky waters into Bianco, while Nero feeds on the purer springs which gush from the mountain. These little mountain reservoirs have only four months' release from the fetters of the ice king, being covered with ice from the beginning of the Eleventh till the latter part of the Sixth month. They sparkle in the sunbeams, and ripple musically on the stony shores, this evening, as if they never knew winter, nor darkness, nor fierce cold, nor bitter storms. How curiously the glacial meadow widens out! We clamber over hillocks, and tread carefully over spongy morasses, wind our way among a great herd of meek-eyed, lop-eared sheep, and at last, after an hour's earnest striving, find ourselves face to face with a great, rough, unsteady-looking ridge of terminal moraine, perhaps thirty or forty feet high. I decline to scale it, and find a way to get round it by the brook, and soon reach the very brink of the frozen field of waters. A hundred yards behind is the moraine, and the space between the glacier and the barrier of rock it has pushed before it downward from the heights, is comparatively open, showing that the glacier is steadily shortening. But how different is this from the solid, abrupt precipice in which the Morteratsch terminates! The mass slants down gradually from on high in the eternal snows, seeming to grow thinner as it widens and descends, till it terminates in a knife-like edge, which roofs over the foaming, roaring torrent which thunders and growls from the dread caverns underneath.

It was easy with a staff to break off large cakes of the edge, and indeed it was needful to do so before trusting our weight upon the icy roof. It is not covered with stone, as it would seem from the distance, but the rock fragments are distributed over the surface irregularly at intervals of two or three feet. With some little difficulty we clamber up and take a short promenade on an inclined plane of ice. We have no guide, the shadow of the mountain has fallen upon us, the threatening roar of the imprisoned giant coming forth beneath us is heard, and altogether the situation is rather sublime, with just enough of danger to make it interesting. Here are crevasses, just as we might expect to see, reaching clear through the glacier and giving one a good idea of the purity of the mass. The tortuous crack is only a few inches wide, so we may fearlessly stand over it and see down into the blue roaring depths. If the lithe chamois hunter is overtaken by the dense cloud-mist on the ice desert, we see now the fearful peril of his case. Human strength and skill and courage will avail nothing if

nce he be plunged into such an abysmal lepth as this. Farther up a surface stream omes plunging down from on high, and eems glad to find a funnel-like opening in he glacier, into which it precipitates itself. We scramble up to it carefully, for the foot-ng is most unsteady, and a solemn, warning one from below seems to say, Beware! It is hree feet in diameter, I think, and after a urious look into its smooth round throat, all water worn, we prudently retire. I desire to estify to all whom it may concern, that a glacier is a cold, wet, slippery place, and that he inexperienced traveller, without a guide, would do well to make discretion the better part of valor, and return quickly to friendly mother earth, and leave the frozen cataract alone in its solitary glory. We have heard that Minerva sprang full-armed from the brain of Jupiter, and even so we see to-day a river spring full-armed with power, fierce and furious from the icy brain of the hoary-headed mountain. S. R.

Eighth month 8th, 1874.

Selected.

THE TIDES.

Up the long slope of this low sandy shore
Are rolled the tidal waters day by day:
Traces of wandering feet are washed away,
Relics of busy hands are seen no more.

The soiled and trampled surface is smoothed o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.

Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul
Sin-stained and care-worn, let Thy heavenly grace—
A blest, atoning flood—divinely roll,
And all the footsteps of the world efface;
That like the wave-washed sand this soul of mine
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.

Built years ago, large, quaint and square,
Things old-fashioned everywhere—
Grandmother's house. Were you ever there?

In quest of a place in a summer day,
When they went to build did they lose their way?
Among daisies and buttercups go astray?

Lose their way and say to each,
"We'll place it here by the rocky beach,
Just from the waters out of reach"?

And so they built it, large and square,
Cosy corners here and there,
Old-fashioned wonders everywhere.

Unlooked for nooks on every side,
Queer old places where one might hide—
Grandmother's house, our childish pride.

Old-fashioned dishes, fit for elves,
Stowed away on closet shelves;
Unmatched platters by themselves.

Curious China, quaint and old;
Thirteen stars in blue and gold
Two gilt doves in circle hold.

All alone there stands a plate,
On topmost shelf without a mate;
Relic of an acient date.

Oft have I turned from dainties spread,
Forgot my slice of wheaten bread,
To con that pictured plate instead.

Its full-rigged ships of deepest blue,
The seas unruffled sailing through,
Towards a distant landscape's view.

Flying pennants at mast-head each,
Ships that sail but never reach
The bluish pebbles on the beach.

In its red case standing tall,
Ticks the clock against the wall,
Its benediction on us all.

On braided mat in an easy chair,
The glory of the house is there,
Time's gathered snow upon her hair.

The story of her life is told;
She's drifting away in the mist and gold
Of a life beyond that never grows old.

Drifting away and out of sight,
Into the glory of greater light,
Into a day that has no night.

And in all the world there never will be,
Among daisies and buttercups down by the sea,
A house old-fashioned like this for me.
—*J. H. Arthur, in Christian Advocate*

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
And may be—God knows—on this sweet little face,
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again;
And motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benediction on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.
—*Living Epistle.*

For the Boys.

MY JIG SAW.

BY OAK.

It is a pretty little instrument, taking up about as much room as a sewing machine, and run by a treadle, just as that is. One can do good work with a "bow saw"— a saw that you hold against your shoulder and work with your hand. So, indeed, you *can* carve out brackets and the like with a penknife. But either of these processes is slow and toil-

some, compared to the work on the "jig saw," that dances its way up and down through the wood most merrily. And a further advantage is, that with this saw of mine I can cut as thick as an inch of pine or half inch of hard wood.

Now watch me while I make a match-box —one to hang against the wall. It will be both ornamental and useful. I will take some cigar-box wood for this purpose. This has the advantage of costing nothing, if you can beg the empty boxes; and, when nicely smoothed, oiled, and shellacked, looks very well, resembling mahogany in color. It is soft and very easily worked, but is as strong as black walnut and many other kinds of wood.

The pattern I am going to use comes already printed for the purpose. It can be bought for five cents. So one way is to gum the paper down on the wood and then saw through it. I want to save my pattern, however; and so I mark the figures with a pencil, making the lines sharp and distinct, so that they can easily be followed. To prepare the pattern for this it is not usually necessary to cut out but half of it. Fix the pattern to the wood with a couple of pins, mark out the half, then turn the pattern over and complete the other half.

I saw the outside first, for the reason that it gets a good deal of waste wood out of my way. The pattern for the back takes a piece about eight by five inches. The saw I have in is about twice the width of the hyphen in this style of type. The work needs to be guided accurately with so fine a saw, because it is very easy to run it away from the line. But the wood is soft and a coarse saw might tear it.

I set the saw in motion, and let it get under good headway before feeding wood to it. Here I begin at what is to be the top of the back piece when the box is completed. The pattern is quite elaborate. The curves are produced by moving the wood, with a gentle pressure of the fingers, to right or left, gradually or abruptly, as the case may require. Here is an angle formed by two re-entering curves. I saw around that and strike the next long line, leaving the angle to be finished out after the general outline has been cut. Here is a long flowing curve, and I drive the saw at high speed as I follow it, running more slowly as I come to a corner or other change in the figure. Thus I go on till I have followed the whole outside line of the pattern, and the sawed piece drops out of the waste wood, like a medal stamped from metal.

Next, I turn and finish up the sharp corners which had been left at the first sawing. To make a corner where the lines meet at a sharp angle, I saw down on one line to the point of meeting; then back the saw out and cut down on the other line. I try in every case to follow the line at the first cut, because it is almost impossible to improve it by a second sawing.

To saw the inside, that which will form the open-work in the completed pattern, I drill a hole in each opening as near the juncture of two lines as possible; then, releasing the upper end of the saw from the frame, I pass it through the hole and refasten it with the screw clamp. The opening is then sawed in the same way as the outer lines, the angles cut in the same manner, care being taken in turning in narrow places not to allow the saw to jag the lines. When one opening is sawed the saw is released and inserted in another, and so on till all the open-work is done. This is a little more tedious, of course, than sawing the outside; but it is this open-work that adds greatly to the appearance of the whole.

The front and the side pieces of the box are served in the same way as the rest. Then all the work is rubbed down with sand-paper, and the pieces can be put together with glue or common pins cut in short lengths and driven in carefully. A good finish is given with linseed oil and shellac varnish. My preference is to give a coat of oil, to bring out the grain and darken the wood, and then a coat of shellac, to give a slight gloss and prevent dust from adhering.

I find my jig saw a great acquisition. There is no end to the useful and pretty articles I can cut with it—little conveniences for the house, little gifts for friends, something wherewith to remember each family anniversary.

But that for which I value it most is the recreation it gives me. When I come home tired, after a day of quill driving, I find it very pleasant to sit down for an hour to my saw, and fashion some pretty piece of work, while I get exercise and relaxation at the same time. Anybody with a taste for mechanics can learn to work this little machine in a few hours. Anybody—man, boy, girl or woman—can run it. It can be set up in the family sitting-room, for all the dirt it makes is a little clean sawdust. I call it a capital thing for boys, teaching them ingenuity and patience, and giving exercise to their inventive faculty in designing new patterns. And I call it a capital thing for a man.

We must have some sort of recreation in order to further the better work. There are those—I speak now of such as live in the country—who think it's a capital thing to dig in a garden. They are welcome to their choice. I live in the country, and have lived in it for

many years past, but I confess that for delving in the ground I have not the slightest taste. No ambition to have the earliest peas, or, indeed, *any* peas, if that is the only way in which they can be had, moves me to pant and toil under the hot sun, in the dirty ground, with manifold muck and sweat and discomfort. No, give me my jig saw, and he who wants to may dibble and delve. I don't.

THE SYRIAN SPONGE FISHERIES.

Some interesting information respecting the Syrian sponge fisheries is given by Vice-Consul Jago (Beyrout) in his commercial report for 1873, just issued. The total value of the sponges fished on the coast of Syria is from £20,000 to £25,000. The production is, however, falling off through excessive fishing, and the consequent exhaustion of the fishery grounds. About 250 to 300 boats are at present employed in this industry on the coast of Syria, manned by about 1500 men. In some cases the men own their own boats, but generally they are hired for the season, which extends from June to the middle of October. No wages are paid; the remuneration consists in an equal share of the produce of the fishing. The profits of a good diver reach as high as £40 a season. Diving is practised from a very early age up to forty years, beyond which few are able to continue the pursuit. It does not appear, however, that the practice has any tendency to shorten life, although as the diver approaches forty he is less able to compete with his younger and more vigorous brother. The time during which a Syrian diver can remain under water depends, of course, on his age and training. Sixty seconds is reckoned good work, but there are rare instances of men who are able to stay below eighty seconds. The men on the coast, however, make extraordinary statements as to the length of time their best hands are able to remain under water, and gravely assert that eight and ten minutes are not impossibilities. The manner of diving is as follows: The diver—naked, of course—with an open net around his waist for the reception of his prizes, seizes with both hands an oblong white stone, to which is attached a rope, and plunges overboard. On arriving at the bottom, the stone is deposited at his feet, and, keeping hold of the rope with one hand, the diver grasps and tears off the sponges within his reach, which he deposits in his net. He then, by a series of jerks to the rope, gives the signal to those above, and is drawn up. No knife, spear, or instrument of any kind is used. The Syrian diver, unlike his Greek competitor, never uses the diving-dress, having an antipathy to it on the score of its alleged tendency to produce paralysis of the limbs. Two or three fatal accidents annually occur, mainly among the skilful and daring. The diver will quit his hold of the rope and wander some distance to secure a prize, and on returning to regain the rope will miss the spot, and be unable to find it. He then attempts to rise unassisted, and, being ignorant of the exact direction, often strikes out diagonally, and is drowned before he can reach the surface. Other accidents again happen from jagged or pointed rocks, which, besides sometimes wounding the diver, often entangle his rope, and in great depths expose him to the risk of drowning. The depths to which the diver descends varies fsom five to thirty "brasses," each equal to an ordinary man's height. Below the extreme limit mentioned no good sponges are to be found. France takes the bulk of the finest qualities, while the reddish and common sponges are sent to Germany and England. The revenue derived by government from this industry is a tenth of the value of the produce calculated upon the prices paid to the finders by the traders, and which is paid in cash by the former to the tax-farmer on the conclusion of his sale. —*British Friend.*

SPELLING LESSON.

For an exercise to test the spelling abilities of those who think themselves the most skilful, read this aloud, and let them write it down: "The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Galilean, Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria and the bilious, intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gypsey,' went into ecstacies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harrassing him with mystifying, rarifying and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonnette and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferrule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a cornelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier

and a parishioner of mine, preferring a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally occurring idiosyncracy), woefully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is checkered, but schism, apostasy, heresy and villainy shall be punished.' The Sibyl apologizingly answered: 'There is notably an allegeable difference between a conferrable eilipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."—*Moravian.*

THE MANUFACTURE OF WIRE.

There are sixteen wire drawing manufactories in New England, of which that at Worcester, Mass., is the largest. The wire rods are heated and rolled in grooved rollers until they are reduced to a coarse wire about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and they are then passed through draw-plates until they have been further reduced to the desired size. The draw-plate consists usually of a flat piece of hard steel, with holes corresponding to the various numbers or sizes to which the wire is to be drawn. Plates for fine wire are prepared with perforated rubies or other hard stones. The wire is annealed and drawn cold, an operation which has to be repeated several times before the wire is finished. Iron and brass wire may be drawn at rates varying from twelve to forty-five inches per second. The finer sizes of silver and copper are drawn at the rate of sixty to seventy inches per second. Gold and platinum have been drawn to a spider line by coating the metal with silver, drawing it down to the finest number, and then removing the coating by acid, leaving the almost imperceptible interior wire. Wire thus made, for purposes of experiment, in London, is said to have been so fine that a mile's length weighed only one grain.—*Moravian.*

Constant Employment.—The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessaries of life and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away, and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Ninth month 20th, Merion, Pa , 3 P.M.
" 20th, Gwynedd, Pa., 3 P.M.
" 27th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P.M.
" 27th, Octorara, Md., 3 P.M.

Fellowship, N. J., *Ninth mo.*, 14, 1874.

Haddonfield First-day School Quarterly Union will hold its next meeting in Friends' Meeting-house at Moorestown, on Seventh-day, 26th of the present month, at 3 o'clock P.M.

Friends generally are invited to attend.

Emmor Roberts, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

One-sixth of America's population of about 30,000,000 cannot read or write; 5,000,000 out of a total school population of 13,000,000 receive instruction.

The Supreme Court of this State has just decided that the public sale of unclaimed packages by express companies, which are unopened, is a fraud upon the rights of the owners, and that the company is liable for the value of the goods.

Paper flour barrels are being made in Iowa. They are said to be air-tight and waterproof, to weigh much less than the ordinary wooden barrels, and to be able to stand more rough usage. One of the manufacturers predicts that in five years every barrel of western flour will be sent east in barrels made from the straw the wheat grew on.—*Late Paper*

Judge Scott, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in a case recently brought before him, defined the responsibility of liquor-sellers under the law of that State in terms which they will have no difficulty in comprehending: "He who deliberately sells that which he knows will inflame the passions, deprive the party of the control of his judgment, and render him for the time being incapable of exercising proper care for personal safety, or that of his property, must be prepared for the consequences that may follow." The case before the court was that of a widow who demanded damages of a liquor-seller on account of the death of her husband, who, in a state of inebriety, went to bed on a railway track, and was killed by a passing train. The jury gave her $2,000, and Judge Scott approved the verdict.

The following extract from the letter of a former planter and slave-owner, in Porto Rico, is published in one of the London journals: "Things in Porto Rico look very sad. You know that emancipation was achieved under the greatest disadvantages—bad crops, municipal and general election, immediate emancipation without compensation, though the government offered it. In spite of all that, everything turned out wonderfully. The President of the Audiencia (the highest tribunal in Porto Rico) declared in a public document that the slaves had behaved in a most remarkable way. No one had committed any fault, the government had not to support any one, neither the aged nor the sick presented themselves for relief. But a great change came in January. The Republicans were turned out of power, General Sans was sent back as Governor of Porto Rico by Marshal Serrano, and the old system re-established. Though the freedmen had been attending their work regularly, a reglamento has been published, under which the freedmen were again reduced to slavery. The wages are to be fixed by the slave-owners, as well as the hours for work, and the blacks are no longer to be allowed to choose their own masters, as they were entitled to under the Abolition Act."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
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WM. PENN'S DESCRIPTION OF A PROUD MAN.

"NO CROSS NO CROWN."

1. To conclude this great head of pride let us briefly see upon the whole matter, what is the character of a proud man in himself, and in divers relations and capacities. A proud man then is a kind of a glutton upon himself, for he is never satisfied with loving and admiring himself; whilst nothing else with him is worthy either of love or care. If good enough to be the servant of his will, it is as much as he can find in his heart to allow; as if he had only been made for himself, or rather that he had made himself. For as he despises man, because he cannot abide an equal, so he does not love God, because he would not have a superior. He cannot bear to owe his being to another, lest he should thereby acknowledge one above himself. He is one who is big with the honor of his ancestors, but not of the virtue that brought them to it; much less will he trouble himself to imitate them. He can tell you of his pedigree, his antiquity, what estate, what matches; but forgets that they are gone, and that he must die too.

2. How troublesome a companion is a proud man! Ever positive and controlling, and if you yield not, insolent and quarrelsome; yet in the end cowardly; but if strongest, cruel. He has no compassion for adversity, as if it were below him to be sensible: he feels no more of other men's miseries than if he was not a man, or it was a sin to be sensible. Not feeling himself interested, he looks no farther: he will not disquiet his thoughts with other men's infelicities: it shall content him to believe they are just: and he had rather churlishly upbraid them as the cause, than be ready to commiserate or relieve them. Compassion and charity are with him as useless as humility and meekness are hateful.

3. A proud man makes an ill child, servant and subject: he contemns his parents, master and prince: he will not be subject. He thinks himself too wise, or too old, to be directed; as if it were a slavish thing to obey; and that none were free, who may not do what they please; which turns duty out of doors, and degrades authority. On the other hand, if he be an husband, or father, or master, there is scarcely enduring him. He is so insufferably curious and testy, that it is an affliction to live with him: for hardly can any hand carry it even enough to please him. Some peccadillo about his clothes, his diet, his lodging, or attendance, quite disorders him; but especially if he fancies any want in the state and respect he looks for. Thus pride destroys the nature of relations: on the one side, it learns to contemn duty; on the other side, it turns love into fear, and makes the wife a servant, and the children and servants, slaves.

4. The proud man makes an ill neighbor too;

for he is an enemy to hospitality: he despises to receive kindness, because he would not show any, nor be thought to need it. Besides, it looks too equal and familiar for his haughty humor. Emulation and detraction are his element; for he is jealous of attributing any praise to others, even where it is just, lest that should cloud and lessen him, to whom it never could be due. He is the man that fears what he should wish, to wit, that others should do well. But that is not all: he maliciously miscalls their acts of virtue, which his corruptions will not let him imitate, that they may get no credit by them. If he wants any occasion of doing mischief, he can make one; either, they use him ill, or have some design upon him; the other day they paid him not the cap and knee; the distance and respect he thinks his quality, parts, or merits require. A small thing serves a proud man to pick a quarrel. He is, of all creatures the most jealous, sullen, spiteful, and revengeful: he can no more forgive an injury, than forbear to do one.

5. Nor is this all; a proud man can never be a friend to anybody. For besides that his ambition may always be bribed by honor and preferment to betray that relation, he is unconversible; he must not be catechised and counselled, much less reproved or contradicted. He is too covetous of himself to spare another man a share, and much too high, stiff, and touchy; he will not away with those freedoms that real friendship requires. To say true, he contemns the character; it is much too familiar and humble for him: his mighty soul would know nothing besides himself, and vassals to stock the world. He values other men as we do cattle, for their service only, and if he could, would use them so; but as it happens, the number and force are unequal.

6. A proud man in power is very mischievous; for his pride is the more dangerous by his greatness, since from ambition in private men, it becomes tyranny in them: it would reign alone; nay live so, rather than have competitors: *aut Cæsar, aut nullus.** Reason must not check, nor rules of law limit it; and either it can do no wrong, or it is sedition to complain of the wrong, that it does. The men of this temper would have nothing they do thought amiss; at least, they count it dangerous to allow it to be so, though so it be; for this would imply they had erred, which it is always matter of state to deny. No, they will rather choose to perish obstinately, than by acknowledging, yield to inferiors the reputation of better judging; though it were their prudence to do so. Indeed, it is all the satisfaction proud great men make to the world, for the miseries they often bring upon it, that first or last, upon a division, they leave their real interest to follow some one excess of humor, and are almost ever destroyed by it. This is the end pride gives proud men, and the ruin it brings upon them, after it has punished others by them.

7. But above all things, pride is intolerable in men pretending to religion; and, of them, especially in ministers; for they are names of the greatest contradiction. I speak without respect or anger to persons or parties; for I only touch upon the bad of all. What shall pride do with religion, that rebukes it? or ambition with ministers, whose very office is humility? And yet there are too many of them, who, besides an equal guilt with others in the fleshly pride of the world, are even proud of that name and office, which ought always to remind them of self-denial. They use it as the beggars do the name of God and Christ, only to get by it: placing to their own account the advantages of that reverend profession, and thereby making their function but a politic handle to raise themselves to the great preferments of the world. But, oh! then, how can such be His ministers, that said, "My kingdom is not of this world?" Who is there of mankind, more self-conceited than these men? If contradicted, they are as arrogant and angry as if it were their calling to be so. Counsel one of them, and he scorns you; reprove him, and he is almost ready to excommunicate you. "I am a minister and an elder:" flying thither to secure himself from the reach of just censure, which indeed exposes him but the more to it; and therefore his fault cannot be the less, for how much worse is it in a minister to do ill, and spurn at reproof, than an ordinary man.

8. But he pleads an exemption by his office! What! shall he breed up chickens to pick out his own eyes? be rebuked or instructed by a layman, or parishioner! a man of less age, learning or ability! no such matter; he would have us believe that his ministerial prerogative has placed him out of the reach of popular impeachment: He is not subject to vulgar judgments. Even questions about religion are schism. Believe as he says; it is not for you to pry so curiously into the mysteries of religion. It was never a good day since laymen meddled so much with the minister's office. Not considering, poor man! that the contrary is most true; not many good days since ministers meddled so much in laymen's business; though perhaps there is little reason for the distinction except spiritual gifts, and the improvement

* "Cæsar, or nobody."

of them by diligent use, for the good of others.

Such good sayings as these, "Be ready to teach; answer with meekness: let every man speak as of the gift of God, that is in him: if anything be revealed to him that sits by, let the first hold his peace; be not lords over God's heritage, but meek and lowly: washing the feet of the people, as Jesus did those of his poor disciples," are unreasonable and antiquated instructions with some clergy. It is little less than heresy to remember them of these things; and a mark of great disaffection to the church, in their opinion. Their pride has made them the church, and the people but the porch at best; a cipher that signifies nothing, unless they clap their figure before it; forgetting, that if they were as good as they should be, they could be but ministers, stewards, and under-shepherds; that is, servants to the church, family, flock and heritage of God; and not that they are that church, family, flock, and heritage, to which they are only servants. Remember the words of Christ, "Let him that would be greatest be your servant."

9. There is but one place to be found in the Holy Scripture, where the word clerus (κλῆρος) can properly be applied to the church, and they have got it to themselves; from whence they call themselves the clergy, that is, the inheritance or heritage of God. Whereas Peter exhorts the ministers of the Gospel "not to be lords over God's heritage, nor to feed them for filthy lucre." Peter foresaw pride and avarice to be the ministers' temptations; and indeed they have often proved their fall: and, to say true, they could hardly fall by worse. Now is there any excuse to be made for them in these two respects, which is not worse than their sin. For if they have not been lords over God's heritage, it is because they have made themselves that heritage, and disinherited the people; so that now they may be the people's lords, with a salvo to good old Peter's exhortation.

And for the other sin of avarice, they can only avoid it and speak truth, thus, "that never feeding the flock, they cannot be said to feed it for lucre;" that is they get the people's money for nothing. An example of which is given us, by the complaint of God himself, from the practice of the proud, covetous, false prophets of old, "that the people gave their money for that which was not bread, and their labor for that which did not profit them:" and why? Because then the priest had no vision; and too many now despise it.

10. But, alas! when all is done, what folly, as well as irreligion, is there in pride? It cannot add one cubit to any man's stature. What crosses can it hinder? What disappointments help, or what harm frustrate? It delivers not from the common stroke; sickness disfigures: pain mis-shapes; and death ends the proud man's fabric. Six feet of cold earth bounds his big thoughts; and his person, which was too good for any place, must at last lodge within the straight limits of so little and so dark a cave; and he who thought nothing well enough for him, is quickly the entertainment of the lowest of all animals, even worms themselves. Thus pride and pomp come to the common end; but with this difference, less pity from the living, and more pain to the dying. The proud man's antiquity cannot secure him from death, nor his heraldry from judgment. Titles of honor vanish at this extremity; and no power or wealth, no distance or respect can rescue or insure them: as the tree falls, it lies; and as death leaves men, judgment finds them.

11. Oh! what can prevent this ill conclusion? and what can remedy this woeful declension from ancient meekness, humility and piety, and that godly life and power, which were so conspicuous in the authority of the preaching, and examples of the living, of the first and purest ages of Christianity! Truly, nothing but an inward and sincere examination, by the testimony of the holy light and spirit of Jesus, of the condition of their souls towards Christ, and a better inquiry into the matter and examples of holy record. It was his complaint of old, "that light, was come into the world, but men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." If thou wouldest be a child of God, and a believer in Christ, thou must be a child of light. Thou must bring thy deeds to it, and examine them by that holy lamp in thy soul, which is the candle of the Lord, that shows thee thy pride and arogancy, and reproves thy delight in the vain fashions of this world.

FOR EARNESTNESS.

O God! let us not linger at the threshold of Christianity; conduct us into its inmost depths of life.

Help us to break through the obstacles, the doubts, despondency, lethargy, weakness, which hinder us. Open in us an unquenchable aspiration for truth and virtue. Give us a spirit of rational, filial, strong, unreserved, triumphant, glad obedience. Give us perfect confidence in Thee, whose laws are the dictates of fatherly wisdom and love, and who dost delight in the purity and glory of Thy children.

Dispose us to see Thy goodness everywhere,

not only when descending upon us, but when diffused abroad, so that we may discern the love which pervades the universe and quickens all spirits.

Make us sensible of our inward wants, indigence, destitution, weakness. Lay open to us our corrupt motives. Expose to us our hidden vices in all their depravity. Teach us to look steadily into ourselves, till we shall see, with something of Thine own abhorrence, every evil affection. Lead us away from false resources to a sure dependence on Thy perfect will, and may this reign supreme within us.

Help us to look through the disguises of self-love, to judge ourselves truly, to anticipate the revelations of the last day; and let not this knowledge of our deficiencies and deformities fill us with dejection, but rather endear us to Thy mercy, and lead us to Thy grace, while rousing us to vigilance, and to firm and faithful conflict with every irregular desire.—*William E. Channing*, 1822.

UNPLEASANT DUTIES.

Probably no one ever fully estimates how many of the disappointments, vexations and failures of life are due to the habit of shrinking from unpleasant duties. It is not a glaring, conspicuous fault, which at once draws the condemnation of every good person, and bears the impress of its own folly; it is a secret, insidious, subtle evil, that sheds silently, but surely, its poisonous influence all through the life of him who harbors it. The forms it takes are numerous, the methods of its operation are various, the motives it uses to hide its true nature are countless. Selfishness may blind one to the perception of his obligations, or a character hardened by crime may openly defy and disown them; but this practice of shrinking from duty, because it is disagreeable, is of an utterly different character from either. It is often associated with clear intelligence, good intentions, sensibility, refinement, and an amiable disposition. There may be a distinct perception of what is right and a sincere resolve to fulfil it, and yet, as the imagination dwells on the possible contingencies, and spreads before the mind in exaggerated colors the difficulties, embarrassments, dangers or annoyances that may attend it, it is at first procrastinated and finally relinquished, not with any distinct resolution, but rather with a feeble relaxing of the will-power, and drifting with the tide of present inclination.

Perhaps there is not one who is wholly free from this defect, though the ways in which it shows itself are so varied that it often escapes recognition. More than any other fault does it hide itself, even from our own consciousness. When we avoid a duty, or break a promise, or defer an obligation, a hundred excellent reasons instantly occur to us to plead in justification; but which of us will say, even to himself, "I ought to have done it, I *could* have done it, but it was unpleasant, therefore I neglected it?" Yet probaby nine times out of ten this is the true cause of such derelictions. It is just this secret and insidious quality that causes this defect to spread rapidly and checks all effort to exterminate it. When any fault is brought to the light and openly acknowledged, the first step has been taken to cure it. But when we carefully conceal it from view, and even refuse to look upon it ourselves, it will take root in our characters and develop in our lives.

This drifting away from what is disagreeable is fatal to success wherever it may lurk. Nothing worthy of accomplishment can be performed without trials, annoyances and perplexities. If we have not force of will enough to go through them, if we have not patience to bear them, or courage to overcome them, failure is inevitable. The successful man of business is he who flinches not under the daily vexations and irksome duties that fall to his lot. He has clearness of mind to discern, and force of will to pursue the straight path to success, and knows that the true economy of power consists in the regular performance of each duty in its appointed time, whether pleasant or disagreeable. A merchant of this city, whose business arrangements, though large and complicated, were noted for their calm regularity, was once asked how he contrived to prevent all confusion, and to have his own time so free from interruption. He replied: "In planning my work for each day, both for myself and others, I always endeavor to arrange to have the most disagreeable duties performed first." There was much sound philosophy in this system. The longer we put off what is unpleasant the harder it becomes to do, and the less probability there is of its being accomplished. The courage and self-control which faces all the most disagreeable parts of a life-work, and performs them with a ready alacrity, are just the qualities that will ensure success in any undertaking. Under such treatment they lose half their irksomeness, while if they are dreaded and procrastinated they grow more and more terrible to the imagination.

It is not only the labor of life that offers difficult and repulsive tasks to conquer. Each temperament has different temptations. To some responsibility is a burden which they shrink from assuming. Some dread making decisions, some dislike mental exertion, some

neglect their health, others their social obligations. To some the writing of a letter is a grievous burden, others shrink from a casual meeting with a stranger. Some regard economy as a bitter medicine, only to be swallowed on compulsion; others regret that public opinion forces them into the disagreeable necessity of parting with their money. Many have faults which conscience calls them to correct, but they dread the requisite self-denial and put off, from time to time, any sincere attempt. Whatever be the unpleasant duty, it is weak and cowardly to evade it—it is manly and brave to meet it promptly, and fulfil it thoroughly. One course is followed by failure, distrust and deterioration; the other by success, strength of purpose and steady moral improvement.—*Public Ledger.*

THE RIGHT USE OF THE IMAGINATION.

The language of theology is dry, hard and lifeless. It consists of minute distinctions. It must be followed with close attention. It makes no easy impression on the thoughts, and it makes little appeal to the imagination or affections. It deals in no parables, as the great Teacher did. It presents no pictures, as He did, of Solomon dressed in all his glory, with allusions to the lilies of the field and birds of the air. It does not tell of the man that put his hand to the plough and looked back, or the evil one, following the husbandman in the furrow and sowing bad seed in the midst of the good. Why have the words of the Master so attracted people in all ages, the minds of children and of the old? Something of the attraction is due to the fact that he dealt, indeed, with common things, but glorified them by His imagination and His fancy. The dry and hard theology was not His especial province.

He spoke largely from his imagination. Not imagining things of which He knew nothing, and which might, as creatures of the imagination, be true, or perhaps untrue; but the real truths He saw and knew, and proclaimed, which the human soul was ready to admit and receive, or which the conscience could not escape from. These He offered under images which the eye could see and the mind could comprehend, which the conscience could fear or the heart could love. His imagination did not provide a dress for His thought; but as the earth in the summer season, through the spirit that vitalizes the clod, "rises to a soul in flowers," so out of the fulness of His mind, the love of His heart, and the religiousness of His soul, came forth the loveliness and the attractiveness of His speech. There came forth, too, many most serious and even severe images, as if the whole world of material nature, in all its sternness and its gentleness, was some natural form for great and holy truths to wear.—*Christian Register.*

BOOKS.

We think that the time is not far distant when it shall be generally recognized that some of our best teachers are books. They can never take the place of the actual experiences of life, for we are taught more by our daily communication with men and women, our business, our sorrows and losses, and even our sins, than books can teach; but it still remains true that we have few better guides than the printed volumes which contain the wisdom and inspiration of all past ages. Think what they give us! Books open to us the life of mankind in all its rich, strange meaning, from the first dawn of thought to the busy present. They interpret nature to us as seen by the eyes of the world's best poets and men of clearest vision. They show us "the marvelous heart of man" as we could never hope to see it through our own poor experience. They even make conduct and action clearer to us by showing how the saints, and apostles, and heroes, and the great army of martyrs have in all ages struggled and conquered. They interpret ourselves to ourselves, and we, reading, cry, "This poet, this thinker, this man has known what I have suffered. Lo! he has spoken the word which shall unlock the mystery. Henceforth life will be an easier and better thing for me. I shall go forth a little stronger and happier for his word of cheer."—*John A. Bellows.*

From The Christian Register.

A WILLING MIND.

BY RICHARD METCALF.

A loving mind is a mind which loves. A trusting mind is a mind which trusts. A willing mind is a mind which wills. Yet many a man thinks he is willing to be this, or do that, when in very truth he is not exercising his will at all. He puts a faint-hearted *wish* in the place of a whole-souled *will.* He speaks of "meaning well," when not one who looks at his career can see any such meaning in it. He says he is "going to do right," when in reality he is keeping stationary, or going in the opposite direction if he is moving at all. He claims to have "good intentions," when the fact of the case is that his soul is not intent on anything thing that is good. And in the same way he fancies that he is willing to be a Christian, when perfect honesty would force him to admit that the *will* is the very part of his nature which has not been called into action. For nearly all these words which express a high and holy purpose of leading a

manly life have been drained of their real meaning and perverted to baser uses.

Who, for example, is "willing to be educated"? This boy who stands up promptly and says, "I am, sir"? Why, all that he means is that he will make no opposition to going to school, and that while he is there he will permit the teachers to pour into his mind all the information they can; but that has nothing to do with "willing" to be educated. Has he fixed his will upon it, as sometimes he does on having his own way,—fixed it so firmly that you might as well urge these hills to be removed and cast into the sea as attempt to dissuade him from his purpose? Has he willed to be as good a grammarian as he is skater or coaster? Has he set his mind on mastering fractions and percentage as thoroughly as base-ball and swimming? Is he as resolute in his resolve to write a good composition as he is to rig up a boat for next summer's use on the river? For the scholar's willing mind is not one which passively permits itself to be educated, but which actively puts forth all its powers, and determines to succeed in this, whatever else it fails in. And tried by this test we shall find more than one victim of self deception, who vainly fancies that he is willing to learn all he can, when he is not willing—actively willing—anything of the kind.

. . . . . .

So, a man resolves upon amendment, and declares that he is willing to leave evil courses, and intends to reform. But how often, in spite of earnest declarations from his lips, you look over his life and say, "One more victim to self-deception; he does not will any thing of the kind." If he could be made all over again without any effort of his own, he would not oppose the operation, but he has not willed to reform himself. He has not bent all the energies of his mind in that direction. He has not set his heart on breaking away from his follies as completely as he did on indulging them in the first place. Yet there have been men, most unlike these, who, morning, noon and night, were bent on reformation. In the morning they prayed, "Lead us not into temptation," and throughout the day they avoided the haunts where the sins which so easily beset them were sure to lurk. They would not go near their old ways of wickedness, or walk in company with those who would tempt them astray; but having once set their faces towards the right, they would not be coaxed, driven, laughed or threatened out of the straight path. They, and they alone, are the ones who are willing with the whole power of their souls to reform; and they are the only ones who, in times of failure, can console themselves with the thought that they "really meant" to do right. . . . .

The true children of God are known to-day, as in earlier times, not by their "good wishes," but their "good will." Their hearts are fixed on the righteousness which God requires, and with all the energies of their nature they press forward to attain it—press forward *and* attain it. For the victory, which cannot be gained by all the well-wishing in the world, falls now and ever to the lot of him who has a willing mind.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

The followiug is an extract from a lecture of Prof. Agassiz, delivered at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass. It is a scientific testimony to the doctrine of the "inward light" as held by Friends. G.

"Are all mental faculties one? Is there only one kind of mental power throughout the whole animal kingdom, differing only in intensity and range of manifestation? In a series of admirable lectures given recently in Boston by Dr. Brown-Séquard, he laid before his audience a new philosophy of mental powers. Through physiological experiments, combined with a careful study and comparison of pathological cases, he has come to the conclusion that there are two sets, or a double set, of mental powers in the human organism, or acting through the human organism, essentially different from each other. The one may be designated as our ordinary conscious intelligence; the other, as a superior power, which controls our better nature; solves, sometimes suddenly and unexpectedly, nay, even in sleep, our problems and perplexities, suggests the right thing at the right time, acting through us without conscious action of our own, though susceptible of training and elevation. Or, perhaps, I should rather say our own organism may be trained to a more plastic instrument through which this power acts in us. I do not see why this view should not be accepted. It is in harmony with facts as far as we know them."

The lecture goes on to show that the question may arise whether these faculties may not exist, to a certain degree and within certain limits, in all the higher animals, and whether they are found at all in the lower animals, and ends with: "Animals are certainly as keen in perception, as ready in avoiding danger, as watchful of their young, as man; putting him to shame sometimes by their tender, unselfish care of their offspring. Indeed, in their moral relations they give evidence of a natural sense of right and wrong, as keen if not as susceptible of higher development as that which we find in some men Therefore, I say, we have no right to claim a

privileged position among created animals on the ground of the essential nature of our mental powers. We have only this great privilege and superiority, that we can train our powers to a higher development, that we can acquire, increase and preserve wisdom through accumulated knowledge, and with this higher endowment comes a nobler responsibility."

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.—A man industrious in his calling, if without the fear of God, becomes a drudge to worldly ends; vexed when disappointed, overjoyed in success. Mingle but the fear of God with business, it will not abate a man's industry, but sweeten it; if he prosper, he is thankful to God that gives him power to get wealth; if he miscarry, he is patient under the will and dispensation of the God he fears. It turns the very employment of his calling to a kind of religious duty and exercise of his religion, without damage or detriment to it.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

A. T. HAVILAND.

The subject of the following sketch was a young man of more than ordinary ability, and remarkable for his upright and consistent life. On this ground we feel justified in asking for the publication of what we have written, believing that such extraordinary merit deserves recognition in the columns of a periodical of our religious Society.

F. W. P.

Died at Millbrook, N. Y., on the 31st of Eighth month, Alfred Tredway, younger son of Barclay and Susan T. Haviland, in the 20th year of his age.

As classmates of Alfred Haviland, we have felt it incumbent upon us to express, in this way, our heartfelt grief at his loss, to testify to his integrity and purity of character, and at the same time, to tender to his parents, his brother and sisters our sincere sympathy in this their great affliction.

No future could have been brighter and more full of promise than that of our classmate. He has been taken away when just about to enter upon his labors. Four years has he been our classmate, and in that time we have learned to know and reverence his pure heart and noble character.

Filled with high resolves for good, his actions were always characterized by a desire for the welfare of others. His retiring nature made it difficult for strangers to read his character aright; but those who knew and loved him, those whom he admitted into his confidence and friendship, knew well the riches of his mind and heart.

We feel that the influence of his life will remain with us, and when, as a class, we meet again, that vacant chair will recall thoughts of our absent classmate and will inspire us with a desire to imitate his virtues.

AMY HALL, ELLEN H. EVANS,
ELIZ'TH S. WOOLSTON, MARY HIBBARD,
FERRIS W. PRICE, HERMAN HOOPES,
Class of '74 of Swarthmore College.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

The memory of my last visit to thee is very precious. Not that I brought away with me the remembrance of many words, but the sweet feeling of quiet rest, comforted and refreshed me. We do not always need a flow of language to bring us near each other. Feeling goes beyond words. It has been said, "feeling has no fellow."

In our social minglings, it is well for us to watch against the indulgence in too much *talk*. A common failing, I think. When I say *talk* I do not mean conversation but that careless chat from which very little profit can be gathered, and with which *gossip* is often very largely intermingled. Were we thus watchful, our social calls would more frequently be seasons of refreshment—brooks by the way. We need such seasons, and we would more often have them, did we not so generally feel that *we must talk*.

Just now it is far from an abounding time with me, but it may be just what I need, and I desire to accept every dispensation that is allotted, believing that our Father will not try us beyond what He will strengthen us to bear if our trust is in Him. These low times, doubtless, are sometimes from physical causes, but may they not be permitted to teach us our dependence for all that we possess, upon One who is ready to give of His fulness to those who ask?

When released from some extra work that has been pressing me, I hope more frequently to use my pen, and thus draw letters of counsel and help from my distant friends—highly prized when received, but latterly rather few in number.

We have attended three meetings since coming here. The first was a very tender, comforting time; all seeming to join in the spirit of the occasion and help with their spirits to make it a *good* time. The second was more burdensome, under a sense that the *seeking* was left for a few, rather than all working, as ought to be the case; but the meeting closed satisfactorily.

Now, my dear friend, knowing thy interest

in our faring spiritually, I may rightly say to thee, that the field feels large, the need great, and a duty is laid on me to do the little that I may have strength to do, in quiet faith, with humility and simplicity. Whether I shall be able to stand in the simplicity of the Truth, drawn neither to the right hand nor to the left, my Heavenly Father only knows. A cordial welcome is all about me, with its attendant perils, and I am also in the midst of those, who know nothing of our principles, who look upon us as an inoffensive, honest people, good for the secluded places, but neither useful nor aggressive as regards the busy world and its many corruptions. I feel myself greatly straightened at times for sight as to what is best. I have to keep the Guide *with me* in the *rush*, if I would be led by Him; there is no time to get into the quiet, till the need, for the time, is past. I suspect that thou in thy retirement canst hardly realize how hard it is to *find the Hand of leading*, in the busy confusion, and yet *there* is just where I feel I must have it, if I would be myself preserved or be of much real service to others.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 26, 1874.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS."—This stands recorded among the practical duties enjoined upon the early Christians.

Now, however much we may disagree in our estimate of the value of the "Scriptures of Truth" *as a whole*, there can be but one opinion respecting the social, moral and religious precepts that are inculcated in the New Testament. We believe every reader of the *Intelligencer* will admit their intrinsic merit, and the possibility of living in accordance with their requirements, and a willingness to accept the lessons of obedience and self-sacrifice which they teach.

The precept under consideration clearly points to the propriety of engaging in any active worldly pursuit that does not conflict with higher duties. It is not difficult to draw the line as to how far a man counting himself a friend of truth, in conducting business, may press the claims that it has upon his time and energies; for its limitations are fairly stated in the exhortation immediately following, which without doubt appears in this connexion for the purpose of checking any inordinate devotion to secular concerns, hence, "fervent in spirit; serving the Lord," are the cog-wheels, holding back the hand that under the warrant the Apostle gives, might reach forth after the accumulation of wealth, to the neglect of those spiritual wants the fulfilling of which lift, in their measure, out of the domain of the animal instinct.

It is in no sense a wise use of the great boon of human life to "spend and be spent" for the perishable things that, though good in themselves and essential to the well-being of the whole man, are yet only the means by which is maintained his connexion with the visible creation, and the growth and perfec- of his inner life secured.

It would seem that, in a large degree, the gift of seeing into the distant future was bestowed upon the apostle when he sat down to indite this Christian exhortation. Doubtless in that age there were not wanting examples of worldliness and greed of gain, just as we see among the disciples of to-day, only with this difference (and it is very marked), the convert to the Christian faith, then, must bring all his actions and aspirations to the touch-stone of the Gospel. Whatever stood between him and *its* precepts *must be laid* upon the altar of sacrifice. There could not be any temporizing, and no compromise. The command was, "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness." Its claims were foremost—must always be placed in front—after came the addition of all things needful. Have *we* read this requirement aright? Are we placing the things that pertain to our spiritual life in the *fore-rank* to which they belong? *This* is the question that concerns us more than we have been willing to believe. If we make the "best things" subordinate, we reverse the appointed order. Let each inquire at the Divine oracle, "not far from any one of us," what are the "things" that I am seeking first or chiefly? While I claim the right to be active in business, am I also fanning the flame of spiritual desire? Is its ray so clear as to enable me to discern between the very "joints and marrow" of my business transactions, so that in selling I may "Serve the Lord" and my customer with the same ardor that I bestow upon myself? and

in buying, or trading, or whatever engagement I may desire or be induced to enter into, *it* may be done equally and impartially, and with an eye single to the Divine requirement, which is the glory of God? Said an inspired writer, "If judgment begin at the house of God, what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" This judgment is clearly typified in the action of Jesus when he drove out the money-changers from the temple. To how many, who claim a part in the regeneration, does this thought of judgment come when the hour of evening and repose gives opportunity for reflecting upon the transactions of the day that has just past? The "scourge of small cords" must strike home to the very quick in the hearts of some, and the trembling conscience that has weighed itself in the balance, vainly attempting to hide from the rebukes of "the voice," must stand condemned in the Divine Presence.

This judgment! Would we be prepared to meet it, let us seek *first*—not those things that will smother out the light of life in the soul, but choose rather the sunshine of Divine favor to ornament and embellish our lives and shed its lustre upon our business transactions and our social and religious duties.

DIED.

BORTON.—On the 20th of Seventh month, 1874, of typhoid fever, at the residence of his parents, in Norristown, Harry W. Borton, son of John T. and Rebecca A. Borton, in the 18th year of his age; an intelligent and much beloved youth,

BORTON.—On the 20th of Eighth month, 1874, at Norristown, Pa., John T. Borton, son of David and Elizabeth T. Borton, in the 48th year of his age; a member of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting.

HOPPER.—On the 15th inst., of typhoid fever, Isaac T. Hopper, son of Edward Hopper and the late Anna M. Hopper, in the 20th year of his age.

LUKENS.—On the first of Eighth month, near Maroa, Illinois, of consumption, Dr. Edward Lukens, son of the late Aaron and Anna M. Lukens; a member of Green street Monthly Meeting.

SEARING.—On the 3d of Eighth month, 1874, at his residence in Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., Leonard Searing, in the 72d year of his age.

Although not a member of the Society of Friends, he was, when in health, a frequent attender of our meetings, and a firm advocate of its principles. He was extensively known and much respected.

WANZER.—On the 19th of Sixth month, 1874, at his residence in Ledyard, Cayuga county, N. Y, of a lingering illness, Ebenezer L. Wanzer, in the 79th year of his age; a member and minister of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

He was much beloved and esteemed, not only in the Society of Friends, but in the community at large, being extensively known.

WALTON.—On the 15th inst., J. Edward Walton, son of Edward H. Walton, of this city, in the 29th year of his age.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE LOWER ENGADINE.

No. 15.

After a few weeks in the picturesque Upper Engadine the traveller sees plainly why the Switzer loves so well his rugged native land.

There are fertile plains where nature is far more bountiful, yields tenfold more for the labor bestowed, and where the children of the Alps may find homes almost for the asking; but would they not be homesick for the glories of the mountains? are there any other vales so begemmed with lovely flowers, so vocal with the music of the cataract, so carpeted with tender green? and are there in other lands such fairy lakes of blue? Then, there is a friendly and brotherly look about the villages which are scattered along the river banks, and I doubt if the ears of these patient, laborious, cheerful people are ever tortured by allusions to the "lower orders" and the "mob." They live in a pure democracy, and an old proverb in use among them is, "Next to God and the sun, the poorest inhabitant is the chief magistrate." All are educated, all are entirely courteous and friendly in their bearing, and, so far as we can learn, all are honorable and virtuous. This is a land of milk and honey, whatever else it may lack. Even the hardy cherry and apple tree are wanting, and the pleasant fruits of the summer are only known here as the abundance of Italy finds its way over the mountain passes.

To move from the neighborhood of St. Moritz to Tarasp, in the Lower Engadine, requires a ride of five hours, and the diligence leaves Samaden (one mile beyond us) at three o'clock in the afternoon. Accordingly, we say farewell to the pleasant friends (our nine fellow-citiziens from Bangor, Maine), with whom we have been for eighteen days domesticated, take the coupè seats in the coach, and are soon on our way to fresh fields and pastures new. It is the very noon of summer (Eighth month 8th); the sun is shining bright and the air is scarcely moving at all, but the temperature is like that of one of our brisk days in the later autumn, and we find when the gig top of our elevated perch is pushed back, that winter clothing with cloaks and

shawls barely suffices to keep us warm. The descent of the road, which follows the pathway of the river, is very gradual, and the panorama which unfolds before us is of varied interest, and hardly diminishes in magnificence as we proceed, though the upper end of the valley is universally admitted to surpass the lower. The town of Bevers, nestled at the foot of curiously indented rocks, is soon passed, and we note with interest the ink-stained appearauce of some of the cliffs. Further on we reach the town of Ponte, where we wait almost an hour for the Albula post, which here makes a junction with the line on this road. This is an old, old town, with a historic castle on a height quite near at hand, and we think it a pleasure to descend from the coach and take one more little stroll into the tempting meadows before we pass on to see them no more. There is a bridge over the Inn at this place, and the road crosses from the right to the left bank. On the east slope of the hills lies Comporasto, a desolate-looking place enough, away up above the tree line. What could have tempted men to build their habitations on so bleak a spot? There is only one means of subsistence, one would think, up there, and that is the green pasturage that consents to brave the cold when coarser and seemingly stronger vegetation sinks disheartened. The clumsy wooden bridge which spans the river is historic, and we read that "on March 9, 1799, the Austrians and French, on the frozen surface of snow five feet deep, disputed the possession of the bridge for six hours." It is also said that in 1499, during the war against the Swiss, the Emperor Maximilian penetrated no farther up this valley than Ponte. Lofty snow-capped peaks (over 10,000 feet) are around us, and distant glaciers glisten in the evening sunbeams; and in the broad meadows the haymakers are yet at work, tranquilly, among the flowery grass. One almost feels like protesting against mowing down fragrant and radiant flowers, of every hue, tossing them about with the great wooden forks, raking them up in rows, tying them up in sheets, and calling them hay. Surely the milk and cream, the butter and cheese from the kine that feed on this poetic food must have a fragrance and flavor all their own.

But the Albula post has come, and we are ready to move onward from Ponte, along the left bank of the now turbid Inn, polluted by the ingress of milky glacial torrents. Soon we reach Madulein, where we cross again to the left bank of the river. Here, on a moderate eminence, rise the ruins of the castle of Guardavall, erected to "guard the valley," as its name indicates, by Bishop Volkard, in the thirteenth century.* We cannot take time to ascend the height and see what will be revealed from the castle walls, but rattle onward over the little cobble-stones, and onward over the excellent, smooth, solid road, down the valley. Though we are yet more than 5000 feet high, some traces of the cultivation of the soil are seen—there are little fields of rye and of oats growing golden in the sunshine on the southern slopes, and potatoes coming into bloom on the terraces nearest the river. And now we enter the village of Zuz, dignified by the remains of an old tower, said to have once been a part of the ancient residence of the Plantas. The Plantas are a family who have for several centuries exercised great influence in the Engadine, and are yet highly respected as honorable, enterprising and public-spirited citizens.

Next we pass through Scanfs, where again a bridge crosses the Inn. Just below Scanfs the picturesque Val Casanna opens to the southeast, memorable as the scene of a campaign of the French against the Austrians in the seventeenth century. Nearly opposite opens the Val Sulsanna, with its rugged bridle path to the Scaletta Pass and to Davos. Then, for a considerable distance, the road continues in the dark depths of a narrow wooded gorge, until at length, near Bruil, a bridge crosses a brook which emerges from a

*A severe and cruel governor ruled in this castle long ago, who wearied and provoked the people till he filled the hearts of the people with wrath. He demanded the youthful daughter of a beloved and respected citizen to be delivered to him, and sent his man-at-arms to take possession of the maiden. The grieved and insulted father replied, "Tell your good master to-morrow, early, I will conduct my daughter in person to the castle." Then the fa her hastened to announce the wrong from house to house, and anxiety for his beloved child filled his words and manner with eloquence, enkindling his friends to perform a deed of boldness, that the honor of his family might be preserved and protected as their most sacred right. Early the next morning, the father walked beside his daughter, dressed as for a wedding festivity, towards the castle. His friends also, in festive dress, accompanied them as a wedding procession. When the Castellan saw the procession approach, he hastened towards his supposed victim. As he was about to clasp the maiden in his arms, the father plunged a dagger in his heart, rushed with his friends into the castle, smote down the bewildered guards, and summoned the people, who, fully armed, had concealed themselves in the neighborhood to await the signal. Soon the flames crackled over the tyrant's nest, and the ruined walls, never to be rebuilt, were no longer a terror to the land. This is the tradition of the destruction of Guardaval, and it exemplifies the ancient character of the people of the Engadine—still illustrated, in a more peaceful way, in these better days, by the inhabitants of the poorest cottage—an unconquerable independence, creating a jealous defence against every inroad on the sacredness of the family life.—*Papon's Engadin.*

leep ravine, and here we pass from the Upper o the Lower Engadine.

Over the gently-graded road, we have descended about one thousand feet, and as we re now in a milder climate, the fertile valley s cultivated in many places. Lofty snow-oofed mountains are yet around us, and the videned, undulating valley is not less fair han the loftier region we have left behind.

The town of Zeinetz presents a strange, sad pectacle. A village of considerable size, ituated at the confluence of the Spol, with he Inn, is here lying in ruins. The ancient valls, three, four, or even five feet thick, remain, blackened and crumbling, as if some uthless conqueror had passed by with fire nd sword—the whole town was burned about wo years ago, and a new Zeinetz is rising radually around the desolation. The old hurch, and the towers of the town, which ormerly belonged to the families of Planta, Wildenberg and Mohr being a little apart on n eminence, are yet standing, and the abundnt material which the burned town yields, upplies the builders, who are building larger nd better ventilated houses, with ampler paces between them. The villages of the Lower Engadine bear more signs of age nd decay than those of the loftier land ve have just left. The walls are often racked and ponderous arches are upheld n their crumbling decay by wooden supports, and there is a general flavor of hoar ntiquity in most of the towns. Our guide ook continually hints that the noble peaks nd ridges which seem to hold the valley in vast embrace, command magnificent prospects, and we are recommended to scale the tern heights and see the glorious Alpine ands more at wholesale. But I believe one dmires greatness more enthusiastically, gazng upward from the vale below, than when he loftiest summits are scaled. Many a right illusion vanishes as we draw too near, nd it is better not to aspire too madly owards the shining pinnacles. And so we ling away ambition—by which sin fell the ngels.

The right bank of the river now becomes precipitous and affords few sites for villages, ut on pleasant eminences on the left bank re the very ancient towns of Laven, Guarda nd Ardetz, said to be of Etruscan origin, nd to have been founded more than 500 ears B. C. by Roman colonists, who here ook refuge from the Gauls, and were the first ivilized inhabitants of the Engadine. What ales of heroic endurance and of high enleavor might not these ruined towers and astles tell. For the sake of liberty they ame—these Roman exiles—to the rugged alley guarded by stern glacial mountains, exchanging the softness and luxuriousness of the fairest of lands for a fierce conflict with nature in order to rend from her a subsistence in an alpine fastness of her own building.

But the night has come, and our destination is not yet reached. All the rest is mystery. We hear indeed the impetuous raving of the Inn far below us, and we can almost feel the intense darkness in which the precipitous heights envelop the road. The coach has now but two passengers, and it speeds onward with renewed energy. Now if our steeds should have a sudden scare, and become desperately afraid of that which is high, nobody would ever know what had become of us, for the fierce river would tell no tales of hapless coach o'erturned, and of American travellers sent onward by relentless fate toward the dark, rolling Danube, and vast sea beyond. But we fear not, and rather enjoy the mysterious shadows which rest the aching vision, and give the imagination full liberty to people the darkness with such forms as it will. It is, indeed, a matter of regret that we cannot see, in passing, the handsome Castle of Tarasp, now the property of one of the Plantas, and once the residence of the Austrian governors. There are not even stars to-night to lighten the way, and when we come in sight, at last, of the great, large building of the Baths of Tarasp, all brilliantly lighted, and looking most hospitably inviting to the lonely wanderers of the night, we feel quite triumphant. We drive up to the imposing doorway, and courteous, English-speaking officials, bearing lanterns, open the door of the coach. But, to our request for rooms, we are dismayed to hear that they have not one in all their great house remaining, and that we will have to pass on to Schuls, twenty minutes further, where the Hotel Belvédere would receive us for a day or two, when rooms would be likely to be vacated at the Baths. And so once more into the darkness, up hill and down, and Hotel Belvédere opens its doors for us. We enter therein, and find rest. We waken in the town of Schuls, and find ourselves again *vis-à-vis* with imposing peaks of snow, with smoothly-rounded foot hills and pleasant intervales. The Belvédere is a sort of dependence to the Tarasp Bad, and sends an omnibus to convey its guests to the Baths at regular times every day, so that persons desiring to try the curative effects of the waters may do it here almost as well as at the Curehouse. This establishment has been in existence since 1864, and is now a place of popular resort, both on account of the pleasant situation and the curative properties of the mineral springs. The villages of Schuls and Tarasp, on the

territory of which the springs rise, are elevated from 4,000 to 4,500 feet above the sea, and are only nine miles from the Austrian frontier. Owing to the less elevation, we have here a warmer climate than in the Upper Engadine, though it is still abundantly cool for comfort, except, perhaps, in the noonday sunshine. Mountain peaks, truly majestic, surround a valley which widens out in a circular form, through which the impetuous Inn flows. The vegetation is much richer here than in the upper valley, and rye, flax and some of the hardier fruits are extensively cultivated. The flora, too, is rich and luxuriant, indicating a mild climate. This higher temperature is ascribed partly to the direction of the valley, which is such as almost entirely to exclude the North and the Northeast winds, while the Southeast and Northwest predominate. Spring opens and the snow melts in this valley in the month of April, and visitors commence to arrive in the month of June, and may remain to the end of September, which is said to be remarkable for its genial and constant weather.

The two springs used for drinking at Tarasp are named after the two native saints, Lucius and Emeritus. The water is clear, sparkling, and, if taken fresh, of a piquant taste; but if left standing, or if the carbonic acid is made to escape by warming the water, it has an intense alkaline saline taste. It contains carbonates of lime, magnesia and soda, and of the protoxide of iron, and sulphates of soda and of potash. Then, too, there are minute portions of other substances, which are supposed to assist in the cure of the great variety of ailments which afflict the crowd of people which flock here. The Bath House, a large and handsome hotel at the springs, the Hotel Belvédere, at Schuls, and the houses at the neighboring little town of Vulpera, on the heights above, are thronged with visitors seeking either pleasure or health, or both combined.

It is amusing and profitable to visit the springs at the early hour of six, and see the people come to take the prescribed draught from the bubbling fount. Some have come down from Vulpera, and some from Schuls, and many of the company have taken up their abode close by the healing waters. All come pouring into the rude building, where a little apparatus for heating the draught is provided. Two attendants, with ladles, stand behind a long counter, and from a basin of the precious waters fill the glasses of the health seekers as many times as they choose. Some add hot milk to the draught, others set their glasses in the hot water till the chill is taken off, and others drink it icy cold, as it comes from the earth. After swallowing one glass, the custom is to take a promenade along a charming pathway, which has been made on the river bank, and then return and take another. The same process is repeated as many times as is believed needful; everybody is merry and genial; pleasant greetings are interchanged, and the sun comes smiling over the mountain-tops on the scene. Here are many nationalities; the French, English, German, Italian, Swiss and Russian people, are all represented. Here comes a Tyrolese, with a curious and picturesque costume, not too clean. He has a broad brimmed hat with a peaked crown, a funny little jacket faced with red, a sort of woolen breast-plate of green stuff, a broad belt of leather, small clothes, and blue stockings, which do not meet the nether garment by several inches. Rugged, burly Germans, stalwart Russians, blue-eyed, brown-haired, and mighty like their empire; courteous, graceful Italians, polite Frenchmen, and women of all lands, pass and repass on the ample promenade hewn from the mountain-side.

No wonder the people get better of their morbid maladies under this treatment. They are hurried out of their beds at the cool and fragrant hour of the dawning, and take a brisk ride or walk to the spring, salute their neighbors cheerily, take the sparkling saline draught, walk a mile or two, and then take another glass of the famous elixir, rest a little, and then go to a breakfast of bread, honey and coffee, without any butter or meat, with a keen appetite. A good and varied dinner is served at half-past twelve, and a substantial German supper, without tea, coffee or butter, at half-past seven. Patients are supposed to bathe in the healing waters every day, and to take vigorous mountain walks whenever the weather permits; and so there cometh wholesome fatigue, refreshing sleep, and a general revival of the powers. We are gravely assured that the unduly fat become lighter in weight, and that the emaciated recover flesh; that all manner of catarrhs vanish away, and that gout ceases to torment the wine-bibber and gourmand.

As we loiter along the promenade, taking note of the glacial river roaring by, of the cosmopolitan crowd of early walkers, of the stately hotel over the bridge and of the towering mountains whose sides and summits are shrouded in lingering mists, a sudden ambition seizes us to mount the zigzag road which scales the almost perpendicular height above us, on which sits the little town of Vulpera, dedicated to the entertainment of visitors. So up we go, and up, and up, for about a half-hour, when we reach the plateau on which Vulpera is perched. Here is a fine extended view of the mountains, plenty of sunshine, a free

nountain breeze, an expanse of flowery green urf, and a group of hotels and pensions for he comfortable accommodation of the wan- lerer. Yes! it is a goodly place, fair to look ıpon, pleasant for a resting place, and con- venient to the fountain of health in the vale ɔelow, but we will oniy say, Hail! and Fare- vell! to Vulpera, and pass onward towards he ends of the earth.

This country, instead of being a perfectly evel river valley with mountains rising ab- uptly on either hand as that of the Upper nn, is a succession of well-marked terraces, ɔordered with rounded fir-clad foot hills vhich form a foreground to the lofty, rocky ɔeaks, which, with their snowy summits, rise najestic against the blue sky. The gardens .re gay with flowers and rich with fruits, ooking very much like June in our country. The cherry trees are laden with fruit, and the ose bushes are crowded with bloom, and the .rray of marigolds is gorgeous indeed. There .re sweet williams without number, geraniums, ɔetunias, poppies and coreopsis, keeping one nother in countenance; dahlias getting them- elves ready for an autumn display, when he pears shall have gathered sweetness and ichness from the Alpine air, and are ready o keep them company. A little forest of nignonnettes sets an example of soberness nd fragrance, while that honest gilliflower ooks like an old-fashioned English matron. Portulaccas, phloxes, and snap-dragons have ach a corner of the well-ordered garden, and well laden plum tree shows evidence that its ummer's work will not be in vain. All this ɔounty of nature, it must be remembered, is ɔoured out in a mountain land, nearly 4,000 eet high and within sight of perpetual snows. The sunbeams must have a peculiar energy, or the air is cool and we have to cling to hick garments still. Frequently the rain- torm of the valley is the snow-storm on the ills, and the mountains are robed in a sheet f white which disappears slowly before the varm rays.

Taking a little botanizing walk along the ɔrookside and through the pasture land, it is very easy to fill the vasculum with floral reasures which are quite new to us. I was vell laden with spoil last evening, and just ave one last lingering look over a bridge to he rocky bank of the Inn, when a bed of lowers of ethereal delicacy tempted me to lamber down to gather them. I was delighted o find the little fumitory (locally termed ady in the green in our old garden) flourish- ng luxuriantly, and making a large soft circle .ll its own. I plucked it, for it was suggestive f pleasant memories, and now it decorates he table at which I write, and keeps com- ɔany with a beautiful cluster of pink yarrow and barberry berries just entering the pink stage of their existence. Who would have imagined that this humble little denizen of our old gardens could boast such a lofty origin. S. R.

Eighth month 14th, 1874.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

LIFE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

We have already been told that much of the Alleghanies is still in woods, but in the part of which we now speak (southern Pennsylvania) there are a number of small, log houses scattered through the woods, with lit- tle openings around them where the moun- taineers dwell in true pioneer fashion.

Some of these people are hard-working, honest men and women, who have come here because a home could be procured for less money than elsewhere, and they find, per- haps, more of the *comforts* than the *luxuries* of life, though neither are enjoyed to the full extent; in summer, however, they have pas- ture for their cattle in abundance, also the most refreshing springs of water, all free of expense, and with a flourishing garden around their humble dwelling, it has something of the look of home; but in winter the snow falls deep, and continues long, and having no stores, mills, or anything of the kind, they are obliged to go down to the valleys for nearly all their comforts; this is hard work for them, but notwithstanding their laborious life they are generally a strong, healthy peo- ple.

The scenery in some parts of the mountains is exceedingly grand; one stream of water called Clear Shade, is particularly beautiful; it flows through a dense forest, while on either side, the *Rhododendron maximum* (great laurel) grows in luxuriance, bending over the stream, almost forming a canopy, while the waters, clear and cold throughout the year, flowing over the moss-covered rocks through the dark shade, is surely one of "Nature's master-pieces."

Scientists would find much of interest here, both in botany and geology, and we hope that Professor Leslie, our State geologist, will give us something on these subjects, that the boys and girls who are growing up all over the State, and who ought to acquire a knowl- edge of the rocks, plants and animals around them, can read and understand and apply.

But though we find much in the scenery of the mountains that is instructive and inter- esting to visitors, yet if the boys and girls could see the privations that the children here have to undergo, their little hearts would, perhaps, often swell with thankfulness for the many comforts with which their own homes are surrounded. S. B.

AN AUGUST DAY.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

All day the mists have draped the mountain sides,
And thickened in the valleys, while the sun
Shorn of its glory, like a spectre glides
Through the still air with aspect drear and dun;
The wind hath folded its light wings, and lies
Sleeping beneath these sad and sultry skies.

Behind the shrouded hills a lurid light
Streams far and wide, as if beyond them lay
A smouldering fire hid from our mortal sight,
But mocking the pale glories of the day;
While not a shadow on the landscape lies,
Nor songs of birds from field and thicket rise.

To those who love thee, Nature, every change
Hath charm and meaning. Heaven's unclouded blue,
Flocks of white clouds that through the ether range,
Forever changing and forever new;
What blissful ministries have these to souls
Too often stranded on life's dreary shoals.

Thanks for all beauty! For the sun and shade,
For hill and valley; wayside flower and stream,
For the sweet silence of the woodland glade,
Young morning's radiance, evening's parting gleam;
And all that from exhaustless bounty flows
To brighten life from dawning to its close.

H. J. L.

THE HEART IN TUNE.

Be the heart in tune within,
All without runs smooth and even,
And earth's objects seem to win
Something of the hues of heaven;
Clouds from off our sky are flown;
All grows bright around and o'er us;
Life acquires a loftier tone;
Hope then dances light before us;

Music comes in every gale;
Flowers in all our paths are blowing;
Prosperous winds fill every sail;
Tides are ever fair and flowing;
Time adds feathers to his wing;
Grief of half his load is lightened;
Life's distresses lose their sting,
And its every joy is heightened.

Then the waste, where'er we roam,
Gushes with refreshing fountains;
Then between us and our home
Ope the seas, and sink the mountains;
Faith is strong, and views are clear;
Foes or fears no more confound us;
Ministering angels near,
And an Eden opening round us;

Nature through her wide domain
Quits her air of ruined sadness,
Kindles into smiles again,
Wakes anew to song and gladness;
God amid His works appears,
Calls His creatures to adore Him;
And this world of sin and tears
Blossoms as the rose before Him.

If His gospel then be heard,
Soon the inmost soul it reaches;
God speaks home in every word,
Christ again in person teaches
Every promise is applied,
Power to every precept given,
And the Spirit and the Bride
Point and woo us on to heaven.

Prayer and praise are easy then,
From the soul spontaneous flowing;
And with love to God and men
Tenderly the heart is glowing.
All our duties lighter grow;
Pleasant seems the meanest station;
And from light to light we go
To the fulness of salvation.

Be our spirits ever such!
Tuned into harmonious meetness,
Till their chords to every touch
Answer in some tone of sweetness;
Quickened by celestial grace,
Purified of earthly leaven,
Shining, like the Prophet's face,
With a glory caught from heaven.

H. F. Lyte.

DULL SCHOLARS.

We confess to a feeling of sympathy with the class of pupils included under the caption of this article. It is a fellow-feeling, perhaps, but it is none the less sincere for that reason. Dull scholars are a class in whose behalf somebody should "rise to a question of privilege." They are not in favor with the present generation of teachers,—are not, therefore, most likely to have justice done them. We respectfully submit that their case is a hard one. They have more than their share of the hard usage which the rising generation of American sovereigns is called upon to endure; they have, in a measure, lost caste with the profession of teachers and are under a cloud. Now, it is bad enough for a pupil to be sluggish, without being told of it continually, and called a blockhead in the presence of class or school. Such pupils have feeling, if not brilliancy of intellect, and it certainly cannot conduce to their comfort or improvement to have their deficiencies held up to them as a matter of reproach. In truth, the great majority of dull scholars, so called, are simply those whose perceptions are not rapid, whose intellects are slow in their operations, and who cannot readily take in and grasp a question in all its various bearings and relations; but it does not follow from this that they are a hopeless class, or that they are not worth caring for. Mind is not a matter of quantity, and with this class of pupils it is not so much a question of ability as of readiness. Of course, we are not speaking of those whose manifest natural deficiencies entitle them to be included under an entirely different class. By the term "dull scholars" we mean neither idiots nor imbeciles; we mean simply dull scholars. And dull scholars, though dull, are not minus quantities. Generally speaking, they have

capabilities for more than respectable achievements, if they can have time for development. Many distinguished scholars, and men of attainments and solid worth, have in their youth been characterized by this same sluggishness of mind, and have been kicked and cuffed by their teachers, and branded by such epithets as dolts, numskulls, dullards, simpletons and dunces. If the petulance and impatience of the teachers of Walter Scott and Liebig had decided the destinies of their pupils, English literature and the science of chemistry would have lost two of their brightest lights in modern times.

In our schools, as in society, that which shines and glitters is too apt to be the object of undue admiration, and to receive more attention than it deserves. The pupil of ready memory, of easy address and general precocity, is too often the idol of the school, of teacher and fellow-pupils. Teachers pride themselves in having such pupils in their schools, and are, of course, inclined to pet and praise them, thereby losing their sympathy for pupils of the opposite qualities, and acquiring and often exhibiting a disrelish for the labor necessary for the instruction and management of those whose claims upon their teachers could never be ignored. That teachers should enjoy brilliant pupils is not strange; but that they should neglect dull pupils, and deprive them of their share of instruction and attention, is not creditable to their sense of justice or to their interpretation of the teacher's duty. Fairness to all in a school means attention and help bestowed upon that school according to the wants of its several members. Precocious pupils of brilliant parts need but little assistance; for the most part they are able to go alone. But the weak and the timid need assistance and encouragement. Those pupils who are conscious that their minds are more or less sluggish should never be allowed to suspect that they are a burden to their teachers, or that they are to be kept in the background on account of their inferiority. Teachers too often lose sight of the noteworthy fact that dull scholars are not to blame for their dullness any more than they are for the color of their hair. A teacher who should treat his pupils according to their stature, favoring those who are tall, and neglecting and snubbing those who are short, would act upon a principle not greatly different from that which seems to influence those who exhibit such marked partiality for good scholars, and such noticeable dislike and neglect for those who are dull.

The question of likes and dislikes is too prominent in our schools. If the schools are to be managed to gratify the personal whims of capricious teachers, the rights of pupils may as well be counted out of the case. But if teachers are to be employed to perform a certain well-understood work for the people, then teachers should, before making an engagement, ascertain what that work is, and then ask themselves if their sense of duty, their sense of loyalty to their employers, can be relied upon for the faithful performance of that work.

The silly remark is often made by persons that they should like to teach a school of picked pupils, all of that type known as brilliant scholars. Such remarks do little credit to those who make them, and, in justice to the profession, we feel bound to say that they are most frequently made by those who have little or no experience in teaching, and whose appreciation of its duties and success in its work entitle their opinion to but little consideration. It is upon dull pupils that the teacher of ability and resources can best show his power; and we may further add, it is in classes and schools where there is a variety of talent, some quick and some slow, some brilliant and some dull, that teaching is most enjoyable. To teach a class of pupils *all* remarkably bright, would be like making a meal entirely of custards. That child best enjoys coasting *down* the hill who is obliged to carry the sled *up* the hill also.

It certainly behooves teachers to give attention to the subject of dull scholars. They are a class of pupils who are too often deprived of a portion of that education to which every child has a right. The blame does not, probably, all belong to teachers; but so far as it does pertain to them, they should, for their own sakes, and for the sake of the pupils concerned, see that justice is done to all, In the classification of the school, in the promotions, and in the recitation work, let all be treated with a due regard to their rights, and let all have a fair chance.

It is probably true that our schools are too often managed with reference to a system that is theoretical and artificial. There should be system in our schools, and the schools should be conducted according to a well-devised system; but that system should be a judicious adaptation of the means of education at command to the wants of the community, having, of course, especial regard to any and all the circumstances of the case. The teacher's task is not an easy one. It has its trials and vexations; but it has its pleasures also. The consciousness of doing good to those who are intrusted to their care; of helping those who need help; of cheering the downcast; of helping to make the light shine upon the path of those whose life is not always a sunny one—these are among the many encouragements for the faithful teacher.

WHAT ALCOHOL WILL DO.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of the windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden, as well as to the farmer; for, in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons.—*The Temperance Worker.*

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 27, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
" " Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.
" " Unionville, Pa , 3 P. M.
10th mo. 4, Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Richland (Quakertown), Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Birmingham, Pa., 3 P. M.

The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the Limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet at Mount Holly, N. J., on Seventh-day Tenth month 17th, at 10 A. M. Reports from the several Unions and First-day Schools are requested to be forwarded to the clerk, at 717 Willow St., in advance of the meeting, and each are desired to appoint *only* such delegates as will very probably attend. JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., ANNIE CALEY, } *Clerks.*

The Executive Committee will meet at 8 o'clock same day. Full attendance very desirable.

ROBERT TILNEY, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

Managers and Canvassing Committee will meet at Race street Monthly Meeting room, on Sixth-day next, Tenth month 2d, at 4 o'clock. Punctual and full attendance very desirable.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

A meeting of the Bucks County First-day School Union will be held at Buckingham Meeting-house, on the 26th inst., at 10 A. M.

JOSEPH FLOWERS, ELIZABETH LLOYD, } *Clerks.*

The Western First-day School Union will meet at New West Grove Meeting-house, Chester County, Pa., on Seventh-day, the 3d of Tenth month, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M. THOS. F. SEAL, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

EX-GOVERNOR Washburn, in his account of his native town, Livermore, relates the following: "An Indian had killed another of the same tribe at Roccomeco, who left an infirm and crippled squaw. The murderer was arrested, tried and convicted, but instead of hanging him, and thus making a thoroughly useless corpse out of what might be put to some advantage, his judges sentenced him to support and care for and wait upon the widow of the slain Indian as long as she should live. 'Vice-President Hamlin has often heard his mother—a daughter of Deacon Livermore—say that she had many a time seen the Indian carrying the woman on his back or hauling her on a hand sled.' The last of this tribe of Roccomecos died at Lake Umbagog more than fifty years ago.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN the course of a lecture recently delivered in New York. Dr. Lyman said: "Heart disease, among both ladies and gentlemen, is the one most in vogue at present. A synonym for pseudo heart disease is indigestion. False modes of dress, by crowding the heart, cause it to beat irregularly. Remedy the dress, and the heart will healthfully perform its functions. The heart is almost the last organ to become diseased, because it has a great work to do. Nature made it strong, and supplied it with as few nerves as possible. Women who faint, as a rule, have too small cavities for heart and lungs. Fainting is a provision of nature for the reinstatement of the body, by allowing the heart a brief respite. When the stomach is unduly distended by food, the heart is crowded and complains. Good straight shoulders are highly essential to women. If she possesses an erect form, a woman's heart has a better opportnnity to beat evenly and healthfully.

IT has been ascertained in Germany, a London journalist declares, that "short sight is in a large measure due to the unnatural positions children are compelled to assume by reason of the awkward construction of the desks and seats, and to the imperfect lighting of the school buildings. The same result, attributed to the same causes, appears in Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland and America, and in all these countries steps are now being taken to remedy the evil."

IN 1872 a company of one hundred Icelanders migrated to America, and were followed last year by twice as many. The fertility of our western prairies, contrasted with the barrenness of the lava fields in their ancient home, has charmed these modern Northmen, and they have consequently portrayed to their countrymen in golden colors the delights of their new dwelling-place. The result is that a violent emigration fever is just now raging in the cottages along the shores of every Icelandic fiord. All the Icelandic journals are busily discussing the great question of "stay or go." No fewer than four hundred persons residing in the southern provinces have taken passage in the steamers which connect Reykjavik, the capital, with Edinburgh, on their way to Glasgow or Liverpool and America. In the northern provinces so great is the number of prospective emigrants that a Norwegian steamship line has sent one of its steamers to Akureyri, a town on the northern coast, to convey them thence directly to New York. It is probable that nearly one thousand Icelanders, or one-seventieth part of the population of the island, will this summer build themselves new homes in our Western States. In view of this fact, the intelligent Icelanders already here have sent two of their number to Nebraska to select a site suitable for establishing a colony, where, under happier skies and upon a more fruitful soil, the children of Thor may lead less toilsome lives, and may still read, in their ancient tongue, the sagas of their forefathers. From no part of the elder world can America receive a race so sure to be stalwart, thrifty and well-educated.—*Evening Bulletin,*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Members of the religious Society of Friends.

NICHOLAS WALN.

Nicholas Waln was the son of Nicholas and Mary Waln, and was born on the 19th of Ninth month, 1742, at Fairhill, near Philadelphia. He was deprived of a father's care when he was about eight years of age; but was tenderly and affectionately brought up by his mother, aided by his guardian, her brother.

Soon after his father's decease, he was placed at a school, founded by charter, granted by William Penn, under the care of Friends in Philadelphia. Here he passed through the English departments, studied the mathematics, and became a good Latin scholar—and, what was of far greater importance in his after life, he was educated in the principles and doctrines of the Christian religion.

Nicholas Waln used to relate, in after life, that he never wholly lost the early impressions of pure religion. When tempted to go with his companions into many vices and follies, incident to vain youth, he would peremptorily refuse; and when rallied for his parsimony, on the ground that sordidness and love of money was the cause of his refusal, he allowed himself to be accounted mean in this respect, instead of acknowledging to them, as he should have done, his regard for a governing principle in his own mind, that secretly restrained him from gross evils, and mercifully kept him from "many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

Immediately after leaving school, and while yet a mere lad, he commenced the study of the law; devoting a part of his time to obtaining a knowledge of the German language. In his close application to study, an important habit of industry was acquired; he was freed from the train of temptations and evils that wait upon idleness, and, in great measure, from the company and solicitations of idle young men. He was naturally vivacious, witty and sarcastic, delighting in gayety and merriment, but suffered nothing to interfere with his studies; and, while yet a minor, was admitted to practice in the courts, where, it is said, "he met with great encouragement."

With a view of improving his knowledge of the law, he embarked for England on the 10th of Tenth month, 1763, and, proceeding to London, immured himself in the Temple, and entered upon his studies anew. Here his early habit of attention to the object of pursuit, had also a tendency to preserve him from the idle pastimes, diversions and dissipations of a great city, and the absence of his old associates, in whose company he had at home delighted to spend the part of his time allotted to relaxation, in gayety and frolic, gave him leisure for reflection and retirement. Early religious impressions were here revived; he reviewed his past career, and

seemed resolved to lead a different life. The following letter to his aunt, the widow of his guardian, shows the state of his mind at this time:

"London, 20th of First month, 1764.

"*Dear Aunt,*—I have entertained an opinion that it is my duty by this opportunity to write to thee, for whom I have a very great regard. I am sensible thou hast undergone a great deal of affliction, and hast been woundedwith the most piercing sorrow—which has rendered it highly necessary for thee to sum up all thy fortitude and patience to bear up under them. There is something implanted within us by our Heavenly Father, which excites our grief for the death of our friends and relations, and that in proportion to the affection and esteem we have for them. This is a natural principle, and by no means inconsistent with Christianity. But, as the dispensations of Providence are always founded upon the highest wisdom, it is undoubtedly our duty to submit to them with patience and resignation, and to say, 'Thy will be done, O Father,' without murmuring. I am confident, dear aunt, it is a hard task for flesh and blood; but, nevertheless, if everything is duly considered, as, first, that we are born to know trouble, that we are placed here in a state of probation, and must necessarily expect to meet with trials—we shall then plainly perceive that we suffer nothing more than that we fall heirs to as men, and, of course, ought to be satisfied with our lot. But, this is not all. Let us consider the gracious promise our Lord, the blessed Redeemer of mankind, who says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor' and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and again, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' These are gracious promises, for which we can never be enough thankful, and which ought to cheer up the drooping spirits of the afflicted Christian, who, by applying to the great Physician of souls, will find relief and comfort in the most fiery trials. Let us then not despair, but place an implicit faith in Him, who is Truth itself, and can never have deviated from His blessed promise, but will always be with His children and people.

"I thank God, the Father of all mercies, that He has been pleased to visit my poor soul, and convince me of the errors of my conduct; and I hope I shall be enabled, by His blessed assistance, to experience a redemption from the things of this wicked world; for, really, the more I see of its vanities, the more empty they appear to me, and altogether incapable of affording any solid satisfaction. Cheer up, and rejoice, for the time is drawing nigh when everlasting joy will be assigned to those who have fought the good battle of faith, and have worn the cross with resignation and patience. Amen.

"I am, etc.,

Nicholas Waln."

From other letters there is evidence that his stay in London was a time of religious impressions, though not a season of much religious improvement. After he had passed through his new course of study, and become a member of the Temple Society, he returned to Philadelphia, after an absence of little more than a year, and resumed the practice of the law.

The fluency with which he spoke the German language, his cheerful, pleasing and amiable manners, together with their confidence in his integrity, soon made him a favorite with the Germans, and opened, in addition to his Philadelphia business, an extensive and profitable practice in the County Courts, particularly at Lancaster and Easton; and, during a period of nearly seven years, he seems to have devoted every faculty of his mind to his profession, and apparently with a view to make money.

He married Sarah, the only child of Joseph Richardson, of Philadelphia, on the 22d of Fifth month, 1771, who, as he many times bore testimony, was, through life, a true helpmeet to him.

In the course of a year after his marriage, he was mercifully favored with a renewed visitation. That good hand which had been with him from childhood, now seemed to lay hold on judgment, and bring all his sins into remembrance. He, by whom "God shall judge the secrets of men," even Jesus Christ, who, according to the apostle, is in all men, sat upon the judgment seat in his soul. The book was opened, and he was judged out of those things that were written in the book. His whole life, even every day of his life, as he long afterward used to describe this "judgment day," seemed to be laid open. Everything that was covered, or past was revealed; and through the power of conviction, he experienced judgment to pass upon the transgressing nature. He had many times consulted with flesh and blood, and reasoned himself from under strong convictions; but now, through the power of constraining grace, he gave up to the heavenly visitation. He was overwhelmed with sorrow and contrition. He was utterly disqualified from attending to business, or for seeing and conversing with business men. In this unsettled condition he remained, until he felt an impression of duty to go to the Youth's Meeting, held for Divine worship on the third day of the week, at the Market Street house, on the 4th of Second month, 1772.

In this meeting he felt constrained to ap-

pear in public prayer to the Almighty. It was evidently an unexpected thing to the whole assembly; but his supplication, which seemed to be altogether on his own account, and was delivered with great deliberation, had a powerful effect upon all present, and upon the minds of his acquaintances, as they heard of it; and, indeed, upon the citizens generally, (for he was known to almost every one,) it was scarcely less humbling and remarkable.

Leaving his seat in the middle of the house, and advancing to the preachers' gallery, he kneeled in the attitude of prayer. The congregation arose, but for some minutes the internal agitation of the young man seemed to preclude utterance. At last his lips opened, and with a tremulous, but powerfully melodious voice, these aspirations burst forth:

"O Lord God! arise, and let Thine enemies be scattered! Baptize me—dip me—yet deeper in Jordan. Wash me in the lava of regeneration.

"Thou hast done much for me, and hast a right to expect much; therefore, in the presence of this congregation, I resign myself, and all that I have, to Thee, O Lord!—it is Thine! And I pray Thee, O Lord, to give me grace, to enable me to continue firm in this resolution!

"Wherever Thou leadest me, O Lord, I will follow Thee; if through persecution, or even to martyrdom. If my life is required, I will freely sacrifice it. Now I know that my Redeemer liveth, and the mountains of difficulty are removed. Hallelujah!

"Teach me to despise the shame, and the opinions of the people of the world. Thou knowest, O Lord, my deep baptisms. I acknowledge my manifold sins and transgressions. I know my unworthiness of the many favors I have received; and I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast hid Thy mysteries from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes and sucklings. Amen."

Slowly, sentence by sentence came forth, and while breathing the spirit of humble supplication, or bursting forth in a hallelujah of praise, they baptized the hearers into tears.

When meeting was over, he quietly went to his habitation, where he kept much retired for a time. He left the bar, gave up his briefs, put on the attire of the consistent Friend, and in fervency of spirit sought to fill up his measure of religious duty.

For several years he led a very retired life, mostly at home, and diligently attended meetings as they came in course; and, during this period, his appearances as a minister were seldom, and his sermons very short and weighty.

As a companion to James Thornton, in the Fifth and Sixth months, 1774, he visited some meetings in Philadelphia, Chester, Lancaster and York counties. After which, meeting with John Churchman, at a Quarterly Meeting, held at Cecil, in Maryland, he accompanied him to some meetings in Delaware, in the Eleventh and Twelfth months following. But for several years he was mostly at home, or near home, and grew in his gift and in religious usefulness. He attended the Yearly Meeting, held at Newport, for New England, and also New York and Baltimore Yearly Meetings; and the two latter many times in the course of his useful life. But it was in and near Philadelphia—in the Youth's Meetings, held quarterly, and in those large General Meetings, which, in those days, were held once a year, at suitable places throughout the country, that he was most frequently engaged in the exercise of his gift, which, at times, was attended in no ordinary degree with the influences of the Holy Spirit.

On Sixth-day, the 11th of Eighth month, 1797, he attended a Youth's Meeting, held at Abington. After the meeting had been sitting awhile in silence, a tall, slender man, in the preachers' gallery, whose head had been for some time bent down between his knees, slowly rose. His form bent over, his silk cap and white dress might have drawn a smile from the heedless stranger; but there was an earnestness about his countenance which bespoke attention and respect. He spoke briefly, yet forcibly. Apt at illustration, and felicitous in expression, he caught and enchained the attention of all, strangers, children, babes in the truth, and fathers and mothers in the church. Though not a writer of rhyme, he was yet a *poet*, and throngs of bright images, carrying forcible conviction, and Christian instruction flowed from his lips. His name was James Simpson. He sat down, and a deep silence came over the heart-tendered assembly. After a solemn pause, Nicholas Waln rose on his feet. His heart seemed filled with Gospel love, to which his richly-melodious voice gave utterance; while the baptizing power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the word preached, softened the hearts and moistened the eyes of those there gathered. He stood and ministered for about an hour; after which, upon his knees, he lifted up the voice of prayer and praise. A solemnity very unusual covered those assembled, as he ceased to offer on their behalf supplication to the God of mercy and grace. The solemnity continued; and they remained sitting together, baptized into oneness of feeling. Those at the head of the gallery at last shook hands, in token that the meeting had closed. The solemnity was still unbroken, and no one seemed willing to depart. A pause ensued;

Nicholas then spoke out: "Under the solemn covering we are favored with, perhaps Friends had better separate." A few young men near the door then rose on their feet, but the solemnity was still over them; and observing none follow their example, they sat down again. Sweet, awful silence continued, until Richard Jordan standing up, broke forth with the song of triumph, which greeted our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" A few sentences followed, setting forth the blessedness of these merciful visitations, these seasons of favor, wherein the Saviour makes Himself known among His people. He sat down, and again shaking hands with the Friend by his side, the meeting ended. Most present were so solemnly tendered in spirit, that few words of conversation passed among them, as Friend separated from Friend.

Although Nicholas Waln was at times thus favored in his ministry, he was careful in the freedom of Gospel truth, to make way for the humble little ones, who were just beginning, in obedience to the call of the Lord, to deliver the message He gave them.

Oliver Paxson, speaking of him, expressed his opinion in the following words: "As a great man, as a wise man, as a learned man, and as a rich man, I know none possessed of as much child-like humility and simplicity as Nicholas Waln." Others who knew him, thus bear testimony: "Although he was a man of no ordinary talents, and had great influence in society, he was remarkable for condescension." "He was an original, being no man's copy, and remarkable for indepen dence of mind. He feared no one, in doing what he believed to be his duty, and sought not the applause of men. Faithful Friends, and even children, loved him, but hypocrites feared him. He possessed much of this world's goods, but lived a life of self denial."

He had an exalted idea of the unity and harmony of religious society, as inseparable from its strength, considering it an evidence of Divine approbation. In reference to this subject, he wrote: "Though there may be a variety of prospects and difference of sentiment, yet as we dwell in love, and keep low in the feeling state, we are sometimes favored with a sense of what is proper to be done, and so unite with the judgment of Truth; and which, when known, we dare not oppose."

The nature of that government in religious society, which we profess to be Divine, cannot perhaps be better described. "To dwell in love, and keep low in the feeling state," is the condition in which we arrive at "the judgment of Truth," which is the judgment of Christ; and, "when this is known, we dare not oppose." When the unity is broken and love is lost in any, then there is an end of "keeping low in the feeling state;" "the judgment of Truth" cannot be known, though it may be professed; and without it our own judgment soon carries us beyond the bounds of charity and brotherly kindness! "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another!"

Nicholas Waln seldom made general visits of a religious character, apprehending it was not right for him to remain from home, and away from his home friends, long at a time. He used to say it was "better to go again, twice or thrice, than overstay one's time; for then we are liable to become bewildered, and not know when to return."

In the year 1783 to 1785, he visited most of the meetings in England, to his own, and greatly to the satisfaction of Friends. Ten years afterward, accompanied by David Bacon, of Philadelphia, an elder, he visited Friends in Ireland, and thence, passing through some parts of England, again returned home in the Tenth month, 1796, after an absence of one year and four months.

His natural peculiarities were of such a character as ever to distinguish him from others; yet he labored harmoniously in the ministry of the Gospel, with men of weaker intellects, and widely different temperaments from his own. Strong good sense distinguished his conversation: yet his keen sense of the ludicrous, and nervous constitution of mind, at times led him to actions inconsistent with his usual quiet, staid dignity of manners—actions which he afterwards deeply regretted. Meek was he with the meek but to the bombastic or hypocritical he was severe and sarcastic in no ordinary degree. Humor, at times, sparkled in his light eyes, and the reflection of ludicrous thought often flashed in changeable hues over his face. He was throughout life noted for quickness of repartee, and aptness of reply: in his facetious manner, he once rebuked one of his young friends, whom he found wearing an outside fashionable coat, hung round with several capes. Nicholas, taking hold of one of the capes, inquired, "What is this?" "Cape Hatteras," was the reply of the young man, who wished to turn aside Nicholas's reproof with assumed pleasantry. "And this?" continued Nicholas. "This is Cape Henlopen." "This, then, I suppose, is the *Lighthouse*," said his interrogator, placing his hand on the young man's head.

An anecdote of Nicholas Waln published shortly after his death, in some of the public papers, contains a narrative of a generous act, coupled with a little of his pungent wit. The account states that he noticed his wood

pile in the back of his yard rapidly and mysteriously diminishing, and on watching, found that a person living on a small street in the rear of his house was making free use of it. Believing that the man was really needy, the next morning Nicholas went to the wharf, bought a load of wood, and directed that it should be delivered at the door of his pilfering neighbor. The man came speedily around, demanding the reason of the gift. "I did not want thee to break thy neck off my wood-pile," was the reply.

As age advanced upon him, he became increasingly feeble, yet continued diligent in his attendance of meetings, even at times when his friends thought his bodily infirmities might excuse him from it. To one of them who kindly spoke to him on the subject, telling him he was not well enough to go to meeting, he replied, that he "would as lief die there as anywhere else." As the end approached, a season of deep conflict was permitted to assail his mind, and prove his faith in the sufficiency of Divine and saving faith; but a short time before his death, he said, with much emphasis, "To die is gain."

He deceased the 29th of Ninth month, 1813, aged seventy-one years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

Some Friends may be interested in an account of the origin of the hostilities between government troops and a portion of the Comanche and Kiowa Indians. These Indians are under the agency of our Orthodox Friends, to whose lot has fallen some of the most troublesome of any on the Western domain. It may be here remarked that the Indians under the care of our portion of the Society are evincing a quiet and peaceable deportment, and are making satisfactory progress in their efforts to adopt the habitudes of civilized life. A similar remark will apply to the Indians under the care of our Orthodox Friends, with the exception of the Comanche and Kiowa raiders above stated, who constitute but a small portion of their respective tribes, and the exposition hereinafter given will show that the failure of the government to comply with its solemn treaties with these Indians has been the cause of the present lamentable feelings of hostility manifested by these dissatisfied raiders.

The following extracts from a letter written by F. Grinnel, M. D., describes the origin and causes of the hostilities which have occurred. The letter is dated "Whichita Agency, Indian Territory, Eighth month 25th, 1874," and says: "The last few days have been eventful ones at this agency On the morning of the 22d inst., being the day for the issue of rations, and hence many of the Indians of this agency being present, General Davidson appeared upon the scene with four companies of troops. His object, as stated, was to take to Fort Sill, some Quahada Comanches who belonged to that reservation, who refused to go in and be enrolled in accordance with the instructions of the Department." The General made known his object to the chief of the Quahadas, "Red Food," and demanded that their arms should be given up, and that they should accompany him to their reservation. To this the chief, "Red Food," agreed; but while the officers were still conversing in reference to the terms of capitulation, he made a dash for his horse, mounted and escaped, being fired upon by the troops as he ran. The Kiowas, a number of whom were present, together with the Comanches, then fired upon the troops, and thus the battle began.

The chiefs of the friendly Indians did all in their power to separate their people from those whom the troops were firing upon, for it being the day when rations were to be issued, there was a promiscuous assemblage of men, women and children. Four soldiers were wounded during the skirmish, but none killed. It is thought about eleven Indians were killed."

The most deplorable result of this sad affair was that, in retaliation for the death of those who were killed by the troops, about eleven, a similar number of white men who were engaged on the plains herding, and hay making, were killed by the Indians.

It is a natural inquiry, why these Indians refused to go upon their appointed reservations. The following extracts from the official reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, (not a Friend) and also from Superintendent Hoag, will furnish an answer:

The Indian Commissioner says: "It is proper in this connection that mention be made of the prominent causes that have led to the present state of things. One of the causes, as stated by the Commissioner, is the failure of the government to protect the Indians' reservation from the white buffalo hunters, horse thieves and whiskey-traders, who swarmed over the Indian country last winter, slaughtering the buffalo by thousands for their hides, and driving off large numbers of Indian ponies to Kansas. I only wish, continues the Commissioner, that it were possible for the Secretary of War to send his forces to the homes of these (white) marauders, and compel justice from them as well as from the Indians."

Superintendent Hoag says that 200 head of cattle have been drawn from the reservation of the Cheyennes this year for govern-

ment supplies and other purposes, and while there has been an increased encroachment upon the Indian Reservation by buffalo hunters and whiskey dealers, no steps have been taken by the government to redress their wrongs; notwithstanding the treaty made by the United States promised that, "If bad men among the whites shall practice any wrong upon the persons or property of the Indians, the United States Government will at once proceed to redress the wrongs."

Superintendent Hoag adds: "If the solemn obligations had been observed by the government, but little trouble would have been made by these tribes."

The governor of Idaho on a former occasion said: "In every instance I have investigated of difficulty between the whites and the Indians, I have found the white man was the first aggressor, and General Harney, who has spent some forty years on the frontiers as an Indian fighter, says, "The Indians have never been known to be the first to violate a treaty."

The frequent failures of the United States Government to fulfil its treaties with the Indians, is a sad commentary upon the claim the people of this nation have to be called a Christian people. The emphatic, almost prophetic language of Elias Hicks, in reference to negro slavery, is frequently presented, "Will not God be avenged on such a nation as this?"

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, Long Island.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Several weeks ago, in a review of the recent translation of Acrelius's history of the Swedish settlements upon the Delaware, published by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, we threw out the suggestion that the Swedes who populated the shores of the Delaware river deserve quite as much credit for the work done by them in behalf of American liberty as the New England Puritans, and perhaps rather more. It is somewhat curious that the Hartford *Churchman*, in a notice of the book, presents the same idea, and makes an admission which is very remarkable as coming from a New England journal. It says: "The Swedish Colony on the Delaware was, so far as the character of its originators and that of its members are concerned, far more important than Americans generally have supposed. In the imagination of our people, Plymouth rock has been magnified so as to hide all others. The virtues of the Puritans have been regarded as a kind of moral "protoplasm" from which all that is great and good in our national life has been gradually evolved. There were, let it be remembered, other settlements besides that at Plymouth, and the Mayflower did not bring all the truth and goodness which, for the last two centuries, have been permeating this western civilization."

We have always held the opinion that we Americans owe to the Swedish immigrants who made their homes in this vicinity quite as deep a debt of gratitude as that imposed upon us by the men who landed at Plymouth Rock, but precisely why this obligation has never been popularly acknowledged is rather difficult to ascertain. Perhaps the failure of the Swedes to secure general recognition of their services may be attributed to the fact that their descendants did not maintain their control of the territory for a long series of years. The Swedish supremacy was destroyed first by the Dutch, who carried away many of the settlers; and then the English enforced their claim to supreme jurisdiction, and their authority remained undisputed up to the time of the Revolution. The original Swedish settlers after the Dutch invasion were hopelessly in the minority, and they never made their influence felt and their fame as secure as they might have done under more favorable circumstances. In New England, however, the settlers were Englishmen, and they and their descendants remained in power from first to last, and as the posterity of the original immigrants increased it cherished with pride the story of the deeds of the Pilgrims, until thousands of families throughout New England regard that history as their most precious heritage. The nation has accepted the estimate placed upon the services of the Puritans by New England, and the claim thus tenaciously held and continually pressed has been permitted to blind the world to the fact that there were other early settlers of America who were in advance of the Puritans in the purity of their love for liberty, in their regard for the rights of men of their own race and in their treatment of the savages among whom they were placed.

The design of Gustavus Adolphus, who formed the plan, carried out after his death, of organizing Swedish colonies on the Delaware, was to make "an asylum for the persecuted of all nations, a place of security for the honor of the wives and daughters of those who were flying from bloody battle-fields and from homes made desolate by the fire and the sword of the persecutor." And the Swedes fulfilled this purpose. During the Swedish rule there was at no time interference with the operations of any religious sect. No Quakers were persecuted, no man was driven from the settlements because he did not believe as his neighbors believed, no witches were burned, and nowhere and at no time was any of that intolerance which disgraced the Puritans displayed. The Swedes not

only demanded liberty of conscience for themselves, but they permitted it to their neighbors; and there was among them just as much freedom in this respect as there is everywhere in the country to-day. The instructions given to the settlers by the Swedish government commanded just treatment of the Indians, and these were strictly obeyed. The Swedes in fact inaugurated the policy for which Wm. Penn has received so much credit. And not only did they pay the savages fairly for their property, not only did they by their honesty and justice avoid conflicts such as those in which the Puritans were continually involved with the Indians, but they sent the first missionaries to preach the Gospel to the red man. Eliot has been called, "the Apostle of the Indians," but four years before he began his labors in New England the Swedes had their ministers at work among the aborigines, and while these clergymen preached the Gospel, the laymen showed by their conduct to the Indians what were the effects of practicing its precepts.

The Swedes were a pure, peaceable and inoffensive people, who had principles and lived up to them. The Puritans were very ardent lovers of liberty for themselves, but they were not particularly fond of giving it to other people. They were determined to serve God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, and they were also determined that every other person should serve Him in accordance with the dictates of the same consciences. There never was any much crueller bigotry on earth than that which held their souls in bondage. The Swedes upon the Delaware first planted true religious liberty on this continent, and but for the fate that befel them they would have won imperishable fame as the authors here of that freedom of opinion which is our proudest boast. That they have been treated very hardly by history will appear when we reflect upon the fact that not one American in ten to day knows what they did and what they were.—*Evening Bulletin.*

Divine Blessing.—A good man fearing God shall find his blessing upon him. It is true, that the portion of men fearing God is not in this life; oftentimes he meets with crosses, afflictions and troubles in it; his portion is of a higher and more excellent state and condition than this life; yet a man that fears God hath also his blessing in this life, even in relation to his very temporal condition. For, either his honest and just intentions and endeavors are blessed with success and comfort, or if they be not, yet even his crosses and disappointments are turned into a blessing; for they make him more humble and less esteeming in this present world, and setting his heart upon a better. For it is an everlasting truth, that all things shall work together for the best, to them that love and fear Almighty God, and therefore, certainly such a man is the wisest man.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

As I journey among the mountains and through the valleys, I am impressed with a sense of the beauty of the varied works of my Heavenly Father's hand, and my heart is filled with thanksgiving that He has given me being, and opened channels through which the works of His eternal power can be enjoyed.

There is a beautiful variety in the material world—the glory of the firmament above—the grandeur of the earth beneath—from the loftiest tree of the forest down to the lowliest shrub—the slender vine—the graceful fern, and the smallest blade of grass. Surely, in viewing all these, the heart of man should be quickened in desire to be lifted above what is transient and fading, to take hold on enduring treasures. Then would the world of mind be also clothed with beauty and embellished with the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, and through an undivided attention to the revealings thereof, it would become created anew in the Divine likeness.

It is for this I labor and am found going, as it were, homeless, from place to place.

Thus far the good Master goes before me and has been my present Helper. Do my friends ever send a thought or a wish after me? I know there is but one Arm that can carry me through and over all; nothing else can be relied on; but this never fails. Surely there is need for all to observe the Scripture exhortation, "Let not the rich man glory in his riches, nor the wise man in his wisdom, nor the strong man in his strength; but let him who glorieth, glory in this, that he knoweth and understandeth and seeketh after God."

Our Monthly Meeting to-day gave me a minute to attend the approaching Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia. This cannot be very far from the winding up of my travels abroad. I hope my former companions can accompany me in this visit, believing they will be comforted in giving up to be my armor-bearers in old age as in earlier life. "Peace be to thee and thy helpers," I believe is still the language of the Spirit.

Simply to attend a Yearly Meeting seems no great affair, and yet I do not remember

passing through greater conflicts, even in prospects of much longer visits than on this occasion, before I could say "Not my will, but Thine, O Father! be done." I renewedly saw I could not of myself attain to this resignation—but had to supplicate Omnipotence to give me strength to resign myself to His disposal—and in mercy I realize the promise fulfilled, "ask and ye shall receive." Now I feel calm and quiet. I may not have much to do but to travel in spirit with the deeply-exercised there. A deep indwelling of spirit is what we need to save our Society. I mourn that there is so much creaturely activity amongst us, and repeated propositions for changing or doing away with parts of our discipline—our beautiful and excellent discipline, which wise and learned lawyers have pronounced the best code of laws extant. We often hear our queries and advices read, but they always feel new and good to me. It is good to be put in mind of our various duties—to endeavor to live up to the principle we profess, proving its sufficiency to preserve from all error.

Some think we are so far advanced in light and knowledge beyond our predecessors, that we need very little outward discipline—but, surely, if we more loved silent retirement and waiting on the Most High as the faithful of former generations did, our spiritual strength would be renewed—our countenances would show that we were under Divine influence—we would manifest a meek and quiet spirit—our discipline would be no burthen to us, and we should feel bound to live up to all that is there testified of and recommended.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 3, 1874.

COFFEE-HOUSES FOR THE WORKING-MEN.—An article on this subject, headed "Holly-Tree Inns," prepared for publication by the "Wilmington Ladies' Temperance Union," has been transcribed and forwarded to us by James Boggs, Secretary of "The Seamen's and Landsmen's Aid Society, of Philadelphia."

This paper gives an account of the origin of this worthy effort, and the success that has attended it in Great Britain, with present efforts in this country for the establishment of similar institutions.

A very full and interesting article on this subject was published in No. 11 of our present volume, which embraces all that is contained in the essay before us, except what is being done by the women of Wilmington, Del., who, it appears, have started a stock enterprise, which has already been subscribed to, for the purpose of prosecuting the work in that city

The writer adds, "It may be proper to say that we have in this city (Philadelphia), in connection with the Seamen's and Landsmen's Aid Society, the promise of some such homes; also, some gentlemen agree to start and superintend three or four in most desirable and ready points." Are there not Friends who can start and superintend such houses in connection with their own meetings? Committees might be appointed to attend to the work and receive money.

There is a movement on foot, started by the Young People's Temperance Union, and an outgrowth of that, and the Mission School of Race street, which has this object in view. They have been encouraged by many older Friends, and hope to secure funds to enable them to open a coffee-house, in the immediate neighborhood of their school, during the coming winter.

This is a work of practical benevolence, and lies at the bottom of all certain good in the temperance cause. It is folly to urge upon the poor devotee of intoxicating beverages, the injury their use entails upon himself and family, while we make no effort to supply him with anything better. A clean and well-lighted drinking saloon tempts his half-formed resolves at every turn of the street, and how can he be expected to resist its allurements, when, more than likely, a cheerless home, a broken-down, discouraged wife, and rude, untidy children, are all he has to fall back upon to beguile his hours of relaxation?

It will not avail to tell him his own mad appetite has made his wretched home what it is, for he will not, cannot, reason; he thinks only of the present, and how to escape from himself; he has not the courage to go back to that brighter picture of his young manhood, when a pleasant future was all before him.

The excitement of the bowl, that, for a time, lifts him out of his degraded self, and, to his disordered brains, makes him "as good as any other man," must be met by that which tones down and composes his over stimulate

appetites, and enables him to see himself *nearer* what he really is.

Make the coffee-houses *more* attractive than the drinking-saloons, hang the walls with cheerful pictures of domestic life, warm and full of comfort; encourage the brave young hearts that are panting for opportunity to do yeoman service; to speak words of hope and comfort to their brothers, who have fallen so low; to reach down the hand to the lowest abyss to which they may have sunk, and with steady purpose and unfaltering trust, lead them up and along to a better life.

This is the religion the world is asking for; it is the religion of the pure and holy Jesus, and they who would be His disciples can, in no better way, show their love for the precepts of humanity and benevolence which He taught them, than by laboring in this direction.

The following appeared recently in one of our daily papers, and as it is information on this subject, we cordially give it a place in our columns:

"Coffee *vs.* Rum.—The building at the northeast corner of Fifteenth and Market streets is now undergoing such alterations as will fit it for occupancy as a coffee-house.

"This is the initial movement in an enterprise which, it is intended, shall be developed in accordance with the demand and the facilities afforded for such development. The scheme was originated by Joshua L. Baily, the well-known merchant of this city, who conceived the idea that many workmen in this city would gladly content themselves with a cup of good coffee, when needing a stimulant, were such obtainable as conveniently as intoxicating liquors are.

"The establishment of similar enterprises in other cities, notably in those of London, Chicago and Boston, has been very successful, and no doubt the Philadelphia undertaking will be equally so. In the latter place, the opening of a coffee-house was followed by the closing of two liquor saloons in the vicinity for want of patronage. Mr. Bailey, therefore, cast about for a suitable location for a place which might serve as an experiment, and, on account of the large number of workmen at the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot and new Public Buildings in the vicinity, the site above referred to was chosen. The place will be made as attractive as possible, and from seven o'clock A. M. to eight o'clock P. M. a pint cup of good coffee, with a good roll, will be obtainable for the sum of five cents. This it is expected will about cover the cost. If it is found that a piece of cheese or the like can be included in the sum, it will be done.

"The establishment will be known as 'The Workingmen's Coffee-House,' and it is the aim of its founder to ultimately have similar establishments, if the enterprise shall meet with the support it certainly merits, in various suitable parts of the city. There will be two kinds of coffee made and kept always fresh and hot. These will be purchased with care, so that those who may call will never be disappointed in the quality of the beverage. Tea will also be sold, and it is anticipated that in the beginning of the winter season three or four kinds of soup will be added to the list. The coffee and tea will be served in half-pint mugs, and, when desired, sandwiches will be furnished also, at the cost of making them.

"The 'Workingmen's Coffee-House' will be opened on or about the first of October, or sooner, and it will perhaps prove the entering wedge for an important means of withdrawing many a workingman and others from a drunkard's life."

The Fall River Disaster.—That it is time stringent laws were passed, requiring the owners of mills, factories and all other buildings in which large numbers of people are employed to construct ample means of egress for every story that is occupied, and provide and keep in working order suitable apparatus to extinguish fires that originate during working hours, must be the conclusion of every intelligent person who reads the details of the fearful disaster which occurred on the morning of the 19th inst., at Fall River, Mass.

The mill was in full running order and the operatives at their posts. The fire is said to have originated in the heating of some machinery, that had not been properly oiled, in the fourth story of the building. There were water pails and fire apparatus on the spot, but the former were empty and the latter not in order; a few gallons of water would have been sufficient; the want of these led not only to the destruction of one of the largest mills in that busy town, but to the death of a large number of the operatives and the mutilation of many others.

Considering how factories and mills are generally built, and the inflammable nature of their contents, the wonder is that we do not have more disasters of this kind.

There is a tendency in the mass of working people, while enjoying immunity from harm,

to give little heed to the perils that inevitably hang around every form of labor in which machinery is employed; they go day after day up and down narrow stairs four and five stories high, and did they but for a moment reflect upon their insecurity they would see how entirely inadequate they would prove in case of fire.

If the trades unions, through which agitators propose to force capital into a more equitable distribution, would turn their attention more to the better training of the artisan in the careful management of the labor-saving machines that lighten his toils, and to the necessity of his better protection from accident while engaged in his employment, they would do more for the material prosperity and the comfort of their fellow workers than can ever be accomplished by widening, as they are now doing, the breach between themselves and the men who husband and control the capital that the brawny arm of the laborer creates.

The commonest dictates of humanity are outraged by the frequency of these horrors, and the material loss which they entail is enormous. Our fairest cities are laid waste, and life and property that scarcely can be computed sacrificed, and the query forces itself, how long shall this state of things continue? Are we never to learn how to use the manifold means of lightening labor, and abridging the hours of work, so that they shall be what they were intended—blessings to the great family of man?

The gathered harvests are consumed and the reward of a whole year's labor swept away in one short hour through the careless dropping of a friction match on the barn floor.

With every invention and appliance for the comfort and convenience of the race, comes an increased responsibility in their use and until we impress upon ourselves and our employes the dangers that lurk around and lie hidden in the labor-saving apparatus of our fields, our barns and our kitchens, as well as in the workshop and the factory, any of us are liable at any moment to some unforeseen disaster from their mismanagement or careless use.

NEW BOOK.—We acknowledge the reception of a copy of "Selected Poems," just published by the "Philadelphia First-day School Union." It is a neat little volume of 143 pages, containing some choice pieces and appears well adapted for the purpose for which it was especially designed, and is also suitable for a "gift book" for those who derive pleasure in remembering the young in this way. Those wishing to purchase will apply to Benjamin Hallowell, Jr., 2014 Ogden Street. Price 50 cents.

MARRIED.

BAYNES—PRICE.—On the 10th of Ninth month, with the approbation of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. Joseph P. Baynes, of Baltimore, and Matilda Ann Price, formerly of Glencoe, Baltimore County, Maryland.

DIED.

HOLLINGSWORTH.—On the 16th of the Eighth month, 1874, Edith Hollingsworth, wife of Eli Hollingsworth, in her 66th year; a member of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

KIRBY.—Suddenly, on the 21st of Ninth month, at his residence near Ellisdale, N. J., Robert Kirby, aged about 80 years. This friend had enjoyed the marriage relation with his wife for over fifty-one years, during which long period they were members and attenders of Arneytown Meeting, New Jersey.

PHILLIPS.—At Pennsgrove, Upper Oxford Township, Chester County, Pa., 17th of Ninth month, 1874, William Phillips, in the 89th year of his age.

BROWN.—On the 16th ultimo, Mary D. Brown, of this city, in the 90th year of her age.

Although not in membership with Friends, this excellent woman was identified with them in their principles and when in health was an attender of their religious meetings and interested in all that concerned their welfare. Frugal and simple in her habits and manner of life, she contributed annually of her ample means towards the relief of human suffering and the elevation of those less favored, regarding herself only as a steward over the temporal posessions entrusted to her care. In these benefactions her broad and catholic spirit embraced every class of the human family without regard to nation, sect or color. Her faith and trust in the goodness and mercy of her Heavenly Father were from early life habitual and unwavering, and believing in the promises of the Gospel, she looked forward with cheerful confidence to peace and rest beyond the grave.

By her will she bequeathed $139,000 to the charitable institutions of her native city.

HABITS influence the character pretty much as undercurrents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 16.

Our departure from Schuls, on the 14th of Eighth month, was delayed by a heavy rain, which lasted thirty-six hours with considerable violence. On the evening of the 14th, we took a last botanizing walk along the Inn, and were hurried home by a sudden thunder shower. "It is well," we thought, "the ride to-morrow will be quite without dust, and the air clearer." But the thunder shower did not expend its force in an hour or two, but was the beginning of a heavy pouring rain which continued through the night, and left us no perplexing doubts the next morning as to whether it was better to leave very pleasant quarters at the Hotel Belvedere and tempt the elements, or to stay another day in the Engadine, and yet another, are an additional pleasure and no pain; for we cannot hope to find more charming scenery, or a finer or more bracing air. We rose on the morning of the 16th to find ourselves in the midst of an amphitheatre of snow-clad mountains. The rain of the valley had been snow on the heights, and a thick coating of white was spread over all the bare rocks of the Alps, covering them completely down to the investing forest. As the sun broke forth from the clouds and mists, a scenery of surpassing glory, far exceeding our snow-storm in the Upper Engadine, was revealed. The roaring, swollen river, the green fields of the evenly terraced valley, the mountain brooks grown into cataracts, the wooded hills, and the whitened mountains glittering in the fitful sunbeams, made this a day never to be forgotten—our last Sabbath day in the Engadine.

The next morning, we started on our two days' journey to Innsbruck. Taking advantage of a return carriage, we enjoyed the luxury of a private conveyance, on favorable terms. A comfortable vehicle, large enough for four persons, drawn by three horses over a perfectly smooth road, down the valley, is far more desirable than a seat in the diligence, as it admits of frequent changes of position to face the greater glory which sometimes lies before and sometimes behind. We look back, long and regretfully, at the sweet valley which lies to the southwest, and to the snowy summits which the morning sun has just saluted, and which are joyously reflecting back his radiance; but around us and before are other whitened mountain heights scarcely less lofty and picturesque, and the terraced valley loses nothing of beauty as it descends. The heavy rain has transformed every little streamlet into a dashing torrent, and picturesque cataracts on either hand glittered over the rocks, and lost themselves in the roaring river below. The faithful guide-book assures us that the country from Schuls to Martinsbruck is not attractive, but the great Baedeker had never seen it, I am sure, under such very advantageous circumstances.

Among the interesting features of this lower valley of the Inn, are the ruined castles, situated on lofty heights, which, it would seem, man could hardly scale at all. They are not quite so numerous as the ancient strongholds of the Rhine, but they are enough to remind us constantly of the grim, barbaric past, when force, not law, reigned in this now happy valley. I felt like saying to friends at home some such words as these for want of better:

Here are meadows, O so verdant!
Full of sweetest flowers ever
Varying in form and color;
And they skirt the fir clad foot-hills
Of the solemn, hoary mountains,
Where we've wandered in the noon-tide
Of the glad and glorious summer.
We have looked from rocky fastness
Far away—away—o'er mountain,
Valley, hill and rapid river;
O'er the lake, as blue as heaven,
O'er the forest land, that climbeth
Up ambitious toward the summits
Of the snow-capped, ancient mountains.
So glad witness can we bear you
That God's earth is full of glory,
Beauty and perennial gladness.
We have seen more good than evil,
More of joyance than of sorrow,
More of laughter than of weeping,
And more light is there than darkness.
Let the ruined castles crumble
On the frowning heights around us,
For they tell of days barbaric,
When the power of the mighty
Bowed and crushed the poor and lowly.
Let the gloomy, dreary dungeon
Underneath the tyrant's fastness
Be forgotten in the darkness.
Nature, ever young and joyous,
Beckons out into the sunshine—
And in sweetest tones she speaketh
Peace and comfort to the weary.
We have conversed with the flower—
Heard the busy, cheerful murmur
Of the bees, who, without number,
Suck their sweetness, very wisely.
Not alone from tender blossom
Does this prudent, economic,
Cheerful little Switzer gather
Nectar from the nectaries;
But he finds to what sweet uses
He can put the homely thistle,
Just as well as sweetest roses,
So from darkness cometh brightness,
From the acorn grows the oaklet,
And from evil good outspringeth.
Very plainly it is shown us
That the Thistle loves the mountains,
And that many of his species
Dwell here in the Engadine?
On from Martinsbruck, even unto
The fair lakelet of St. Moritz,
(And no other where, they tell us,)
Grows up loftily and proudly,

Striving to attain man's stature.
Stern, he putteth forth fierce prickles,
Which can pierce the epidermis
Of the daring botanizer;
And his head, before its blossom,
Like a woolly globe it seemeth
Set, like porcupine, with prickles.
Soon upon the skyward summit
Of the bold, aggressive wool-ball,
Comes a little speck of purple,
Which expands and spreads exultant,
Till a crown of regal glory
Decks the head of Kingly thistle.
Here is seen the perfect wisdom
That designed the woolly nesting,
Where the tender, purple flowrets
Rested, gathering up their forces
For successful, final effort.
In the native land behind us,
There are thistle heads as thorny,
Stern, resentful and mysterious
Which, mayhap, one day will blossom
And give out their stored up sweetness,
Unsuspected, and unhoped for—
For the blessing of all people.

Here we are at the town of Martinsbruck, where, as the name indicates, is a bridge over the Inn; and this bridge is on the boundary between Switzerland and Tyrol.

We now pass into the dominion of the Emperor of Austria, and must expect the inspection of the officers of the customs. The ruins of the Castle of Serviezel, on the height above, mark the spot, which no doubt could tell stirring tales of ancient days, had it memory and power of speech. As our carriage passes from the bridge on to the soil of Tyrol, a pleasant looking gentleman, standing by the wayside, bows as if to welcome us gracefully into Austrian territory. The driver halts and he approaches us, and another official, from a house at the wayside, comes up on the other side, and they announce themselves as officers of the customs, and inquire if we have anything with us on which we should pay duty. We point to our little trunks and explain that they contain only clothing and guide-books, when the collectors of customs smile blandly and wave us onward, wishing us a happy journey; so we are now safely admitted and even welcomed into the empire.

We now commence the ascent of the Pass of Fenstermunz, by a road which is considered a triumph of modern engineering skill. Up we go, by long zigzags, to a great height, on the mountain side, the road in many places being cut out of the solid rock. We pass through tunnels of the lofty height, and ever and anon look down into the Inn valley far below us. Our road is broad and seemingly as firm as the mountains themselves, and defended on the outer side by most substantial masonry and massive railing. One danger that had to be guarded against by the engineer, was from falling material from the heights above. In some places slides of loose earth were to be apprehended, and strong stakes were driven into the mountain side, a few inches apart, and branches of fir were neatly interwoven into a kind of basket work among them, making quite a firm artificial terrace. The same work was repeated a few yards above, and again and again, as far as the danger threatened. The lower part of the work was often a most substantial wall of heaviest masonry, and a gutter, paved with little cobble stones and kept quite clear of grass, bordered all the inner or mountain side of the road. In some places avalanches were to be apprehended, and here galleries of stone were constructed in such a manner that they would shield the road, and give the avalanche a smooth and easy passage down the precipitous mountain side into the Inn. The stone roof of the gallery, many feet in thickness, slanted steeply, and the outer wall, which was of stupendous strength, was also much inclined outward. Driving rapidly through, I could not be entirely certain, but I thought it fully six feet thick. The stone used for all the masonry of the road is very large, and the work is quite beautifully finished. Where torrents are pouring down the mountain side, the bed is in many cases paved substantially and tunnels of ample size convey the water under the road; a solid block of granite defending the highway itself from any inroad in case of a freshet. Near mid day we reach the lofty little town of Hoch-Fenstermunz, and we get the finest view at this point. Here we make a pause of two hours, while the horses rest. We look down from our rest to the tower and bridge of old Fenstermunz, five hundred feet below, and up the narrow defile, through which the river is roaring, to the Engadine mountains in the background. A few minutes' walk backward on the road, and we have a fine waterfall, of liberal proportions, for a background. Here are studies for any artist, however ambitious; but how inadequate is written description! When we have dined and the horses have been duly refreshed we continue our journey onward for four hours, towards Innsbruck, enjoying the rapid descent from our elevation quite as much as the ascent.

All day we have abundant evidence that we are in a country which clings to the Romish faith, and into which the light of the Reformation never penetrated. Little shrines, containing the various objects of adoration, are erected along the waysides, and the pictures and images they contained were, as works of art, simply hideous. Pictures representing the religious ideas of the people are frequently to be seen painted on the outer walls of houses, and the priestly dress

eminded us that we were no longer in the wiss Engadine. As we approach the town f Ried, the attention is arrested by a beau- fully situated building or group of build- ngs on an eminence to the south. The path- ay that leads to it is adorned with numerous hrines, and two hatless monks, with shaven rowns, and long, coarse, brown cloaks with ointed hoods, and a rope girdle, who are alking toward it, indicate that this is a Cap- chin monastery. We find that it was erected n the seventeenth century, as a kind of relig- ous barrier to the progress of the Reforma- ion from Switzerland into this land.

At the town, where our road returns to the eft bank of the river, we make a pause of a alf hour, and have an opportunity to look a ittle at the ruins of the castle of Laudegg, vhich stands on a precipitous rock above it. The town lies in a marshy plain at the en- rance to the Kaunserthal, a valley which s a great resort for pilgrims. Energetic valkers would be tempted into such pictur- sque by-ways as this which leads the wan- lerer to the huge Gepaatsch glacier, the most xtensive in the Tyrol, but we make a virtue f turning neither to the right hand nor to he left, but press right onward. Near six o'clock we reach the Pontlatzer Brücke bridge), which takes us to the right bank of Inn. This is a spot famed in the annals of he Tyrol. In 1703, a Bavarian army, at- empting to invade the Tyrol, was almost ntirely destroyed by the Tyrolese, only a mere handful of fugitives escaping to bear he tidings to their prince, the Elector Max Emanuel. A similar fate here befeli another body of Bavarians in 1809. Masses of rock and trunks of trees were hurled from the heights above upon the invaders, while the unerring aim of Tyrolese riflemen proved fatal to almost all who survived.

Six miles more and we reach the town of Landeck, where we spend the night. It is built on both sides of the river, at the union of the Arlberg, Lower Inn, and Vintschgau roads, and is commanded by an ancient cas- tle, which has no longer any warlike or gov- ernmental use, on its lofty rock, but serves as a habitation to several poor families. A heavy rain is falling, which prevents our exploring for ourselves the village of Landeck, or as- cending to the castle, which is not so high as such strongholds often are. It is an igno- minious thing to subside into a dull, cold room, with only a single candle for illumina- tion, when one is filled with a noble enthusi- asm to explore the old town and castle, which we shall probably never see again. The only consolation is sleep. The morning is rainy, but our driver insists that we must press on- ward, for the journey to Innsbruck is a hard day's work for the horses, and should begin early: besides, he says, it will not rain all day, and he will open the carriage-top when- ever the showers permit.

We start in faith, and as a compensation for our heroic trust, the clouds grow thinner, begin to break a little, and we ride merrily onward down the valley. Three miles below Landeck an abrupt rocky barrier projects into the valley, like a promontory into the sea, leaving hardly room for the river and the road. To the left on the fir-clad slope is a great nunnery of the Sisters of Charity, and to the right on a lofty height are seen the ruins of the handsome Kronburg, with a barren pyramidal mountain for a back-ground. This is a scene of picturesque beauty, which continually repeats itself with many varia- tions. The strong, rapid river, the fertile valley, varying in width from a mere rocky gorge to two or three miles, the lofty moun- tains whose summits seem lost in the clouds, the ruined stronghold midway up, on the rocky terrace, the little village with its spire, which nestles in the valley, are the elements of many charming pictures. The peculiar Tyrolese costume is sometimes seen, but is rare on this much frequented post-road, where the ordinary dress of civilized mankind is generally adopted. Women are engaged in dressing and gathering the crops, and even in driving the oxen along the road, and if we halt at an inn, a woman comes to the car- riage door, assists us to alight, and then does all the honors of the house. The male proprie- tor seems to be taking the world very easy, smokes his great pipe, and seems quite will- ing that the obedient women-kind should do the work of the hostelry. To the passing traveller it does look as if the men had sunk down into the savage notion that their moth- ers, wives and daughters were their proper servitors, and that they (the men) were a su- perior order of beings. To Americans it is not pleasing to see an aged woman bearing on her back a basket as large as herself, or drawing a cart which would seem a fitting load for a horse. But they look cheerful and evidently are not aware of being special ob- jects of sympathy. I noticed one case which looked more barbaric than I knew how to express. A little bare-foot girl, apparently about twelve years old, was harnessed by a rope to a cart which was laden with corn- stalks. She was drawing it over the stony road, while behind the load, walked a tall, broad-shouldered man, well booted, with a pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pock- ets, acting as driver. He looked around as the diligence rattled past, evidently without any sense of shame, and the little maid also turned round in the shafts quite unaware that

she was the object of pitying notice. I longed to tell the semi civilized Austrian that an American father would not only have drawn the load himself, but would have made his little one a nest on the top of it, and have taken her home as in a triumphal car. Such tenderness would not unfit her for the destined life of an American woman, though it might be an unwise training for the little girl who was to become the burden-bearing, toiling frau of the Tyrol. But in order to judge somewhat fairly of the relative labors of men and women in these lands it must be remembered that many of the able bodied young men are taken into the military service, and that during the summer months a large number of men and boys go with the cattle into the pasture lands of the high mountains, while nearly all the grass which grows in the valleys is utilized for hay. Then, again, the men must prepare the fuel, which, as it grows on the precipitous steeps, is no easy task; and they must build the wonderful roads which make rugged mountain valleys easier to traverse than the level plains of our own land. Toil and exposure have hardened and roughened the physique of the women, and they remind one of the body-guard of Tennyson's Princess, who,

"Close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind, and rain
And labor. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the land, and walled about with mews."

We are struck with the extensive cultivation of Indian corn in this part of the country. More of the soil was occupied with this than with any other crop. The stalks were very near together. They were planted in rows not more than eighteen inches apart, and the plants were at intervals of about four or five inches. Only one stalk grew in a place, and every stalk bore one ear, all the barren stems being removed, and the ears were of a pretty good size. Notwithstanding the thickness of the corn, another crop was growing among it, sometimes pumpkins, and sometimes beans, and the field was generally bordered with hemp. They do not use this grain in its green state for the table as we do, and laugh at the idea of its being fit to eat, but use it for the cattle alone. Beets, too, though we see them growing, are never on the table, and, indeed, fruits and vegetables of all kinds are eaten sparingly. I think beer and the cheaper wines of the country are used instead of vegetables and fruits. Water is quite despised as a beverage, and there seems to be a kind of superstition, both among the people of the country and their visitors, that there is something baleful about it; but if there is, we, so far, have failed to discover it. The waters of Europe are about as good as those of America, their only fault being that they are out of fashion.

At the inn of Magerback, where the road again crosses the river, rises the wooded Petersburg, with its ruined castle, memorable as the birth-place of Margaret Maulbasch, daughter of the Count of the Tyrol, through whom this country came into the possession of the Emperors of Austria.

Just before reaching the town of Zirl, we come in view of the sharply indented peaks of the Selrain on the right, which are curiously distinct from the other mountains. The sharp outline of their distant summits against the evening sky, photographs itself on the memory, and one questions vainly how these strange cliffs were fashioned out of the earth materials.

About a mile beyond Zirl, on our left, the Martinswand, like a stalwart giant, rises perpendicular 1,600 feet above the road, and in the distance are two pyramidal mountains, and the rounded summit of the Patscher Koft, over 7,000 feet high, on which, half way up, glistens the white pilgrimage church of Heilegwasser.

We read that, "In 1493, the Emperor Maximilian, having lost his way while in pursuit of a chamois above the Martinswand, missed his footing, and rolled down to the brink of the precipice, where he arrested his progress by clinging to a projecting rock, but in such a position that he was unable to move from the spot. His perilous situation being observed from below, the pastor of Zirl, attended by numerous members of his flock, repaired to the foot of the rock with the host, by the raising of which, he granted the Emperor absolution. At this juncture an angel in the garb of a chamois hunter, was suddenly seen by the devout spectators to come to the rescue of the exhausted monarch, whom he conducted by unknown paths to a place of safety. The spot where the Emperor was in such imminent peril is marked by a cross on the rock, 900 feet above the Inn, but not easily distinguished from below. It stands in a small hollow exactly opposite the chapel on the wooded height."

Without wishing to undervalue the supernatural experience of the Emperor, one can readily see how this supposed miracle can be explained, though it is really marvelous that the "delivering angel" does not again appear to claim a reward from the grateful monarch.

S. R.

Salzburg, *Eighth month 28th*, 1874.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track.

MORE LIFE.

ot weary of Thy world
So beautiful, O Father, in Thy love,
Thy world, that, glory-lighted from above,
ies in Thy hand impearled;

ot asking rest from toil;
Sweet toil that draws us nearer to Thy side;
Ever to tend thy planting satisfied
hough in ungenial soil;

ot to be freed from care,
That lifts us out of self's lone hollowness;
Since unto Thy dear feet we all may press,
nd leave our burdens there;

ut O for tireless strength!
A life untainted by the curse of sin,
That spreads no vile contagion from within;
ound without spot at length.

or power and stronger will,
To pour out love from the heart's inmost springs;
A constant freshness for all needy things;
n blessing, blessed still!

) to be free, heart-free
From all that checks the right endeavor here!
To drop the weariness, the pain, the fear,
o know death cannot be!

lore life! the life of heaven!
A perfect liberty to do Thy will;
Receiving all from Thee, and giving still,
reely as Thou hast given!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

WHAT'S THE USE OF GRUMBLING?

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not *your* head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off the sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldnt it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can? —*Observer.*

YOUNG BOTANISTS.

We know a family of children who for several years have kept a little book in which they have noted down the time and place of the earliest blossoming of every flower in all the region. And they have found that there is one particular clump of hepaticas growing upon the south side of a fence, and kept from the cold winds by an angle in the rails, which for four years have opened their blue eyes almost a week before any others have thought of such a thing. That fence corner gets a great many visits these days, but no signs of the buds have been seen yet. Then there is another sheltered nook where the spring-beauties make their appearance first. Not once have they failed in several years; and upon the south side of an old decayed log, which the children know well, there is a clump of blood-roots, which are ahead of any others round about. They know the homes of the flowers almost as well as they do their own, or those of their playmates and can tell just when and where to go to find them; and besides that they can tell you a great many other things about them, some of which they could not learn from books, as there are no books that tell them. But their own little flower-book is a very interesting one, and they take a great deal of pleasure in it.—*Advance.*

NOTICES.

CENTRE MEETING.

The repairs required to this meeting-house will very likely not cost less than $2,500, of which about $1,000 has yet to be raised.

Friends interested in the maintenance of our meetings, and favoring the keeping of the meeting-houses in a decent, comfortable condition, should aid the few Friends residing in its limits by forwarding contributions to Caleb C. Way, Half Moon, Centre county, Pa.; or, they may be left with John Comly, at office of *Friends' Intelligencer*, 706 Arch street, Philadelphia.

THE First-day Schools at Race street, West Philadelphia, Girard Avenue and Germantown, re-open to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, and Green street in the afternoon at 2½ o'clock. The attendance of Friends and their children, and such others as may be willing to meet with them, is invited.

A meeting of the Central Committee on Indian Affairs will be held at Race street Meeting-house on Fourth-day, Tenth month 7th, at the close of the Meeting for Worship.

Indian Aid Associations, and any Friends interested in the concern, are particularly invited to attend. Contributions in money, goods or clothing can be sent, as heretofore, to John Saunders, No. 36 N. Fourth street.

Part-worn clothing, for men, women or children, is acceptable. The Indians highly appreciate such.

MARY JEANES, *Clerk.*

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held at Green street Meeting-house, on Sixth-day, Tenth month 9th, at 7½ o'clock P. M. The several First-day Schools, etc, within Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, are desired to forward reports, also not exceeding four delegates, to the Association, to enable a report to be prepared to the approaching semi-annual meeting of the Association, at Mount Holly. General attendance of all interested is invited.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, JR., *Clerk.*

SALEM UNION OF FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS

Will meet at Mullica Hill, N. J., on Seventh-day, Tenth month 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. A general invitation is extended.

REUBEN WOOLMAN, HANNAH ANN HAINES, } *Clerks.*

Carriages will be in waiting at Wenonah on the arrival of the 8.15 train from Philadelphia, to convey visiting Friends to the meeting.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

10th mo.	4,	Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Richland (Quakertown), Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Birmingham, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	18,	Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Byberry, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
"	"	Catawissa, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	25,	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
"	"	West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.

BURLINGTON QUARTERLY FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION

Will meet at Upper Springfield Meeting-house, on Seventh-day, Tenth month 10th, at 10 o'clock A.M. The Executive Committee of the same will meet at 9½ o'clock the same morning.

MARY J. GARWOOD, MARTHA C. DECOU, } *Clerks.*

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

The stated meeting will be held at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day, Tenth month 7th, at 8 o'clock P. M. The attendance of its members is particularly requested, and the company of others feeling an interest will be very acceptable.

WILLIAM J. JENKS, *President,*
NATH'L E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

ITEMS.

A TERRIBLE disaster occurred at Fall River, Massachusetts, on the 19th of last month. Granite Mills No. 1, at that place, caught fire soon after the hands had gone to work, and a number of the operators, mostly girls, were killed in jumping from the windows, or perished in the burning building.

The upper story, or attic, used as a spool-room, was at the time occupied by about sixty persons, and the first intimation they received of the danger was a cloud of dense, blinding and suffocating smoke, that swept up the staircase, and forced them to seek safety in the northern section of the building. One man, regardless of his own safety, worked with heroic ardor, and, by means of a rope, landed on the ground a number of the girls in safety.

Many of the girls became unconscious from fright ere the flames reached them. Some leaped from the windows, preferring to be crushed and maimed rather than burned, and the shocking, heart-rending sights that met the eye on all sides were agonizing. Reports of the police and mill authorities give the number of killed by the disaster, 23; missing, 3; wounded, 36.

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY was founded in 1871, immediately after the great fire, and was established by liberal gifts from sister cities and foreign countries. It is supported by a tax of one-fifth of a mill, which produces an annual income of $65,000. There are now about 40,000 volumes in the library, and it is rapidly increasing. There is no competing library in the city, and the daily average circulation of books is consequently very large. Any resident of the city may receive a card on which books may be borrowed, by registering his or her name and residence, and depositing a guarantee certificate signed by a responsible citizen, or in lieu thereof three dollars in money, the deposit to be returned at any time on the surrender of the receipt.

A REMARKABLE case of spontaneous combustion is reported in Madbury. A few weeks since, B. F. Vittum discovered that a pile of manure, straw and litter, which had been accumulating for some time against his barn, was on fire, and it required a large amount of labor to smother the fire and prevent the destruction of his buildings. There was no possible chance for the manure heap to have taken fire in any other way than from the heat which it had itself generated. This circumstance may serve to caution people who allow such heaps to accumulate in close proximity to barns and stables.—*Boston Transcript.*

LIEBIG, the great German chemist, declared: "We can prove with mathematical certainty, as plain as two and two make four, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer, that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutrition which is contained in a five pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh."

THE returns of the Department of Agriculture for the Ninth month indicate an average condition of ninety-three, against ninety-five in Ninth month, 1873. The average of the crop is seven per cent. greater than last year, which would bring the aggregate yield to nearly an average on last year's acreage. All of the New England and Middle States are above the average, except Delaware, which is a full average. All the South Atlantic and Gulf States are below the average, except Alabama.

The inland Southern States are all above the average, Arkansas presenting the maximum of the whole country which is 120. North of the Ohio river most of the counties not visited by the chinch present superior crops; Ohio, Michigan and Indiana are above the average; Illinois, 2 per cent. below; Wisconsin is reduced 23 per cent. below by drouth and chinches. West of the Mississippi the drouth was intense. Heat, hot winds, chinches and grasshoppers have reduced all the States below an average, except Missouri. The Pacific States are above the average.

THE Russian Government, on account of the extensive emigration of the Mennonites, has undertaken to exempt members of that sect from actual military service, but still holds them liable to do duty as hospital attendants and surgeons. The Mennonites of the Volga district will probably all consent to remain under these conditions.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

A SUBJECT WORTH CONSIDERING.

The question, "What shall be done to advance the general good of our Society?" has been met by some feasible, as well as objectionable, suggestions.

Circular Meetings and First day Schools have been instituted, and have had a salutary influence. Sufficient time has elapsed since the inauguration of the latter to prove that it is one of the means through which the youth of the Society will become better acquainted with its principles, and their interest in its testimonies be increased. Reports from nearly every district within the compass of our Yearly Meeting have been received, demonstrating the growth of the concern and the favor with which it is regarded, even by some, who, in the beginning, were apprehensive that the effect would be to subject Friends to a reproof similar to that given to the Galatians, who, "having begun in the Spirit," sought to be "made perfect by the flesh." There is but little cause, I believe, for the continuance of this honest fear. So far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a care has been exercised to guard against teaching for doctrine the "commandments of men," but still I would express an earnest desire that the simplicity of our faith, so consistent with the teachings of Him who "bore witness to the Truth," may be preserved in the effort to impress upon the youthful mind the duties of a Christian life; and that a *practical* religion may be held paramount to every other, as being most in accordance with the sublime precepts enunciated from "the Mount."

As our young people become more identified with the Society, it is reasonable to suppose that a greater interest will be felt in attending Meetings for Discipline. This effect is already noticeable in some places, and is comforting and cheering to such as have long felt an earnest yearning for a greater manifestation, on the part of the dear children, of an appreciation of the privileges attached to a birthright membership. If, as has been intimated, the number interested in the affairs of the church should be increased, it is important that these young and impressible minds should be strengthened by a participation in the legitimate business of the Society. That they should be encouraged to share the labor which has too long devolved upon a few for want of a genial sympathy, which has, of latter time, found expression, to some extent, through the channel of the First-day School movement, and which, no doubt, would be augmented by a closer commingling in a society capacity with their elder friends.

While each Monthly and Quarterly Meeting has ample accommodations for all who may wish to attend, yet when Friends congregate as a Yearly Meeting the case is widely different.

The Meeting-house at Race and Fifteenth streets is quite as capacious as is desirable on account of hearing, but it is not large enough to seat comfortably the multitude which is drawn there on the occasions of our Annual Meetings.

Notwithstanding the general disposition to accommodate, a large number are unable to obtain seats, even in the extreme ends of the house, where but little of what is said can be heard, especially if there should be a noise in the street. In order to secure desirable seats very many assemble a half hour before the appointed time, which adds materially to the fatigue of a long session.

It is natural these inconveniences should have a tendency to weaken the desire to attend the meeting, especially with those who are wearied oft-times before going, with the supervision of domestic duties, which are increased, perhaps, by the desire to entertain their friends who may come from a distance.

Such are a few of the physical discomforts attendant upon the overgrown condition of "the body," but these are not all that should claim consideration, nor are they the most serious. The vital interests of the Society are involved in the fact that there is not time nor room for the expression of many of the exercises with which concerned minds are burdened, and which, if expressed under favorable circumstances, would not only be relieving to individuals, but would be promotive of strength to many who feel that they are helped through the instrumentality of the faithful. It is vain to urge that this might be remedied in great measure if *some* Friends would be more brief and speak less frequently. We know, that, throughout the period of our remembrance, there have been those who, on such occasions, in the wish to relieve their own minds, have appeared to forget there might be others equally concerned and as heavily burdened, therefore, something more available must be adopted if the desired end is reached; and should not some means be devised by which all might share the benefits to be derived from a Yearly Meeting? Many are prepared to respond in the affirmative, and doubtless more would be, but for a growing conviction that this will be best effected by a division of the Yearly Meeting.

There is a shrinking from such a proposition with some, on account of a separation from particular persons with whom, from early youth, they have been accustomed to mingle in our annual assemblies, and to whom they look, and possibly upon whom they unprofitably depend, as "expounders of the law."

Surely, the time has fully come when this obstacle, which has had an undue place for years, should be removed. Valuable as such members are, wherever their lot may be cast, the good of the whole is to be considered rather than that selfish attachments should be indulged.

More than forty years ago, the idea of a division of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was seriously entertained, and deferred, for the reason which has been previously alluded to —an unwillingness on the part of many to separate from some they highly valued. Our friend John Comly was among those who believed that good would be derived from such a step—and from that time to the present, the need has been increasing.

How such a division can be brought about, is a question which it will be difficult to solve satisfactorily to all. But if Friends would be willing to weigh the subject in all its bearings, and it should be decided that the Yearly Meeting, under the present arrangement, is not doing all the good that such a body should effect, and then look toward a remedy, with a desire to be rightly directed, the way, no doubt, would open where there now "appears to be no way."

If the crowded condition of the women's meeting applied equally to the men's, I believe it would be felt with added force. We may remember the axiom, that one part of the body cannot suffer without the whole suffering with it.

The following suggestion is made for the consideration of all whom it may concern. That the Quarterly Meetings of Burlington, Haddonfield and Salem, constitute a Yearly Meeting. That Bucks, Western and Caln Quarters and Fishing Creek Half-year's Meeting be incorporated as another; and that Philadelphia, Abington, Concord and Southern Quarterly Meetings form a third. Each of these combinations would make a Yearly Meeting of respectable size, and an opportunity would be given those who have been discouraged from coming to Philadelphia on account of the crowd, to attend their respective meetings. The conviction is strong, that while at first, we should sensibly feel the change, and be ready to conclude we were poor and stripped, yet in due time we should have the gratification of seeing *three* ably conducted Yearly Meetings instead of one, so large and overgrown, that it may justly be compared to a plant, so huge that the outer edges are withering for want of nutriment.

A. A. T.

Philadelphia, Tenth month 1st.

We mount to Heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.—*Alcott.*

CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES IN SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

An Address delivered before the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association, at Shippensburg, Eighth month 11th, 1874, by EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M., *President of the College.*

Two years have passed since I addressed the teachers of our State, assembled in Philadelphia, in their Nineteenth Annual Convention, upon the subject of the co-education of the sexes in our colleges and higher institutions of learning. In that address I presented the testimony of presidents and professors of different colleges in the country where the system of co-education had been fairly tried. This testimony was collected with great care, and was *all one way.* So far as I could then learn, by the most diligent inquiry and personal investigation, *no adverse testimony whatever* could be obtained from any who had given the system a trial, and, so far as appears, the same thing may be said to-day. It is true that, in the language of Mrs. Duffey, whose work, entitled "No Sex in Education," has recently appeared, many can be found who maintain, out of the profound depths of their *want of experience* in the matter, that they have found co-education entirely impracticable and undesirable; that bringing young men and young women together results adversely to their morals, lowers the standard of admission to universities, retards the progress of the male students, and works physical deterioration to the female students. Yet it will be observed, that each and all of these charges are most emphatically denied by all, without exception, whose knowledge of this subject is other than theoretical.

A few months after the delivery of my previous address, the subject of the co-education of the sexes was discussed at some length in the Social Science Convention, held in Boston. President Eliot, of Harvard, in his defence of the exclusion of young women from the undergraduate classes of that institution, referred to the system of co-education as being on the wane in the West. I was greatly surprised at this statement, so directly at variance with what I supposed to be the facts in the case. The President had just visited the West, and spoke from personal observation, but I was convinced that his preconceived views had caused him to misinterpret some things which he had seen and heard, so prone are we all to see and hear what we expect to see and hear. Having frequently quoted President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, as the highest authority in the country upon this subject, I addressed him at once a letter of inquiry, that I might be assured that his views had undergone no change. I have given to the public, through the columns of the *New York Tribune*, and in my pamphlet on "Co-education," his reply to that letter, dated a little more than one year ago. The whole tenor of that reply was even more encouraging than I had ventured to anticipate. I quote his closing words: "There has been but one opinion among us in regard to the success of the 'experiment;' and there is not to day the first symptom of a reactionary feeling among either teachers or pupils. Nor have I the slightest evidence of any such reaction in the schools of the West that have adopted the system, and I am somewhat intimately acquainted with most of them. A few days since I was at the University of Michigan, where ladies have been in attendance for two or three years. One of the professors told me that almost all the professors were opposed to the arrangement at the outset; now, not one. These are the facts with us as they stand to-day. You can use them as you think best."

It is to be borne in mind that this is the recent utterance of the President of Oberlin College, an institution numbering more than five hundred students of each sex, and where co education has been thoroughly tested for more than thirty years. Of what weight are the theories of conservative educators, zealous to preserve the present status of the institutions which they represent, in comparison with such testimony from such a source?

In my former address, while depending chiefly upon the testimony of others, I ventured, in a very few words, to refer to the experience of our own institution, Swarthmore College. I did not think it prudent, or becoming, at that time, to say more, as we had then been established but three years, and had not yet sent forth a graduating class. It will, however, naturally be expected that, upon the present occasion, with two years of added experience—and having sent forth in that time two graduating classes—I should add to the testimony of others, that based directly upon our own experience. Our college classes are, as yet, comparatively small, as the institution includes, in addition to a college, a large preparatory school. The whole number of students in the college proper during the past year was 88, of whom 52 were young men and 36 young women. We have graduated, in the two years, 13 students, 9 young women and 4 young men, after completing a full four years' course of study. This course, for thoroughness and extent, will compare favorably, in most respects, with that of our older colleges.

The principal difference in the classical course is the permission to omit Greek, substituting for it a larger required amount of French and German. I am thus particular

to state the general character of the course, as it has an evident bearing upon those portions of my subject in which I shall refer to scholarship, and to the effect of study upon the health of young women.

First to be considered, and of by far the greatest importance, are *the moral effects of co-education*. Character first: scholarship, and even health, are subjects of after-consideration. Fortunately, however, in the admirable economy of nature, the interests of them all are in perfect accord.

The most careful regard for the one, and its most intelligent cultivation, are by no means adverse, but highly favorable to the promotion of the rest. It is a popular error to suppose that while young men are benefited by the refining effect of daily association with young women, the young women are the losers by that association. I can truly say of the thirteen graduates thus far sent forth, that, from the beginning of their course to its close, the influence of the sexes upon each other has been mutually beneficial. I make this assertion after the most careful observation for five years, for our method of management has been regarded by many, from the beginning, in the light of a doubtful experiment, And in the view which I here express, I am supported by the unanimous testimony of all who have been engaged with me in the management of the institution, including all the instructors, the governing Faculty, and the members of the Board.

The difficulties in discipline, which are so familiar to those in charge of institutions exclusively for young men, are with us almost unknown. During the five years of our existence, but one instance of hazing, and that involving but a single individual, has been even attempted; and that instance occurred soon after our opening, before the beneficial effects of our system were fully established. The effect upon this disgraceful college custom likely to be produced by the admission of women, may readily be inferred from the practice, in this respect, of the young ladies of Vassar College. The mode of hazing adopted in that institution has been briefly described as follows: "Upon a certain evening, a few days after the opening of the session, the members of the sophomore class receive their sisters who have just entered with flowers, music and a delightful though inexpensive entertainment." What an initiation for the inexperienced freshmen! What a lesson for young men is taught already by the young women of Vassar! We could wish that that lesson were brought more directly to bear by Vassar's imitating the example recently set by the Working Women's College in London, and admitting young *men* to the equal enjoyment of her privileges with young women.

I am reminded, in this connection, of a visit paid to Vassar College by our Philological Association, when we held our first meeting for organization at Poughkeepsie a few years ago. After President Raymond had very kindly shown us the many facilities there afforded for the education of young women, I told him that my only criticism was that the enjoyment of these privileges, under so favorable circumstances, and amid influences so refining and elevating, must be denied to young men. The president doubtless accepted it as a mere passing complimentary remark. It had, however, a far deeper significance. I am so fully convinced of the great loss sustained by both sexes when educated separately, that I can never see large numbers of young persons of either sex assembled separately for educational purposes without regretting that, at that important period of their lives, they are losing, through a false system of education, the great benefit to be mutually derived from association in their studies.

In further confirmation of the admirable moral effects of co-education, I quote from a recent address of Bishop Bowman, President of the Indiana State University. He says: "I have, during the course of my life, been engaged twenty-seven years in teaching under both systems, and I am prepared to say, on this occasion, that the good influence of the mingling of the sexes was manifest from the start. It was peculiarly salutary in a direction which some of you may be prone to doubt, and that was in the matter of morals. It was not only a strong stimulus to study, but, in addition to that, it produced a marked moral effect. There was no loss of delicacy, no depreciation of modesty. While it elevated the women, it improved the men." These views of President Bowman receive full confirmation in the report of the Board of Visitors of that University, which has recently appeared. They say: "The manners and the morals of the young men have undergone a remarkable transformation; where rudeness and vulgarity were formerly the rule, now they are found to be the exception. Nor has the intellectual training of the students suffered any loss by the introduction of the young women. A fair comparison will show that the young ladies are in no respect inferior to their brethren in all the qualities that go to make the scholar."

That the moral status of any institution where the sexes are educated together is, other things being equal, more healthful, and of a higher tone, than it can be in an institution for either sex alone, is a fact established

yond controversy by the experience of all no have had an opportunity to make a comrison for themselves. It should be observed at I speak of "all who have had an opportnity to make a *comparison;*" and not necesrily of those who, having tried one system, id been satisfied with that, have come to the nclusion, upon purely theoretical grounds, iat the other is productive of less satisfacry results. Reason would naturally lead to ie conclusion reached by experience. In the atural order of things, the sexes are mingled, nd are doubtless designed to exercise upon ach other an influence for good. Brothers nd sisters are found in the same family, why ot boys and girls in the same school, and oung men and young women in the same ollege, preparing for their equal association n the broader arena of life?

The beneficial effect of this association upon he *scholarship* of our students has been no ess marked than its salutary moral influence. Each sex has been stimulated to healthful exertion by the presence of the other. As a rule, the more faithful and conscientious discharge of their duties, which characterizes the young women, has produced a slight difference in their favor in the matter of scholarship. The average standing of the nine young women for the four years was 86·8; that of the four young men, 82·2. The young women all pursued the classical course, and took the degree of A. B., the valedictorian in each class being a young woman. Of the four young men, two took the classical degree, and two the degree in civil engineering. I think that we can say, as the result of our experiment thus far in this respect, that in capacity to acquire, and in breadth of comprehension of the subjects pursued, in the highest as well as the lowest departments, while there are wide differences, as all educators must be aware, these differences appear to have no settled relation to distinction of sex. Thus *our* experince corroborates that of the President of Oberlin, quoted two years since, in which he testifies that he "has never observed any difference in the sexes as to performance in the recitations."

I must here briefly refer to the recent adverse testimony upon this subject by my friend Prof. Orton, of Vassar College. It will be observed that here, as elsewhere, the opposition comes from one whose experience has been confined to colleges for one sex alone. I quote but a single passage, but enough to show the unsatisfactory nature of the conclusions reached.

Says Prof. Orton: "It is said that emulation between the sexes would lead to higher scholarship. I raise the question without answering it. Is it a fact that our mixed colleges are superior in this respect? Do Oberlin, Michigan and Cornell take the lead of Yale or Harvard?" I answer simply: Do any three colleges in the country, or any one of the three, *attended only by young men,* take the lead of Yale or Harvard? We do not claim that co-education works miracles, or that it is capable of enabling our newer colleges, at a bound, to take rank with the oldest and best endowed colleges in the land.

(Concluded in next number.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

APPARENT DEATH.

In connection with obituary notices is the frequent expression, "Died of heart disease." In nine cases out of ten, the assigned cause is purely conjectural, no *post-mortem* examination having been made; and in about an equal proportion of instances, the cause assigned is incorrect, as will be exhibited in the following remarks:

The question of the causes of this sudden visitation is of great moment, because it is generally assumed, as a matter of course, that when apparent death is from this cause, there is no possible hope of resuscitation; and therefore no restorative appliances are resorted to. It therefore becomes a matter of great importance to ascertain, if practicable, whether the frequent obituary phrase "death from disease of the heart" is, or is not correct.

That many persons who were supposed to have died of disease of the heart, or from some other obscure visitation, have, after a protracted period of insensibility, recovered, is a fact sufficiently authenticated. The ability to distinguish life and death, in other words, the precise point where life ends and death begins, is much more difficult, in many instances, than is generally supposed. Some eminent physicians unite in the sentiment that there is no certain symptom of death short of decomposition; it being known that after every expedient had been resorted to, to detect the presence of vitality, life has sometimes returned spontaneously, or without medical stimulation.

In Germany, the subject has claimed so much attention, that in one locality is an institution for the purpose of receiving the remains of such persons as have died suddenly, and under such circumstances as might induce an apprehension that life was not entirely extinct.

In France, there has for many years been a law prescribing the limits within which time no interment should be permitted. Some few years ago, a bill was introduced into the French Senate, enjoining a still longer period between the decease of a person and

his funeral; and it was during the discussion upon that proposed law, that one of the senators made the memorable avowal, that when a young man, he narrowly escaped a living inhumation. He was stricken down suddenly, and by his friends generally was supposed to be dead, but upon the urgent solicitation of one of them, his interment was postponed twice or thrice, till, no longer delay being permitted, the final arrangement was made for his funeral; and while the officiating clergyman was performing the last obsequies, he suddenly regained his power of articulation and self-control. He stated that, during the several days of his apparently lifeless condition, he heard, and perfectly understood the conversation which occurred in the room, and was entirely cognizant of every arrangement connected with his intended burial, but was powerless to move hand or foot, or articulate a word. I could narrate a number of instances similar to the foregoing.

The particular instance above described, and others alluded to, plainly establish the fact, that sudden deaths may and frequently do occur, not caused by either heart disease or apoplexy; for the resuscitated persons lived several or many years afterwards, without the recurrence of any similar affection.

The diagnosis of these sudden deaths, appears not to have received in this country, much professional attention; but in Europe, an international congress of physicians, some years ago, appointed a committee to solve the problem physiologically by *post-mortem* examination, and for the purpose of ascertaining what proportion of sudden deaths was really caused by "heart disease." The committee reported that of sixty-five *post-mortem* examinations, only two or three gave evidence of death being caused by that disease; and that about the same number was caused by apoplexy; the remaining number giving no evidence of the termination of their existence by heart disease, apoplexy, or any other apparent cause. The report of the committee, so far as my own views were concerned, was merely confirmatory of a conclusion to which I had arrived years before the report was published, having from early life been much exercised on account of the objectionable practice of hasty interments.

The tenor of the foregoing exposition would seem to intimate, that sudden deaths should not be followed by early interments, but that decisive efforts should be used to ascertain that the vital element has become irrecoverably extinct, before the body is conveyed to its final resting place. Thus, instead of ice being used, the remains should be kept in a temperature favorable for resuscitation, and as long as prudential considerations would justify.

These remarks are not elicited by any recent or especial instances, but rather for the purpose of inciting to greater precautionary measures than are sometimes practiced previous to interment. GIDEON FROST.

GREENVALE, LONG ISLAND, *Ninth mo.* 1874.

It may be remembered by the readers of the *Intelligencer* that, some time since, extracts from a private letter were given in the "Scraps from Unpublished Letters," written by a young man once a member of the Society of Friends, but who had, years since, resigned therefrom.

I think this resignation took place one or two years after he had *ceased* to pursue the course to which he refers in the subjoined article.

Phila. 9th mo., 1874. J. M. E.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

LUKE XV, 11, 32.

My mind has been deeply impressed with this beautiful parable, and the lesson to be learned from it, the perfect readiness to forgive, and the divine tenderness of God's love toward the wanderer, who is returning to Him. It is one of the three parables which the blessed Son, and sent of the Father, spoke when the Pharisees and Scribes murmured at His allowing publicans and sinners to draw near to Him. The parable applies with peculiar force to one who sins in the very same way as this younger son. Alas! how many such sons there are, who, impatient of control, weary of home with its wholesome restraints, and long to be *free*. Many a youth gladly quits his father's roof, and then runs all lengths in sinful pleasures. Little does he think of the fond and anxious hearts at home; little does he concern himself about a parent's wishes, a mother's prayers, a mother's parting charge. He is now far away, his own *master*. He is bent upon enjoying himself. Surely it is a double sin thus to sin against the blessed Spirit of God, and against his earthly parent.

When want and destitution came to the poor prodigal, where were they who had feasted with him, drank with him, laughed with him. It is said, "No man gave unto him." Look at him, pale and haggard, with unsteady hand and tottering limbs, he has no friend to support him among all his old companions upon whom he has spent so much.

We see in the parable that want brought the young man to himself. "He came to himself." He had been, as it were, beside himself till then, blind to his true happiness, as well as to his duty, like one out of his mind.

Are there not many like this *poor prodigal*, even in the *Society* of *Friends*? My heart goes out to them in earnest, tender love, and

with desires that they may turn and look back to their *father's house*, and as this prodigal did, say, "I will arise and go to my Father," guilty as I have been, undeserving of favor, with no excuse to make for my past sins. I will yet turn to God as my only hope. The prodigal thought himself unworthy to be reinstated as a son; he did but ask to be received and treated as a servant. The true penitent is always willing to take the lowest place. Mercy is all he asks, if he may but be forgiven. His eyes are opened. He sees what he has done, how he has been living, whom he has been serving, and what the end would have been. His sin and danger lie open before him, and he sees now tha sin and the world have never given him real happiness. Deeply does he regret his wasted years, and misspent talents; humbly and mournfully does he think of the past.

Have his thoughts and feelings, his sorrow for sin, his distress of mind, his self reproaches, his fears, his hopes been unnoticed by his kind and loving Heavenly Father? No; the God who gave them has also seen them. As the father in the parable saw his son while yet a great way off, and had compassion upon him, so does God notice, with tender, pitying love, the first movement of the sinner's heart toward Himself. He sees him coming and goes forth to embrace him with His love, and as the father in the parable ran and fell on his son's neck and kissed him, so does God cause the returning wanderer to know His love, and speaks to him pardon and peace. No need now to set before him his sin. Now he shall be cheered. In the parable, while yet the son has scarcely acknowledged his sin, and before he can make his humble petition to be received as a servant, the father breaks in with the joyful command, "Bring forth the best robe and put it upon him." Thus ready is God at once to forgive. No sooner does the transgressor seek than he shall find salvation free and full. The prodigal was not made a servant in his father's house, he was received as a son again. The servants were called forth to wait upon him; his rags were taken from him, and once more he was clothed as became the son of his father. "The best robe was put upon him, and a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet." He was welcomed home with joy and honor. The fatted calf must be killed, and all must rejoice. Was there not a cause? "This, my son," said the father, "was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." Thus graciously and joyfully is the returning prodigal welcomed.

The writer of this has been a prodigal in the full sense of the parable—a drunkard, a victim to that terrible inordinate appetite for strong drink. For many years, I wandered, like the prodigal, a poor outcast upon the barren mountains of sin, followed by my sainted mother's prayers. Nine years ago, the blessed Spirit of God arrested me, took hold of me, with more than mortal power, completely changing my character, and taking from me the appetite for strong drink which had seized me as with hooks of steel, and was dragging me down to the chambers, of death.

If these lines meet the eye of one who is a wanderer and an outcast, I would say to him, return to thy father's house. He will meet thee and embrace thee with His love. He will take thy rags from thee, clothe thee with the white robe of purity and righteousness, and put a new song into thy mouth, even the song of thanksgiving and praise. * * *

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Although we do not often see each other, yet there is a sweet communion between minds that are concerned to do the will of our Heavenly Father—blessed be His name for the favor! I am often alone, as to the body; but think, if He is with me, it is enough. It is an unspeakable favor to feel a quiet, peaceful mind in the evening of life (now nearly eighty-eight), relieved from the deep exercises of going to and fro in the earth, and feeling that, with all my shortcomings and frailties, the language is, "Let her alone, she hath done what she could." My love flows to the young, in fervent desire, that they may see, and feel the joy there is in resigning their wills to the will of their Creator; for He alone can preserve them from the temptations that assail, and which would allure from the narrow way that leads to sweet peace here, and eternal life in the world to come. Often the language of my spirit is, there is no joy but the joy of God's salvation; and in this there is much enjoyment when socially mingling with our friends.

I do not like to say much of myself, yet I must acknowledge my many favors. My health is good, my home is comfortable, and relatives are kind and attentive to me. As I do not believe in idleness, I feel best satisfied when I am able to use my needle for the benefit of those around me; it also contributes to my health and enjoyment. I love to breathe the fresh air, and try to keep our door-yard clear of weeds, &c. Oh, how I admire the wonder-working power of Omnipotence! causing the innumerable blades of grass, and flowers of every hue, to grow out of the brown soil to beautify the earth, and also to

nourish the animal kingdom, to whom He has given, from the greatest form down to the minutest insect, the power and the faculty to provide for the necessities of themselves and their offspring! How can we do otherwise than praise His great and adorable name?—and above all that, He has made man capable of communing with Himself, if we are only wise enough to make the choice to obey Him in all He requires of us. It is an unspeakable favor to be permitted to feel that He is our Father. In our temptations, He will preserve us, and in our afflictions, He will comfort us.

Although I am released from travelling far from home, yet the language in my heart often is, "mingle with thy friends." So I often visit, socially, the infirm and aged, and the young, also; and oh! the enjoyment of attending our religious meetings, mingling together in spirit, worshipping Him to whom worship is due. It is saddening to behold many vacant seats when assembled, and I mourn over it, and often query, why is it so?

Formerly, Friends could go long distances through the wilderness, on foot or on horseback, to attend their meetings. Now, with good roads, comfortable carriages to ride in, &c., where are many of our members? We do not see them, except once in awhile. And where are the children who are brought up to go to meeting twice in the week, as we were? I sometimes ask some of them if they would like to see our meetings go down? "Oh, no," they say. Then, I reply, you must come steadily and keep them up, for we old ones must, before long, pass away, and it lies with you whether they are kept up or go down. No doubt, it will be a loss to the world if our Society wanes away; but my view is that there will be a revival, though first a day of suffering.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 10, 1874.

"The Gospel Ministry."—We have received a communication objecting to the tenor of an article that appeared in our 27th number, signed "L. J. R.,"and entitled "Free Gospel Ministry." The communication is without signature, and may only have been designed as a kindly caution. As such, we accept it in the same spirit. But we think the concern of our friend has arisen from a misunderstanding of the article in question. His opinion that it is calculated to "do much harm," was certainly not the view taken of it by us. Separate paragraphs taken out of their connection and brought together may make a writer appear to contradict himself. It is more just to endeavor to ascertain his spirit and object.

We believe the testimonies held by our Society can be shown to be consistent with truth, and therefore promotive of human well-being. But in order that they may be accepted, especially in this thoughtful and criticising age, they must be held intelligently and advocated, not with blind, traditional bias, but with reason and candor. It was in this spirit, as it seemed to us, that "L. J. R." treated this subject,—a very delicate and difficult one, because the testimony against a hireling ministry is held by many *un*intelligently. The result has been an undue and unjust prejudice against *all* those who, while ministering of the gospel as they believe, accept outward support, voluntarily given, from those to whom they minister.

The claim to kind hospitality and aid, which they who forego a provision for their own wants, to go forth in the love of the gospel, has on those who recognize the mission, has always been admitted and acted upon by the Society of Friends. It led to the establishment of a fund to assist those travelling in the ministry, and it is the incentive to that welcome which ever has, and we trust, ever will be extended to those who, taking neither scrip nor purse, go forth on a gospel errand. That a theological training for the ministry, its limitation to one sex, and the pecuniary emolument connected with it, have, especially in countries where a national religion is established by law, led to great corruption, no true-minded Friend will deny. Yet, even under such a system, so strikingly in contrast with the simplicity of the ministry of Jesus and His apostles, there have not been wanting those to whom the word of Divine inspiration came and found fitting utterances. In childhood, in the schools of our own Society, our early religious feelings were awakened by extracts, in the series of readers then in use, compiled by a Friend from the sermons of some of these gifted minds. To many a struggling, seeking mind, the writings of Fénélon, the *Catholic Bishop*, have been a

text-book, only second in their teaching to the Scriptures. Ought we not by this time to have learned, that the "inspiration of the Almighty" is not withheld from the colset or the pulpit, and that He has given to no one society a monopoly of it?

EASTON SEMINARY.—By an advertisement which will appear in our next issue, we are informed that Friends of Easton Monthly Meeting, Washington County, N. Y., propose to open a seminary at that place as soon as the building which they are erecting for the purpose is completed.

The old seminary, formerly in charge of Saratoga Monthly Meeting, was destroyed by fire about two years ago.

The Monthly Meeting of Easton, having sufficient funds to rebuild, took this matter in hand and have pushed the work with energy and rapidity.

The building is four stories high, with Mansard roof, and well adapted to promote the health and comfort of the pupils.

The guarded education of the young has always been a weighty concern with us, and we are glad to know that Friends of that section will be afforded the advantages of a first-class school under their own supervision.

MARRIED.

BARTRAM—SMEDLEY.—On Ninth month 30th, 1874, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, Mordecai T. Bartram to Rebecca G. Smedley, both of Willistown township, Chester County, Pa.

BAILEY—HEACOCK.—On Fourth-day evening, Ninth month 16th, 1874, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents, Barton and Rachel Heacock, Francis C. Bailey to Rebecca J. Heacock, all of Alliance, Ohio.

DIED.

CONARD.—At Geneva, Switzerland, on Ninth month 14th, 1874, of disease of the heart, Mary L., infant daughter of Samuel and Mary B. Conard, aged 16 months.

KEMPSTER.—At Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on Ninth month 8th, 1874, of brain fever, Anna W., second daughter of Dr. Walter and Miriam P. Kempster, and granddaughter of Thomas and (the late) Sarah W. Baynes, of Baltimore, Md.

ALSTON.—Suddenly, on the morning of the 25th of Ninth month, 1874, of heart disease, John Alston, of Middletown, Del., in the 80th year of his age; a member of Camden Monthly Meeting. While sitting quietly in his chair, alone, with the exception of his little son, he quietly passed away. His constant prayer had been that he would not have to languish on a bed of pain, and he seemed to feel his prayer would be answered. He took no man nor creed for his guide, but looked alone to that Source whence all help can come. The poor have lost in him a kind friend, one that was always ready to help those in distress, and he was careful to follow out the injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 17.

Dark shadows are gathering on the mountains as the city of Innsbruck comes into view, in the midst of a broad valley, bounded on the north by bold, fissured mountains, 10,000 feet high, and on the south by less imposing, rounded heights. The city lies on both sides of the Inn, which is here spanned by three bridges; but the principal part is on the right bank, the left and older portion being only a suburb. A heavy rain descends as we drive over an iron bridge into Innsbruck, and our carriage-top closes over us; but we see that this is a beautiful city, with broad, handsome streets and stately buildings. Up the stately Neustadt to the Hotel d'Autriche, and our journey terminates. Here is a delightful hotel, with every comfort and many luxuries, the size and elegance of which seem out of proportion with the magnitude of the city. It is almost filled with guests, however, having only very few of its rooms vacant for our selection. There seem to be many English and a few American names on the book, and several of the servants of the house speak English, and in the pleasant reading room are the English papers. The London *Times* is so great an institution, that it seems to take the place of all other papers. Every subject of any importance connected with England is touched upon in its columns, and a brief abstract of American affairs may always be hoped for. The *Continental Herald and Swiss Times*, published at Geneva, gives much fuller details of American matters, but none of the European papers dwell much on what we want most to know. They tell us how much anxiety there is in America lest General Grant should allow a third term of office to be conferred on him; how miserably the negro governments of the Southern States are working; of accidents and calamities by fire and flood, but nothing of the bright side of life in the United States of America.

Letters, from dear friends, which await us at the bankers', tell us better things than these, though the great world may not care to hear them.

Inquiring what is best worth seeing in this vicinity, we are advised to make a visit to the Schloss (castle) Amras, which stands on the hill of Isel, 2,067 feet high, both for the

extensive and beautiful view, and for the curiosities, such as armor, mosaics, and Roman antiquities, which are here preserved. It is a pleasant ride to the castle, and when we reach it, we find it looks in such excellent repair, and has such neat, well-kept surroundings, that we almost expect to see it inhabited yet. The gateway stands open, and we enter the court and ascend a short gravel walk to the stairway which leads to the castle terrace, where there is an excellent view of Innsbruck and its environs to the investing mountains. The clouds are rolling up the heights and resting on the summits, the river glistens below, and the city looks joyous and jubilant in the sunshine; and I thought of the days, long ago (1595), when the Archduke, Ferdinand II, and his beloved peasant wife, Phillippina Welser, had here their favorite home, and overlooked this fair valley and its mountain. A princely home it was, fair enough and lofty enough to make its inhabitants forget awhile, it is to be hoped, the cares and conflicts of the lower world. A warder opens the arched portal and conducts us through the halls, where we are shown the antiquities which yet remain of the famous collection, which has been transferred to Vienna. During the Napoleonic wars between 1796 and 1805, Schloss Amras was used as a military hospital, and 8000 soldiers who perished in the wars of that time are buried in the Tummelplatz near a mile from the castle. When one sees the incessant military preparation in these lands, it is not possible to cherish any belief that the days of needless aggressive warfare have passed by.

Just in front of the Hotel d'Autriche is the Annensäule, or Column of St. Anne, built, in 1706, to commemorate the expulsion of the French and Bavarian invaders, and at the south end of the broad street (Neustadt) is a triumphal gate erected by the citizens on the occasion of the marriage of the Emperor Leopold II with the Infanta Maria Ludovica. Above the emblems of marriage are medallions containing Francis I and Maria Theresa, On their left is their son Leopold with his bride, and on the right their granddaughter and their daughter Maria Christina. On the side of the arch towards the town are represented the Emperor Joseph II and his mother, Maria Theresa; while above them, with elements of mourning, is Francis I, the Emperor, he having died before the marriage festivities were ended. This is a fine work, and a beautiful tribute from the people of the capital of Tyrol to their princes.

Beyond this gate is situated the wealthy Abbey of Wilten, which is believed to have been founded by traditional giants Haimon and Thyrsus. Their sculptured semblances, clad in armor, stand on either side of the church portal, embodying the idea of strength, ferocity, heroic bravery, and religious zeal which characterized the dark ages. The church within is very richly decorated with stucco, marble and gilding, giving evidence of the wealth of the religious body who own it

We spent several hours in the Franciscan Church, erected in compliance with the will of Emperor Maximilian I, whose bronze semblance occupies the centre of the nave, and kneels upon his sarcophagus evermore before the high altar. Around him are twenty-eight colossal statues in bronze of great historic personages of the German Empire. The sides of the sarcophagus are adorned with twenty-four reliefs in marble, representing the principal events in the emperor's life. These reliefs are most admirable and interesting, and were pronounced by the great sculptor Thorwaldsen to be the most perfect work of their kind in existence. The marriage of the emperor and the military achievments of his reign are the subjects of the greater part of these sculptures, but the most perfect is the meeting of Maximilian and Henry VIII, of England, at the siege of Tournai, 1513. The attending hosts of each monarch are represented, and the expression of the multitude of faces is so life-like, and so much distinct individuality is delineated, that one feels quite ready to believe Thorwaldsen's judgment to be just. The artist who designed and executed most of these reliefs was Alexander Colin: and many other of his works are in this church.

We were much interested in examining the monument of Andrew Hofer in Tyrolese marble, by Schaller, near the entrance of the church. His memory is dearly cherished by the Tyrolese, and many memorials of him are preserved at Innsbruck. In his early years, Hofer was an inn-keeper, but became a soldier during the days of the Napoleonic wars, and greatly distinguished himself as a leader, gaining many victories, and acting for a time as civil and military governor of the Tyrol, conducting the administration with simplicity and discretion. After the Peace of Vienna in 1809, the Emperor of Austria himself advised the Tyrolese to submit to the foreign yoke; but Hofer, misled by false reports, again led his countrymen against the French and their Bavarian allies. His efforts were crushed, and he dismissed his followers and took refuge in his native hills, concealing himself in a chalet, far up on the fissured mountain slope of the Kellerlahn. His hiding-place was betrayed to the French, and Hofer and his family were taken prisoners. He was tried by a court-martial,

the majority of the judges in which, were opposed to his execution, but notwithstanding this, he was shot in 1810 by order of Napoleon himself.

Andrew Hofer is represented in the picturesque dress of his country. A broad felt hat, turned up at one side, the short jacket and small clothes, with the broad, embroidered leathern belt buckled round his waist. His physique is very much like that of many of his countrymen of the present day, athletic, broad-shouldered, vigorous looking, with a look of openness, honesty and earnestness on his broad brow. Many memorials of Hofer are preserved in the museum of Innsbruck, among which is a coin, struck during his brief rule.

We had not time to do full justice to the interesting collection in the museum, for we could not forbear to look a little into the excellent herbarium of Alpine plants which it contains.

After our month in the flowery Engadine, a whole day would be little enough time to devote to examining these portfolios, which seemed to contain many specimens of almost every plant we had noticed in our rambles. We were allowed free access to the cases, and might take down and look over the books and portfolios at leisure, without any hinddrance or even question. This liberality would seem to indicate a careful and scrupulous people, who do not abuse their privileges. There is a good collection of works of art in the museum, but we could only glance through it hastily. The wood-carvings are marvellously elaborate, and often beautiful, being a specialty of this country. We were shown some pieces of work which were done by a carver who was entirely blind. He did his work by feeling, and even carved busts of living people, which are good likenesses; but it is remarked by some persons that these all have a blind look. He could have no power to represent the expression of the human eye, but it was easy to recognize the bust of Hofer, which his hands had fashioned without taking counsel of the sense of sight.

From Innsbruck, we determined to visit the valley of the Ziller, a river that flows into the Inn about twenty miles further onward. We go by rail to station Jenbach, on the road to Munich, where we find the kind of conveyance called the stellwagen, in which we found coupe seats, and have a four hours' ride through the fair, fertile Zillerthal. A stellwagen, now be it known, is not a comfortable or a pleasant means of travelling, and should never be chosen when there is any better way to be procured; but to discover this undoubted truth, one needs to have a little experience. The most charming scenery is quite lost on the unhappy traveller, who can only get a view by a profound and uncomfortable bow, and who has the misery of sitting in the smallest possible space in the crowded and rather rough coach. We discovered our mistake too late to mend it, but resolved that the return trip should be pleasanter, if possible. The Zillerthal, to those who have just emerged from the Engadine, is not very striking, being simply a lovely river valley, highly cultivated and bordered by wooded mountains of moderate elevation. The day was cloudy and misty, and the most delightful moment of the journey was that which revealed the town of Zell, with tall, green spire, and pleasant-looking homes and hotels. It is a busy village of 1,200 inhabitants, lying on both banks of the Zeller, in the midst of a broad and fertile valley. We are only 1,854 feet high now, and mountains which rise around us to the height of 9,000 and upwards look very imposing. The lofty Gerloswand on the east rises abrupt and perpendicular to the height of near 8,000 feet, and resembles a wall, and the Tristenspitz (9,000 feet) on the south, a blunted pyramid, with its horizontal layers quite distinct in the distance. The geologist might speculate curiously in regard to the various forces which have built up these solid strata of rock, raised them to this airy height, and shaped them in this peculiar form. Beyond, we have a distant and splendid back-ground of snow-mountains and glaciers, reminding us pleasantly of the glories of the Upper Engandine we have left behind us. There are many inns, as many as five being recommended in the guide-book, and, as we arrive a little after mid-day, we may select at our leisure. The little Tyrolese-town is almost full of guests, but the ancient Bräu Gasthof (guest-house) has large and most comfortable rooms at our service, at a price so very low that we wonder if there is any unseen drawback to comfort. This hotel may serve as a type of the Tyrolese inns. It is a large, substantial old building, with thick walls, small windows, protected by bars, and with an overhanging roof. We enter the wide-arched doorway into a broad, low hall, paved with stone and furnished with benches along the wall. All is rude and plain in the extreme; but a fine-looking, grave, tall woman receives us and conducts us up a rude but very clean stairway to the hall above. A broad, low hall it is, uncarpeted and unpainted, but spotlessly clean. At the front end is a grand piano, and a man in priestly-garb is performing, while two good-looking young women are singing. Growing ivy is trained over the wall, and venerable-looking pictures of the ancestors of the family (as we afterward learned) are suspended around.

The antlers of the deer, the trophies of the chase, are also used as decorations, while at the lower end of the hall is a large crucifix, showing the religious faith of the family. A low-arched doorway opens out of this antique hall on to a kind of gallery or balcony, from which we can look far away to the shining glacial slopes, which seem to touch the skies. Large and most comfortably-furnished apartments open out of the hall, and the windows give wonderous views of the mountain heights and of the glaciers. The decorations of the rooms were pictures and other symbols of Catholic devotion, and everything was so handsome, spacious and cleanly that a prince would not desire better lodgment, and all this was offered for about twenty-five cents a day. This is only about one-fourth of the price usually asked for such apartments, and gives an idea of the difference in cost between the hotels where the people of the country resort, and those which are frequented by foreigners.

We were much interested in the working of the house, as it was conducted entirely by women. Three sisters are in charge of the house, though it is nominally their brother's hotel—the male proprietor being away in the high Alps with the cattle during the summer. We were invited to join the guests in the dining-room in the evening, and as it seemed to offer a good opportunity to see the Tyrolese people and to notice how they amuse themselves in the evening, we went down to the *speise zimmer* (dining-room). It was a very plain old room, with a great brown porcelain stove, and with benches all around the wall. The guests of the house were all Germans except ourselves, and were sitting at the different tables eating their evening meal and talking merrily. Soon the three sister hostesses came in, and seated themselves at one of the tables, with a guitar and the old-fashioned instrument called a zithern. Then they played and sang the melodies of their country, and gradually some of the guests joined in, making a chorus which was very pleasant. The eldest of the sisters seemed to keep a watchful eye on the guests, and if anything was wanting she promptly attended to it, and then returned to her guitar. The "yodeln" is peculiar to these mountain people, I believe, and is a kind of soft, inarticulate melody, which seems to come from the throat, and resembles the song of a bird. It was a time of simple-hearted, innocent enjoyment, unlike anything I had ever seen in reality, but corresponding with beautiful word pictures from Richter, and other German authors. Here comes a person of some importance, we judge, from the general stir at his entrance. He is a stout old gentleman, with snowy white head, who is received with warm greetings all round, and a young man in priestly garb comes forward, and kisses him, first on one cheek and then on the other. He wears the short jacket, the small clothes, white stockings and low shoes, of the Tyrolese dress, and looks as we might imagine Andrew Hofer would have looked, if the cruel spirit of warfare had spared him to grow old among his beautiful hills and among his beloved people. Almost every person in the room, ourselves, of course, excepted, has the inevitable mug of beer, and they slowly sip it, seeming to enjoy its bitter flavor without any idea of wrong-doing. Who can tell why this simple German country inn is so cleanly and respectable; and so thoroughly a place of rest and enjoyment, and a place where ladies can go with as entire confidence as the swallows which have builded their nests among the beams of the wide hall? There seems to be no bar-room nor any room corresponding to it—men and women taking their meals and refreshments in the same apartment, with perfect propriety and simple-hearted courtesy. It looked like a scene from an old story-book, and I longed for a knowledge of the German language, to enable me to hear the remarks of the persons seated around us. When these German people emigrate to our country, they must be very painfully impressed with the difference between the taverns of America and the peaceful, pleasant inn of their fatherland, where noise, disorder and drunkenness are quite unexpected and exceptional.

At our departure from the Brau, the hostess accompanied us to the carriage, helped us in with her own hands, wished us a happy journey, and hoped we would come again to their house. "We will recommend it to our friends," we reply; and so we drove out of the town of Zell in the bright, early morning, having none but pleasant memories of this characteristic village of the Tyrol. We have had a glimpse of a state of society, in which the people have not learned the uses of machinery, and where they spin the wool from their own sheep, and flax from their own fields, and fabricate their garments without regard to the Paris fashions, and build their wide and low-roofed houses as their fathers did before them.

Our ride back to Jenback, up the Zillarthal, in an open carriage, was pure enjoyment, giving ample opportunity to observe the homes, costume and appearance of the people, and to botanize a little along the flowery wayside. Men and women are going out to their labor, carrying scythes, rakes and other implements, and all salute us courteously in passing. As we drive by a wayside hostelry, a Tyrolese, sitting on the bench in front, rose, raised his pointed hat, and called out, "Gute

morgen, frau mutter!" (Good morning, frau mother.) I was so amused to be thus addressed that I almost forgot to return the salute. Our driver explained that this was the customary title given to married women, the unmarried being fraulein, and I have since heard the title used repeatedly. The people to-day in their working-clothes look much more like ordinary mortals than they did yesterday in their Sabbath attire. Then the women wore a velvet boddice, such as has at times been worn by our young girls, and known as the "peasant's waist," and a blue apron, with short skirts. The dress has a white waist under the boddice, and a felt hat, with broad drooping brim and pointed crown, trimmed with a cord and heavy gilt tassels, completes the very pretty and substantial looking dress. The distinctive dress of both sexes is gradually disappearing, and now many of the young men discard the broad embroidered leathern girdle, breeches of black leather, and white stockings and pumps, though the pointed crowned hat, with its gilt tassels, is yet much in favor with them, and it is generally rendered still more picturesque by a little boquet of bright flowers in front, or a feather at the side.

The pretty and well-built houses are also a very noticeable feature of the Zillerthal. The lower story is hardly ever used for any but kitchen purposes, and is neither ornamented nor comfortably furnished, but a balcony, often with a very ornamental carved railing, runs all around the second story, and the projecting roof of the house, which has also much ornamental wood-work projecting from it, roofs in the whole. The gable-end is always the front of the house, and the long slope of the roof gives room for another pretty balcony from the attic window. Shelves are fixed all along the inner edge of the railing of the balconies, and a whole garden of plants is blooming in the sunshine, while pleasant, comfortable-looking chairs and convenient little tables and suspended lamps show how the family enjoy the air of their lovely valley in these summer days and evenings. The outer wall of the house is frequently adorned with paintings, which manifest such skill and taste in the artisan as almost to raise him to the rank of an artist. Well-kept gardens, gay with all manner of bright old-fashioned flowers, surround these cottages, and suggest refined taste and gentle manners in the occupants. Lighted up in the evening, with the family all assembled, nothing can be more suggestive of happy and cheerful home-life, and the whole world can see, if it chooses to look, the sweet domestic drama passing unreservedly before them. There are very few, perhaps, it might be said, no sombre faces among these simple, vivacious people, and the little children are fearless, loving and merry. I have observed among the little ones a kind of eyes which are not common among our people, and which are a peculiarity of some of the pretty wax-dolls imported from Germany—a kind of deep blue-gray eyes with long overhanging dark lashes. They are very beautiful, but hard labor and exposure, and perhaps coarse fare and beer-drinking, spoil, to some extent, the physique of the bright-eyed children when they become adults, but the countrymen of Hofer do not look unworthy of their famous but unfortunate champion.

Selected.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to hear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day, more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days, so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day, more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than life when this thought steals,
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

No. 37.

The letters from which the following extracts are taken have been on hand some time, but a press of other engagements has prevented their being thus made use of earlier. It is scarcely necessary to state they are from two of our teachers of the freedmen in South Carolina. *Cornelia Hancock* writes:

Sullivan's Island, Seventh month 21st, 1874.

Dear Friend,—I enjoyed thy letter to-day very much. I am glad if our letter-writing

does good, but I do so much more believe in action than talk that I have no doubt I might err by silence.

Thou speaks of our third teacher, Anna M. Stanton, she is well worthy of remembrance; her department has become a leading feature in our school. All children have not capacity to learn, and the very ones who have not, are often more skilful with their fingers, and as education, by the derivation of the word, is a leading out of one's powers, if they have not power in one direction, they may have in another. The fact of producing anything they can *see*, is pleasing to them, and especially so to their parents, who, it must be confessed, in many cases, soon weary of allowing their children time to continue a consecutive number of years in school.

They find, as all must, that a thorough education cannot be obtained in a few years, and something like making a hat or a basket, seems to their undeveloped capacity, a more useful thing than a *future* education.

We grasp at all these means that are innocent in themselves, and serve to keep these ignorant people in the continued purpose of making more of themselves than they have heretofore been.

Abby is a good disciplinarian; Anna is a faithful instructor in her department. I would have been a good driver in slavery times, and am now a real driver among them, so combined in our several capacities are elements in my judgment to make up a good school, and an attractive one to the young; but after all this power, *we need, and this nation needs, compulsory education*, in order to be able to raise the masses out of their exceeding ignorance. Where we have a school of 80 scholars, there should be an attendance of 150, and this attendance should be obligatory for a length of time sufficient for development.

This nation is losing time while delaying legislation tending to compulsory education. While deploring the vices and corruption of existing State governments, it is not going to the foundation to uproot the evil, which consists in having power left in the hands of ignorant people who can be influenced by unprincipled leaders.

Anna and I have continued the school during the Seventh month, as there seemed a great deal of *industrial* work on hand, and I would always rather be in school than remain idle. I do not intend going to Philadelphia until the Ninth month, and during the Eighth, purpose superintending some repairs that are needed in the school building. I wish I had about $500 to put it in perfect repair. I would so enjoy seeing it done, and so nice as to be an example for them. As it is, the little church is ahead of us in completeness. Osborn W. (the scholar who really loves study most) told me not to keep school any later than common one day last week, for he should be hungry by the time school ought to be out. I asked him if he had not had any breakfast, he said no, his mother had it not ready, and he he did not wish to be late. I instance this to show how very little idea they have of time. His mother was behind time and school was the only thing that would be punctual probably in that family through the day.

Eighth month 14.—This letter has remained unfinished until the present time.

Since school has closed I have ridden round the country considerably, and am more and more impressed with the number of children not attending school. The keynote of this epistle, and of my conversation everywhere, is for *compulsory* education.

I must say a word in praise of our delightful climate. My window on Sullivan's Island overlooks the Atlantic Ocean, which is so blue and beautiful, with fine breakers rolling in upon the beach, and the fishing boats under full sail going up on the banks.

Presently the steamers will go out, all in full view. Our home here and the surroundings are beautiful. And now I have leisure to enjoy it its beauty is very impressive. I have a dingy boat about twelve feet long and I spend considerable time in it; passing to and fro between the village of Mt. Pleasant and the island, and I have the full invigorating influence of sea and sky. I believe neither of us three have been obliged to be absent a single session from school this year. This is a pretty good health record, so we cannot have been trespassing upon the laws of health very much.

Abby has reached her home and is well. Anna Stanton leaves here on next Fourth-day for Boston.

Sincerely thy friend, etc., C. H.

Abby D. Monroe was written to at Charleston, S. C., without the knowledge that she had left for the summer for Bristol, R. I., whence it was forwarded and from her came the following response:

Dear Friend,—Your letter, after its journey to Charleston, reached me a few days since. It was particularly acceptable to mes- and I notice the gratification you express in being kept posted up, *by pen* in regard to the details of our school and work. I have, ever since old enough, been connected, in different capacities, with benevolent enterprises, and have learned through this experience that the success of all such enterprises depends greatly upon keeping the subject, *judiciously*, before

the people. While many are willing and ready to aid, other things come in and take up their attention, and, but for some little reminder, time would easily slip by without any attention being given to the subject. It may not be the right way, it may not be the best way, but we all know it is the way of the world in general. As a mass we are creatures of impulse, and the impulse of yesterday will not meet the demand of to-day; and while we should avoid running an enterprise into the ground (so to speak) by our over-zeal for its promotion, we should avoid the other extreme and not keep silence to its harm.

And then again, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it is natural for us to speak of the things which lie near our hearts, to those who are alike interested in the same movements.

Acting upon these feelings, I have striven, ever since I have been in charge of the school, to keep its friends posted in those things that I thought would particularly interest them, and shall feel it both a pleasure and duty to continue this course; for what appears in print I feel in no way responsible, but trust your judgment.

In regard to the "roll of honor," I wish to add a few more words. We feel, of course, that all discipline, in school or elsewhere, should tend towards *self-discipline*, and this little plan we formed of placing upon the "roll of honor" the names of those whose conduct, lessons and attendance averaged *eighty*, and upwards, one hundred being the highest. It had a good effect upon the school. Whispering among the larger pupils ceased almost altogether. Some succeeded one month, some two, and some three, but only the *three* mentioned held out faithful through all to the end. Bettie T. and Osborn W. averaged one hundred credits, and Michael G. ninety-five or ninety-nine, I forget which.

Bettie is a very intelligent, lovely girl, nearly white. She is thirteen years old, and has had good advantages, having commenced attending school, I think, when six or seven years of age. She is a real little sunbeam to us.

Osborn entered school the spring of 1871, then fourteen years of age, knowing nothing but his letters, which he learned in this way: He lived sixteen miles from the village, and could not attend school, which was a source of great sorrow to him. Some of the neighboring children could read, and from them he learned his letters by rote, without having seen a book. In some way he got five cents, and with it in his pocket made his way to the village, where he bought a five-cent primer, and returned to his home. Then, by applying the names in order, as he had learned them, he fixed them in his memory. Having taken this step he did not rest until his mother moved to the village and he was in school. I remember well when he appeared before us, literally in rags. He has a natural fondness for his books, and perseverance and persistency enough to overcome all difficulties in his way. I feel particularly interested in him, and hope he will keep on with his studies until he obtains what he is anxiously seeking. He is ambitious, and has many qualities which make him superior to the mass of these children.

Michael G—— is a lame boy, fifteen years of age, who has lived with us through the last year. He is a smart, interesting boy, and, for the advantages he has had (which have been quite limited), he has done very well, though his tastes are more for trading than for books.

We shall try this system another year, commencing earlier, and that will give them a longer pull and a better test.

Hoping I have not wearied you with this long epistle, I remain, &c.

We think readers of the above cannot fail to be struck with, not only the earnestness with which our teachers pursue this work, but the eagerness with which they avail themselves of everything having a tendency to advance it. Little details which would escape the notice of many are, in their hands, made an important agency.

The interest of *the one*, choosing to remain during one of the summer months on the ground, that she "would rather be in school than remain idle," with her "key-note for compulsory education," and the fact that *the other* cannot forget, during her recreations, her distant field of labor, entering into its merits with her accustomed ardor, are striking instances of devotion.

Nor, while paying this just tribute, must *Anna M. Stanton* be forgotten. From the testimony of C. H., the department over which she presides with so much ability is a link in the chain which could not well be dispensed with.

The last report received showed sixty-one names of pupils on the roll, with an average attendance of fifty-four; all of these except three were between six and sixteen years of age; fifty-one were reading in the Second and Third Readers, the same number in arithmetic, &c., &c.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Ninth month, 1874.

ADVERSITY overcome is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of gallant spirits.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR NINTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	11	5
Rain all or nearly all day	0	5
Cloudy, without storms	5	6
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	14	14
Total	30	30

	1873	1874
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.		
Mean temperature of Ninth mo., per Penna. Hospital	Deg. 68.67	Deg. 70.12
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	90.05	89.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital	48.00	53.00
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital	Inches 4.04	Inches 3.98
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year	1,129	1,174

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Ninth month for the past 85 years	66.35
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1865	72.68
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1840	60.00

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1873	1874
	Ins.	Ins.
Totals for the first six months of each year	23.73	21.47
Seventh month	5.55	2.75
Eighth month	12.28	6.53
Ninth month	4.04	3.98
Totals for each year thus far	45.60	34.73

The severe drought spoken of in our review last month continued until the 15th of the month we are now chronicling, on which day we had a few drops of rain in the morning, cloudy in the afternoon, with copious showers in the evening and during the entire night. On the 16th it proved to be a regular storm, which did not cease until the evening of the 20th. It was especially heavy on all these days, except the 18th, when it was light and not continuous.

This absence of rain has been characterized by some as almost unprecedented in this section of country (embracing, of course, New Jersey within a distance of say from 30 to 40 miles). Having a recollection of one still more remarkable, back in the "*thirties*," we have been induced to examine our *Diary*, and find on Eighth month 4, 1838. this note: "Very dry, vegetation almost burnt up;" with this addition later in the month: "A more excessive and extensive drought has been experienced than has been known (so say some of our oldest farmers) for between thirty and forty years. In some neighborhoods they have had *no rain* for nearly *nine weeks!* As a consequence, *short crops.*"

As a contrast to both that and the present season, we find recorded on the 3d and 4th of the *next month* the same year (corresponding with the month under review), very *heavy frosts*, killing the buckwheat in low places. Whereas, *our* first frost this year was seen on the morning of the 23d, and that a light one.

It will be seen the temperature has *exceeded* tha of last year about a degree and one-half, and th average for the past *eighty-five years* a little ove three and three-quarter degrees; though still shor of the highest mean we have recorded. The death have increased somewhat, but probably not mor than the proportion for the increase of population We have been spared any epidemic this season.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Tenth month 1st, 1874.

ITEMS.

A FRIGHTFUL Typhoon passed over Hong Kong on the 27th ult. Five vessels were sunk, two stranded, seven are missing, and twelve were wholly or partially dismasted.

A great number of houses were destroyed, and it is reported a thousand persons killed.

The damage to property in the city and harbor and surrounding country is immense.

THE Federal Council of Switzerland has sanctioned the selection of Berne as the location for the international post-office, under the new international postal pact—an agreement requiring the approval of the United States Government before it can be enforced.

Mount Etna is now offering a fine spectacle to travellers in that vicinity, and has three craters in full blast between Lingnadossa and Randazzo. A shower of sand has fallen at Castaneo. Although danger seems remote at this time, the people are making preparations for flight by packing their penates and sending off their flocks and herds.

THE experiment of lighting railway cars with gas has been brought to a more successful solution in Prussia than even in this more rapidly progressive country. On one of the railways the experiment has been so successful that there is little doubt of the ultimate exclusion of all kinds of oil lamps on the railways of Germany. The gas is manufactured expressly for the purpose from oil, being a richer hydro-carbon than common street gas. It is compressed to six atmospheres in cylindrical receivers five feet long, and from sixteen and a half to twenty inches in diameter. If more than two receivers are to be connected, the connecting tubes are of one-fourth inch bore, very strong. A regulator is introduced intermediate between the burners and the receivers, in which the requisite low pressure is maintained so steadily that all the tremors and shock to which the cars are subject produce no perceptible effect upon it.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE coroner's jury in the Granite Mill disaster at Fall River, Massachusetts, has rendered their verdict. The jury find that the hook and ladder branch of the Fire Department was not sufficiently provided for the emergency, but acquit the other branches of the Department from blame. They attribute the loss of life to the panic and confusion among the employés in the upper story, who, the jury say, might have been saved, had not even the male operatives lost their presence of mind. The jury exonerate the mill owners from all blame, saying that they furnished ample means for the prevention and extinguishment of fires in the mill, but add that the disaster "has shed a far-searching though lurid light on the subject of mill architecture," it being proved conclusively that "there were not ample means of escape from the attic," and they hope the lesson will "not pass unheeded," either by mill owners or the public in general.—*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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A copy of an address delivered at an agricultural meeting, in Baltimore Co., Md., by our friend Henry C. Hallowell of Sandy Springs, Md., has been sent us. In attempting to form a synopsis of it for our paper, we found it difficult to do so, without omitting some pleasant thought or valuable suggestion, and therefore present the whole to our readers. The conclusion in our next number.

ADDRESS OF HENRY C. HALLOWELL.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the wonderful mechanism of the human ear there are three thousand delicate fibres, more or less, stirred by each pulsation of the air; some vibrate with waves that pass others in silence, thus giving the marvellous variety, beauty and compass of sound. So, when a call to some supposed duty sweeps over the heart, if it touches a responsive chord, compliance must be the result. For such a reason I am here to-day. The kind invitation of your Secretary, Dr. Merryman, awakened a note that would not be silenced, as I am glad to add my voice to those that are aiding to place in proper light the refinements and pleasures of a rural home and the duties of an intelligent cultivator of the soil. I should be more diffident as to appearing before the residents of this favored and beautiful section of our State, pioneers as you are in the cause of co-operation and the social commingling of farmers' families in such delightful reunions as the present, were it not for the hope that it may induce you in turn to visit Montgomery and give us the benefit of your valuable experience. I come, not as a teacher, but as a fellow-explorer with you, seeking new truth, striving to discover new principles that will aid us to put agriculture in fact, as it is in theory, in the foremost place amongst the occupations of men.

It is a period of unsettlement in the work-day world. The restlessness of the age has seized upon our young men, and the fierce tumult and excitement of business in the city are rapidly tending to obliterate those calmer yet more certain enjoyments and emoluments that pertain to a country life. The feverish speculations in stocks, the insatiate thirst for riches, the love of ostentatious display, the unrest that ever accompanies wealth sought for its own sake, are year after year becoming more and more features of American life, and, with a result more disastrous than famine and disease, are sapping the physical and moral health of the rising generation. *Success* too often becomes the measure by which we gauge our fellow-men. A princely equipage and a palatial home glitter before our eyes, and lo! the name of their possessor is upon myriads of lips, and the doors that would perhaps have been closed to the *man*, throw wide their portals to the *millionaire.* And when the goal is reached in this hot race

for wealth, how paltry and unsatisfying is the prize! The gentler virtues and tenderer feelings have been smothered by the abnormal growth of selfishness. The mind, accustomed to but one idea, has little to feed upon, and in its perpetual restlessness corrodes itself. The heart that has had no leisure for friendships, emotions and affections, now finds its chambers empty and desolate, and echoes to the foot-fall of no welcome visitant. What is the result? Either a return to the excitements of business, or ennui, insanity and death. On Broadway, many years ago, I met a handsome man, in the prime of life, who had been a schoolmate of the relative with me, and whom he took to dine with him in his most elegant home. All that wealth could command was around them. Business had been given up, and life should have been filled with duties and pleasures. Topic after topic was introduced by the visitor, that ought to have interested a well-balanced and well informed mind, but without awakening a response. At length, with tears in his eyes, he confessed that he knew of nothing but bonds and stocks, and was far, far from happy. With inexpressible sadness, my relative left him, and within a short revolving year, the waves of the East River closed over his form. If the excitements and nature of the toil for wealth bear only occasionally such bitter fruits, am I not justified in earnestly asking those about to choose a career, their parents and friends, to consider well the nature of life, its duties and enjoyments?

Are the acquisition of wealth, the obtaining of place and power, ends to be attained to the exclusion of all else, by an intelligent being? Are mere length of days a boon? As was remarked by Wilder Dwight, one of the brilliant young men who followed the call of duty to an early grave: "The whole sweetness and value of life depend upon its opportunities, not upon its length." It is not success in this or that pursuit, it is not riches or position that can give the peace and enjoyment which are beyond all price. It is a sense of duty done, a consciousness of occupying a position congenial to our tastes and habits, and conducive to the development of our higher nature. Life in the country has not the excitements and does not command the apparent elegancies and extravagant luxuries of the city; but as the poet says:

"Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone, seems worthy of the name."

We have an occupation affording constant variety and interest, and in its successful pursuit requiring intelligence of high order. The management of its details in all their varied ramifications calls for system, industry and skill. Our subject is ever new, changing with the seasons and the added years. We are surrounded by scenes of beauty, loveliness and peace. The whole tenor of our lives, the communion with nature, the silence and retirement, tend to awaken and cultivate the best feelings of our hearts.

The farmer

"Looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling, say—'My Father made them all!'"
—*Cowper.*

Some may think our lives obscure and joyless, but amidst such scenes, we have what the crowded thoroughfares cannot supply. It is true that many good, wise and great men occupy the busy marts of trade, filling a wide sphere of usefulness, and aiding by their exertions to develop the resources of our country. It is true that cities are necessary; men in communities raise the arts and sciences to a higher plane—push commerce and manufactures to an ever extending limit—and it is indeed a suicidal policy which attempts to throw obstacles in the way of their growth. But the melancholy fact remains, that, after all, "great cities are sores upon the body politic." Behind the glitter and show and apparent comforts and elegancies, are sorrow, poverty, suffering and pestilence. The ease with which the luxuries so lavishly displayed seem obtainable, draws many from the quiet of the country, to find, alas! too late, that for every one who commands success, many reap disappointment, weariness and pain. But, after all, man was never intended to live for mere enjoyment. "Life's duties are life's pleasures," and these we farmers can find ever awaiting us. Measured by this standard, our lives may be as broad and comprehensive as the most ambitious may demand. In the country, as in the city, we may, to quote from *The Attic Philosopher*, "follow the standard of duty; for all the same Divine law may reign—that of self-sacrifice. To love something more than one's self—that is the secret of all that is great; to know how to live for others—that is the aim of all noble souls."

The Popular Science Monthly for July contains these expressive words: "That Agriculture is the foundation of society, and necessarily of all that society contains and accomplishes, is a sufficiently commonplace statement, but it is one of the great facts which must never be overlooked. Agriculture not only furnishes the great mass of materials in

the transformation and distribution of which numerous classes of society are occupied, but it furnishes the materials out of which human beings themselves are made. The dust of the earth and the gases of the air, under the magical enchantment of the forces of the universe, are transformed into the substance of life, and the farmers are the superintending priests of the marvellous and mystical change. This continent is destined to feed and clothe not only its own increasing millions of human beings, but other and numerous millions of people in distant parts of the earth." Minds of culture and depth have found their highest efforts needed to master the difficulties that lie in the way of the proper development of the food-producing powers of the soil. To bring an area heretofore sterile to a high state of cultivation, with the least possible outlay, is a problem not only of importance to the vast army of consumers, but one which requires intelligence and judgment. We are far, very far from a proper appreciation of the capabilities of the soil, or of the position to which agriculture may be raised. A perception of this is now dawning, as is seen in the attention given to agricultural schools and colleges, and from the fact that the list of Farmers' Clubs, Horticultural and Pomological Societies, as published by the Department of Agriculture, numbers nearly two thousand. But while we are content to have thirty bushels as the average yield of corn per acre over the country, when two hundred bushels have been raised upon the same extent of surface (by Dr. Parker, of South Carolina); while we are glad to cut one ton of hay upon an area that has produced four; while our crops of wheat are unreliable in quantity and uncertain in quality; while fruits are almost unknown upon some farms, and the animals have every point that a perfect one should not possess; while tussocks and wild grasses in the richest spots show our ignorance of draining; while the young think farming slow, menial and unremunerative, and the elders by the results of their life and labor too often confirm them in this belief—is it not evident that we have yet much, very much to do; that there is a development as to production, intelligence and skill, that is yet far above our reach? Young men! is it an ignoble life to become a laborer in such a field? Is there not room for your noblest efforts? And remember that in this contest your success is not at the expense of others, but your labors, like the springs that feed the mountain streams, confer benefits far beyond the limits of your own immediate sphere.

There are some points in connection with our calling to which I wish to draw special attention. We are dependent upon the labor of others, and our comfort or the reverse rests to a very great degree upon our management of these. Are we always mindful of the fact that they are men and women like ourselves, with sensitive feelings and warm affections; that they have rights and privileges as well as duties, and that the duties are not all upon their side? Do we make their lives, containing oftentimes but too little pleasure, lighter and brighter by a kindly sympathy, by occasional praise to the deserving, and by judicious yet not patronizing advice? That enlightened and lamented agriculturist, Chauncey P. Holcomb, of Delaware, has so admirably treated this theme that I cannot do better than to reproduce his words. He says: "We know this difficulty about labor is a great source of annoyance to many; it is a common subject of complaint, and even forces some from the pursuit of agriculture. But it ought, on the contrary, to be so managed that we should find our happiest hours passed in driving with our men 'the team a-field,' or carrying on any and all other operations of the farm, even to its drudgery. Let us take care to keep them in spirit; drive the work, but don't let the work drive and drag and worry us. Don't worry and fag them, and press them for the last muscular exertion they are capable of making every day; don't seem too exacting; then, when you really get into a tight place, when the corn is threatened with grass and the harvest presses, you have a fresh set of willing hands to follow you. Men so managed will be sure that their reaper is the first to beat the reveille of the morning, and their vesper song will be the last heard among the harvesters." (Address at Rockville, Sept. 14th, 1852) By giving thought to this subject we will be enabled to remove what now, with too many rests as a dark shadow upon otherwise happy homes.

A benevolent gentleman of New York, whose name is known to you all, Mr. Bergh, has founded a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Has it ever occurred to you that there is sometimes a field for his investigations amongst us? Not alluding, of course, before such good farmers as are here present, to the lean and hungry stock seen shivering in mid-winter around half-decayed straw stacks, or to pigs turned loose to pick up a vagabond existence upon a neighbor's premises, receiving, as the beggar said, "more kicks than coppers," but even on good farms and with good farmers do we find the attention to the health and comfort of farm animals that is required by the dictates of humanity, and in order to obtain from them the greatest amount of service? Horses overloaded, and over or under fed, receiving water at irregular and uncertain periods, overworked

to-day and idle to-morrow, busy during a long summer's day and then ridden far into the night—are not such practices occasionally known to us? We should be most careful to impress upon all about us the gentle quality of mercy.

Sheep husbandry is a subject with which you are familiar, and from some of your recent proceedings, as published in the *American Farmer*, you appreciate its profits. Yet more attention may well be given to this most valuable branch of our business. A reliable farmer in New Jersey received a return of $1,200 from an outlay of $150 within twelve months, in addition to the beneficial effect of the sheep upon the soil. This is an extreme case, but indicates the margin of profit that may be realized with care. The only drawback is the fear that our outlay may be totally lost by the ravages of dogs. For the present our only safety lies in folding them every night into a yard suitably protected. This does not materially injure them, even in hot weather, as they are creatures of habit, and immediately lie down and ruminate, and are ready to go to feeding as soon as released in the morning. I have recently protected my own yard, already enclosed with a board fence, by running two wires around it four inches apart, the lowest one four inches above the top rail. But is this the limit of our power? Can we not rise in our might and demand, *not* as a favor grudgingly granted, but as an imperative necessity, that legislation shall be so shaped as to protect our flocks from this intolerable scourge? Can we not make the politician feel that we have *some* rights which he is bound to respect? We read in the old fable that the giant Enceladus was buried under Mount Etna, and when he turned upon his weary side, the whole island of Sicily was shaken to its foundations. There are indications that another long-slumbering giant, the "American Farmer," is awakening, who, if once aroused, will crumble to powder such fabrics as selfish interests and short-sighted policy may have reared above his prostrate form.

Our State shows many symptoms of arousing from the lethargy that has benumbed her, and of preparing to take the position to which she is entitled by her commercial facilities, her climate and the resources of her soil and mines, but she needs a thorough awakening on the subject of public roads. To convey an adequate idea of our "so-called" highways in mid-winter and early spring is almost beyond the power of language. To quote from an article written a few years since: "It is sufficient to say that they effectually stop transportation to market, communication by vehicles with mill, shop and store, and even social visiting and attendance of church." Yet it is by means of good roads that we will be enabled to supply one of the great needs of country life, the bringing of people together, and that conflict of mind with mind that seems necessary for man to reach his highest development, and which indeed constitutes one of the great advantages to be claimed for a residence in the city. On a grade of thirty feet to the mile, the force required to perform a certain duty is twice as great as on a level; on one of sixty feet, three times as great. Yet year after year our poor toiling animals labor over grades that a little judicious expenditure would soon reduce, bruise their shoulders against stones that have bleached in many a changing season, and rack our vehicles in a way that brings brisk business to the wheelwright and smith. Few have an idea of the cost to the State and its citizens of this condition of affairs. Not only are the small sums now doled out frequently wasted without any adequate return, but even where work is done for the money expended, it is either unskilfully used, or spread over so large a surface that the repairs scarce last a single season. This whole question should be taken from the domain of party politics and placed in the hands of our ablest men. Some wise and efficient law should be devised to give us that essential of civilization, *good roads* at *all seasons*, with the *least necessary cost*. My own preference, I believe, would be for the system adopted in Washington county, through the influence of the late Robert Fowler, where the Commissioners aid such citizens as may wish to construct paved roads, by a subscription, the interest on which is equal to the annual expenditure for repairs.

Closely connected with this subject of roads is that of the great cost of fencing and the increased amount of the latter from the unreasonable, thriftless and most selfish practice of letting stock run at large. A writer in the *Rural Messenger* has calculated the cost of one mile of "worm" or Virginia fence, made of pine poles, and lasting ten years, to be about $190. In Montgomery, the cost of one mile of substantial post-and-rail fence is $450. The same writer says that the fences of the United States, according to published reports, are estimated to "cost more than the houses, cities included—more than the ships, boats and vessels of every description that float the ocean, lakes and rivers—more than the manufactures of every kind, with their machinery—more than any one class of property aside from real estate, excepting it may be the railroads of the country. Robinson gives the first cost of the fences in the State of New York at $144,000,000. Nicholas Bid-

dle estimated that the fence tax of Pennsylvania was $10,000,000 per year. General Worthington, of Ohio, says there are eighteen millions acres of land in that State enclosed with four hundred and fifty thousand miles of fence at a first cost of one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars, and at a yearly expense for repairs of $7,680,000. Moreover, a fence run in the Virginia style, occupies five acres for every one hundred enclosed." Is not this a most unreasonable and exhausting tax? As far as it is caused by stock roaming upon the roads, would it not be cheaper for us to supply pasture to the animals of those who thus weight us with such a burden? My venerable father, Benjamin Hallowell, in an exhaustive article upon this theme, says: "When land is condemned for a road it is for a 'public passage,' and for no other purpose whatever. All rights and privileges, therefore, not connected with its use as a highway, remain, on every principle of right and justice, with the owner of the property from which the land was taken. No one, therefore, has a right to turn his cattle, swine or other stock into a road that passes through the premises of another, in order to use it as a pasture ground, or for any other purpose than that of travel from place to place" I am very glad to say that the decisions of the courts are unanimous, as far as I have learned, as to this view of the case, and the Grand Jury of Burlington county, N. J., recently presented to the court, as a nuisance requiring abatement, the practice of allowing stock to run at large upon the country roads.

(To be continued.)

CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES IN SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

An Address delivered before the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association, at Shippensburg, Eighth month 11th, 1874, by EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M., *President of the College.*

(Concluded from page 517.)

I come now to speak of the influence of co-education, in our higher institutions of learning, upon the *health* of young women. In treating of this division of the subject I will begin with our own experience. Of the nine young women whom we have graduated, after completing their full four years' course, all are in at least as good health as when they entered the college, and in some cases their health has been materially improved. Our young men have not, as a rule, enjoyed better health than our young women. Here, as elsewhere, while there are marked constitutional differences, they appear to be wholly independent of sex. The average absence of our young women from recitations and examinations has been even *less* than that of the young men. This is also true of the members of th lower college classes, and our *boys* have been quite as often absent from duty through sickness as our *girls*, in the preparatory school. That girls and young women should enjoy even better health than before entering upon their course of study, is but natural and reasonable. Nothing is more conducive to good health than a fixed purpose, and a regular course of life systematically directed to a certain end. This is the life of the student, as contradistinguished from that of the devotees of fashionable society.

While nothing promotes good health like regular o cupation of body and mind, nothing could be more disastrous to the health of our young women than the enforced idleness, during nearly *one-fourth* of their time, suggested of late, for so-called physiological reasons, by some medical authorities. That the health of the young women of our generation is cause for deep and serious concern, of course, I do not deny. Such denial were indeed folly in face of existing facts. But I do most earnestly and solemnly protest against the far too prevalent practice of ascribing this ill health, and these enfeebled constitutions, to excessive study. Who does not know that, as the rule, in all our literary institutions, the hard students and good scholars are the *last whom we expect to find in the infirmary!* It is my earnest conviction, the result of many years' experience and careful observation, that no surer remedy for the feeble health of the present generation of young women can be found than opening every possible avenue for their intellectual development. It is in vain for the opponents of co education, having been foiled at all other points, to resist the admission of young women into our colleges because, forsooth, "they cannot endure the mental strain to which they would be subjected." To make such a charge is to wholly disregard existing facts. I do not present our own case as at all conclusive of itself, unsupported by other corroborative evidence. Fortunately this evidence comes in unmistakable language from every quarter where women have been admitted with young men into the colleges of the country. I have already quoted what President Fairchild learned on his visit to the University of Michigan last year. Nothing could be more conclusive. I will add, however, the striking testimony of Miss Sarah Dix Hamlin, a young lady of the graduating class of that institution for the present year. In an able essay upon the position of woman in that University she speaks as follows upon the point under consideration: "It is a fact that thus far the women of Michigan University have demonstrated a principle of Dr. Tappen's—a former

president of the University—that brain-work is good for the health.

"If the seeds of future disease have been in some mysterious manner implanted in their systems, it is in no sense apparent, except to the imaginations of those who are least acquainted with our girls. The points which I wish to establish are these—that their health has been as good as that of their classmates; that those who were in a proper condition on entering have in no respect suffered a deterioration of health from their intellectual work; that of those who were not in a proper condition for this or any other kind of work, and have been obliged to withdraw from college, there have been only *two* —a percentage no larger than the records of the young men would show; that although we have lost one by death, they have lost several; and that the ordinary brain-work required of the intelligent, ambitious students of Michigan University, if they are prepared in all respects for it, is *conducive to health.* With thorough preparation, students who were not especially strong have gone on with constantly improving health; without it, even the strongest have felt that the burdens imposed by their studies were heavy—and this is true of one sex as well as of the other."

The following testimony is given in their college paper, conducted entirely by young men: "Our college girls pertinaciously keep their health and strength in a way that is aggravating, and they persist in evincing a capability for close and continued mental labor, which, to the ordinary estimater of woman's brain-power, seems like pure wilfulness. They have, with a generally noticeable peculiarity, disappointed the most oracular prognostications." The testimony of the President of that University, after several years' trial of the system, is most unequivocal upon this point. I quote a few words. He says: "I think all who have been familiar with the inner life of the University for the past two years will admit that, thus far, no reason for doubting the wisdom of the Regents' action in opening the University to women has appeared. Hardly one of the many embarrassments which some feared has confronted us. The young women have addressed themselves to their work with great zeal, and have shown themselves quite capable of meeting the demands of severe studies as successfully as their classmates of the other sex. Their work, so far, does not evince less variety of aptitude or less power of grappling even with higher mathematics than we find in the young men. They receive no favors and desire none. Nor does their work seem to put a dangerous strain upon their physical powers. They assure me that they never enjoyed better health, and their absence by reason of sickness do not proportionately exceed those of the men. Their presence has not called for the enactment of a *single new law,* or for the *slightest change* in our methods of government, or grade of work." One year later, in his *last* report, the President says: "The record of the young women is as creditable, in *all* branches, as that of their classmates of the other sex. Nor do I see any evidence that their success in their intellectual pursuits is purchased at the expense of health. *None* of the *many* objections which are still raised against the co-education of the sexes, have been found in practice here to have *any* force."

I am well aware that in treating of the influence of co-education, and of all higher education, upon the health of young women, I am venturing upon what may be considered by many as, at least, debatable ground; especially by those who have been influenced by what has been written upon this subject of late by one standing high in the medical profession. I shall not here attempt in detail a refutation of the positions assumed in the work of Dr. Clarke. This has already been done, and effectually done, by other hands, and I have only to refer you to the exhaustive replies of Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Duffey, Miss Brackett, and the recent work on "Woman's Education and Woman's Health," by Prof. Comfort, of Syracuse University, and his wife, Dr. Anna Manning Comfort. The physiological aspect of this question can be most successfully treated by a professionally educated woman, and in this, as in other respects, Dr. Comfort has nobly performed her task. I most earnestly commend her work to those mothers who have been led, by the recent discussions of this subject, to fear that their daughters were in danger of impairing their health by excessive study. By the above-named replies, and the various criticisms of lesser pretensions that have appeared in the public prints from time to time, the bulwark against the yearly increasing demand for the admission of women to our colleges, attempted to be set up by Dr. Clarke, has been completely swept away. Indeed, it is so manifest that the Doctor's arguments prove too much, that they bear with them, upon their face, their own refutation. His book, although chiefly aimed at co-education, is quite as conclusive, if its premises be admitted, against *all higher education for women.* And yet, upon its first appearance, many friends of progress were startled, and felt the necessity of re-establishing the grounds of their former convictions. The faculties of some colleges, long committed to the principles of co-education, appointed committees

to investigate the doctrines set forth by Dr. Clarke, as bearing directly upon the practical work in which they were engaged. Extensive correspondence has been had, testimony has been taken, and views have been compared, and the result of it all has been a deeper conviction than ever before that the great need of women is—*not* abstaining from all exercise, physical and mental, at frequent stated periods, as Dr. Clarke would have us believe, and which he mistakenly announces as the "European way"—but that all the avenues of knowledge and culture should be freely opened to woman, and that she should have, equally with man, an opportunity for the fullest development of all her powers. It has very often been asserted that Dr. Clarke's book, appearing when it did, and directing public attention to the subject of woman's education as it does, has been productive of much good. I admit it, full of errors and false conclusions though it be. In the words of Prof. and Dr. Comfort, in the conclusion of their work upon "Woman's Education and Woman's Health:" "The cry of *Fire!* in a vessel at sea, even though a false alarm, will put officers and crew upon the alert to use extra caution to avoid so fearful a disaster as the burning of a steamship, with its precious freight of human life, a thousand miles from land. Not the lives of a few hundred passengers for a few days are committed to the charge of educators, but, in a large degree, the health, the lives, and the general welfare of the entire race. The false alarm thus created by Dr. Clarke will doubtless lead to a re-examination of the merits, defects, and errors of our present system of education. In this sense alone can his book be said to have done much good."

Of the motives which prompted the preparation of this work, by one long and intimately connected with the government of Harvard University, at a time when there was a daily increasing danger of the removal of ancient landmarks, and of the admission of women to that Institution, it is not my province nor my intention here to speak. It was doubtless the right and the duty of the author, with *his* convictions as to the propriety of educating young women with and as young men, to resist their admission to the institution in which he was especially interested.

I may here make a passing allusion to the recent demonstration before the National Teachers' Association at Detroit. That it should follow the numerous and convincing replies to this truly sensational book, and be led off by its author, just as a strong reactionary current is beginning to set in, is surely a significant sign of the times.

That the legitimate result of the conclusions reached in the work of Dr. Clarke, if generally accepted, would set back the cause of woman at least a century, I can have no doubt. Let those who do not accept this view refer to the columns of *The Nation* for June 25th, page 408, where some of the replies to Dr. Clarke's work are briefly considered. The whole tone of this article has been well characterized by Higginson as "brutal and discourteous;" but let us see, from a brief quotation, to what the logic of Dr. Clarke and his defenders inevitably leads: "The relations of the sexes," says *The Nation*, "as settled by convention, rest, and have always rested, in large part, on a solid basis of social need. Even the Indian, who makes the squaw carry his baggage, while he rides along on the pony, could show this to be the best arrangement, both for the squaw and for himself, in the social condition in which they live." But one thing is needed in this statement to bring us to the legitimate conclusion of the argument; and that is the assertion that "the social condition in which they live" is the *most desirable one*, at least so far as woman is concerned. This editor, who, in a flippant article in the issue of July 2d, speaks of woman as "a certain variety of human being," is certainly on the high road to this conclusion, if he has not already reached it. But I dismiss Dr. Clarke and his defenders with the single additional remark, that no attempt, even though heralded as the announcement of *valuable scientific truth*, can circumscribe the sphere of woman to the limits assigned her by the past century, or introduce among Americans of to-day either the physical, intellectual, or spiritual serfdom of woman, of which the Indian squaw is so elegantly chosen as the type and emblem.

I am frequently asked whether there are no practical difficulties in the association, in school and college, of young persons of marriageable age, and whether too great an interest in each other is not likely to interfere with that amount of study necessary to secure a high standard of scholarship. To this query I most unhesitatingly answer that the difficulties referrred to are, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, diminished instead of increased by co education. Do not such difficulties occur among young men in college, and young ladies in our most select and carefully guarded private schools? And is that interest in each other which may ripen into marriage in later years, always to be checked and repressed at this period of life? May it not, should it not rather, be directed by the circumstances thrown around the young, and brought more under the influence of reason? In our own experience of five years, not a single case of impropriety has occurred which

could have been cited by Prof. Hosmer to swell his list, recently given at Detroit, a list which would have been much longer and more startling if confined to the experiences of the young men of our separate colleges for a single year.

I speak of what I know when I say that there is no surer means of enabling young persons to know each other as they really are, and to prevent the vast amount of suffering arising from ill-assorted marriages, than the daily association of young men and young women in the pursuit of their studies; and there is no surer means of creating romantic and unreasonable attachments, and of producing all the evils which we would avoid, than by continuing to foster the *cloister system* of education, handed down to us from a half-civilized and semi-barbarous age.

In conclusion, as to the necessity or desirableness of separate schools for the sexes under any circumstances, I quote from a recent report of the Boston University, an institution just entering upon the second year of its organized existence, already one of the best endowed institutions of learning in the country, and which has set the noble example of opening all its departments to men and women alike. The following is its testimony upon the subject of co-education:

"*Class* schools are very well in their place. Schools for the feeble-minded, reform schools, schools for deaf mutes—no one should object to these. So, if any class of philanthropists feel called upon to organize *special schools* for girls or boys constitutionally too delicate to bear the nervous shock of school association with the other sex, let no one oppose. Such institutions may serve to illustrate the tender and gentle charities to which our Christian civilization gives origin. But a university exists for altogether different purposes. It is not instituted for the benefit of a *class*. It is the highest organ of human society for the conservation, furtherance and communication of knowledge; for the induction of successive generations into its possession; for the service of mankind in all highest social offices. To artificially restrict the benefit of such an institution to one-half of the community, by a discrimination based solely upon a birth distinction, is worse than un-American. It is an injury to society as a whole, a loss to the favored class, a wrong to the unfavored."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 17, 1874.

Women's Medical College.—On the first day of Tenth month, 1874, was laid, at the northwest corner of Twenty-first street and North College avenue, the corner-stone of the new building for the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia.

It was an interesting occasion, a large number being present. After listening to a lecture, introductory to the twenty-fifth annual course, by Prof. Isaac Comly, M. D., the audience left the lecture-room, and proceeded to the new building, in process of erection, to witness the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone.

The exercises were opened by the reading of a Psalm by Dr. Mary J. Scarlet Dixon, and an appropriate silence.

Considerable information was given by different parties with regard to the building, its cost, and the need of further contributions to clear it from debt.

We were informed of the contents of the box before it was put in place. The stone was laid by T. Morris Perot, President of the Board of Corporators; after which, addresses were delivered by Dr. Henry Hartshorne and Emeline Cleveland, M. D.

THE ADDRESS OF DR. HENRY HARTSHORNE.

"Standing, as we now are, under the shadow of one of the grandest piles of architecture in America, it may well happen that in the building here to be erected, there is no intent of ambitious competition in beauty any more than in massiveness of structure.

"Nor, indeed, is rivalry of any kind a component part of this enterprise. As this is the oldest medical college for women in the world, it is also the only one in our city or State in unity with the regular profession. But, among the many edifices of a more or less public kind in which Philadelphia abounds, and of which several are now in course of construction, this may well claim an honorable place.

"Not that, like the one which we now see opposite to us, raised as a shining monument to a benefactor of the city, it is to maintain a liberal charity for the poor. Nor, like our Academy of Natural Sciences, will it provide and accumulate material for the increase of natural knowledge among people of all vocations. Nor yet, again, is it for the gratification and culture of refined taste, such as may be promoted by the Academy of Fine Arts through its treasures. But, with the noble object of affording improved and extended means for the training and introduction of competent women into the medical profession and its practice, it will confer a real advantage upon the community. It is to give the skill of science and the resources of experience to strengthen women for that which, in all

nes and countries, nature and humanity have inted out, by every token of motherhood, sister-od and unselfish devotion, as woman's special ssion,—the tender, watchful, faithful care of the k and suffering.

"It is, moreover, to aid in giving opportunity to omen to develop for their best exercise the talents od has given them, and to occupy, at their choice, ting places of independence and usefulness. So becomes and continues to be part of a larger ovement, one characteristic of the present age, e general elevation and advancement of woman. s, then, this corner-stone represents or typifies the lifice which is soon to rise to completion above id around it, the whole college itself, we may ope, may be but the corner-stone of a grand, ex-nded, completed future University for women. nis the Vassars, Cornells and Packers of our coun-y cannot much longer, I believe, leave unbuilt—place where every woman who has capacity and spirations for advanced knowledge may become ted for any intellectual pursuit or accomplish-ent. By such advantages and opportunities omen may and will become more and more the ue helpmeets and associates of men.

"But our thoughts naturally turn from these im-inations of the future towards some recollections the past. I seem to see now, in yonder building, here the College has so long been located, behind desk in one of those lecture-rooms, the figure of woman, slight, quiet, reserved, yet genial, full of tellectual and moral light. We cannot, at this npressive moment, forget Ann Preston. How she ould have rejoiced in this hour! It does not elong to us to know how much the petty, or even ie greatest, interests of this world affect those who ave left it, but it appears to be at least an inno-ent thought that, if her work-weary frame had ut endured until to-day, she would have found in nis occasion a consummation such as she had riven long and waited for.

"Another true and tried friend of the College and s cause must also be remembered now. Isaac Bar-on, unostentatious in his kindness and forethought, onstant in his friendship during life, he was munif-cent in his service to the College in the final dis-osal of his estate, assisting more than any one, or ny two other individuals, many and generous as ie friends of the College have been, to place it upon secure and permanent foundation. Others, also, ell deserve our recollection here, in the same con-ection: but I must leave such retrospections to hose whose acquaintance with the institution has een longer than my own. Enough for us that the eriod of martyrdom, greater or less, for this cause, s past.

"To-day, I believe, it may be said that, nowhere, n Europe or America, exists any organized opposi-ion to the entrance of competent women into the nedical profession, or to their acquisition therein of such rights privileges and rewards as they may fairly earn. Individual opposition there still may be, but it is disarmed everywhere by isolation. I rejoice, not only for the cause's sake, but for that of the medical profession which I love, and for the credit of its members, that, here in Philadelphia, open, busy opposition has been quieted, we may trust, forever. May it be buried so deeply that it shall never be remembered again, even in that far-off day when these now rising solid foundations shall have crumbled into dust, and these records, which at this hour are sealed under the care of time, shall be brought forth once more to the light.

"Ladies, students of the Women's Medical College, this is to you an era of hope and promise. Within a few months our corporators will place in our hands for your service accommodations expressly and thoughtfully provided for your needs. We look here for facilities for your instruction, and for that of others like yourselves, in all medical studies, and also, before long, in pharmacy and dental surgery. There will be, you may confidently expect, no limit to this extension of your resources, but that of the means obtainable by our corporators for the purpose. Their wishes and ours reach as high and as widely as yours.

"But, ladies, with these anticipations comes also a duty, a responsibility upon you and us. It is not *foundations*, however well laid, nor *walls*, however lofty or capacious, that make a college. We must also have faithful, laborious teachers and assiduous, conscientious students. As Professor Preston said in the College announcement for 1866: 'The aim of this college is to elevate, not to lower, the standard of medical education and of the profession. The effort is not to send out many graduates, but to render those who go forth well qualified to sustain themselves and the cause.'

"Already there have gone out from this institution some distinguished graduates—physicians whose names are known abroad as well as at home: whose positions in medical organizations, and whose original work in the science and literature of the profession are known and acknowledged.

"But it is not distinction alone, or chiefly, that we wish for you and your successors. By itself this is worth but little. More than that we hope for you,—a greater and greater enlargement and extension of usefulness. This much we may concede to those who strive to limit woman's sphere, that her labors are often much more useful in proportion to their fame and display than man's. Her beneficent influence is not mostly like the heavy falling rain, but rather,

"'It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven.'

"So, at this time, in far-off fields of mission work among the heathen, and in thousands of households nearer home, medical women have become the dearest and most trusted friends, the daily and nightly safeguards of those for whom they care.

"As we lay this corner-stone, then, it should be with a genuine feeling of gratitude toward and trust in the bounty of Providence. I congratulate you, men and women of our Board of Corporators, that your long and patient faithfulness to your work has thus far prospered; and you, my colleagues, that our hands are so filled and strengthened for the work that is to come. I congratulate you, too, young ladies, on the encouragement of the prospect before you; you will, I trust, build on the foundations provided for you, not wood, hay nor stubble, but as with gold and silver, things that will endure, and upon this superstructure, and yet more on that, may the ever-needful blessing of the Giver of all good gifts descend and abide to the end"

The correspondent who kindly furnished the above, adds:

"I have given a correct account of the ceremonies, as far as it goes; and I have often thought it remarkable that women are so slow to understand and appreciate the great boon, to their sex, of a medical college and female physicians. Here they can receive knowledge of more value to them than any other, as regards their welfare in this world. I hope to see the day when a finished education will be considered incomplete without some knowledge of medical science.

"Women especially become the prey of the prevailing fashion. The mass being by custom kept in profound ignorance of useful knowledge, credit what is told them, because they cannot detect a fallacy either in science or argument. Who need so much to know something of anatomy and pharmacy as they? Who, by their natural constitution are, through ignorance, so frequently the victims of disease?

"I hope, when woman becomes her own physician, many perplexing problems of social life will be solved, and we shall not feel, as at present, that we are, by the dissoluteness of the age, swept as by the besom of destruction." E.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPERANCE UNION.—This organization of Friends, holding their meetings in one of the rooms of Race Street Meeting-house, as was stated in our last number, has been looking forward toward doing something in the way of providing a pleasant, comfortable room for the destitute and needy working people in that vicinity, where coffee and tea and other simple refreshments could always be obtained at a trifling cost, and the poorest and most degraded inebriate be encouraged to attempt reformation. This room is to be provided with books and papers and be kept warm and well-lighted during the winter evenings.

At their last meeting, held in the Ninth month, the matter was brought up again; but a similar establishment being in successful operation at Fifteenth and Market streets, started by a Friend, it was concluded to hold the project under advisement, with the hope that, in the near future, the Temperance Union may be able to raise sufficient funds to carry out their intention in some other section of our city. These young people are engaged in a good work, and deserve the encouragement and substantial aid of every Friend in the city who desires to see the end of the terrible evil that the use of intoxicating beverages is inflicting on the community.

NOTE.—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the formal opening of the Franklin Institute Exhibition, which occurred in this city, on the 6th inst.; also a season-ticket.

There are many of our readers who will remember with what pleasure the Annual Exhibition of the Institute was welcomed in former years. The last one, we believe, was in 1859, and now, after fifteen years, the opportunity is presented to compare the improvement in manufactures and the arts, and the advancement in what contributes to the prosperity of our country.

While there are in our city so many exhibitions objectionable in their character, the object of this is so laudable that it may safely be recommended as one where a few hours can be pleasantly and profitably spent.

The rooms of the Exhibition, at the corner of Thirteenth and Market streets, will close on the 31st of the present month.

WE have received the initial number of the *Northampton Journal*, a weekly paper, edited by Aaron M. Powell, so long and favorably known in connection with the *Anti-Slavery Standard*.

An earnest and fearless advocate of every reform that promises to advance the interests

umanity, we heartily wish him that meas- of success in his new enterprise which his lity and experience as an editor should im for him. It is published at North- pton, Massachusetts.

NOTE.—The Proceedings of the First-day hool General Conference, lately held at . Pleasant, Ohio, are on our table, but ing to a press of other matter, any further ice must be deferred for a future number.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

TO SALZBURG AND BERCHTESGADEN.

No. 18.

In travelling by rail, from Jenbach on the n, to Salzburg in the Salsach, we pass ough much fine scenery and many places historic interest; but the progress is so dis- tingly rapid compared with the deliberate e at which we have been moving of late, t the panorama which whirls past the win- w of the shut up car makes but a faint im- ession on the mind. We are gradually de- nding to lower levels, and can see that we passing rocky hills, on which are castles, ne in ruins and some yet inhabited, it is d, by descendants of the feudal warriors old. At Kufstein, we pass into the Bava- n land. Here we change cars, and are y briefly interviewed by custom-house icers. During a half hour's pause, we have e to look about us, and to admire the lofty cient fortress on the opposite bank of the n. It stands up grandly on an almost per- ndicular rock, and looks formidable as well ancient. It is now used as a state prison, ther than a defence, and is not accessible strangers; but this circumstance does t grieve us, for we are told that the sole proach is very steep, and that provis- is and other necessaries have to be drawn by means of a windlass. I read that it s besieged in 1504 by the Emperor Max- ilian I, but at first without success. The varian commandant was so confident that e stronghold was quite impregnable, that caused the walls to be swept with brooms, derision, to intimate the impotence of the mperor's cannon. But Maximilian pro- red heavier ordnance, destroyed the walls, d put the over-confident Bavarian to death. would be pleasant to linger longer, and try me of the interesting walks up the hill- les, but the train is ready, and we are soon hirling onward again towards Salzburg. e have now for companions in the railway rriage two Benedictine priests, and have a ospect of three or four hours tête-à-tête with these authorized teachers of the Romish faith. They wear the neat, long black dress of their order, are fine-looking, dignified men, and courteously help us into the carriage with our packages. I am curious to see if these eccles- iastics will enter into conversation with us, according to the universal custom of the Ger- man land, when any common ground can be found in language. One of the priests, a fatherly old man, gray-haired and kindly, in response to inquiries in regard to the Bavarian currency, asked us in a friendly manner con- cerning our nationality, and then told us about his own land (Austria), the troubles of the church, and the hardship of having to give so much of their revenues to the government. "We have to render so much to Cæsar," he said, "there is but little left to give to God." My friend told him of our visit to the Benedictine Abbey of Einseideln, and of her interest in the faith of the simple moun- tain people, who brought their grateful little offerings of love and devotion to lay at the feet of the Virgin, and in the manifest earn- estness of their prayers for spiritual and tem- poral help. He inquired if we knew that the Abbot of Einseideln had a branch establish- ment in America, and expressed his approval of the principles of civil and religious liberty, so dear to Americans. He also remarked that the most faithful and devoted Catholics of Europe were the Tyrolese and the Belgians, and then inquired if we were Catholics, seem- ing a little disappointed to get a negative re- ply, but said he had more sympathy with sincere persons of the Protestant faith than with those who were quite indifferent to all ideas of Christian belief. The younger brother had nothing to say, but seemed to take a friendly interest in the conversation. They were both pleasant, scholarly-looking men, and I was greatly interested in this railway carriage interview. These small compart- ments, which have only seats for eight per- sons, who sit face to face, greatly promote social mingling among travellers, though they give very little opportunity to observe the country we pass through; but nothing in any country can compare in interest with the people who dwell therein.

At station Rosenheim the railway crosses the Inn, and turns eastward. We take leave of the sheltering hills, and seem to enter the wide common world again; the comparatively level country of Bavaria is around us, and the mountains are receding into the faint, smoky distance. We pass the small Simmsee to the south, and soon the wide expanse of the Chiemsee to the north of us, comes in view. It is a lake 12 miles long and 9 broad, and lies at an elevation of 1,680 feet, contain- ing three interesting islands of considerable

extent, where it would be pleasant and restful to loiter many days; but we hasten on by the south side of the Chiemsee, and onward over wooded and grassy hills, over the Saalach and by the Schloss Klesheim on the right, a chateau of the Archduke Charles Louis. To the left, rises the beautiful white-walled pilgrimage church of Maria Plain, just 300 years old, whence, we are told, splendid views of the charming environs of Salzburg are to be enjoyed at the evening hour. We cross the river Salzach, the train halts, and here is Salzburg.

We descend from the carriage, and find that though the city lies before us in full view, that it is a half mile away. The Hotel de l'Europe is close at hand—a large, handsome building, in the midst of spacious and well-kept grounds, and looks most attractive—but we prefer to enter the city, and find very comfortable rooms in the central part of Salzburg, at the Goldnes Schiff, whence we can look out, on one side, on the bronze semblance of Mozart, and on the other, upon the magnificent lofty fountain of the Hofbrunnen in the Residenz-Platz. But, far more striking, picturesque and grand beyond compare, is the lofty fortress of Hohen-Salzburg, whose pinnacled towers stand upon a precipitous rock, and are 400 feet above the street of the city.

Salzburg is a bright, clean, handsome city, of 18,500 inhabitants, and it is said that few of the towns of Germany are so beautiful for situation. It is situated on both banks of the Salzach, and is hedged in on either hand by mountain walls. Three bridges cross the rapid glacial river, which is hurrying northward to bear tribute to the Inn. There are very few marks of great antiquity in this handsome and cleanly city, though it was in existence in the far-away Roman days. Frequent conflagrations, it is said, have swept away almost all the ancient city, and most of the principal buildings now standing are of the 17th and 18th centuries. Salzburg, in those days, was the capital of the wealthiest and most powerful spiritual principality in South Germany, which, in 1802, was secularized and converted into a temporal electorate. It afterwards became Austrian, then Bavarian, and in 1816 Austrian again, and is now the seat of an Archbishop of princely rank. The architecture and decorations of the city are Italian in their character, the Cathedral being erected in 1614–55 by Santino Solari, in imitation of St. Peter's, at Rome.

We take an evening walk around the city, and admire its fountains, marble edifices and broad, fair streets, and resolve to mount to the castle on the morrow. In the morning, chair-carriers are in waiting, and offer a pleasant ride in a comfortably-cushioned chair for a very moderate sum; but I declined, thinking the fortress not too high to be attained without such help. It is quite a long walk up the zigzag pathway, and many stairs are to be mounted before we stand in the Platz; and then there are many long stair cases within before we stand on the high battlements and look down on the lower world triumphantly. The fortification was founded in the ninth century, and, consequently, some portions of the castle are a thousand years old. But the greater part of the pile dates from 1496 to 1519. We look long and admiringly at the beautiful environs of Salzburg, and the noble mountains to the southward, dim now with distance and with the mists of the morning; then we are led downward and along long passages, and mount another long, winding stairway, when we are introduced into a long and lofty saloon, called the Furstenzimmer (Prince's Hall), which has been recently restored in the old style, and is now supposed to give a correct idea of the festal halls of knights and princely bishops in the heroic ages. It was originally fitted up by Archbishop Leonhard, in the sixteenth century. Another stately room adjoining this contains a remarkably fine Gothic stove of porcelain. It is highly ornamented, and is perhaps, six feet square at the base, and reaches almost to the lofty ceiling above. It is in just as good order, apparently, as it was in the days when it dispensed friendly heat for the comfort of princes, spiritual and temporal. The mighty ones of earth no longer care to mount to these airy halls to hold their councils or their festivities, but a large garrison of Austrian soldiers find it a fitting home. All their provisions and other necessaries are drawn up by a windlass, as there is no wagon road up to the height. We give a brief look at the castle-chapel founded by Archbishop Leonhard, and see the red-marble reliefs which represent the priestly founder and the saints. It also contains statues of the Twelve Apostles in red marble.

Much of the stone-work in this city is of the coarse, conglomerate rock (breccia) of the Monchsberg. The pebbles of which it is composed are often very large and of many colors, which give a curious, mottled appearance to the columns and archways fashioned from it. The Neuther is a tunnel 150 yards in length, which was hewn, in 1767, through the Monchsberg, and leads out of the city by the barracks. The statue of the Archduke Sigismund, in whose reign the tunnel was constructed, stands just beyond it, and on the handsomely-sculptured face of the tunnel is an inscription which seems to signify "The rock speaketh." If the mighty mountain

ll, which lifts its long, frowning height perndicularly from the narrow river-valley bew, could indeed speak, it might tell of frelent land-slips which thundered down from ove, and buried houses and their inhabnts beneath the ruins. The street adjacent the rock is called the Gstättengasse, and e houses cling to the rock like swallows' sts, the cellars and some of the rooms beg hewn out of the solid mass of firm conomerate. We entered a little rock-built fe and found a cooking-stove at work, and woman preparing simple meals for the orer sort of guests in this little cell. It as only about fifteen feet long by nine feet de, and the stove discharged its smoke into e street just above the heads of passers. e walk up the rock-hewn street past dwelngs and shops, and pause to look a moment a case of fine cutlery in one of the winws. There is a mysterious roaring within, d, under pretence of making a trifling purase, we enter. What was our astonishment find a strong stream of water dashing down om some hidden depth in the background, and sappearing as mysteriously under the street front. It turned several wheels which oved grindstones, at which men were sitting d sharpening cutlery. The workmen were nused at our inquiries, and informed us that e same stream which we could see coursing derneath the side of their shop, turned the heel of a grain-mill next door. So we alked into the low-arched building next or, and sure enough there was a roaring ill and a bakery, both in operation, a fineoking, blue-eyed woman superintending the ork. She receives us courteously, and allows s to penetrate into the solemn shades which em to lead to light beyond. We emerge to a narrow court at the foot of the Monchsrg, and there is a three-story house sculpred out of, or rather into the very mouniin. It looks neat and inviting, with bright, ean, curtained windows and well-cut outside one stairway, and as we stand looking with terest, a young woman, dressed in mourning arments, comes out apparently ready for a alk, but seeing our curiosity, invites us to ter the rock hewn dwelling. We go in at er invitation, and find spacious, square ooms comfortably furnished and spotlessly ean, where, our hostess tells us, they have ved for thirty years. The third story was e sleeping apartment, and was arched up to the rock and finished smooth and white; nd, from it, one could get the sunshine and view of the blue sky. This was all of the xternal world which these civilized cavewellers could enjoy from their own habitaon. Our conductor told us that her father ad been the miller, and that he had died only three weeks since, and that the woman in the mill, her mother, was now conducting the business. A Singer's sewing-machine, in good order, gave rather an American look to the family sitting room, and suggested ingenuity and thrift, while the tasteful and simple ornamentation, and the well-kept, antique furniture, were equally suggestive of good housekeeping, refinement and a degree of culture, and I returned to the busy Gstättengasse, feeling that I had had a glimpse of another phase of life than I had ever seen before.

The Burial Ground of St. Peter also nestles at the foot of the Monchsberg. Along the base of the rock, vaults are hewn and chapels attached, in which, under a sort of arcade, are placed symbols of devotion, and floral tributes to the memory of the departed. A Dead Chapel, a receptacle for corpses during the interval between death and burial, is also chiseled out of the rock, and we enter and see before us, in the robes of interment, the dead body of an aged woman. Persons were entering and departing all the time, and the woman in charge told us that the deceased had been a servant in the same family all her life; had been born and had died in their house, and so great had been their regard for her that they had done this honor to her remains. She had been remarkable for the cheerfulness and serenity of her disposition, and the dead face gave evidence of peaceful, contented life and happy death. We did not imitate the example of the other visitors and sprinkle holy water from the vase in front of us on the floor before her, but turned again into the street, thinking a little of the solemn and sorrowful words of the royal Preacher: "I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are yet alive." There is a sort of child-like simplicity of faith in these Catholics, which is restful and rather pleasant amid the intellectual strife of this eager, pushing nineteenth century, and one likes to indulge the hope that what seems to us only a petty idolatry may be acceptable to the Divine Goodness from its earnestness and entire sincerity; and we see every day among them abundant evidence that they do not neglect the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy and truth. I marvel not so much at the adoration of the laity for the terrible sculptured memorials of the gracious One whom civilized mankind have so long loved to call Master and Lord; and of the saintly Mother whose heart was pierced with so many sorrows; but it is impossible for a Protestant to be otherwise than amazed at the superstition of the priests, who are supposed to be men of intellect and of superior culture. They do not, as a rule, however, look like

the noblest of their race, and I coincide with the views of another observer, who says: "Here and there I have seen some fine, benevolent heads—quite apostle-like—but in the main they are coarse and common, evidently taken from the lower classes and educated only to a certain point; the point, beyond which a human being ceases to be a mere machine, thinks spontaneous thoughts and indulges in original acts, which might be rather inconvenient in a system of such total self-repression as the Catholic Church. These men, principally old men, had all the air of devoutness; but it was a dull, solid, not to say stupid, air, implying superstition rather than faith, and the lazy following of others' opinions rather than that wide eyed search after truth for truth's own sake, which is the only thing which makes a religious man a true priest."

On the other side of the river from the Monschsberg rises more gradually, a lofty and beautiful terraced and wooded hill called the Capuzinerberg, the seat of a Capuchin monastery, from which it is easy to believe there are excellent views of the town and fortress, and of the valley of Berchtesgaden. But we are content to dispense with this excursion after having scaled the lofty walls of the Hohen-Salzburg.

Before leaving the city we thought it well to take an afternoon ride three miles to the southward to the imperial chateau and gardens of Hellbrun. It is only moderately praised in the guide-book, not being marked with a star, but we found it a very charming place, a lovely garden of lakes, rivulets, fountains and curious, grotesque and beautiful ornamentation. Water was most abundant everywhere, and ferns, lycopodiums, liverworts and mosses of every minute and curious kind, were growing and flourishing among the most unique stone-work, of the coarse, conglomerate rock of the neighborhood. The taste of little children had been remembered, and miniature mills, and workers of every kind, regiments of soldiers, and animals were put in motion by the same descending stream that filled the lakes and gave life to the fountains. I cannot describe the grottoes, peopled with historic and mythologic personages in the very act of performing the crowning feat of their supposed lives. The garden was also the home of an infinite variety of rich flowering plants which seemed to be flourishing mightily. I think I never saw such lordly fuschias, trained up in tree-like forms, and bearing flowers of wondrous size and richness.

Whole colonies of trout seemed to follow us round as we walked along the borders of the beautiful, clear lake which was their home. The water was only a few inc deep, and so very clear as to be almost visible over the layer of pure white s which formed the bottom. A few yards fr this lake of pure crystal was a stagnant p on which the fragrant white water lilie our own land were blooming in the grea profusion. It was curious to note what ferent classes of vegetation flourish side side in these two lakes, one of pure cold r ning water from the mountains, and the ot a still pool, replenished, perhaps, by the wa rains which have not felt the chilling bre of the snowy hill-tops. But the shades night are falling and we have not time to inspect the "Steinerne Theatre," hewn the rock, where pastorals and operas w once performed under the patronage of t archbishops. The chateau, now a restaura decorated with historical frescoes, by M cagni, has also to be passed by without g ting so much attention as it deserves, so lo have we lingered among the flowers, grotto lakes and fountains. It is one of the m attractive and romantic spots I have seen Europe, differing materially from the pleasu grounds I have visited in the many cit through which we have passed. No Am ican, at least, who visits Salzburg should m seeing the Hellbrun. When shall we see su charming pleasure-gardens for the innoce amusement of all the people, in the imm diate vicinity of not only the greater, b of the smaller cities of *our* country. O parks have an abundance—miles and mil —of broad gravelled roads, where those w possess horses and carriages may enjoy t luxury of rapid driving, while there is but small proportion of those pleasing surprise delightful resting places, and curiosities art which make the German gardens so d lightful to the humble pedestrian.

The most conspicuous mountain in th vicinity of Salzburg is the Untersberg, whic culminates in three peaks, over 6,000 fe high, and adventurous and heroic pilgrim love to climb it, and examine the curiou rocky clefts and gullies, botanize on i slopes, visit the Kolowrat cavern with i fantastic ice formations, and brave the peril of a dangerous, rocky pathway. Under thi mountain, ancient tradition saith, sleep Charlemagne, ready to arise when German is restored to her ancient glory. Let us be lieve that a more excellent greatness tha that of the war-like monarch of the earl days of modern enlightenment, is in stor for the great German people of the nineteent century. S. R.

Ninth month 2d, 1874.

Buy the truth and sell it not.—Prov. 23 : 2

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

When summer suns their radiance fling
O'er every bright and beauteous thing;
When, strong in faith, the evil day
Of pain and grief seems far away;
When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,
And smooth the stream of life glides on;
When duty, cheerful, chosen, free,
Brings her own prompt reward to thee;
'Tis easy, then, my soul, to raise
The grateful song of heavenly praise.

But, worn and languid, day and night,
To see the same unchanging sight,
To feel the rising morn can bring
Nor health, nor ease, upon its wing,
Nor form of beauty can create,
The languid sense to renovate;
To look within, and feel the mind
Full charged with blessings for mankind;
Then, gazing round this little room,
To whisper, "*This* must be thy doom;
Here must thou struggle; here, alone,
Repress tired Nature's rising moan;"
O then, my soul, how hard to raise,
In such an hour, the song of praise!

To look on all this scene of tears,
Of doubts, of wishes, hopes and fears,
As some preluding strain that tries
Our discords and our harmonies;
To think how many a jarring string
The Master-hand in tune may bring;
How, "finely-touched," the soul of pride
May sink, subdued and rectified;
How, taught its inmost self to know,
May bless the hand which gave the blow;
Each root of bitterness removed,
Each plant of heavenly growth improved;
Instructed thus, who would not raise
To Heaven his song of cheerful praise?

To feel declining, day by day,
Each harsher murmur die away,
And secret springs of joy arise
To lighten up the weary eyes;
A hand invisible to feel,
Wounding, with kind desire to heal;
In every bitter draught to think
Of Him who learned that cup to drink;
Again, and oft again to look
In rapture on that blessed Book,
Whose soothing words proclaim to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be;"
Then, with changed heart and steadfast mind
High heaven before and earth behind,
Thy path of pain again to tread
Till earth receives thy wearied head;
O blessed lot! who would not raise,
In life or death, the song of praise?

—*Emily Taylor.*

AUTUMN.

s the golden gleam of an autumn day,
th the soft rain raining as if in play;
d a tender touch upon everything,
if autumn remembered the days of spring.

the listening woods there is not a breath
shake their gold to the sward beneath;
d a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,
ough the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

e cock's clear crow from the farm-yard comes,
e muffled bell from the belfry booms,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,
While nearer the swooping swallows skim
O'er the steel-grey river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
No grief for the vanished summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose,
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful, with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh
It ponders the past that has hurried by;
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.* W. W. S.

NEWSPAPERS.

In the speculations of philosophers "what dreams may come," is curiously illustrated by the Grecian, Plato, who laments the invention of *writing* as a misfortune to mankind, as the prolific parent of borrowed sophistical and illusory wisdom. What the philosophers would say to *printing*, which reproduces writing by millions of copies, it is hard to think. Possibly language would furnish no words sufficient to convey his "apprehensions" dire; but possibly also, on the other hand, if he lived now and enjoyed the benefits of the great invention, he might admit that printing is of some possible utility. The idea of Plato was that this true knowledge is not to be communicated from man to man, but must be recovered out of the depths of the soul itself, to which it had been communicated in some previous state or condition of existence. So the German professor who "evolved a camel out of his own consciousness" was only a Platonist after all, and not so originally absurd as we are in the habit of regarding him.

Without going into any metaphysical discussion as to what true wisdom is, it will be admitted that writing and printing have made the human brain available for useful purposes; the *practical* in morals, in religion, in art and industry and commerce. There is a great fascination for most minds in speculation and theory. The revolutions of the press, like the mills of the gods, grind the

quips and crudities of dreamy thought "exceeding small," and, sifting out the useful, let the useless fall aside, to be ground over again and again. But, unlike the mills of the gods, the press does not "grind slowly." The operation of the press is both rapid and continuous. It is a great factor in public matters, in knowledge of all kinds, and in the commonest events of daily life. The man who does not read—the newspaper at least—is behind the age, and for most of the purposes for which life is valuable, might almost as well be buried with Plato as pretending to live in this nineteenth century. We say *almost* because that even those who cannot read themselves can hear what others read, and get a fair modicum of such things as they need to know at second hand.

Whatever good is in the world to-day is due, more than to any other purely human agency, to the power of the printing press. It supplements the work of teacher, of morals, of politics, of science; and it divides the experience of men among men. It is utterly impossible for a man of the present day to conceive of the condition of the world when printing was unknown; or when, though known, its advantages were restricted to comparatively few. The utility of printing was formerly scarcely understood, even by the limited number to whom reading as a daily thing was possible. A foreign traveller in this country about forty years ago made a special note of admiration upon the fact that working men, while waiting or resting, passed their time over a newspaper in the streets. It is about forty years since the cheap and popular daily press was established. There are many living men writing still who wrote for the first issues of the convenient and universally circulated popular daily paper. Wonderful has been the educational work to which rapid increase of newspapers has contributed. There is no standard by which this influence can fairly be measured. While it is unquestionably true that the world is no better than it should be, it is impossible to say how much worse it would have been without the conservative influence of the press, and especially the newspapers.—*Ledger.*

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M., Tenth month 13th. Cars leave Thirty-second and Market at 7.30 A. M., and 1 P. M., for Morgan's Corner, where Friends will meet visitors if notified.

Byberry, 3 P. M., Tenth month 18th.

FIRST-DAY READING MEETING.

Believing that there is an advantage in thus mingling, an invitation is extended to such as incline to meet at Race street Meeting-house on First-day, at 9 A. M., for the reading and consideration of the Scriptures, Friends' writings and other appropriate works.

A meeting of concerned Friends will be held at the Bethany Mission School-house, Brandywine St. above Fifteenth, on Sixth-day, the 16th instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., if so permitted.

JOSEPH BANCROFT, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

A FINE oil has lately been discovered in the seed of the ochra plant, of a quality equal to olive o

THE loss caused by the typhoon at Hong Kong is estimated at £1,000,000. The shore for miles around is strewn with the wrecks of vessels that were destroyed.

THE second year of the Anderson School of Natural History, at Penikese, has been unexpectedly successful. The number of students was forty-six, that of instructors was twelve. Eighty-one lectures were delivered during the term. Professor Alexander Agassiz acted as Director, T. G. Cary as Treasurer. The laboratory is hung with sentences and sayings of the late lamented Louis Agassiz.—*Boston Transcript.*

ON the 30th of Seventh month last the first regular mail was made up and forwarded over the lines of the new post-office on Mt. Washington. Only a few years ago and the ascent was attended with difficulty, danger and sometimes with death. Now the summit is reached on the one side by excellent coaches over a good road, on the other in good, commodious cars. On one's arrival among the clouds he finds not only a hotel furnished with all the modern and luxurious improvements, but also all the papers and periodicals of the day, brought by a daily mail.

THE new quadruple telegraph invented by George B. Prescott (the electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company) and Thomas A. Edison, by which four messages are sent simultaneously over a single wire, has been for several days in successful operation on the Western Union Telegraph line between New York and Boston, and arrangements are making for immediately extending its use upon all the principal lines in the country. By the aid of the new and important invention, each wire now in use is practically quadrupled.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A DESPATCH to the London *Times* of the 24th ult. says: "There appears to be a revival of religious intolerance in Turkey. Not only is the observance of the Mohammedan ritual to be enforced, but, as a letter from Pera states, long-forgotten ordinances prohibiting the residence of Christians in the Turkish quarter have been revived. The subordinates have carried out their instructions with great brutality, bundling the people and their furniture into the streets. Several Germans employed on the Roumelian railway who were obliged to live near the line have been thus treated. The decree of 1856 and treaty of 1856 promised that nobody should be molested on account of his religious opinions. Treaties of commerce permit foreigners to carry on business in any part of the empire with the exception of a single province, and their leases and other contracts have been treated as legal by the authorities. The measures now taken are, therefore, a violation of the treaty obligations."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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SINGLE NUMBERS SIX CENTS.

It is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at the beginning of the volume.*

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.

HENRY C. HALLOWELL.

(Concluded from page 523.)

The increasing scarcity of timber for fencing and building purposes and for fuel is drawing attention to the necessity of not only ceasing the wanton destruction of our woods, but of planting trees. Apart from the necessity for shade and for the uses just named, it is now an established fact that the climate and rain-fall are very materially influenced by the removal of the forests. A writer in the *New England Farmer* gives an instance, within his own knowledge, of two streams in Maine that ran throughout the year. As the trees were felled the spring freshets increased and the summer flow diminished, until now the mills have long since fallen to decay and the streams are a series of rills and pools. One of the West India Islands has been changed from fertility to barrenness by the same cause, while the history of the streams of North Italy and South Sartem, France, are full of useful lessons. Did time permit, many instances could be given of the disastrous effects upon the fertility, and indeed the whole nature of the soil and country by the removal of the timber-growth. Major Woodward has treated this subject ably in a paper read before the National Agricultural Congress, held at St. Louis in 1872, and gives many interesting statistics. He states that in one district in France, while the forests were yet untouched, there was yet a superfluity of moisture in meadows and fields, and the roads were never dry. In 1808, the entire extirpation of woods began, and now rain seldom falls; the fields are baked hard in summer, the grass upon the meadows is poor, and the roads are dry and dusty.

The mode in which forests act to produce these results is by retaining the melting of the snows, preventing the rain from passing rapidly off in freshets, maintaining the constancy of the streams, pumping up the superfluous moisture from the depths of the soil, preventing rapid evaporation, and affecting the movements of the currents of the air. With these facts before us, it behooves us, one and all, to aid in affording the only remedy after saving carefully the woods we have, and that is to plant trees. In one of the Swiss Cantons, it is said, each newly married couple is obliged to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two after the birth of each child. The Forty-Second Congress enacted a law which may lead to an organized system for the protection and propagation of forests, the substance of which is: That every person who shall plant and keep in a healthy growing condition for five years, forty acres of timber, the trees thereon not more than eight feet apart each way, on any quarter section of any of the public lands of the United States, shall be entitled to a patent for the whole of said quarter section at

the expiration of five years. The Isthmus of Suez has furnished us with a striking example of what can be accomplished by planting trees: "A few years ago the whole region through which M. de Lesseps' famous canal now passes was a sterile desert—the rainfalls amounting to less than an inch during the year. There were no trees to be seen, far or near. When the energetic Frenchman began his gigantic enterprise, he at once directed thousands of trees to be planted in proper localities. Now the astonished eye of the traveller beholds blooming prairies and stately forests, where once all was waste and wild desert. Rain falls frequently and abundantly, the soil produces richly, and the arid plains have been converted into a fertile land, capable of maintaining thousands of industrious and happy citizens."—[From "The Wonders of Water."] A practical suggestion in this connection is, that trees are our best protection against lightning. The rods now so often erected are many times utterly useless or even worse than none. Trees, however, planted on the northwest and southwest of buildings serve by the many points presented to the approaching cloud, to draw off the electricity and give it a safe and quiet outlet to the ground, extending as their roots do to the moist earth.

It is impossible in a single address to touch upon the many themes that are suggested by our residence and occupation.

Our proneness to confine ourselves too closely to the limits of our own homes; to fail in the performance of our social and political duties, and thus becoming contracted in our views of men and things, and making ourselves indirectly responsible for defective and improper legislation; the inclination to consider education, however important to others, as unnecessary for us, forgetting that the more intelligent the farmer the better will be the farming and the more useful the citizen; all these are subjects that might well command our thoughtful attention.

We might, as a class, with great ultimate profit, study carefully the principles of political economy and the laws regulating supply and demand. We must not enter upon a Quixotic warfare against railroads, manufacturers and middle men, heavy as may be our burdens in their present relation to us, for the farmer of the present day, when the spinning wheel is no longer plied by busy fingers within his doors, would be in a sadly forlorn condition without them.

We are, with our present wants, mutually dependent, the country upon the city, as well as the citizen and manufacturer upon the producers of food and materials for clothing. It is the accumulated capital and nervous force of the cities that build the vast works of internal improvement and create the demand and means for receiving all that we can make our lands produce. On the other hand, the busy hum of machinery, the rush of the train and the unceasing roar of the busy marts of trade would be forever hushed were the untiring industry of the tiller of the soil to cease. There should be no conflict of interests, and our country can never reach its highest development until the proper and harmonious relation between the varied industries is properly understood and regulated. But it is time to consider whether we have not the power, as we certainly have the right, to prevent the whole land from being overshadowed by the unnatural overgrowth of gigantic corporations. Once suppliants for our aid through the State and National Legislatures, they now threaten to exhaust us as the vines of tropical forests strangle the trees that in their tenderer years gave them support and enabled them to reach upward to the light and air. From our isolated condition we have hitherto been unable to act in concert and the result has been that more than a just proportion of the profits of labor has been reaped by others. This must be remedied, not by spasmodic and unconcerted action, but by just such occasions as the present, bringing together the farmers, with those of other professions and trades, awakening an interest in each other and our occupation; by educating ourselves and our children; by establishing papers devoted to our interests, yet taking a broad and comprehensive view of the true relation of different pursuits; by feeling the dignity and importance of our calling; by bringing to bear the powerful machinery of co-operation so far as such action is necessary for our just protection, and for abolishing all unnecessary obstacles that may intervene between those who raise and those who consume the products of the earth; each interruption diminishing the profits of the producer, increasing the cost to the consumer, and too often enriching an intermediate class at the expense of both.

It is true that we have not the command of much ready money, but I have been unsuccessful in presenting my views if I have not convinced you that we have much, very much, that mere wealth cannot purchase, and are in the constant enjoyment of what many are toiling in the cities to secure for themselves and those dear to them at some future and perhaps far distant day. We cannot give our children handsome portions when starting out in life, but we can at least give them the endowment of a young New England editor, who said he had a capital that he valued at $30,000; ten thousand in *indus-*

ry, ten thousand in *economy*, and ten thousand in *perseverance*. (Address of B. Hallowell, Rockville, 1852.) Starting with such fortune they will be more useful, more happy, more healthy, and no doubt at the close of life more wealthy.

Many of the complaints as to the lack of profit in farming come from those of us who have not yet learned that every acre of our land must be made to produce the utmost of which it is capable; that we must give our most intelligent attention to its various details, and above all that we must practice a wise economy. In this connection, if you will pardon what may seem somewhat trivial, I will repeat the story of the farmer who had a crack in his hog trough:

"A few days ago," says the narrator, "a friend sent me word that every day he gave nearly twenty pails of buttermilk to a lot of shotes, and they scarcely improved at all. Thinks I, this is a breed of hogs worth seeing. They must be of the sheet-iron kind. So I called on him, heard him repeat the mournful story, and then visited the sty in order to get a better view of the miraculous swine. I went into the pen, and on close examination found a crack in the trough through which most of the contents ran away under the floor. Thinks I, here is a type of the failures of our agricultural brethren.

"When I see a farmer omitting all improvements because of a little cost, selling his farm stock to buy bank stock, robbing his land, while in reality he is robbing himself and his heirs, thinks I, my friend, *you* have a crack in your hog trough.

"When I see a farmer subscribing to half a dozen political and miscellaneous papers, while he doesn't read or contribute to a single agricultural or horticultural journal, thinks I to myself, poor man, you have a large and wide crack in your hog trough.

"When I see a farmer attending all the political conventions (very proper in their place), and knowing every man in the district that votes his ticket, and yet to save his neck could not tell who was President of his County Agricultural Society, or where the fair was held last year, I come to the conclusion that the poor soul has a crack in *his* hog trough.

"When I see a farmer buying guano and wasting ashes and hen manure; trying all sorts of experiments excepting intelligent hard work and economy, getting the choicest of seeds regardless of cost, then planting them regardless of cultivation, growing the variety of fruit called Sour Tart Seedling, and sweetening it with sugar pound for pound, keeping the front fields rich while the back ones are growing up with briars and elders, contributing to the Choctaw Indian fund but never giving a cent to the Agricultural Society or for the improvement of roads, such a man has a crack in his hog trough and in his head too."

All our love for agriculture and the country is often neutralized by want of attention to what should with every one be of vital importance—our health. The Massachusetts State Board of Health, in their fourth annual report, have a paper upon the sanitary condition of farmers, based upon the reports of the country physicians throughout the State. "Evidence collected for twenty-eight years past shows that the average length of the life of a farmer, in that State, is 65¼ years. This is much longer than that of any other class of citizens, those most nearly approaching farmers being out-door mechanics, who live 52½ years on an average. But the almost unanimous opinion is that farmers might live much longer than they now do by exercising more care in choosing, cooking and eating their food, in avoiding overwork and exposure to change of weather, and the use of foul drinking water. The cookery is bad, and meals are eaten too quickly for good digestion when work hurries. More vegetables and fruit should be eaten, and more rest taken."

As a class we are negligent, if not culpable, in this respect, and it is only because of the counteracting effects of pure air, exercise and sunlight that the rate of mortality is not larger.

Our young people labor through the day, and at hours when they should be resting in sleep are many times miles from home, returning through the dews and night air to begin again their labors with the dawn; we pay but little attention to wet clothing and wet feet; come in from the fields, or a ride, or from household duties bathed in perspiration, and sit where "we can feel the breeze;" partake freely at late hours of rich and indigestible food; and pay far too little attention to providing a wholesome, nutritious and seasonable diet for the table. As remarked on another occasion, "*sooner* or *later* nature demands the penalty *for every violated law*." If we trespass against her rules, we unfit ourselves for usefulness and enjoyment. Sidney Smith said: "Happiness is not impossible without health, but it is of very difficult attainment. I do not mean by health merely an absence of dangerous complaints, but that the body should be in perfect tune—full of vigor and alacrity." One rule of diet, exercise and habit of life cannot be laid down for all, but it behooves us individually to study carefully the laws of health and the functions of the body, and guide ourselves by the results of our thoughtful experience.

We are more or less influenced by our surroundings. A tasteful home, giving evidence not of expensive outlay, but of neatness, industry and womanly care, buildings and fences in good order, embowered in trees and clustering vines, the interior bright and cheerful, and with such books and pictures as our means will allow, flowers about the door in summer and filling the rooms with beauty and fragrance in winter; these all bind us with indissoluble ties and rest us when weary in body and spirit. To each and all in this sacred atmosphere of home is allotted a duty. No one can fail in the performance of the part assigned without a jar to the harmonious working of the whole.

We must remember, and impress it upon our children by practice as well as by instruction, that "domestic politeness is the stronghold of domestic happiness;" that because we are farmers we are none the less ladies and gentlemen; that culture and refinement and consideration for age and sex are compatible with the most sturdy industry and with an humble abode. We must endeavor always to "look upon the bright side," remembering the words of Dr. Johnson, that "whatever befals us, though it is wise to be serious, it is useless and foolish and perhaps simple to be gloomy."

If we surround our children with an atmosphere of cheerful industry and intelligence; if we sympathize with them in their pleasures and respect their feelings, while holding them to a responsibility for their portion of duty, we will find that they turn to the old homestead as the abode of their most lasting and most satisfying pleasures; that we have done much, very much, towards preserving them from temptations, and inducing them to love a country life. Husbands, fathers and brothers, by never failing in those gentle courtesies so grateful to the inmates of the house, by lightening their labors as far as conveniences and improved appliances will allow, by seeing that they have an occasional change from what in time will become monotonous to the most cheerful spirit, the routine of daily life in the midst of the same scene, if it is only by a walk in the woods, or look at the stock or the latest improvements on the farm, or a short drive; by such sympathetic attention and by gatherings such as this you preserve the bloom and the happy smile upon faces most dear to you. Mothers, and sisters and wives, by giving some thought in the midst of your busy hours to the happiness as well as the material comfort of those around you, by entering into these joyous scenes with zest and spirit, you will find your magnetism sufficiently powerful to draw us with ever renewed delight to the quiet precincts of home.

By such means our lives,

"Tho' far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,"

will glide peacefully, usefully and happily away.

Friends and fellow farmers, I trust you will pardon me if I have seemed somewhat too didactic in discussing my theme. I am conscious of needing much of the advice here given to others. My remarks have no special application to any one section, but are the results of limited observation in looking over the broad field that is the scene of our life and labors. The American farmer has a bright future before him, if true to himself and his calling. Each added year advances him to a higher plane. It is the duty as well as the privilege of every one to aid in this progress by precept and example, and to assist especially in placing Maryland, with all her advantages, loved and honored as she is by her sons and daughters, in the rank she should occupy among her sister States.

He whose faith is established upon spiritual realities, instead of theological propositions, need not fear that his foundation will be shaken by the conclusions of science, or the results of Biblical criticism.

From the British Friend.

THE CRADLE.

"The cradle!" exclaims the reader; "that is a strange subject to write on. Pray, what about it?" A great deal. The cradle is a most important institution. It means much to married folk. When first it is introduced into a house, how popular it is! Its contents are the theme of almost endless talk. "A little child shall lead them." That is fulfilled in most households. The small new-comer "leads" the whole family. "Baby" is the grand consideration. It makes home different indeed from what it was—brighter and better than before. Eve named her first-born Cain, which means a possession or treasure. It was mother-like to do so. "Children are an heritage of the Lord," said a certain father; so they are; for as inheritances are generally valuable, children are also. "A child is born, and the first child born in a family—it is wonderful! Its eyes are wonderful, its nose is wonderful, its mouth is wonderful! It grows more and more wonderful up to the first tooth, which is the most wonderful of all! Its hands are wonderful, and its feet are past all admiration! Its first step is wonderful! and its first word—the nurse, the servants, and all the neighbors must know it, and it is chronicled and remembered."

But it does not follow that because we have

got a thing we know what to do with it. If Solomon could say, "He that getteth a wife getteth a good thing," we may with equal truth say, "He that getteth a child getteth a good thing." But many do not seem to know what to do with the "good thing." The best of us find that it is uncommonly hard work. Not a few appear to let the "olive branches" grow up anyhow, without proper pruning, oil, air, and water.

We must ourselves be what we want our little ones to be. There is a term repeatedly used by them which is both amusing and solemn, "Let us play at" so and so. Ah! they are players, actors, mimics. The little man apes the big man. Nowhere do we see such imitation as in the nursery. In our Lord's day "children sitting in the markets" "piped" and "danced," "mourned" and "lamented," and they do so now. Weddings, funerals, parties, preachings, none of them are forgotten. The looks and words, gestures and actions, of mother and father, are reproduced in the boy and the girl. "What will you take, sir?" said a waiter to a youth who sat by his father's side at a public dinner. Mark the answer:—"I'll take what father takes." In more cases than one boys "take what father takes." There is no help for it. Imitation is a law of our nature. Therefore, God help *us* to be good; for if we are not, they will not be.

We would next put in a plea for patience. There is no good to be done without it. "The world is his who has patience." As much may be affirmed of the juvenile world. An Emperor of China once discovered a large family composed of wives, children, grandchildren, and servants, dwelling under one roof. All was harmony and affection. When he asked the head of the household how he secured this peace, he replied—"PATIENCE, PATIENCE." Children are often thoughtless and wayward. They disobey. Self-will soon displays itself. Now and then there is a miniature volcanic eruption of passion. Some are excessively dull. If we are to cure them of these distempers, we must be long-suffering. Chastisement is necessary, we know. It is necessary to punish. Nevertheless severity must be avoided. "A good slap" may have a bad effect. "Downright flogging" may prevent upright conduct. Setting tasks, putting in corners, sending up stairs, will not do half so much as affectionate forbearance. It is a great mistake to make a show of authority. It should be *felt* rather than displayed. When little ones were brought to Christ, He "put His hands on them," and blessed them.

That act of our Lord's reminds us of another duty. While we do all that in us lies for our children, let us remember that they are GOD's children also. We may be sure that He loves them, and will hear us when we commend them to Him. We should pray on their behalf. If it is correct that

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of,"

it is emphatically true that more is wrought by it than the *family* dreams of. Every Christian may be called Samuel, "asked of God;" and how many have been "asked" by their parents! Could the history of the Church be fully known, we should find it to be an eloquent proof of the power of family prayer. "When I was a little boy," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back, by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of infancy; and sometimes there came with it a solemn voice, saying, 'Do not this great wickedness, and sin against God.'"

We conclude as we began, by "magnifying" the cradle. Its importance cannot be over-rated. Take due care of it, and what blessings will be conferred on mankind! Make the cradle right, and the pulpit, the platform, the shop, the office, the field, will, in due course, be right also. Bring the young fully under the influence of religion, and the whole world will be benefited.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A SUGGESTION.

In answering the query regarding the attendance of meetings for worship and discipline, many Friends have expressed a deep concern because of the absence of the younger members. Now, with the men, this absence is in most, if not all cases, owing to the fact that they are employed by persons not in membership with Friends, who cannot be expected to grant leave of absence during the best business hours of the day. This fact has been presented to the minds of Friends in England to such a degree that, in London, meetings are held in the evening, generally once in the week, for the benefit of those who cannot attend the mid-day sitting. It has occurred to me that this might be tried in Philadelphia, perhaps with good results. Last Fourth-day it was my privilege to be present at an evening meeting, and it was

gratifying to see that the young men availed themselves of the opportunity offered and were present in respectable numbers, though a Friend said it was not as large a meeting as usual. These meetings are held under care of a committee, the members of which nearly all attend. I hope our Friends will be able to adopt similar measures for the benefit of our young men. S. R. R.

London, Eng., Ninth mo. 28th, 1874.

WHAT will people say? This question makes the mind homeless. Do right and fear no one; thou mayest be sure that with all thy consideration for the world thou wilt never satisfy the world. But if thou goest straight forward on thy way, not concerning thyself with the friendly or unfriendly glances of men, then thou hast conquered the world, and it is subject to thee. By heeding the question, "What will people say?" thou becomest subject to the world.—*Auerbach.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE OTOE INDIANS.

At a meeting of the Central Committee on Indian Affairs, held Tenth month 7th, 1874, information was received that in the absence of the Agent, J. W. Greist, fifty families of the Otoe and Missourias had left the reservation, without leave, on their hitherto customary winter hunt.

The extreme poverty and destitution which has induced these Indians to try the hunt again at the present time is not consequent on imprudence, carelessness, wilfulness, or the desire for change. It is the result of circumstances mostly unavoidable. For two seasons past they were unable to find buffalo in sufficient numbers to suply their wants. Last winter they were sent for and brought home in a very suffering condition. It was believed to be best to restrict them from leaving their reservation; and in order to enforce their attention and labors to agricultural and mechanical pursuits, it was ordered that their annuity should not be paid as hitherto to the tribe *pro-rata*, but to those only who labored, for work done. The unfortunate experience of two consecutive years in their winter hunt had undoubtedly a powerful influence on these eminently conservative remnants of two once powerful tribes. They acknowledged their convincement that "the white man's ways were best," and most of them not only expressed their resolution to abide by it, but applied for work, and when engaged, labored dilligently. More wheat, corn, potatoes and garden truck were planted by and for them than ever before; they felled trees, assisted in sawing boards, getting out posts, making fence, breaking prairie, and putting their houses, where they could, in better order. In fact, under existing circumstances, there was not work of suitable kinds sufficient for the applicants. To the conservative Indian the buffalo is food, clothing and shelter. It is easy to believe that, their moccasins wore out, without skins to renew them, without their usual supply of money to buy blankets, without robes for their beds, or new covering for their tents, their vegetable food destroyed, as yet no herds or poultry, and a scarcity of small game, that in another effort for buffalo they saw their only living hope. The following extracts from letters explain yet further their present situation, and we may, from these expositions, infer their wants.

Agent J. W. Greist wrote, Eighth month 28th: "Believing a short account from me concerning the condition of things at this Agency would not be without interest, I will endeavor to send one, though I regret that it cannot be as encouraging in some respects as I should like. Yet, as our present discouragements come through channels that were not in human wisdom to control, by endeavoring to rely on that power for direction, which errs not, I still trust that a way will open for us to get along. Our summer crops had been well cultivated generally, and up to the 24th of last month gave promise of an abundant yield. On the 24th and 25th, we had extremely warm winds from the South, the mercury up to 112° in the shade, and at 8 P. M. at 108°. The ground being very dry, these hot winds affected vegetation greatly, especially on the high prairies. That night we had a severe storm, though but little rain, and next morning the mercury was down to 70°, with a strong breeze from the east. Towards evening I noticed something descending to the earth somewhat resembling the falling of large snow-flakes. These, I soon found, were the migratory grasshoppers, they continued coming for several days, and remained over two weeks; at the end of which time they had eaten up nearly all that was palatable to them. They stripped our corn of its leaves and tops, and many of the ears, partly formed, were eaten clean to the cob, rendering the crop a total failure. I held a council, by request of the Indians, on Fourth-day last, when their greatest concern seemed to be, to know what they were to do for food and clothing the coming winter. Some thought they must surely starve. They are very destitute and have nothing ahead to rely upon except the crop of wheat, and this will not last a great while. Though much discouraged they still manifest a willingness to work. One hundred and twenty tons of hay have been put up for the use of the Agency,

rd a much larger quantity than usual se-ured for themselves in view of spending the inter at home."

Matron E. M. Kroser writes: "My labors mongst the Indian women have been thank-lly received. A few who live in houses nd have stoves now bake light bread with-ut assistance, and many more in the wig-rams make light salt-rising bread, baking it n Dutch ovens, with coals above and below. Ve have had sewing for the women in the chool-house two or three afternoons in the veek. The work is cut and fitted for them nd they exhibit a commendable industry nd care in making it up. We need hickory r flannel for shirts for old men and boys; resses or material for the aged women, and varm skirts for the little children, whose lothing is now insufficient for the season. Mothers gladly embrace the offered opportu-ity to sew for themselves, husbands and hildren, and many quite old want sewing in rder to get clothes."

J. W. Greist again writes: "The women nd school girls are anxious to sew and make lothing. They could make the most that is eeded, but as they can be accommodated vith sewing only at stated periods after school ours, and the tribe generally being destitute f clothing, have nothing to buy blankets vith, and winter rapidly approaching, there vill not be time to supply nearly all in this vay. Any kind of comfortable clothing that ou may send, even though it be partly worn, vill be very acceptable to both men and vomen." J.

WHATEVER bustlings and trouble, tumults and outrages, quarrels and strife arise in the world, keep out of them all; concern not yourselves with them; but keep in the Lord's power, and peaceable truth, that is over all such things; in which power ye seek the peace and good of all men.—*George Fox.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

Thinking your readers might be interested, I send a brief report of the meeting of this organization, which was held at Green Street Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, the 9th inst.

It being the first meeting of the kind that has been held in that house, I am glad to state that it was the largest we have had since the union was formed—there being about 80 persons present.

Interesting written reports were received from Haverford, Schuylkill and Girard Avenue, and verbal reports from Race Street, Green Street, West Philadelphia, and Germantown, from all of which it appears that the First-day School movement was never so prosperous, nor was there ever so great an interest felt by teachers and scholars.

Race Street reports having reopened on the 4th inst. with 50 scholars, being an increase over last year's opening. Green Street opened the same day, with 40 scholars, being an increase over last year of 10 or 15. West Philadelphia opened same day with about 40 scholars, being a slight increase. Germantown with 30 scholars, showing some increase; and Girard Avenue reopened on the same day with 121 scholars and 10 teachers, being an increase of 40 over the opening of last year; this school also reported an increase of interest on the part of all concerned.

An essay, entitled "Hints for First-day School Teachers in Conducting their Classes," was read, and elicited very interesting remarks from many of our members, and we feel assured that the recommendation therein contained will be of benefit to many of us.

After a very interesting meeting of an hour and a half, the most interesting, I think, of any we have held, we adjourned to meet at Germantown Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, Eleventh month 13th, at 7½ P. M.

H.

I THANK my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thou art often brought very near in feeling, and I have the comforting evidence that we are dear to each other, and both endeavoring to fulfil our duties, though we are, in the outward relation, treading very different paths; thou in the shelter of thy own lovely home, not far from thy meeting house, where, with the little band of worshippers, you at times gather into that condition where prayer is wont to be made, and in which that worship, which is in spirit and in truth can be performed. In this condition the spiritual life is strengthened, and all our powers so refreshed that we can take fresh courage and go on our way rejoicing. While this has been thy allotment, mine has been very different. In accordance with what has appeared to be my duty, I have, during the past month, not been within the reach of any of the gatherings of our people, and yet surrounded by many of our Father's children, who worship Him in other forms. What a blessed privilege to be able to feel the truth

of the declaration "out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people, they who fear God and work righteousness are accepted with Him," irrespective of the name or form through which the heart's offering is made! And surely we believe that in the universality of our Father's love, His light beams into our different paths so that we may each pursue our way without stumbling.

We have enjoyed the beauties and refreshing atmosphere of the Lake country, and are now having lovely drives among the hills in another locality, but our thoughts often revert to our bereaved friend ——, from whom I am glad to hear. I recognize in her a strong religious feeling, and I believe she knows where to find the "Friend who sticketh closer than brother," or even husband. Without His supporting arm, we could not be sustained when the waves and the billows of affliction are passing over us.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 24, 1874.

Commercial Integrity.—The elements that make up what we term integrity of character, have doubtless always been the same in kind that we now find them; and since the first transaction, by which one party exchanged a surplus for that of another, there has been the same desire to make, individually, a good bargain. There is, perhaps, no better test of a man than is to be found in his manner of dealing; if he is fair and square towards others, equally with himself, he can safely be trusted for an honest man.

As a matter of policy, it is always best to be honest. The worldly man, living only in the present, finds it to his interest to deal fairly, and the Christian, having a "hope of the world to come," acknowledges that hope to be a twofold incentive to faithfulness in this matter.

The Society of Friends, through the disciplinary care exercised over its members, has always maintained an honorable record in business transactions. It stands to the credit of multitudes of its members engaged in commercial business, that rather than violate a conscientious scruple, they refuse to sell or buy where large returns are sure to repay the effort.

To a considerable extent, the same may be said of other branches of the Christian church; yet there is a liberty in most of these to take advantage of bankrupt laws, and the various devices by which men compromise with their creditors and their consciences, that is not permitted among Friends. And this liberty is not confined to those cases where business men find their affairs so involved as to make a failure unavoidable. Combinations are entered into, by which the control of the market in a certain staple is obtained, or a capitalist buys up, at low figures, some leading article of consumption, and, fixing his own price, leaves no alternative to the consumer.

The intrinsic value of any commodity lies in its adaptation to the necessities of life—its fictitious value is regulated by supply and demand.

The grains and grasses constitute the essential food of man and the domestic animals, and are the basis of national prosperity; next to these, and scarcely inferior, are the staples from which are fabricated the necessary articles of clothing.

That these things, upon which the lives of man and the creatures that serve him are so entirely dependent, should be allowed to fall within the range of speculation and fictitious values, is a blot upon our present civilization, and the "bill of rights," so unwillingly wrung from tyranny and oppression, is made a parchment falsehood. The king or his baron no longer grinds the face of the poor, but capital sits upon the throne, and wields a sceptre that is widening the gulf between the man who buys and him who sells, and bringing about a condition of society that tends to make the possession of wealth the basis of standing in the social circle.

What better is the working-man's family, now that the lightning flash of the telegraph pries into every quarter of the globe, revealing here, a scarcity, and there, a corresponding excess, ample to supply the lack? The fires of the locomotive and the steamship that stand ready to obey the summons to hasten with food and clothing for the needy, are left unlighted, because, in the greed for wealth, those who control the surplus hold back from their hungry brethren.

The "corners" by which all this plenty is withheld, may turn in worldly prosperity to those who make them, but the eternal law of

compensation, which declares that "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, and shall not be heard," will bring all balances even in the generations that succeed, though this over-reaching quite as often reacts upon the speculators themselves and the coveted wealth that seemed to be so nearly within grasp, suddenly ends in a glittering bubble.

It is not denied that these are called legitimate transactions, and men are counted honorable who engage in them. The seller *has* a right to all he can command for the article he offers in the market; if he has bestowed greater care in producing than has his neighbor, he ought to receive a corresponding reward: but these things should be left to competition, with no fears for the result, for buyer and seller are then on an equal footing, and all can get just what they are willing to pay for.

Instead of this, what do we see? Combinations to put up the price of grain, to prevent the consumer from reaping *his proportion* of interest in an abundant harvest; to put the surplus that, through *liberal showers* and *unbought sunshine*, the earth has brought to maturity, into the hands of a few who have the capital that controls.

This, certainly, was not the intention of Him who causeth "grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man."

Then, there is the merchant prince, who buys up a certain staple, and so commands the market that the laboring man, who wants a yard of the stuff, cannot get it except at the forced value which the controlling power fixes. These, too, are counted honorable men.

When it is remembered that there are young men, members of our religious Society, engaged as clerks and salesmen among these traders, who have their consciences often so sorely straightened that the principles of strict integrity, which our profession calls for, can scarcely be maintained for the pressure that is brought to bear upon them, it becomes a matter for serious consideration.

The query arises, Does not the Society owe some care and oversight to these tempted and exercised members? In our cities and larger towns, are there not enough Friends engaged in business, who are anxious to see the noble testimonies we profess exerting a controlling influence in the community, and who could take this matter in hand? A few words of encouragement might be the saving of many, and, in the end, help to bring the tricks and shams of trade into merited disgrace.

There is need of more enlightenment as to what are honest commercial transactions, and there needs, too, a calling of all who are engaged therein, back to the foundation principles of fair and equitable dealing.

Let the mercantile community, in which there yet remain honorable examples of unsullied integrity sufficient to put down all these questionable practices—let these class the manufacturer or the dealer, who would sell an inferior article for the best, knowing all the while he was deceiving his customer, with the thief, that puts his hand by stealth into his neighbor's purse, or robs his store under cover of darkness—let them count in the same category the speculators in "breadstuffs" and in "stocks," and all that numerous class who live and grow rich upon the misery and ruin of others—let a man's worth be calculated from what he is, rather than what he possesses, and all these evils that have assumed such giant proportions, will in due time, find their true level. Our commercial community owe it to themselves, to their country, and to posterity, to place the business transactions of the nation on a solid and honest basis. They owe it, too, to that law which is paramount to all human legislation, the law of life, written with the Divine finger upon the heart of every intelligent being, to be true to its requirings, and acquit themselves as good stewards of the manifold gifts of God.

That others feel and deplore the lack of commercial integrity so apparent, will be seen by the subjoined, which we clip from the *National Baptist:*

"It cannot be denied that there is a strong tendency now towards *recklessness* in the conduct of business, and that the integrity of the business community is being vitiated in consequence of this. Cautiousness, carefulness, and desire to abide by the golden rule, we rejoice to know are true of many noble men who throng the marts of trade. We do not intend, therefore, a general impeachment.

But, granting this, there is an adventurous illegitimate spirit of speculation, in which cunning is substituted for caution, sinful selfishness for carefulness, and the means of realizing sanctified by the controlling purpose to realize. There is a passion to grow rich quickly. The old, steady, honest method is not popular, and therefore principle, right, honor and the Christian profession are all sacrificed. This desire to enlarge profits and rapidly accumulate gains, prompts not a few to do many times more business than their *bona fide* capital or what ought to be the amount of credit they ask of banking institutions, justifies. They 'launch out' far beyond their depth, and are soon completely swamped; they have borrowed money wherever attainable, and often not only bury themselves, but their friends and business associates, beneath their ruin. Such recklessness is simply criminal. It is doing business under false colors, and is obtaining money under false pretences. It deserves the ban of honest men, the severest denunciations of the pulpit, the closest examination by the church, and demands the penitent confession or the prompt excision of the member. . . . . .

"How many are perpetually in straits because they are always ahead of their income; and hence, when the slightest business reverse comes, they are in trepidation, and not unfrequently they go down into irretrievable and disgraceful financial ruin. But what is the difference between such extravagance and sin? Not that a man has not the right to enjoy all things that God has given. This right he has. But he has not a right to go beyond, and defraud another in order that he may live in style; he has no right to place himself, for the mere gratification of his personal vanity, in such circumstances as will peril his credit, compromise his integrity, and, in the end, practically defraud his creditors.

"Into such failures the church has a right to look. She owes it to herself, to the cause of Jesus, and to the conservation of the moral integrity of the business community. If she be remiss, she weakens her moral power, aids in undoing the hold of correct moral principles on society, and jeopardizes the interests of common honesty. Her indifference or silence gives sanction to the wrong, and must inevitably cause men to lose confidence in the pulpit and the church as the bulwark of public morals. There are principles of right—moral right—in business as in all things else. And here, as elsewhere, the law that must control the action of Christian men and of the Christian church, is not the maxims of trade, or the bankrupt law of the nation, or the compromise necessity may extort from creditors, but the Word of God—the precepts of Jesus Christ."

If there is a past in which men have done ill, let them have hope, for there is a future in which they may do well.

MARRIED.

BARTRAM—SMEDLEY.—On the 30th of Ninth month, with the approbation of Goshen Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mordecai T. Bartram to Rebecca G. Smedley, both of Willistown, Chester County, Pa.

CARLE—WILLETS.—On Fifth-day the 15th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, John J. Carle to Cornelia P, daughter of Robert R. Willets, all of New York.

SANDS—TITUS.—On Third-day, Tenth month 13th, 1874, at the residence of the Bride's mother, with the approbation of New York Monthly Meeting, Daniel C. Sands to Martha S., daughter of the late Peter S. Titus, all of New York.

DIED.

DORSEY.—On the morning of the 13th inst., at his residence in Germantown, William Dorsey, in the 64th year of his age; a minister of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Race St.

HAMBLETON.—On the 25th of the Seventh month, 1874, at her residence, near Ercildoun, Chester County, Pa., Sarah, widow of the late Samuel Hambleton, on her 82d birth-day; a member of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting.

HAYCOCK.—At Village Green, on Fifth-day evening, the 27th of Eighth month, Mary P., wife of Charles Haycock, in the 68th year of her age; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting. She was a truly devoted wife, kind to the poor and needy, a bright example of charity and simplicity.

KOON.—At his residence in Victory, on the 9th of Fifth month, 1874, Cornelius Koon, aged 83 years; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

STOKES.—On the 18th of the Ninth month, 1874, William H. Stokes, in his 34th year; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

TRUEBLOOD.—At the residence of her brother-in-law, near Pendleton, Indiana, on the 12th of Eighth month, Narcissa A. Trueblood, widow of the late Warner M. Trueblood, in the 38th year of her age; a member of Blue River Monthly Meeting, Washington County, Indiana. She set a bright example to her children, and up to the last moments of her life she gave encouraging counsel to those around her.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

TO SALZBURG AND BERCHTESGADEN.

No. 19.

But our plan of travel urges us onward, and on Eighth month 27th we take leave of this beautiful city, turn our course southward toward the picturesque mountains which lie lofty and dim in the distance, and after a four hours' drive are again in a mountain valley, 1890 feet above the sea, and again in the presence of perennial snows. We are in Berchtesgaden, until the beginning of this present century the seat of a spiritual principality of small extent. It is a remarkably neat and well built town, delightfully situated on the slope of the monntain, and surrounded by meadows and trees. There are a number

of hotels, but the town seems almost full of visitors, and we have quite a search to find quarters. Since we came to see the fine mountain scenery, we choose rooms in a villa some two hundred feet above the village, and so look down on the town and all its comings and goings; but, from our balcony, we can also see the lovely rounded valley nest in which the pretty town has rested these many centuries, and the mountains which environ it.

Here we spent a real rest day, Eighth month 30th, 1874. It was not a day of sight-seeing in the ordinary sense, but of quiet strolls along the almost level pathway which girdles the mountain, of letter-writing to beloved friends afar off, and of pleasant retrospective thoughts of past experiences, and of dim dreams of the future. It is so delightful in this life of wandering to have these days of sabbath rest when we are not going to perform any feats of valor or hurry off anywhere, but may just read, write and enjoy the beauty of the world without feeling conscience-stricken. Along the path which ascends the mountain from our door is a series of shrines, in which are dread representations, in sculptured wood, I think, of the martyrdom of the blessed founder of Christianity. There are five of these little temples, each of which has an ornamental door of open iron work and a low bench in front, on which the devotees kneel and repeat the formula of prayer, regardless of the observation of the loiterer. A little peasant woman, dressed in her holiday garb and carrying a large basket, is passing from shrine to shrine, counting her beads and murmuring with low earnestness as she kneels at each, until she reaches the last and largest, the scene of the crucifixion, which occupies a beautiful elevated site, looking eastward over the village. It is a massive stone structure, consisting of a vaulted roof of masonry supported by four massive columns of solid stone thirty feet high. It is of the rugged conglomerate rock of this country which has a very good effect in architecture. The bases of the pillars are about five feet square, and they look substantial enough to endure for many centuries to come. The back of the building is a thick wall, curved outwards, on which is painted, rudely but effectively, the scene around Jerusalem during the crucifixion. The eclipse of the sun, the thunder storm, the solemn background of mountains which seems a reflection of the ancient hills in front, the warlike array of Roman soldiers and the walls and towers of the city of Jerusalem, that is thus blindly rejecting her spiritual deliverer. In front of this painting the terrible scene of martyrdom is represented in sculpture, probably wood, but I cannot be sure, and colored in tints to represent the human body. And here we see, as I have often noted before, that the artist is representing the perfect and sinless One according to his national preference. The Christ is a slender, dark-haired Bavarian, quite like—even startlingly like—one who sat *vis-à-vis* with us at dinner yesterday, and the Marys are gentle blonds of the German type. The two thieves are swarthy and Jewish, the one on the left despairing and defiant, and the one on the right making his appeal at this last dread hour to the suffering Jesus. It is quite effective, and, though undoubtedly rough and somewhat unartistic, sufficiently perfect to satisfy the simple and devout Catholics who bring their petitions here and lay them, as they conceive, at the foot of the cross. As we look, the little peasant has finished her morning devotions, has satisfied her conscience, and rising, contented and happy, gives us a cordial and smiling salutation and trips down the hill with her basket. Underneath the rock-work which represents the hill of Calvary is the arched tomb of Jesus with the watching sentinels, and yet lower are represented the sufferers in purgatorial fires waiting their deliverance.

A pathway, branching off near the chapel, across a green field, is continuous with a gallery built along the steep, rocky mountain-side, which leads out into another green path that brings us to a point on the mountain-side whence we have, perhaps, the best view of the valley and mountain of Berchtesgaden. Before us lies the King's villa, a large, plain building or collection of buildings, no finer nor better, except for situation, than many other spacious villas in this fair valley of the mountains. The pretty town is reposing in Sabbath-evening peace below, the impetuous Alm is dashing on, fair and blue as the heavens, that it cannot pause to reflect, and the mountain barrier rises gently, with green terraces, up, and up, and up, till the summits touch and seem to penetrate the clouds.

Some of the peaks, the most distant, are columnar, and seem to rise abruptly in castellated forms, others are smoothly rounded by the ice-plane which prepared the earth for the habitation of man, and each has its individual tint, as they stand before us, in the dim distance, in the middle ground, and seemingly near at hand. What color-studies for the skilful pencil does the sunset-light reveal! But by far the most striking and interesting mountain in this sublime panorama, is yonder divided summit, holding an ice-field in its vast crater. The peaks are called the Grosse and Kleine (greater and lesser) Watzman. It looks as though, through the vast dome of the mountain, in another stage of its existence, some giant force of the primeval times

had dashed in fury, leaving a cavernous and jagged crater (they call it here a saddle-back) to hold the snows of many winters, and to reflect the sunbeams back to the glorious heavens forevermore. But no, there is no forevermore to anything of earth! The snow on the saddle-back will melt, and the sentinel peaks will crumble and make soil in fertile valleys. The mountains will be brought low, and the valleys will be exalted, all in due season. Who can doubt it? We get a glimpse of the beneficent workings of nature and of nature's God, as we gaze outward, this evening, over this most fertile valley of peaceful habitations, those stair-like terraces, forest-clad heights, and rocky and hoary summits. The late King Maximilian loved to wander along this pathway, and we are told that his widow still comes at times and dwells a while in this delicious place, finding comfort doubtless

> "In looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more."

Memorial-tablets, in the church of this place, give loving acknowledgment of the favors received by Berchtesgaden, both from King Louis and from his father.

The next morning, we devote to a visit to the Salt-Mine at this place. The entrance to this mine is down by the river (Alm), at the base of the Saltzberg. I have the pleasure of a preliminary walk of about a mile, which brings us to the entrance of the mine. Here we are ushered, along with a number of other applicants, into a spacious room, where we are attired in miners' costumes over our other clothing. It consists of a pair of large, thick, white cotton pantaloons, a black blouse with a leathern belt, and a black cloth cap trimmed neatly with blue braid. After we had all donned our unwonted garments, I ventured to glance round at my fellow adventurers, and, really, they looked very nice, something like extra graceful Turks, I should think. The gentlemen's dress was coarser and much more unsightly every way than that furnished us, and they, as well as ourselves, seemed to feel the strangeness of the situation. A pretty little kitten came into our tiring-hall while we waited, and seemed to like our looks. He came to me to be picked up, and then nestled, snug and contented, in my arms. I told him if he would be good and not scratch I would take him into the salt-mine. Then we received each a lantern with a wax-candle in it, and were marched out of the building in single-file to enter the mysterious hole in the mountain-side. As we passed out the door, a large hand, belonging to a smiling official, grasped my Bavarian kitten with a decided "nein! nein!" and a shake of his broad, blond head. Everything must be quiet, formal and orderly in this monarchial land.

And so we enter, single-file, the low archway of red marble, and pass from the bright August-sunshine outside to what would be the deepest of all darkness, but for the lanterns which light our feet. We are walking along a railway, it seems, and in the dark depths before us is a thunderous sound, which surely indicates that a car is coming, and we wonder silently what we will do about it. But here, just in time, the narrow gallery widens into an arched chamber of sufficient size to accommodate the company of twenty, who turn aside and wait a moment while a funny-looking wooden-horse on wheels rushes past, with a party of gentlemen on his back. Then we go onward, and onward, a distance of a 1100 feet, they say, into the mountain before we turn out of a straight line, and pass a number of other galleries which penetrate in different directions, branching from the route we were traversing. Then we are directed to look back, and far in the distance, like a star, glimmers the entrance to the light of day. Then we go up a long stairway—oh! so long! and on, and on, up more stairways, and reach a great cavern where miners have hewn out the salt, and blasted away the encumbering strata till they have made a chamber large enough to shelter an army. Beyond is a lake three hundred feet long, our conductor tells us, and five feet deep. It is dimly illuminated with miners' lamps along its borders, and we are seated in a boat and rowed over the still, ghastly water. Some of the strong German voices rise in exultant song, which has a strangely grand effect in this strangely grand palace of salt, where men have toiled and toiled so many ages. We land and press on through galleries of pure salt, sometimes yellow-tinted, sometimes white, and through other chambers. One mode of downward progression deserves description, as it recalls vividly certain experiences of the dim, fabulous days of childhood. We were obliged to slide down on a railway of two poles. A gentleman took the first seat and slid down a few feet, when a lady was directed to take the next seat, then a gentleman, then a lady, till six were seated. The gentlemen were furnished with a leather glove, and steadied themselves by a rope along the side, but the ladies were told to take hold of the shoulders of the men. Then, obedient to the force of gravity, down we went, laughing and wondering, and were landed, in a few moments, all uninjured, at the bottom of the novel railway. And so we go onward and onward for an hour and a half, till at length we reach a little grotto, in which lights are burning behind different-colored plates of

alt, and a fountain sends up a little column of brine in front of the ornamented initial of King Louis. We stoop and taste the water, which is most intense in its saltness, and are now near the tramway by which visitors quit the mine. Here a long, wooden horse, with leathern cushion, awaits us, and we are again seated, gentlemen and ladies, alternately, horseback fashion, and released from the influence of the brake, gravity sets us in rapid motion. The exercise of walking has made the coldness of the mine no discomfort, but now the chill air sweeps by in a perfect blast, and the fur suit of an Esquimaux would be not too much. It is exhilarating, when we turn into the straight gallery of entrance and see the light shine more and more, till, at length, we dart out exultant into the noonday once more. I felt a little disappointed that we had not seen the mining operations actually going on, and that our trip did not include a visit to the salt-works where the rock-salt is manipulated, and converted into the salt of commerce; but one must try to be satisfied with the things that are revealed. Specimens of the salt rock, neatly arranged in little cubic compartments in a paper-box, are for sale in the office, and are of interest to the chemist and mineralogist. There is a considerable variety of color, and some is so white and clear as to be apparently chemically pure chloride of sodium, or nearly so. How very different is my walk back to my dwelling place on the moantain-side, in the blazing sunshine of mid-day, from the cool and shadowy descent in the morning-hour, but such is life. Donkeys are an approved means of getting about in this land, but I look with grave distrust on these little beasts; they look so small and so meek.

The next day is very perfect—pure, transparent air, and clear sky—and we think the right hour has come for a visit to the mountain lakes which lie three or four miles south of us, cradled among the rocks. An undulating carriage road on the hill-side leads along the right bank of the Ache, and the larger lake is soon reached. Here it is—a dark green sheet of water, six miles long, and one and a half miles broad. It is called Königs-See, or Lake of St. Bartholomew, and is accounted the most beautiful lake in Germany. It is environed with high mountains that rise abruptly from its pure surface to the height of 8,000 feet. The hour is fortunate, the early light of morning is just gilding the summits, and not a breath of air stirs the calm mirror which is soon to bear us on its unruffled face. A party of five are in waiting, and although strangers, are glad, if for no other than financial reasons, to have us join their company for the boat ride to the other end of the lake. A boat of ample size is allotted us, furnished with a nice little roof in the middle to protect us from the too fierce sunbeams, or the sudden showers. We are propelled by five rowers, three men and two women, and are whirled merrily along the beautiful lake. It looks like our own Lake George, but the mountains are much loftier, and some of them are flecked with snow, and some of the summits are of the curious dolomite formation, abrupt, castellated, with turrets and pinnacles, looking as if Titans of the fabulous ages had chiseled them into form. The lake winds, and we do not see far, either before or behind, but seem shut in by the lofty mountain barriers. To the left on a promontory stands the villa of Baron Beust, and, further on, we pass the islet of St. Johann, on which stands a little open chapel, picturesque and elevated, showing a doubtful semblance of the saint to all passers. Our rowers raise their hats in reverence as we pass the spot, and then row close to the foot of the lofty and precipitous Falkenstein rock on the left, which is surmounted by a cross commemorating the wreck of a boat with a party of pilgrims. There are commemorative tablets inserted into the rocky wall, on which are inscribed the names of the party, and close at hand is a little shrine also in an excavation in the firm rocky wall. The rowers loiter a little that we may get the extended view of the lake which is here described, and see in what a hopeless place the pilgrims' boat went down. Not only does the frowning Falkenstein afford no foothold to the swimmer who might seek to make the shore, but there are no salient points which the firmest hand could clasp. There was no deliverance, even for the bravest.

Our guide-book tells us that at some seasons the red cliff on the other side is glorified by a water-fall, the Königsback, which dashes over it into the lake; but it is dry to-day, and we see no evidence, even, that it is ever otherwise. And now the sun, which had begun to illuminate the dark, deep waters, seems to touch the towering cliff, and in a few minutes it sets behind the rising dome of the mountain, and the gray morning twilight is renewed. We have seen the sun set at nine o'clock in the morning, but it is equally true that we saw him rise again shortly after in undiminished splendor, and send down warm and welcome beams on our little craft as it toiled southward. A little farther and we have reached the deepest part of the lake, (676 feet) and the rowers rest a moment, while one of them takes out a large pistol and fires it in the direction of the western cliff. A long reverberation is the result, sounding not unlike a thunder peal. He fires again

and again, in rapid succession, till we might fancy that a whole army of riflemen were returning shot for shot from concealed fastnesses in the rocks. Then onward again, and we pass a cavern on the left bank, on a level with the water, termed the Kuchler Loch, on account of being supposed to be the source of the Kulch, or Golling waterfall, which discharges itself into the Salz eight or ten miles to the eastward. This is not improbable, as the rocks are fissured and honeycombed here, in a remarkable manner. Soon the boat stops at the Wallner Insel, a wooded promontory an the east bank. We clamber up a good safe pathway a few minutes, and stand in the presence of two little, but lofty waterfalls dancing down into a rocky ravine on their way to the Königs-See. There is no time to linger. We only say "Hail and farewell!" There are so many greater things in this rich earth, O, pretty and jubilant cataracts, that we can spare but a few seconds to you in your rock amphitheatre. Then once more our rowers bend to their oars, and onward and onward we go, till at length we are landed at the southwest end of the lake on a rough, rocky pasture called the Salet Alp.

Now, they tell us, we must walk half a mile in an intensity of sunshine, without a single tree to cast a comforting shadow, in order to reach the little Ober-see which terminates the valley. It seems marvellous that one can experience such blazing heat in full view of eternal snow, and at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, but the imperative Boedeker declares that a visit to the Ober-see must not be omitted on any pretence. And here it is, desolate, lone, wild, bleak. A little green lake—oh, so green—with precipitous, barren mountain heights, all snow-flecked and stern, looking down into its pure mirror. It is only half a mile long, and, at its end, the ancient hills join hands in an iron clasp, and say to the curious wanderers, "Thus far may ye come, but no farther!" It is an inhospitable place at mid-day, under a blazing sun, and one turns away blinded from its bleak brilliance, and from its glaring limestone precipices. One feels as well as sees the significance and power of the prophet's words, when he foretold comfort and deliverance to Israel; that one should come to reign who should be "as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the *shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"

We willingly return to our little boat with its friendly awning, and most willingly push out into the cool, shadowy Königs-See. In returning, we land at the green promontory of St. Bartholomew, where is a royal hunting chateau, which seems now to be used as a restaurant. There are no royal people here now, only caterers, who are quite ready, for a consideration, to furnish a dinner in a grassy pavilion. But it seems better to wander round a little and look into the tawdry, image-crowded chapel of St. Bartholomew which is yet decorated with the wreaths and faded festoons of the festival of Saint Bartholomew, which was celebrated a week ago. We are told that numerous pilgrims are attracted here at this time (Eighth month 24th) and that the surrounding heights are then lighted up at night with bon-fires. This must be a striking sight on the lonely Königs See.

Again we are on our way, and our rowers begin to look weary, especially the women. The oars are large and heavy, and their forms are slight for such heavy and long-continued labor. Oh toiling women of America, be very glad that your lot is cast in a land where men are gentle and courteous to women, and would be bitterly ashamed to see them toiling like galley-slaves while they—smoke!

I notice, with much interest, the formation of little terraces on the borders of the lake. The action of the frost, which has a wedge strong enough to cleave the mightiest rocks, the melting snows and the rains have been at work, and debris enough has been borne down to build a foundation in the deep waters and to spread upon it a smooth soil, which is now green and beautiful. The site of the hunting-chateau is the largest of these terraces, and is cultivated and planted with trees, making a fertile little plantation. Now, if some earthquake tremor should make a fissure in one of these protecting rocks, and the waters should descend a few feet, we would see just such a ledge of terraces here as we have noted in so many of the broad, mountain valleys we have passed through. So the great work of preparing the earth for the occupance of man yet goes on, as in the days of old.

The cool snows of the Watzman are before us, and soon the shores are reached and we land, feeling quite satisfied with our visit to the lake of St. Bartholomew. It is indeed beautiful and well worthy of a visit, if one's line of travel is within a few miles of it, not otherwise.

On our return to Berchtesgaden, we visit the extensive salt works belonging to the Bavarian crown, where great boilers are evaporating the brine from the mine, and great drying-tables, heated from below, are preparing the white, crystalline mass for packing. I ask how much salt is made here in one day, and our guide replied, "From thirty to forty thousand pounds." I believe the salt-rock is dissolved in the mine, and only the solution brought out from the depths of the mountain, and this solution is said to be very

ure. The guide opened one of the great rap-doors which covered the vast evaporating-pan, and, with a wooden drag, drew out ome of the salt from the bottom, seething nd smoking, and left it to drain on the shelving edge, which reached all round the boiler. Twenty men are employed here, and the result of their work was shown us in a great partment, which seemed to contain salt nough to season the whole earth. But the oaring fire below makes it quite undesirable o tarry longer in the salt-works, though, loubtless, more might be learned by persevering inquiry. We have seen enough, however, to give a pretty well defined notion of he various processes by which the salt of ommerce is manufactured.

As I finish my letter to-day, Ninth month d, the people of this town and, I suppose, he whole German Empire are celebrating heir victory over the French at Sedan, four ears ago. Cannons are firing, and the military bands are playing their most jubilant irs, and right glad are they, though a sister ation mourns a most signal overthrow. How errible it is, that the nations should rend each ther and rejoice in their dread barbaric ork! S. R.

Ninth month 2d, 1874.

IMMORTALITY.

BY L. J. K. GIFFORD.

I feel, I will not say I know,
That death to life is not the end;
But love its arguments doth lend,
And life's eternal fact foreshow.

And though the fact I may not prove
By science figured to the eye,
I bear within me consciously
A proof which science may not move.

This highest faith I would not base
On what I am or what I've done;
For only in this life begun,
Its possibilities I trace.

Not what I've done, but fain would do,
Not what I am, but strive to be,
Not through my deed this fact I see,
But through my power to work anew.

And when from one the doubt I heard—
"This earth-life is the spirit's goal,"
The tones fell heavy on my soul,
And all my being shrank the word.

"What," I exclaimed, "hast thou no sense
Of worth that's possible to thee—
Of power to do and power to be,
Which argument is faith's defence?"

Hast thou no moral purpose, sure,
Which makes its claim imperiously
Of deep necessity *to be*—
That scorns annihilations power?

No strength of spirit-will to brave
That death from weakness which is sin
Which seeks the mastery within,
And grapples with the power to save?

Have love and truth and duty high
(Forseen if not fulfilled by thee)
Ne'er touched thy heart with light to see
What learning's logic passeth by?

If moral purpose, truth and love
Are not the soul's strong argument,
No art of logic then is lent
This principle of life to prove.

Love proves it not alone for me;
For what to me is power to love!
The heart's loud cry for life above
Is life, dear friend, for me and thee.

The heart's pure love for what is pure
Is life beyond the life of earth;
A worth that loves a kindred worth,
This is the life, eternal, sure.

—*Christian Register.*

From the Independent.

EDUCATION.

A report recently published by the British secretary of legation at Yedo proves that at least in the matter of education the Japanese are carrying out to the full their contemplated reform. In the year 1872 an act was passed by which the country was mapped out into seven educational circuits. Inspectors were to be appointed to every district, each of whom was to be intrusted with the supervision of twenty or thirty schools. All teachers were to be certificated, and the schools were to be divided into high, middle, and primary schools. This act was promulgated barely two years ago, and since that time 1,799 private schools and 3,630 public schools have been established, at which 338,463 boys and 109,637 girls attend. Add to this number the 30,000 students who are receiving instruction in the higher schools, and we have a total of 480,000 young Japanese, or one in sixty-eight of the entire population, who have already taken advantage of the system prescribed by the government. At Yedo the educational establishments now actually in operation are the "Dai Gakko," or university; the "Go Gakko," or school for instruction in foreign languages; the "Shi Han Gakko," or normal school for the instruction of Japanese teachers; besides a principal female school and several preparatory schools. The education given at all government schools and colleges is entirely secular "as far as is consistent with the fundamental tenets of the Shinto faith"; and, having due regard to the proselytizing zeal of Europeans, it is ordered that no Christian divine is to be admitted to the rank of teacher. On the 18th of May the Mikado visited the Shi Han Gakko, or Tokio Normal School, which was organized by and has been, until within about two months, under the charge of Mr. M. M. Scott, an American gentleman, formerly principal of the San Francisco High School. The discipline

and routine of the Tokio Normal School are those of an American school. The Mikado and his grandees were extremely pleased at the wonderful progress made by the young men who are to be Japan's future teachers. Under the charge of the young men training to be teachers are several hundred children, who study their own language and the Chinese characters, not according to the old tedious and unscientific methods, but on the rational systems now in use in the best schools of the modern world. The minister of education, Mr. Kido, congratulated Mr. Scott on the excellence of the American method of instruction. All the high officials of the imperial household and of the educational department were present. Several of them stated to Dr. Murray that the children whom they saw write, speak, read, and calculate with such surprising fluency and ease could not have obtained such proficiency under the old method of instruction under less than four or five years' training. They have been under the present system less than two years. In the month of April new schools of the middle grade, in which English is taught, were established in Nagoya, Nügata and Hiroshima. In Tokio, the Imperial College of Engineering, under the charge of English professors solely, received an accession of over fifty students, all of whom were grounded in the English language. This college, which is distinct from the "Imperial College of Yedo," described in the *Independent* two years ago, has several very large, finely-built edifices of brick, in the Gothic style, which form a landmark in the city. Inside the instruction is of the best kind, as the staff of professors is a very strong one, all being graduates of first-class English or Scotch universities.

NOTICES.

There will be a Circular Meeting held at North Street, Scipio, on First-day, the 1st of Eleventh month next, at half-past 10 A. M.; and also, at Scipio, South Meeting-house, at 3 o'clock, P. M., the same day; and also, in the evening of the same day at Sherwood's, in the School-house, at half-past seven.

ITEMS.

The Worcester School Committee has appointed a committee on the marking system, and a set of resolutions is now before it for the abolition of marking in the high school, with the exception of only such general marks as will help to determine promotions from class to class. The resolutions provide for a monthly investigation by the teachers into the conduct, industry and scholarship of the pupils, and for the destruction of a scholar's record as soon as he has left the school.—*Boston Transcript.*

During the past year 1,200 girls in the Winthro School, Boston, have been taught sewing. The ex periment has been so successful that it is to be in troduced into all the girls' schools in that city.

The Signal Officer at Washington has perfecte arrangements with the various meteorological bu reaus of European states, for an international ex change of weather reports. This co-operation can not fail to be productive of highly important result both for commerce and for science.—*Popular Scienc Monthly.*

The Protestant Episcopal congregation, whicl now meets in the Meeting-house on Federal stree below Broad, of which Geo. Bringhurst is pastor has abolished the system of pew renting; believin it to be more in accordance with the teachings o Jesus, for the rich and the poor to have equal priv ileges in the performance of their worship. In fu ture the expenses of the meeting are to be defraye by voluntary contributions.

The French astronomer Janssen has invented a ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the precis instant of contact of the planet Venus with th limb of the sun at the transit on December 10. A movable disk, having towards its edge equi-distan round openings, turns before a second disk covere with sensitive paper. By means of clockwork, th outer disk is made to move every second over distance equal to the diameter of one of its open ings. Hence every second there is a new plate ex posed, and a new picture taken. By examining each picture, it is possible to determine exactly th time of contact.—*N. Y. Post.*

Henry Bergh writes a valuable letter to the New York *Times* on the "meat supply." How to ge good meats at low prices is a problem in which all are interested. At present the meat is often infe rior and the prices extravagant. Mr. Bergh pro poses that all animals be slaughtered in the nea vicinity of their pastures and the meat transported to the great centres of population in cars suitable for the purpose. It is claimed that the proprietors of the Allegretti Iceberg Car have proven that this is feasible by shipping meats to Florida and other Southern places during the past year and bringing in return choice fruits. In this way it is said that prime meats could be furnished in our markets at from five to six cents per pound, and that the cruelty to animals and the danger from diseased meats attendant upon the present system would be entirely obviated.—*Liberal Christian.*

An extremely valuable work, in quarto form, has just appeared in San Francisco, in the best style of paper, printing and engraving, on the marine animals of the Pacific, by Captain C. M. Scammon, of the United States Revenue Marine Service. Captain Scammon has utilized his abundant opportunities in the preparation of a treatise upon the whales, porpoises, grampuses and other cetacea, as also the seals, sea lions, fur seals and the like of the Pacific Ocean, which bids fair to be the standard work on the subject for many years. It gives much hitherto unpublished information in regard to the natural history of the seals and cetaceans, together with a complete account of the rise, progress and present condition of the whale fisheries in these seas, the illustrations furnishing an excellent idea of the species themselves, as well as the circumstances under which their capture is undertaken. A systematic catalogue of the cetacea of the west coast, by Mr. Dall, adds much to the value of the book.—*Harper's Magazine.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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GREEK PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

Delivered at the Swarthmore College Commencement, Sixth month 16th, 1874, BY ELLEN M. EVANS, (*a graduate*).

In the youth of nations, religion always precedes philosophy, for, while philosophy requires reason and experience, religion is founded on faith and mysteries. Both religion and philosophy are revelations of the Infinite. As a child does not reason, but with unquestioning faith receives the truth as it is presented to him, so a nation in its infancy implicitly believes in its legends, its heroes, and its gods. But, as its civilization advances, its mythology is replaced by a higher religion; men begin to think, and to reason, and philosophy gradually assumes its place.

In studying the history of any nation, it is possible to trace a Divine plan, and the workings of a Divine mind. Most especially is this the case in regard to Greece. The Greeks, from their earliest existence, worship their heroes, showing their love and veneration for the good in man. Homer's gods have men's human attributes, and, although he seems utterly incapable of comprehending God, we are often surprised in him by sudden flashings of the Truth—an instance of those "feeble hands and helpless, groping blindly in the darkness," touching "God's right hand in the darkness." The artists of Greece developed the ideas of their poets into gods and goddesses more noble and divine, but it was reserved for their philosophers to introduce a truer religion, to overthrow polytheism and to establish in its stead the worship of one God. The aim of all philosophy is truth. The Greeks show in their philosophy, as well as in their art, that mental strength and vigor which has placed them at the head of all nations, both of ancient and of modern times. They show us how far men by their own individual efforts can proceed in the investigation of truth. These investigations were at first directed to the material world, but step by step, the inquirers were lead to the contemplation of higher phenomena, the mind and soul of man. But when Thales declared that water was the primary element of the universe, and Heraclitus, that fire was the origin of all things, we are not to suppose that these are mere material views, but only types to represent what could not otherwise be expressed: water, that element of change and variety ever at work in nature; and fire, not an outward but an inward heat, the principle of antagonism which gives life to everything that lives. Heraclitus, indeed, had ideas of a nature higher and more perfect than that conceived of by any other philosopher of his time, and even Thales declared that there was a Divine power in everything. Anaxagoras separated mind from matter, giving to God and to the world a distinct and independent existence. He was the first to recognize a Divine intelligence regulating and pervading all things.

Metempsychosis, introduced into Greece by Pythagoras, was an effectual aid in preparing the Greek mind for that higher faith in the individual immortality of the soul.

In Socrates we mark the transition from physical to ethical speculations. He maintained that virtue was the result of knowledge, and vice of ignorance. Since the gods want nothing and are divine, he taught that it was man's duty to limit his desires that he might attain to a nearer likeness to the divinity. The great value of Socrates as a philosopher is his peculiar method of eliciting truth, and the manner in which he combined the spirit of research with that of doubt. Reflection he considered pre-eminently man's own work. Since everything useful must be the work of intelligence, he argues the existence of gods, and maintains that they are invisible, and that wisdom is the ruling power of the world.

Although the Sophists found a powerful enemy in Socrates, and their influence has always been considered baneful, they have played an important part in the philosophy of Greece. They have opened the way for the more subjective philosophy of Socrates and his pupils, and thus formed a step between it and the material views of the early philosophers. It is true that the views of the later Sophists deteriorated from those of their teachers and their philosophy, based on the principle that there is no truth, had a degenerating influence on the Greek mind, and proved, at last, one of the causes of the decline of Grecian supremacy.

In Plato and Aristotle we find the philosophy of Socrates modified. They have reduced the ideas of their teacher to a system, and interspersed it with their own peculiar beliefs. These two philosophers represent the great strength of the Grecian intellect, and the vast extent of Grecian learning. We may judge of their influence when we think that for twenty centuries they have ruled the European world. England and France have followed Aristotle in their philosophy, and have been led at times into a mere system of words, while the German mind has been made broad and deep by the influx of Platonic sentiments. While Plato grasped the idea, Aristotle found the form; the latter delighted in unceasing activity of mind, the former, in calm contemplation of the infinite. All knowledge was to Plato a reminiscence; the soul in its former state had existed near the supreme essence, but having fallen, it was united with the body as an expiation; yet at times, amid the troubles of its present life it recalls the beauty, truth, and harmony of its former existence. This recollection, called up, perhaps, by the material types and soulless images of the Infinite, is the source of all knowledge, all philosophy. Plato considered the residence of the soul in the body an evil, since the mind is kept from its free workings by the possession of sense. Aristotle and Plato agree in thinking death a gain since it is only after the soul has been separated from the body that it can attain to true happiness through the perfection of its reasoning powers. Plato argues the immortality of the soul from its previous existence, and from its independence of the body. He maintained that everything that is has its existence in God, and that material things are only shadows and images of ideas which exist in the divine mind. Plato's philosophy is based upon a system of ideas or forms. These ideas are self-existing essences and are perfect in their kind. They are not all equal, but the true, the beautiful, and the good are of the most importance; but of these, the good holds the highest rank, being identical with the divinity. Plato taught that ideas were the only object of true science, and that the aim of philosophy was the preparation of the mind to commune with them, especially with the good, and to attain to their perfection. Like Socrates, Plato believed that virtue could be taught and that science and virtue were coincident. He considered as the greatest good the nearest attainable likeness to God, and defined philosophy as "a resembling of the deity in so far as that is possible to man."

The philosophic sects which took their rise after the time of Socrates and Plato are not to be compared with the systems of these great master minds of antiquity. The Epicurean soon degenerated into mere materialism, and the Stoic into rigid indifference and into a spirit of helpless complaint at the misery and corruption of human life. The thinking world of Greece was, at this time, in a state of fermentation. Every system of philosophy was torn to pieces and rebuilt, until all thinkers inclined either to Eclecticism or Scepticism; either received the good from all systems and rejected the bad or rejected all, and doubted the truth of everything. Neo-Platonism was a combination of oriental ideas with Hellenic, and, most especially, with Platonic philosophy. The soul of man will not be satisfied with philosophy alone, it requires something higher—religion; and religion and philosophy, combined in harmony, satisfy the cravings of the soul. Just so long as the religion of the Greeks was a belief, just so long as they had faith in the gods of the Parthenon, nothing more was needed. But philosophy overthrew this belief, and the mind in its blind groping for light was in a suitable state to receive the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ—Christ, who, like their own early deities, was human, yet endowed with all the Divine attributes of a God. It is the struggle between Neo-Platonism and Christianity

which, lasting so long, and finally resulting in the success of Christianity, forms one of the most interesting and important epochs in the history of the human mind.

Christianity did not destroy the philosophy of Socrates and Plato, but completed it. It gave to it moral life, a living faith, and received in return, energy of thought. The Greeks found the religion of Christ adapted to their intellectual culture, for Christianity is a progressive religion. God reveals Himself to men and nations gradually as He sees their minds fitted to receive His truth. Christ's coming, the crowning glory of this revelation, was just at a time when men were prepared to receive them.

Christ was a man of perfect moral attributes. His mission was the revelation of truth by the display of human nature in its original purity. He is the embodiment of a perfect morality and religion, and, through His example, we know that it is possible for us all to attain to a degree of perfection approaching His own, to be perfect as men, as our Father in heaven is perfect as God. Christ's coming was to fulfil, not to destroy; to make void the letter of the law, but to imbue its spirit with the truth of His Gospel. He impressed upon His disciples' minds that "Peace on earth and good will to man" were requisite to lasting happiness, and when He said to Peter, "Put up thy sword into its place," He disarmed all men, and placed a barrier forever between those who follow Him and those who bear the sword. He taught that the pure heart was the temple of the Lord, and that the pure in heart should see God, should commune with Him in the inmost recesses of the soul. Christ is the great Law-giver of the Christian world, the Teacher whose teachings never lead astray, the Friend ever present with the richness of His love to comfort and to guide.

The Gospel of Christ, in its purity, is capable of converting all nations to its truth; its full power, however, is restrained by creeds and dogmas. When these shall no longer exist, Christianity will prove itself the religion of the world. Since its introduction, it has been continually developing towards something higher and better; not that the principles taught by Christ are capable of improvement, but man's interpretation of them is broader and fuller. Nor will Christianity cease to progress. The system of morality which Christ taught will be all-sufficient when those things are viewed face to face which now are seen but darkly. And when His disciples shall unite in the search for truth, and shall be one in spirit with Him and with the Father, Christianity will have reached the summit of its perfection, and His kingdom will have come on earth.

A TRIBUTE.

The following tribute to the memory of our deceased friend William Dorsey, was prepared for, and read at, the Half Year's Meeting of the Philadelphia First-day School Association, held at Mt. Holly Tenth month 17th, 1874:

The wise and good need not "the praise of the love-written record, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Yet, as one closely associated with the earliest work of the First-day School, we cannot withhold on this occasion a little tribute of love to the memory of our valued friend William Dorsey, who has passed from our midst. For him we can but rejoice, for we know how truly his life of purity and devotion to God prepared him for the life eternal; and deep is the lesson we may learn, when we reflect upon the beautiful harmony of that life with the will of Him whom he served, not only as a Master, but as an ever-present *Friend*.

In his desire to withhold no service by which he might serve God and his fellow-man, he felt it to be his duty to gather in the lambs of the fold, and, with a daughter's aid, established a First-day School in Germantown, First month 19th, 1860, this being the *second* one within our present organization. Under his care the school was continued for three years at the meeting-house, and was afterwards removed to his own dwelling, where it was regularly held until Sixth month, 1871.

With his inability longer to give personal aid to the work, his interest in the advancement of the cause never lessened, but whenever opportunity offered, he was in our midst with earnest, living words of counsel and of cheer.

"Teach the dear children the love of God, and endeavor to lead them in the pathway of simple obedience." Such was his language so often sounded, and now so fresh in the teacher's memory. He earnestly desired that the instructors in the First-day Schools should seek for constant direction from the Power that called them to the work, depending alone upon that. Only a few days previous to his death, he was present at a social reunion of teachers and elder pupils of our (Race Street) First-day School, and his cheering presence, and many expressions of interest and deep instruction drawn forth from the readings on the occasion, will continue in the living remembrance of all who heard them.

In his long ministry, commenced in early life, and reaching widely, at different times,

to many meetings and in many homes, those who have heard him must have felt that the blessing of the Father's anointing was poured most richly upon him; for, though gifted with the fluent use of well-chosen language, it was a greater power than this which touched the hearts of his hearers, and incited them to lives of more earnest, prayerful consecration. And it was not any *special class* who gladly heard his earnest appeals—not alone the aged and middle-aged who felt and rejoiced in his ripened experience, evidently obtained through a long and peaceful dependence on the loving guidance of our Father. To the *young* and *glad* he was no unwelcome messenger, calling to gloomy or unnatural separation from legitimate enjoyments, but the beloved bearer of glad-tidings—of messages of hope and peace, telling how a willing obedience to the Father's guidance could not sadden the young life, but must enrich its every real enjoyment.

How many of us remember his earnest calls to the "Peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away—the Peace which passeth all understanding"; to the "yoke that is easy, and the burden which is light," if cheerfully accepted.

These are his words, quoted from a recent letter to a young friend: "It is a blessed thing to 'remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' The promise has been given, 'They that seek Me early shall find Me.' It will bring thee under the power of the cross; but the cross is not a gloomy burden to those who are willing cheerfully to accept it. On the contrary, the yoke it imposes is easy and the burden light. Unwillingness and resistance bring the gloom and weight of sorrow that occasion some to think, as they witness these effects in others, that a cheerful life is incompatible with a serious life; not that we are free from the cares and anxieties that we know every mortal existence is heir to, nor from the chastenings of our Father's love, that He deems necessary to discipline us for His uses. I know of what I speak, and, could we see as well as He does the end from the beginning, with grateful hearts and lifted sight we should go on our way rejoicing when we sometimes permit clouds of doubt and fear to envelope us. But He deals gently and tenderly with His precious lambs, as they peacefully yield to His loving guidance, and in due season prepares them for whatever work He may design them. 'Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid!' were the comforting words of our dear Lord to His disciples when they were on the water and alarmed at His appearance, and so He assures us."

For those who have and loved known him intimately—who have been blessed with his counsel, and have reaped the richest benefit from intercourse with him, the chastening would be doubly grievous were it not for the assurance that our loving Father is near, ready to speak the word of comfort to the soul, while leading it to be thankful for all that has been received from a friendship so pure, so true, all that may still be received from that which nothing can destroy. And in the hour of our great bereavement we recall his own idea, expressed not long since, that past ties are rendered sacred by fond associations connected with the memory of those whom we have loved—in his own words, "with whom we have held sweet communion"—in our homes on earth for a season, but who have been gathered by our loving Father's hand to their eternal home, free forever from the conflicts that surround us, and the ever-varying scenes and circumstances to which we are subjected; although these places that have known them shall know them no more, their memory lingers like a halo surrounding the family altar; and, though shades of sadness will sometimes rest upon the mind, do they not reveal, as they pass away, the eternal light beyond, by which they are dispelled, in greater beauty?—

> "The glorious hope of perfect love
> That lifts us up to things above."

The certainty that these are dwelling in heavenly mansions cheers us with the hope that we, too, when our "earthly tabernacle is dissolved," may find our rest with them; for in our dear "Father's house are many mansions."

Live in harmony with God, was his desire; may his living testimonies be remembered, his call to an upright walk, to dedication and obedience, lead others to raise the standard he has laid down, and present to the nations with its glorious emblem, "The Lord will teach His people Himself."

KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE, A NATION'S GREATNESS.

Young friends, remember this as you now go forth to perfect yourselves and bless your race. The evils of society can be removed only by the spread of knowledge and the culture of virtue. Let it be your supreme ambition to make individual men nobler. All railroads, and steamships, and telegraphs, only hasten the ruin of a nation unless its citizens are virtuous. Those who ride, not the conveyance; what the message is, not the wire; these are of supreme importance. Knowledge alone is indeed power, so is steam; and both, without a wise engineer, are ruin to their possessor. Wealth is power, but power to destroy as well as build.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Remember that the evils of condition are like morning shadows, which are continually shortening and vanishing till the meridian light encompasses all things. The evils of character are as the shadows at the close of day, which are lengthening and deepening hour by hour into the gloom of midnight. Therefore give all the vigor of your mature strength, all the enthusiasm of your aspiring soul to the subjection and eradication of intellectual and moral evils; the culture and perfection of virtue. Think no achievement in engineering, or oratory, or literature, or discovery, worthy of your admiration and satisfaction, which will not promote goodness and aid men to attain perfection. Build yourselves into every work; and be yourself such that the work will be an inspiration and joy to every beholder. Whether you build an arch or an epic, whether you hold the pen or the plough, whether you hang bridges over rivers, or domes over cathedrals, whether you tunnel mountains, or build reservoirs to drive mills or refresh cities, *so* do it, that solid integrity shall be builded into every part, and skill appear in every portion, and refined taste cover it all over as the vine covers the trellis. Thus the power and the worth of character will be revealed, and the world will be ashamed of the hypocrites, and charlatans, and shams which dishonor human nature and curse the race.

Subsidize all knowledge to enlighten ignorance, to elevate the debased, to rescue the vicious, to save the State. "For in the name of the living God, I say to you, young friends, that licentiousness shall be the liberty; and violence and chicanery shall be the law; and superstition and craft shall be the religion"; and debasement and ruin shall be the end of that people whose trust is in its power, and not in its principles; whose reliance is on its number, and not on its virtues; whose gold, and silver, and commerce are its pride and boast, and not the integrity and intelligence of its citizens; while the nation whose people are intelligent and virtuous, reverencing God, honoring man, shall prosper and endure, and increase in prosperity and permanence while the sun shines and the rivers run.—*From Dr. Stebbins' Address to the graduating class of Cornell University.*

It is a fact that God's care is more evident in some instances of it than in others to the dim and often bewildered vision of humanity. Upon such instances men seize and call them providences. It is well they can, but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand Providence.

SERMON BY GEORGE DILLWYN.

A Sermon, preached at an evening meeting of the people called Quakers, and concluded with prayer, in their Meeting-house in High street, Philadelphia, on First-day, the 26th of the Fifth month, 1793, by George Dillwyn, on the eve of his departure for Europe. Taken in Character.

"And now, brethren, I recommend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance, among them which are sanctified."—Acts xx, 32.

"Early in this meeting a pleasant prospect was presented to the view of my mind, which awakened earnest desires that it might be a state into which the minds of many present might be gathered, but I did not know that I should express it, and it disappeared. But as I have sought (I hope with many present) to keep to my proper business through inward and patient travail of spirit, now, in the latter part of this meeting, the thing revived a little, and I began to query, am I to communicate it or let it pass? I desired, if it was not right that I should speak, I might be helped to refrain, for sometimes we have our reward for refraining while our minds are in doubt. Whatsoever is not of faith is sin; faith is the gift of God, and by it we are enabled to make straight steps, whereby our going can be established, and we become promotive of the Lord's honor, and of our own advancement in the way of righteousness and peace. I do wish that I may increase in that fear by which, under the Divine blessing, the heart is kept clean. I remember that the Master had given a direction to those servants He was pleased to separate from the world to His service, where to wait to be endued with power from on high, where to receive something like special direction; when the Holy Ghost should come upon them, then, they were to testify of Him. Now this is what I have been waiting for; I had this subject presented to my mind and an earnest desire was awakened that the state I had a prospect of might be that of many individuals present; and yet whether to communicate it or not was the question. How was it to be determined? Only by the Holy Ghost coming upon me, as it did upon the chosen, who then testified of Him, beginning at Jerusalem and passing through Judea and Samaria, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth. I know, dear friends, it is not him who commendeth himself that is approved of God; I know He will stop the mouth of all boasters. These thoughts have unexpectedly occurred to my mind, and having freely received them, I desire freely to impart them, that they may convey instruction to some sincere ones present. Now what was

presented to the view of my mind was the blessedness of dwelling together in unity, and the desire was awakened that we might all be brought into that state. I do not mean our coming together, perhaps at seasons most convenient to ourselves, and sitting down in outward quiet, seeming to be at unity; but I mean that unity of the spirit which is the only sure bond of peace. The unity of the spirit? some may say, why this is recommending to us what is not within our reach, for however much we may desire it at times in these our meetings, yet thou must know it is not at our command." This is very true; but, if we possess a contrary spirit, in these seasons of retirement, the good Remembrancer will give us a sight and sense thereof. Are we thus favored? Are we willing to lay down the life of enmity and to die to that nature which is opposed to the Christian religion? If we are not, wherein do we differ from those who destroy one another in the vain belief they are doing God good service. Depend upon it, those who are in this condition are not subjects of the Gospel dispensation, but belong to that of the olden time, when an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, was the rule, as our dear Lord told his disciples and followers. Oh, we ought to try ourselves, whether we indeed bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us, for this is the touchstone of Christianity. It is by dying to the emotions of anger and revenge that we commend ourselves to His merciful regards who died to save His persecutors, and, in the moment of His greatest exercise, cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." When we lay down this life of corruption and self-will, we experience the assurance of a better life; we will be translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the marvellous kingdom of the dear Son of God, and then each one of us can say, "I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren." This is the badge of discipleship. By this all men shall know that we are the disciples of Christ.

It is here that I have desired many might be gathered. Oh, how lovely would our sitting down before the Lord be, even in the minds of strangers, who would be ready to exclaim in the language of the kingly prophet, "Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment poured upon the head, that ran down on the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garment. As the dew of Heaven, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life, forevermore." Oh, beloved friends, press after this state of mind, believe in it, for it is all of heaven we can have this side of the grave. True it is, that when under a sense of our own weakness, we labor after a resignation of our own wills to the Lord's holy will, and patiently wait upon Him, He will draw nigh to us in His own time, which we cannot hasten. He will work in us, by the revelation of His living power in our souls, to will and to do of His own good pleasure. He that should come, will come, and when he cometh his reward is with him, and his work before him. He will lead us along gently in that true and living way, cast up for His ransomed and redeemed to walk in, wherein they will grow from strength to strength, until at last they shall appear before Him in Zion, with songs of joy in their mouths, and everlasting gladness on their heads. Now, therefore, dear friends, to the word of His grace nigh in the heart, I commend you with my own soul, that we may thereby be built up and made fit for an inheritance among them which are sanctified, and in it (although we may be far distant one from another in body), in our solemn approaches before the Lord, we shall know what it is to be gathered together in His name, and under the sweet uniting influences of His Spirit, have fellowship with one another, as we walk together in that way which leads to His eternal kingdom. Farewell, dear friends.

His prayer, on the same occasion:

Before Thee, O! Thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, Thou inexhaustible well-spring of all our mercies, a remnant now present, desire acceptably to bow, and through the aid of Thy Holy Spirit to beg the communication of Thy blessing upon us—that blessing which enriches, and whereunto Thou addest no sorrow, that so, dear Father, we may be united by Thy love, and be enabled to offer unto Thee the sacrifice of fear, thanksgiving and praise.

Be near, we humbly pray Thee, to Thy visited and exercised children, whom, by the smiles of Thy love, Thou hast allured into the wilderness, and who, in the integrity of their minds, have been endeavoring to follow Thee wherever Thou leadest them. O Lord! sustain such, we beseech Thee, by Thy never-failing arm of power; suffer them not to cast away their confidence; stay their minds in resignation to Thy will, and enable them to maintain that patient, persevering watch which Thou hast pronounced to be blessed, and if it be consistent with Thy holy will, O cut short the work of righteousness for Thine elect seeds' sake! Say Thou unto the blind, Go forth; and to those who sit in darkness, Show yourselves, so that, under a sense of Thy gracious dealings with them, the may have to magnify Thy excellent name upon the banks

of deliverance. And, O Father! we entreat of Thee, that Thou lengthen out the day of Thy merciful forbearance unto those who are yet estranged from Thee. As Thou hast dealt with us we beseech Thee, Heavenly Father, to deal with them: meet them as in a narrow place: arrest them by the convictions of Thy grace: constrain them to feel their helpless condition, so that they may cry unto Thee, who hast promised that for the crying of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, Thou wouldst arise.

Thou, O Lord, hast given a remnant to see that when, by Thy Spirit, Thou art pleased to arise in their hearts, Thine enemies are scattered. and we are enabled to step after Thee in the way Thou hast appointed for us; that so, Father, thousands and tens of thousands who are wandering as sheep without a shepherd may be gathered unto Thee, the great Shepherd and bishop of souls, and be made instruments in Thy holy hand for bringing sons from afar, and daughters from the ends of the earth, under the subjection of Thy righteous and peaceable kingdom, that so the work Thou hast begun in the earth may be carried on, and in Thy own time perfected, to the praise of Thy adorable name.

And, blessed Father, we entreat of Thee to visit the abodes of sorrow and sickness. Raise Thou the afflicted out of the dust. Comfort Thou the mourners in Zion. Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may yet put on their beautiful garments of praise unto Thee, the immortal King.

And do Thou, O Father, visit the minds of Thy children's children who may yet wander about in the paths of vanity, forgetting Thee. Oh, touch the hearts of all with the finger of Thy love; stain the beauty and glory of this world more and more in our view; draw us into retirement before Thee, that Thou mayst unveil the transcendent glories of Thy everlasting kingdom in our view, that, by awakening conviction in our hearts and drawing us by love, we may run after Thee, and become experimental witnesses that whatsoever we may surrender for Thy name's sake, whether father or mother, wife or children, we shall receive an hundredfold even in this life, and in that which is to come life everlasting.

Thus we pray Thee do for us, O Lord God, for we have no might of our own, that so from time to time throughout all ages Thine own work may praise Thee; and when we have done with earth, may we all be favored with an admittance into Thine abiding perpetual habitation, where the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy.

THE MIND.—The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I am now in a land once fanned by the sighs and watered by the tears of the down-trodden slave. It always seems to me that a judgment from the God of mercy and love rests upon it, and as justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne, that in the ministration of these a withering blight has passed over it; that years of anxious toil and honest endeavor must pass ere the soil can be reclaimed and its virgin strength restored. God grant a restitution may be made, as far as may be, by restoring all that was wrongfully taken from the children of Africa, and adding, in aid of their forlorn condition, all that the circumstances of the case will allow. The season has been exceedingly dry, and the fruit nearly all cut off by late frosts in the spring. Last night we had a lovely shower, and this morning an exhilarating freshness cheers and gladens the heart, the sun shines out in all its radiance, as glorious as in that morn when the fiat of the Almighty went forth, "Let their be lights set in the heavens to divide the night from the day," and it was done, and the lesser light, with all its mellow loveliness, shone out to rule the night.

My heart rejoices and gives God thanks that, in the revolutions that have taken place amongst men, in the setting up and dethroning of monarchs, in the rise and fall of empires, no change has taken place in the order and wise arrangement of the material world. The promises made in the early times remain as unchangeable as He that gave them. "As I live," saith Lord, "Day and night, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest shall not fail." The fulness may be withheld, to show us our entire dependence, and to remind us that our love and devotion should be first to the giver; then gratitude and thanksgiving would ascend for all His gifts. The changing seasons bring no gloom to me; so far from this, each has its charm. The opening spring renews to life all that has been resting in the grasp of frozen fetters, unfolding bud and blossom, expanding leaf of tree, and petal of the lowliest flower that peeps beside the snowdrift, inviting the passer-by to pause, ad-

mire, and adore the hand that formed and placed it there. So sweetly has the Creator mingled the needful and the beautiful, to show His creature (man) He had design in this; that every home should be delightful, by tastefully combining these, that our years might pass in sweet enjoyment. Summer's heat has blessings too; perfecting growth and ripening for the ingathering; and autumn also is rich in blessings; when stores are safely garnered in, then winter comes, when comfort succeeds care, and the summer's toil has brought a bounty for nature's claims. The quiet evenings then are times to feast on mental stores. Social mingling brings out the hidden treasures and burnishes bright the mind's materials by interchange of thought, each gaining something of what is stored away, as if, happily, some latent idea springs up brightly, it may give a new impetus to that full, free converse and flow of soul that strengthens all the energies. Then let us

> Leave all the faults of human kind,
> With all their follies, far behind,
> For Christ may see some good in them,
> Who only touch His garment's hem.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 31, 1874.

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.—This display of the Mechanic Arts has been the chief attraction of our city ever since it was opened on the 1st inst.

The arrangements made with the various railroad companies, by which excursion tickets, with admission to the exhibition, have been issued at low rates, have brought an influx of visitors from far and near.

It is not too much to say, that this is the most interesting and instructive exhibition of the genius and skill of our artizans that has ever been held among us. We scarcely realize as we pass through the busy thoroughfares, or take an occasional ride into the suburbs of our city, that such important manufactures, as are here brought together, are around us and in our very midst.

The advantages of thus grouping under one roof the numerous industries of the age are very great.

We can better understand the relation each bears to the other, and get a clear apprehension of the immense power that is stored in fire and water, and realize more fully too, the almost unlimited resources of the human mind by which these formidable agents, that, unrestrained bring such havoc and destruction, are tamed and subdued so that even a little child may guide them.

The day spent in this wonder-land of mechanicism, is one long to be remembered. The roar and rush which greeted us on our entrance came from a very cataract of water poured out from the immense throat of a large steam pump and a score of others of less pretensions, into a reservoir below, in which a model life boat was floating. Looking over the railing into the basement there were engines of immense power, and around us, a very Bable of sounds from wheels and cranks, that were whizzing on every side, all kept in motion by the connecting bands that linked them to the motive power below.

The measured strokes of a steam-hammer dealt ponderous blows upon bars of iron red hot from forges of such convenient designs, that any blacksmith in possession of one, might be proud of his occupation.

There were vises and saws, and planing machines and ship models; book-folding apparatus, lithograph and printing presses were all running merrily on, and force, the offspring of fire and water, bound hand and foot, was turning every wheel in the interests of peace, of comfort and enjoyment. Everywhere we were surrounded with contrivances to lessen toil, and add to the productive industry of the world.

The improvements in school furniture made one wish to be a child again. The competition in sewing machines gives quite a flavor to the exhibition. One operator assures us that his machine will fold down a hem, adjust an edging and keep a braid in place while he stitches the whole together, and he gives us a specimen of the work which is all that he claimed for it. Another embroiders on cloth with chenille; the boquet designs were not after the style of the "best masters," but the execution was really astonishing.

We did not know to what extent the manufacture of ornamental tiles was carried until we saw the beautiful specimens on exhibition, and were told that this form of decorative art is being adapted to private as well as public

buildings. The glass and china display was in keeping with the furniture and carriages, all being most elaborate and costly. The chemicals embraced all the new combinations; the effect of the sunlight on many of the crystals was beautiful beyond description.

A machine for making envelopes attracted a crowd whenever it was in operation, as did also the kaleidscopic changes of the apparatus that manufactured the "star-braid."

The old Ephrata printing press, with its buckskin ink balls, and hand lever, occupied a conspicuous place. We saw a printer of the "olden time" ink his form, and strike off from its time worn frame copies of the history of the press, which is the oldest in the State, and is now the property of the Historical Society.

It would be difficult to name an industry that is not represented, and yet it is said that there were many who wished to exhibit that could not be accommodated with room. The building in which it is held is of immense size, and the arrangements well planned. The main aisle is furnished with settees, and in the second story is a restaurant.

It has been many years since the Franklin Institute held an Exhibition. They have always been popular, and we hope that the success attending the present display will be encouragement to give them more frequently.

William Dorsey.—On another page will be found a "Tribute" to the memory of this beloved friend, prepared by the Race Street First-day School. The announcement of his death has been received by a large circle of friends and fellow-citizens with profound sorrow. Although those by whom he was immediately surrounded, saw indications of failing strength, yet none seemed to realize that the end was so near. A life so devoted to the advancement of the best interests of his fellowmen, and especially of the religious Society with which he was connected, cannot be terminated without making a deep impression upon the community.

For the greater part of his life he was engaged in mercantile business, which gave opportunities for extended intercourse with various classes of people, from whom his uprightness and integrity won respect and confidence.

Although diligent in business, he was especially prompt and faithful in the discharge of his religious duties; never, it is believed, allowing lower considerations to interfere with them.

While firm in his convictions concerning the doctrines and testimonies held by our Society, he was of a liberal and catholic spirit, and his great concern was, that people should become good men and women, rather than proselytes to any particular creed or sect.

While yet a young man, a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to him, and for more than thirty years he was a faithful and devoted minister, and labored extensively not only within the limits of his own Society, but among those not in connection with it. He attended at various times all the Yearly Meetings of Friends in unity with us.

As a member of the Representative Committee—an active and judicious laborer in Indian affairs—in the management of First day Schools—and as a manager of Swarthmore College, to which he gave much time and thought, the value of his services can scarely be measured. Let us emulate his zeal, his earnestness and his devotion.

Penna. Working Home for Blind Men.—Our attention is again called to this useful institution. The trustees are in need of funds "to meet" further payments on the property which they have purchased (situated on Lancaster Avenue, West Philadelphia) and for the erection of workshops. $15,000 are yet needed to complete the building. The aid of all who are interested in seeing this unfortunate class of our community more comfortably provided for, is earnestly solicited.

Note.—We would remind some of our Exchanges that Editorial courtesy requires that when an *original article* is copied from any paper, such paper should be accredited with it.

We are well pleased when any thing in our periodical is of sufficient general interest to induce a transfer of it to the columns of other papers, especially if it be chosen by those

bearing the name of Friends; but we claim as our right the observance towards ourselves of the usual courtesy.

DIED.

HAINES.—At Yonkers, on the 8th inst., Edward T. Haines, aged 16 years. He was the son of Richard R. and Harriet T. Haines, of New York. The following "testimony of his worth" is from the pen of one of his teachers:

"His connection with the school left behind many precious memories, and none other. He was a thoroughly good boy. Gentle and unassuming, he was strong in his devotion to the right. School is a more decisive test of what a boy is than home, because of the more powerful and diverse currents of influence acting upon his impressible nature. Edward bore the ordeal without sign of weakness or blemish. He was not only free from all taint of meanness, vulgarity and deceit, but he was singularly devoid of that impulsiveness peculiar to youth. He showed the considerateness and gravity of manhood. He chose associates like himself. He was eminently faithful, doing all his work cheerfully, and as well as he knew how. He did not dazzle by display, but drew the affection and confidence of others by the sweet serenity, constancy and purity of his character. His virtues seem not to have been earth-born, but to have had their source and sustenance from that blessed home whither it is the sweet consolation of mourning ones to believe he has gone, and for which, all unconsciously, perhaps, they have been privileged to train him. "Is it well with the child?" Surely it may be thankfully said, even amid our tears—"It is well." "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

BARTRAM.—In Philadelphia on the 7th of Tenth month, 1874, S. Maris Bartram, in the 37th year of his age. Kind and genial in his nature, his early death will bring sadness to a large circle of relatives and friends. With a future of much promise before him, he accepted the summons that called him hence without a murmur. "Meet me in heaven," were his parting words to those of his young companions, who gathered around him near the close of his life.

KIRK.—In Warminster township, Bucks County, Pa., on the morning of the 6th inst., after a short illness, Barclay B. Kirk, in the 30th year of his age; a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN BAVARIA.

No. 20.

Before leaving Berchtesgaden we made a closer acquaintance with the King's Villa, and found it much more extensive and elegant than its appearance from the hill-side above would indicate. As we approached the front we were struck with the fine effect of a great mass of *Ampelopsis* (Virginia creeper), which decorated the wall and draped the windows and piazzas very gracefully. The crimson autumn tint was developing in the young and tender leaves of the ends of the branches, and the variety of color was very striking and beautiful. Much more use is made of this elegant vine here than in our own country, where it is native, I believe. It is employed wherever an ornamental screen from the sunbeams is needed, or wherever its liberal and graceful festoons can conceal deformity, or give an air of elegance to plainness, and is almost invariably the ornament of the railway stations. It is worthy of all its honors, even of the honor of adorning the portals of the dwelling-place of princes. As we walked admiringly along the outer court, a cheery voice from within bade us "Good evening," and invited us to enter. As none of the royal personages are now inhabitants of the Villa, we accept the invitation and are escorted through the pleasant halls where the Bavarian court, in the days of the late King Maximilian, spent many of the warm days of summer. The great charm of the Villa is its moderate elevation and the matchless outlook from the numerous balconies, and we feel a kind of regret that so charming a residence should stand without inhabitants. The royal family have not been here, as of old, for several years, but everything is clean and brightly polished as if they were coming to-morrow, and the fuschias, geraniums and asters of the gardens are as neatly pruned and in as prim order as if princely eyes contemplated them from the vine-clad balconies. I was specially pleased with the apartments assigned to the less important personages of the courtly household. A bed-room and saloon were combined in such a manner as to give its occupant the advantage of a pretty, private parlor and a large airy sleeping apartment. Imagine a nice square room with three large sunny windows, opening out on a balcony. A narrow strip of the apartment, including one window, is divided from the rest by a gracefully curtained arch, and here are the bed and other toilet furniture, not in a dark closet, but in a bright, well ventilated compartment, which during the night is enlarged by drawing the curtains apart. By day, the curtained alcove is rather ornamental than otherwise. Why may we not adopt some such arrangement in hotels and boarding-houses, in which so many persons have to seek temporary homes?

Scattered through the various saloons were many specimens of the elaborate and artistic wood-carving and ivory work for which this locality is famous. It seems impossible that human hands can cut the firm ivory into such intricate and delicate lace-work, or carve the mountain cedar into such marvellous semblances of the rocks and forest, and of the chamois and steinbock which dwell among

hem. The artists love to copy the grotesque n nature and in the world of fancy, as well s the graceful and beautiful, and the gnomes hich are fabled to have their homes in he mysterious mountain caves, are a favor- e subject. As curious, and very beautiful, re the mosaics of the various marbles which hese mountains yield in abundance. I no- ced eight rich varieties combined in one ble, all of which belong to this immediate icinity, and the exceeding delicacy and per- ction of the work is all that can be desired. he room in which the young king and his rother slept during their childhood is shown, nd a very pretty apartment it is, though uite plain. Little bedsteads, quite without rnament, and little bureaus, without marble nd other articles of garniture there were, hich would not be any too luxurious, I am ure, for the little republicans of America. ut it looked like an enjoyable home for the ttle princes, and it seems strange that King udwig loves to dwell here no more.

The portraits of the Bavarian princes, clad n their robes of state, adorn every inn and lmost every house we have entered, and on he same walls are the stronger and more ugged faces of William of Prussia and his mous adviser, Prince Bismarck; so that, in certain sense, we may say that we breakfast nd dine every day in the gracious presence f kings and emperors. The people seem eacefully loyal, and do not appear to con- ern themselves at all with affairs of state. ewspapers are few and very small, contain- g but very little of the matter which makes ur daily visitor so interesting. The adver- sements are curious. I have copied one, hich reads in this wise, and is not an unus- al formality:

"THANKS.—For the general sympathy of our iends during the illness of Mrs. Maria Spath, idow of the wholesale mercer and burgomaster, s well as for the numerous attendance on the fune- l and at the funeral service in the church; for all his we give thanks with heartfelt emotion, and we ecommend the dear departed to your pious memory.

"THE SORROWING SURVIVORS.

"*Salzburg*, 26 *Aug.*, 1874."

There are fashion papers, giving pictures of ay garments that are to be in favor this fall n the German land, and there are illustrated heets which give views of the world from the ccident to the orient, and from the rivers to he ends of the earth; but to these there is o cruel and vulgar last page ridiculing those n authority, or holding up to the scorn of ankind their own country and people. No rue republican will ever desire to see the berty of the press curtailed in the slightest egree in our country, but we may safely hope nd desire that the taste of the people may ecome so refined that there will be no one left to laugh at coarse and vulgar caricatures.

The cordial hospitality and courtesy of the people, manifested whenever there is the slightest occasion for its exercise, is very remarkable. One day, ascending the mountain path to our lodging-house, the Villa Zechmeister, we were overtaken by a heavy shower, against which umbrellas were quite an inadequate protection. We retreat into a busy shop-like place, a home and little hat manufactory all in one. The wayside bench, which is almost always beside the doorway, is not sheltered enough against the driving rain, and we venture into the low-arched door. The "meister" meets us, sees our plight, takes us into his working-room, with many apologies for its want of comforts, and sends up-stairs for the house-mother, to receive us fittingly. She comes promptly, and offers us the best her house can give, but we are interested in the soft hats of felt which her husband is fashioning, and decline, with thanks, to penetrate farther into their abode. There are several on the table, in various stages of development, from the softest and finest to the coarse, cheap article used by the poorest. He was finishing them with skill and taste, and ornamenting some with a few nodding feathers from the grouse, and all with a neat silk cord, with tassels, or a broad band of silk. Our admiration gives our host evident pleasure, so he hurries out of the room to bring something which he thinks we will like still better, and soon returns, gently leading two broad-browed little maids, who come very willingly forward and give us their hands. My friend asks them some friendly questions, and tells them we come from America, from the city of Philadelphia. Then the eldest, little Gretchen, brings her books and reads a story to us, with great simplicity, neither hesitating nor blushing, as why should she? The father looks on, smiling and approving, and, as soon as he has a chance, asking some questions on his own account. He is interested in America, as, indeed, all Germans are, but is much astonished that two "fraus" should come alone over the ocean, and travel through so many countries without "herren"; but when told that we think of going to Jerusalem, his wonder knows no bounds, and his wonder seems mingled with a kind of comical pity for the wanderers. If my knowledge of the German language would only permit, I should like to tell him that the world seems so well supplied with good, true-hearted people that there is very little difficulty in moving about among the nations, much less than those who stay always by their own hearth-fires imagine.

But the shower is over, so we say farewell, with thanks, shake hands with Gretchen and

Marie, and depart, having had a pleasant lesson in Christian courtesy and hospitality.

One submits to the discomfort of being caught in a shower, and of being shut in our rooms for a season, while the storm is spending its fury, being well compensated by the richness and glory that comes with the eventide. The heavens have done their utmost, and shower after shower, with roaring thunder peals and lightning flash have descended, and now the sun has vanished behind the westward hills. The mists seem to sink in a soft, gray, rolling mass to the lower valley, and the mountain peaks emerge from the smoky sea like islands from the billowy deep. Suddenly, as we gaze, the sea of gray-white mist becomes a sea of gold, and a double rainbow arch, radiant as when the household of Noah first beheld it from Armenian hills, crowns the scene of glory, to tell us now the same story as of old, that the rain cometh evermore, to heal and not to destroy. The rainbows seem to occupy the middle distance between the near and the more remote summits, which are now snow-clad, and their effect against the hoary mountain-heights is splendid far beyond description—it may better be imagined. The glory of the night after such a thorough cleansing of the atmosphere is quite as great as the brilliancy of the sunset. The stars come with threefold brightness; the soft archway of the nebulous Galaxy from the gleaming sword of Perseus on the east to the inverted dipper on the west; the urn of Aquarius, emptied of its waters; the poetic and aspiring Pegasus in the foreground, and gleaming, diamond-like Lyra, set like a diadem in the centre of the crown of night, all await the rising of the harvest-moon from behind the snowy summits to the eastward. Surely, this world was made for happiness—for jubilant and triumphant song, and

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

We have one more Sabbath-day among the Bavarian highlands, and one more dinner on the Amphelopsis-draped balcony of the Post. Beside us at our noon-day meal sit three Hungarian ladies—gentle, gracious and beautiful, speaking fluently French and English, as well as their familiar German. They have the stately repose of manner without haughtiness, which is commonly supposed to accompany gentle breeding and gentle blood, and are quite different in many respects from the Germans who sit near us. They enter into friendly conversation with us, according to the custom of the land, and we find these dark-eyed, accomplished daughters of the fiery Hun of old, very accessible indeed. They are lonely, they tell us; have no acquaintances in Berchtesgaden, and promptly accept our invitation to walk with us up our mountain-path, and see the fair panora from our balcony.

The country-women of Kossuth inqui about our land very intelligently, and expr a strong desire to visit the great Centenn Festival to be held in Philadelphia in 187 I warn them not to expect treasures of a such as a thousand years of civilization h accumulated in European capitals. "N the fine arts," said the younger sister, "b your great nation excels in the useful a the practical, and the development of t beautiful will come later." Then they t of their own Hungarian land, and their fa city of Pesth, on the Danube, where the Ma yars yet hold their parliaments, and whe the ancient kings of Hungary had their sea

When we mentioned our intent to go on Ramsau to-morrow, they promptly offer join us in our ride and to share the expen of the landau. I mention this little incide because it illustrates the fact that gentlene and courtesy are common in this ancie land, as in our own America, which so loud asserts the great doctrine of the equality mankind.

But the morrow is lowering again and y hesitate to start in the early morning hou fearing to lose the beautiful scenery in closed carriage, and soon clouds gather y more densely on the hill tops, and a show seems to justify our halting policy of th morning. But the sun shines soon again, an we return to the hotel triumphant, to claim th landau. But it has gone, some braver hear than ours have won the prize, and, furthermor every available carriage is in use, and w shall not see Ramsau to-day, so one mo r'ght at Berchtesgaden is a necessity. Bu have tasted of all the sweets of this va ley, are satisfied therewith and now are read for fresh fields and pastures new. We a not exactly weary of the imposing Watchma with his field of snow, nor of the pure rive which rushes over the marble pebbles of i channel; neither have the green terrace crowned with balconied villas and picturesqu cottages, lost their charm, but the book nature and the store-houses of Art are so vas that we long to proceed in exploring an studying them.

Another evening walk reminds me of pleasant and not expensive luxury provide for weary pedestrians on the waysides. Afte every ascent, especially wherever a good vie refreshes the eyes, are placed comfortabl benches with backs, which are just the righ inclination. Steep and stony ways are muc less formidable when we know that frequen rests are provided, and the long stroll alon the highway is far more enjoyable for thes friendly benches. Almost every dwellin

s one by the doorside and on it the way-
er may rest unreproved. Perhaps the
ut in world of a mountain valley has a
idency to draw people closer together and
ake them more simple and friendly than is
e wont of manhood in the broader world
yond.

But the morrow, Ninth month 8th, rises
illiantly and our Hungarian friends are
ady to escort, so we bid adieu, a long fare-
ll, to Berchtesgaden.

The church bell is ringing, and the people
e gathering, in holiday garb, to their sanc-
ary. Joyous and triumphant strains of music
lcome the multitude as they enter, and we,
awn by curiosity or friendly interest, enter
th them into the ancient church. It is a
tival day, and the people have come to-
ther to celebrate the birth of the Virgin
ary, and to pay their tribute of honor and
verence to the embodiment of all excel-
ce in womanhood. The doll-like image
the Virgin, wreathed and decoroted with
wers, has a glittering crown and regal robe,
d the whole floor of the church is crowded
th a hushed multitude. A priest in white
rments ascends the lofty pulpit and reads
The book of the generations of Jesus Christ
e Son of David, the son of Abraham."
Then he explains to the people why they
ould pay the tribute of devotion to the
ntly "Mother of God" (as they denom-
ate her); addressing first the women, and
inting the beautiful motherhood of Mary,
ned so perfectly to her most glorious son
m His birth to the hour of His martydom,
aring all His sorrows, and tenderly sympa-
izing in all His labors. Then he held up
ary as the special object of devotion to
n, not alone because she was the mother
Jesus, but because she embodied in its per-
tness all they held dear in woman. The
eacher is enthusiastic, and the multitude
ten with wrapt attention and moist eyes,
idently giving their hearts up to this ami-
le idolatry. Has the priest altogether for-
tten the eternal and omnipotent One, whose
ice was heard by the prophets and sages of
l, commanding the sons of men, "Ye shall
ve no other gods before me"?

But it is time to depart, and as we turn
ward the door the kindly folk make way
· us, and we are again in the bright sun-
ine, out of dim shades into the light of
y. The carriage is ready, and we say our
ieus again, and ride merrily westward
wards Ramsau. The fair valley disappears
hind us, the impressive Watzman beckons
ward to the left, as our road follows back
e course of the impetuous Ache, which is
rrying northward with its tribute of sweet,
ar waters from the König-see. The broad
Steinberg looms up just in front of us, and we turn westward into the picturesque valley of the Ramsau. We pass between lofty and beautiful heights, and through rich woodlands where the poetic Cyclamen grows in profusion, and a yellow flowered viscous Salvia almost takes possession of the ground.

Here is a rich, soft slope, all glorious with a whole host of autumn-blooming crocuses, tenderly violet-tinted. They are in every stage of bloom, from the tender pale bud to the wide-opened, lily-like chalace, which catches and condenses the sunbeams. Slowly we ascend, and as slowly and very heedfully we descend the steep road and onward through the warm sunshine till we reach the town of Ramsau 2172 feet high. We halt at a very primative old inn, dirty and dismal, where a crowd of peasants are enjoying their holiday, the birth-day of the Virgin Mary, by a prolonged carouse. There is no dining-hall here, and tables and benches are rudely constructed under the dense shade of a grove of horse-chestnuts just by the door, and men and women sit together with their beer-mugs around them. They were in their gayest holiday-dress, and no one seemed intoxicated or at all rude, though very merry, and we sat down at a table near the revellers and had a noon-day repast without any annoyance from them. This beautiful spot is a favorite resort of artists and naturalists, and we can see how numberless mountain-views of surpassing loveliness might repay the artist who would carry his easel, camp-stool, and white umbrella to favorable points, and watch the effects of evening glory, of cloud-rests, and of flitting sunshine. At this place, we bid adieu to our Hungarian friends, who now turn backward to Berchtesgaden, while we press onward to Reichenhall, to the northward. They tell us of their home in Pesth, and insist that we shall not pass through their city without announcing ourselves to them. We promise very willingly and pass on our way.

For Friends' Intelligncer.

EARLY SCHOOLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In the *Public Ledger* of a recent date we find an abstract from a very instructive paper on Educational Antiques, read at the late annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association of this State by Edward Shippen, for many years interested in the schools of Philadelphia. It is reprinted in full in the September number of the Pennsylvania School Journal, along with the other proceedings of the meeting. The facts thus grouped together form a very interesting compilation, and will amply repay a perusal. We could not but reflect on the facilities of the present system of education for acquiring knowledge, as con-

trasted with that of former years, accompanied with a desire that they might be properly appreciated by those now enjoying them. J. M. E.

"The earliest free school in what is now Pennsylvania was that established by the Swedes, at Chester, and the first school after Penn's arrival was that opened by Enoch Flower, in this city. His terms were: 'To learn to read, 4 shillings by ye quarter; to learn to read and write, 6 shillings by ye quarter; to learn to read, write and cast accounts, 8 shillings by ye quarter; and for Boarding a Scollar, that is to say, Dyett, Washing, Lodging and Scooling, £10 for one whole year.' The earliest school-book was published in 1675, and the edition needed was very small indeed, for in those early days the school teacher possessed the only one in the locality. It must have been a sort of educational encyclopedia, for it was, at the same time, primary, secondary, grammar and Sunday-school book; it contained several alphabets, a large assortment of hard, Biblical names, and many Scriptural quotations; a list of all the names by which his satanic majesty is called in the Good Book; a catechism of 107 questions, and it treated on the 'Seven Arts,' that is to say, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Astronomy, Geometry, Music and Arithmetic.

"In 1748, Franklin printed the American Instructor, which added to all other elements of instruction a liberal supply of information as to Book-keeping, a Mechanics' Hand-book of Measurements, Wages and Prices, a Practical Gauger, The art of Dialling, Instructions for Dyeing, The Poor Planter's Physician, and also Prudent Advice to Young Tradesmen and Dealers. In those early days, too, the 'Horn Book' was in use in schools. It was simply a long half-sheet of paper, on which were printed the numerals, the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer; it was pasted on a thin board, which terminated in a handle, and looked like a paddle; over the printed matter was fastened a thin piece of transparent horn, so as to protect the letters from the ends of the fingers, and thus preserve the book. This fashion was as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth, and it lasted down to the end of the last century. But perhaps the oddest kind of alphabet teaching was what has been corruptly called the 'Bissel' alphabet—each vowel being followed by the words 'by itself,' which in time became abbreviated, and so gave a name to this odd fashion. In those days ink was all of the teacher's home-made manufacture out of nutgalls and rusty nails; the inkstand was but a cow's horn, sawed off, and as there was but one for each school, carried around during writing hours, each scholar had his own quill, but the master made and mended the pens while the b and girls read; and it is recorded of ancient schoolmaster in Philadelphia, that four months, while he mended pens, his pu invariably read 'Nebuchadnezzar, the Ki set up an image of gold,' and nothing e The desk was but wide boards, nailed alo one side of the school-house, supported by t or more legs; the window 'panes' were oi paper, instead of glass; the benches w slabs, with the round sides upwards, and h no backs; in winter the boys cut the wood school use.

"The first separate school for girls was t established in 1795, in this city, by Mr. Po which 'became a place of proud distinct for finished females.' One of the most u ful provincial teachers was Elizabeth W in whose school the art of shirt-maki and fitting and cutting of dresses was taug all the work was closely inspected, and h to be done with care and neatness. In pu ishment, she used a bunch of switches and t cat-o'-nine-tails; leather spectacles were wo for slighted work, and a necklace of Jam town burs strung on a line, was used to h the pupils to sit up straight. In count schools, the old English privilege of an a nual 'barring out' of the master was stre ously maintained, and the performance g erally closed with a holiday, and cider a apples furnished by the teacher. There is a quaint interest in thus recalling the oddit which characterized the first introduction schools into this State, and it is pleasant find that, in the midst of serious work for t present and the future, the teachers turn the 'good old times.'"

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

There is not a thought that is not str ing a blow: there is not an impulse that not doing mason-work; there is not a passi thrust this way or that, that is not a workma thrust. The imagination in all directions building. You think that you are throwi out the net for game; you think that you a laying plans for your accomplishment: b behind all the conscious work that is going in you, behind your visible attainments, the is another work going on.

There are as many master-workmen in y as there are seperate faculties; and there a as many blows struck as there are sepera acts of emotion or volition. Every single d these myriad forces are building, buildin building. Here is a great structure going point by point, story by story, although y are not conscious of it. It is a building character. It is a building that must stan and the word of inspiration warns you to ta heed how you build it, to see to it that y

ve a foundation that shall endure; to make
re that you are building on it, not for the
ur in which you live, but for that hour of
velation, when you shall be seen just as you
.—*The Moravian.*

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

'Its only a little grave," they said;
'Only just a child that's dead."
And so they carelessly turned away,
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made!

I know the coffin was narrow and small—
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
An old man in his arms could have borne away
The rosebud and its freight of clay.
But I know that darling hopes are hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother had stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
And I know her lip, her cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away—
The crimson frock and wrapping gray;
The little sock and half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue.
An empty crib with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the early dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh, beware!
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with an only boy!

MY BOOKS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah! well I love these books of mine,
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"),
A curious company, I own;
The poorest ranking with their betters:
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A Pure Democracy—of Letters.

A motley gathering are they;
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;
Some just too good to throw away;
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.
Yet well I love them, one and all,
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,
Who never fail to come at call,
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favorites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That *this* I take and *that* refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book-relations,
Nor envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
Which otherwhere one vainly seeks,
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
He never *uninvited* speaks
And should he prove a fool or clown,
Unworth the precious time you're spending,
How quickly you can "put him down,"
Or "shut him up," without offending.

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood
Of critics from dissension cease,
And—stranger still!—no more at feud,
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
See! side by side, all free from strife
(Save what the heavy page may smother),
The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
For conscience' sake had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks
(What living friend has done the same?)
And, for companionship, how few,
As these, my cronies, ever-present,
Of all the friends I ever knew,
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE WORKING MEN AND THE SCIENTISTS.

While the press everywhere continues to comment on Professor Tyndall and the materialistic tendencies of his lectures, there is a little item of information in connection with the meeting of the British Association, of which he is President, that is of more real value than all the learned criticisms that have been evoked by the professor's opening address on that occasion.

"For months prior to the meeting of the great scientists a strike or lock-out continued at Belfast of over ten thousand flax spinners and manufacturers. The latter gave notice of a reduction of wages equal to sixteen per cent.; the former refused to accept the reduction and quit work. The workingmen called it a 'lock-out;' the employers a 'strike.' The workmen repeatedly asked for a committee of conference to arrange a compromise. The employers refused any and all overtures. Sixteen per cent. reduction or closed mills was their ultimatum; thus the case stood when the British Association met. Papers were read and discussions held by eminent members of the body on the subject of labor, strikes, lock-outs, &c. The views of prominent strikers were asked for and received, also those of the employers. Then some one suggested that the Association should become mediator between the two parties, for discussion had shown both to be partly right and partly wrong. The result was that the working men and the manufacturers came together to confer about the business, and in a few hours peace was declared between them, the sixteen per cent. reduction was abandoned by

the latter and six per cent. accepted by the former. The next day the mills were noisy as ever, and ten thousand working people, idle for months before at a loss of £200,000 were driving away at the looms. The £200,000 might have been saved those poor people if the British Association had met earlier at Belfast; and, similarly, there never was a strike or a lock-out which might have not been promptly, well settled if the wise judgment of both parties to the contest had been invoked instead of their worst prejudices. The interests of Capital and Labor are so identical, so interwoven, that conference will, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, produce compromise."—*Inquirer.*

(Selected.)

USE OF SILENCE.

A pity that so few people understand the full effect of well-timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Should you hear an assertion which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with silence. Again, how much domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in blood-shed, had it been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputated culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath; but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with doors wide open, as a refuge for the tired spirit until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having "the last word."

NOTICES.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

The members of Friends' Social Lyceum, and all others who may feel an interest in its re-organization, are invited to meet in the Library Room, in Race Street Meeting-house on Fifth-day evening, the 12th inst., at 8 o'clock. A general attendance is earnestly requested. ANNIE B. CARROL, *Secretary.*

A meeting of the Literature Committee of Philadelphia First-day School Association will meet at Friends' Book-store, 706 Arch Street, on Sixth-day, the 6th of Eleventh month, at 2 o'clock, P. M., (being the same day that Education Committee of Yearly Meeting convenes.) J. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Chairman.*

ITEMS.

Two remarkable steam vessels have been built for service on the British Channel, each being designed to lessen, if not wholly abate, the inconvenience and sea-sickness resulting from the rolling of the ordinary steam vessels in the channel service in a rough sea. Henry Bessemer's vessel contains an oscillating saloon for passengers. The saloon is suspended on pivots, and is so controlled by hydraulic gear as to maintain its ordinary position without regard to the rolling of the vessel. Captain Dicey's twin-steamer "Castalia" is intended to sail without "pitching" or rolling in any sea, however rough. She has two hulls, and presents much the same appearance as two steamers would if lashed together. The paddle wheels are situated between the girders which connect the two hulls. The Bessemer steamer is three hundred and fifty feet along, and sixty feet wide, and the Castalia two hundred and ninety-six feet long, and sixty feet wide. The Bessemer steamer has two pairs of paddle wheels, one hundred and six feet apart, and is expected to make from eighteen to twenty miles an hour.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A recent telegram states that the steamship Castalia has made a trial trip from Ramsgate to Calais. She proves to be a very comfortable boat, neither rolling nor pitching.

THE lives lost by the earthquakes in Guatemala will probably number one hundred, and the amount of property destroyed is very large. Many dead bodies remained buried under the stream of mud which decended from the Corro del Tigre. In Antigua alone thirty persons perished, the greater part being women and children. The town of Dueñas is entirely ruined, with its church, cabildo, parochial edifice and private houses. A short distance from Dueñas, and near a coffee farm of Zinza, in a place called La Estancia, there was an extraordinary promontory of mud, which had descended from the heights of the Cerro del Tigre, attaining in some places a depth of one hundred feet. It was formed by those eruptions of mud which geologists call *salsas*, and which generally is not a good sign for the bordering countries. The eruption which produced this promontory consisted of cold mud which, although very compact, carried in its current enormous masses of stones and trees whose trunks measured eight to ten inches in diameter. The government has ordered supplies of flour from Salvador and California.—*N. Y. Post.*

As many persons are at this season laying in their winter stock of fuel it is important that they should be reminded of the danger attending the common custom of wetting coal in cellars. Even the fire-damp which escapes from coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at a temperature but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal and putting it into a warm cellar the mass is heated to such a degree that carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time and pervade the whole house. There are several instances on record of spontaneous combustion of coal when stowed in the bunkers of holds of vessels.—*N. Y. Post.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

Delivered at the opening of the Twenty-fifth Session of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, by ISAAC COMLY, M. D., *Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, Tenth month* 1st, 1874.

After another year added to the past, we again welcome to this hall those who are interested in the medical education of women; whether they come as visitors, giving their presence to encourage the good work—as students who have advanced on their way, or as those who are just entering on a course which may prepare them for usefulness, honor and distinction.

Thankful for the presence of all, we might pause to inquire whether our cause is worthy of such attention? a question which is being more thoroughly solved, both at home and abroad, wherever civilization is spreading its healthful and humanizing influences; and, though the clouds of prejudice still hover around, yet they diminish in size, and offer far less obstruction to that light which discloses truth and exposes error. The time is coming, and now is, when the people will recognize as the true physician that one, irrespective of sex, who is qualified to minister to the wants of the sick—to heal, relieve and cure. Therefore, instead of attempting to show that women should be physicians, let us pass onward, and introduce those subjects, the study of which is necessary, in order for the occupation of such positions. We should know the healthy condition of all parts of the human body, their color, size, consistency, position and relation — the location of the organs, and the character of the various tissues that go to make up the whole. The study of anatomy, and the practice of dissection, are the means of acquiring this knowledge; and, though the anatomist often has to deal with diseased structure, yet repeated observations have led to what seems to be pretty accurate acquaintance with healthy conditions. A knowledge of anatomy is indispensable to the accomplished obstetrician and surgeon, as also in the practice of medicine. The surroundings of this study may appear revolting, but, if allowed to furnish subjects for thought, they become a source of much enjoyment and refining influence.

In relation to the eye, Arnot has said that the "searchers after the tangible evidences of an all-wise and good Creator, have declared their willingness to be limited to it alone in the midst of millions as their triumphant proof." Galen is said to have been converted to a belief in a God from the sight and consideration of a human skeleton.

Dr. Watson exhorts his pupils to "remember," in relation to Anatomy and Physiology, how profoundly interesting—how almost awful, is this study in itself and for its own sake, revealing, as it surely does, the inimitable workmanship of a hand that is Divine! Do not lose or disregard that grand

and astonishing lesson. Do not listen to those who may tell you not to look for the evidence of purpose in this field of study; that the visible mechanism of that intricate but marvellously perfect and harmonious work, the animal body—the numberless examples it contains of means suited to ends, of fitness for a use, of even prospective arrangements to meet future needs, of direct provisions for happiness and enjoyment—that all these have no force at all, in true philosophy, as evidences of design.

For my own part, I declare that I can no more avoid perceiving, with my mental vision, the evidential marks of purpose in the structure of the body, than I can help seeing with my own eyes, in broad day light, the objects that stand before my face.

What we can see with our unassisted eyes is truly wonderful. But that is not all. Histology, with its aid, the microscope, reveals much which should be known to the accomplished physician. Objects previously unknown have been made to appear, and, with each additional increase of magnifying power, new structure has been exposed for inspection. The eye of the microscopist seemingly approaching nearer and nearer to vitality, that yet *unseen* force in nature, which, it is not utterly absurd to suppose, may be more fully revealed to the human senses. This branch of our subject is of growing importance, and may yet furnish very essential aid in understanding disease, and in the application of remedies.

In immediate relation to anatomy comes physiology, the history of each being incomplete without more or less of the other. Physiology treats more especially of the movements and functions of the various parts. Anatomy describes the heart, its pericardium, its muscles, its valves, its connection with arteries and veins; whilst physiology informs of the mode by which the blood flows into the right side or auricle, from that to the right ventricle, thence to the lungs, then to the auricle—to the left ventricle and to the aorta, from which the whole body is supplied.

Having studied the healthy condition of structure and function as disclosed by anatomy, histology and physiology, it becomes us to look into diseased conditions as made manifest by morbid anatomy and pathology; these having a similar relation to disease which anatomy and physiology have to health. They deal with appearances which disease or sickness produce or modify.

To the observer familiar with the phenomena of health, morbid changes may be easily apparent, though it must be admitted there is much that leaves no visible marks of its existence in the solids or fluids of the body, and may result from changes in the for which are incompatible with health.

Having discovered disease, we desire heal, to cure, or to modify or relieve. To fi the means, recourse is had to Materia Medi —a branch of our subject that should be w studied. It embraces a knowledge of t means suited to the treatment of disease, th history, appearance and properties. Bota and mineralogy are collateral subjects, serving of careful attention, which, wh informing of the sources whence come o drugs, may delight us with the beauties Nature.

Therapeutics, or the treatment of disea is considered, on the one hand, with Mate Medica, that having reference to the usef ness of medicines, "the rationale of th operation, indication for employment," e "The consideration of the treatment of in vidual diseases enters into special patholo or the practice of medicine, and constitu special therapeutics."

It is all-important to understand well t properties of medicines, to know when to a minister and when to withhold the prop dose, and the probable effect. The adap tion of the peculiarity of one article to t peculiarity of the case; as, if we want a sti ulating tonic, serpentaria might be chose if a sedative tonic, *Prunus virginiana* wou be selected. It must be apparent that su knowledge should be diligently sought aft

Pharmacy, or the art of preparing me cines, though not of so much importance the physician now as formerly, especially large cities, where, to a great extent, it is separate business, yet it is of such value th the qualified physician can ill afford to without some knowledge of it. Medicin when nicely prepared, if not more efficacio at any rate are more promotive of the patien comfort. Every thing that is possible shou be done that will render them most acce able to the taste.

The afflicted sick one has enough to bea without the oft-repeated nauseous dose, if can be avoided. O. W. Holmes has sai "You may depend upon it, that half the su cess of Homœopathy is due to the sweet pea it has brought into the nursery. Between t gurgling down of loathsome mixtures, a the saccharine deliquescence of a minu globule, what tender mother could, for a m ment, hesitate?" And further, he advis that it "be remembered that, although re edies may often be combined advantageousl the difficulty of estimating the effects of prescription is as the square of the number its ingredients."

Chemistry has strong claims on our tention as the handmaiden of therapeuti

pharmacy, as well as physiology. It nishes important tests for poisons—thus ng in the diagnosis of disease, and by rating the active principles from the t matter of drugs, reduces much the ntity taken into the stomach. Instead having, as formerly, to take an ounce of verized Peruvian bark, the dose now is or two grains of sulphate of quinia, or one-eighth grain of morphia, instead of grain opii. And though, at the present e, much is done by the manufacturing mist and pharmaceutist in extracting and paring medicines, yet the practicing phyan has need to be well grounded in its nciples and manipulations.

Hygiene and prophylaxis, though not nally pertaining to a diseased condition, e important relations to it; and though y have objects in common, yet we may of the former it has most to do with the servation of health, and the latter with the vention of disease. Pure air, temperature, , cleanliness, moral influences, etc., are jects of hygiene, and have great influence ickness as well as in health. A glance at many causes of disease will show that ch may be done by prophylaxis. The roper use of alcoholic drinks causes the ness of hundreds of thousands annually. Unwholesome food—taking too much or ing too little—are frequent causes. Toco has its many victims, so has opium, so has roper indulgence, so injudicious dressing irregular and insufficient sleeping. Most, not all these causes of disease, can be ided, requiring little more than firm reson to abstain from them. We have not e the figures which statistics furnish, to w the proportion of disease thus volunly submitted to, but the most ordinary ervation will show that it is great.

Before sickness comes, we should be pred for its management. We have alluded ubjects calculated to meet this object, but re is another which, though not admitted the curriculum of our studies, is of great growing importance. We mean nursing. s cause of rejoicing, that nurses are now ng educated and trained for their duties, whilst it may require natural aptitude tact—the kind disposition—the gentle sympathetic trust—the quiet deportment rmness and promptness, when danger ap—yet there is much knowledge which may profitably employed, and *training* which enable the nurse to render important, if indispensable service to the patient and sician; for, value our profession as we y, it is weak and inefficient without the se.

Nursing may be regarded, in the near future, as being collateral to medicine, so that the qualified physician should be well informed in the particulars of this art, and the accomplished nurse know more of the science of medicine and of the properties of drugs than has heretofore been thought necessary, especially in cases requiring prompt action. A case in point is remembered, where hemorrhage from the bowels attended typhoid fever, the nurse, knowing what to do, was able to apply the right remedy in the absence of the physician. The nurse, being in constant attendance, has the best opportunity of observing the effects of remedial means, and, if properly informed, may suspend or continue them as changes occur, which cannot be foreknown by the medical attendant. I think there are many who will unite in saying they have been truly glad when medicines have been withheld in consequence of some untoward and unexpected effect. The extended observation and knowledge of the physician should entitle her or his judgment to that kind of respect which would prevent an unwise or unnecessary interference with the plan of treatment proposed. Not only may the good nurse administer the medicines and supervise their effects, but attend to many things which have their influence on the sick, such as the preparation of nourishment, manner of giving it, cleanliness and even beauty of articles used; the removal of sources of foul air; the closing and unclosing of windows and doors, regulating the visiting and the subjects of conversation, watching closely brain symptoms, and guarding against many annoying things. Florence Nightingale says, "the fidget of silk and crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and shoes will do a patient more harm than all the medicine in the world will do him good."

Obstetrics and surgery may be practiced as specialties, but require a knowledge of all the subjects which have been hinted at; and the possibility of every graduate being called upon to act in either department, without time for delay, should induce all to seek a thorough acquaintance with them. Without a knowledge of anatomy, either must be a total failure; and both require a familiarity with medicines and medical appliances. Dental surgery is a very valuable addition to the qualifications of the physician, especially to the country practitioner. It is expected in due time to establish a separate professorship in this College on that subject. Anæsthetics have done much in lessening the amount of suffering attendant on operative surgery.

The practice of medicine has more of mystery and uncertainty than the other branches of the healing art. Whilst the surgeon may rely upon memory—a knowledge of parts and

their relations—the physician must be guided by symptoms and signs of disease. Observation has to be much employed, and an educated judgment is vastly important in the diagnosis and prognosis of disease, as also in adapting palliative and curative measures, or medicines, or drugs; for, let it ever be remembered, that it is not by medicines alone that we can accomplish our purpose, but as associated with other means. Auscultation and percussion have in modern times added much to the certainty of diagnosis, and furnish signs more certain than any previously known. Yet it must be acknowledged that doubts often accompany the anxious practitioner; but, as he carefully watches and duly considers the phenomena presented for his observation, he will arrive at safe and profitable conclusions, sufficient to enable the accomplishment of much good, though not always curing, or saving life. We should study carefully and earnestly the *healthy condition* of the human body, and then may we more readily detect deviations which constitute disease. We must read the works of others, but close observation and experience are often, after all, the surest guides. Knox says: "Practical medicine is less indebted to books than any other liberal art." We may grieve because of the uncertainty of the practice of medicine, but it is vain; better, far, to press onward than regret imperfections. Dr. U. Patterson has expressed his belief that it is "decreed that endless struggle and approximation should be the law of our intellectual being, the condition on which we have the activity of busy life, and not that sluggish indolence of possession which is mental death." Hence the pregnant saying of Treviranus, which Lawrence has pronounced wise as the famous choice of Hercules: "If the Deity held in His right hand all truth, and in His left only the ever-active impulse, the fond desire and longing for truth, coupled with the condition of constantly erring, and should offer me the choice, I would humbly turn towards the left and say, 'Father, give me this; pure truth is fit for Thee alone.'"

Having briefly and hastily brought into view the studies needful to qualify the physician, or introduced them to our attention, we might without impropriety pause and consider the motives which should induce any to engage in them. As a business it may justly claim our attention. We all need the means of comfortable living, but, with us, other and higher inducements should influence. The *charges* which have been booked are of far less importance than the relief which has been given to suffering humanity, though each is good in its place; but without sympathy and benevolence to impel, in vain would we expect the physician to leave the comforts of home to counter scenes of misery and woe, or bu the storms which may embarrass his w but, when urgently called upon, he must counter such and other difficulties, whet compensated or not, excepting that *all g* actions are always compensated. Consi the unpleasant as well as the pleasant thi which accompany the physician, and hav chosen to take the risks, and being satis that your natural and acquired qualificati are sufficient, then come with us, we offer our help, we have travelled the path and, th fore, can render assistance which may ligh your labor as others have done for us.

In relation to your studies, advice may accepted that may influence your succ Nothing is of more importance in this res than good health; not only does it contrib to physical ability, but to the more effic workings of the mind, the understandin clearer, and the memory more retentive. deavor therefore to attain and retain it. regular in your habits, eat at stated tir sleep from ten P.M. to five or six o'clock A few persons can maintain a healthy nerv system with less than eight hours sleep. punctual in attending lectures and such pointments as may assist you in acqui knowledge; in the intervals, when not engaged, review what you have seen heard

We enjoy in anticipation the prospec better accommodations, when a beautiful commodious structure shall silently testif the world that the cause of the medical cation of women is advancing, and that munificent friends are doing much, deser not only our gratitude, but that of all desire the improved condition of the hu race.

Let us now pass from this hall to yo walls to witness the laying of the corner-s of the Woman's Medical College of Penn vania.

Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Meeti the First-day School General Confer held in Mount Pleasant, Ohio, Eighth 31*st, and Ninth mo.* 1*st and* 2*d,* 1874.

From the Proceedings of the Seventh An Session of the First day School General ference, held at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, mo. 31st. and 9th mo. 1st and 2d, 1874 make the following extracts:

Reports have been received from the B more, Philadelphia, New York and Ohio F day School Associations.

From the report of the Baltimore F Class we extract the following:

"The marked increase in the attend towards the latter part of our time was

result of any special effort for the purpose, of the power of love to draw more to et with us. Having no aim in view but an ancement in the knowledge of Truth, we e sought to be governed by that power ch guides into all truth. As might be sonably expected under such circumstances, have had no wild speculation or unprofit- e disputes about mere theological questions. s having been our aim from the first, the has all the time been open for any to come ongst us who might feel like doing so, and, our numbers have been increased by rightly rcised minds, there has been a widening l deepening in those things of which we l all along had more or less experience. ere has only been an *increase* of the flame devotion by the addition of more of that ich feeds it."

The Mission Sewing School of Baltimore nthly Meeting which was not included in last report, resumed its sessions 11th mo. , 1873, and every Seventh-day afternoon til 1st of 4th mo., 1874, with over 200 olars enrolled, and an average attendance about 150, and about 20 teachers. Part each session (whilst the children were gaged with sewing) was regularly devoted a First-day School oral exercise, the glean- s from which at the close of school in the ing gave evidence that much had been re- ned in the youthful mind that may, with blessing that maketh rich, form a nucleus future good. The interest awakened for se objects of charity, and the fruitful field of or thus opened for some of our young work- were cause of thoughtfulness for their n sakes as well as for those whom they re able to assist with substantial aid, or th the word of cheer."

From all the schools there comes one report at the attendance of meetings has increased ce their oragnization. One report states at the "deepening interest in religious meet- s, in the interest of society, and concern the cause of truth," if not ascribed to the rst-day School, undoubtedly gain strength rough its connections; and in many individ- l instances its work is clearly recognized good.

Philadelphia report states as follows: Our ssion work is growing in favor and impor- nce, sewing schools, mothers' meetings and orcas societies continue to claim our atten- n, being for the most part outgrowths of the rst day school movement. They are found be fields of practical usefulness and benev- ence. As the teachers and older pupils are ought, through this instrumentality, into ntact with the struggling and neglected asses of society, and enter into sympathy with em in their many discouragements and temp- tations, they have been convinced that there is still further work for them to do. Animated by this feeling, an association called the Young People's Temperance Union has been organized, which promises to be a means of usefulness in the suppression of intemperance that commends itself to our hearty approval and support."

"Ten new schools have been opened since our last report; namely, at Radnor, Avondale, Pennsbury, Pennsgrove, Schuylkill, Horsham, Gwynedd, and a mission school at Race Street, Philadelphia, all in Pennsylvania; Snow Hill, Md., and at Mount Meeting, N. J., and a Bible class held at a private residence at Woodbury, N. J.

"Besides these, there are a few other localities where it is very probable schools will be early started. Two schools in session at last report have been suspended the present year, but one of these, it is expected, will resume this fall.

"Within our limits are eighty First-day Schools (two of them mission schools), two Bible classes, five sewing schools (held on Seventh-day), and one mothers' meeting. Some of these do not report to this Association; others are not so exact in their returns as would be desirable, and several are so new that a fair statement could hardly be given, hence accurate statistics cannot be furnished by us; but in the First-day schools the aggregate exceeds or approximates to the figures given last year, when a total of 5,000 adults and children were reported.

"The number of volumes in libraries reported is between 10,000 and 11,000, and the number of papers, etc., distributed (mainly '*Scattered Seeds*' and '*Children's Friend*,') over 15,000.

"The statistics of one of the sewing schools is not given, although it is in a flourishing condition. The other four and mothers' meeting were attended by 557 children and 46 adults, irrespective of color. 1768 garments made, were either given to the makers of them or other needy persons."

New York Association reports: "The First-day School Association of Friends within the limits of New York Yearly Meeting held their annual meeting in Fifth month last, the Yearly Meeting kindly granting the time of one of its sessions to the cause.

"We think the interest felt in the First-day School cause is increasing; the attendance at the afternoon meeting being much larger than at any other session, and some of the accounts state that there seems to be a growing interest in the Society, and an increase in numbers as well as in life.

"It is a matter of gratification to those interested in the movement to see so many of our

aged Friends with us, and to listen to their words of cheer and counsel.

"The want of suitable literature for our schools has been much felt, and, while it has occupied deep thought, we do not feel prepared at present to make any suggestions.

"The statistics for the past year give an increase in the number of scholars.

"Total number of scholars about 500.

"Total number of adults between 100 and 200.

"Number of volumes in libraries 2,157."

From Ohio: "By information gained from the reports received at this time, we are able with gratitude to say that the interest in the school work has more than been maintained during the past year. Testimony is again borne, as from time to time has been the case, that the work entered upon as a duty is realized to be a privilege as it is continued in that spirit which it is the care of all rightly endowed workers to foster. Two of our four schools give assurance of increasing strength. One discontinued last year again sends a report, and one organized last year has been discontinued. The average attendance is about 73.

"It is with great interest that we watch the progress of our sister Associations, and with rejoicing that we learn of labors extending into channels of charity. Weak ourselves as an organized body, every assurance of that power among others which is the fruit of rightly exercised gifts is comforting to us"

The letter from Gerdon T. Smith informs us that within Genesee Yearly Meeting, schools are established at Yonge St., Canada, Scipio and Farmington in New York State. He adds: "The Epistle (Philadelphia) sent me was read, with the one I received from Baltimore, at the close of the meeting, and, as I believe, with a good degree of satisfaction by many present, as they expressed themselves afterwards to me, but thought it would have been best to have introduced it earlier in the meeting, but there seemed to be no way open until the close, as it was not a part of the business of the Yearly Meeting."

SUMMARY OF EXERCISES.

Through the kindness of the Indian Committee of Ohio Yearly Meeting, which postponed its meeting from the afternoon of the 31st to the evening of the same, the General Conference met at the meeting-house in Mt. Pleasant, at 3½ o'clock on Second-day afternoon, it having been considered a more suitable time than the evening, for Friends who had many miles to ride, after the meeting concluded.

There was in attendance a goodly company of Friends from the various Yearly Meetings; some of which have not previously manifested an interest in First-day Schools, and their words of sympathy and encouragement, cal forth by the deep religious feeling that p vaded the sittings of the Conference, h been cause of thankfulness, and the aid s strength of their presence gratefully ackno edged.

By the reading of one of the reports, condition of the neglected and destitute cl dren in our large cities was livingly int duced. The efforts of First-day work among this class were dwelt upon with spec interest, and they were encouraged to persev in this widely-extended field of useful lab

The mention in the same report of the f mation of a Youth's Temperance Society co posed of young persons connected with so of the schools in Philadelphia, led to mu interesting exercise on the subject of int perance, and those present were urged greater efforts for its suppression. The p nicious effects of the use of tobacco were a the subjects of lively exercise.

A diversity of sentiment was expressed regard to the best method of conducting schools. It was queried whether it were bet to remove the hedges that surround our Socie and, in opening our doors to all, regardl of sect or creed, make no endeavor to p mulgate the views entertained by us, as dif ing from those of other religious denomi tions, but breaking down all sectarian barri and working upon one broad platform, enco age those things which have a tendency advance the best interests of society general; or whether more good is accomplish by building up our protecting walls, and tea ing those who come under our care the beau and excellence we find in the peculiar vie entertained by us as a distinctive religio body, which we believe, if properly carr out, will lead into that fulness of moral a religious enjoyment that can only be attain by attending to the teachings of that In Light which we as a Society profess to cla as our guide.

There was felt to be much in both th views worthy of consideration, and we w earnestly exhorted to "seek after the b things," that in this way we may be enab to work together in that unity of spirit wh is "the bond of peace."

This work must be entered into in a livi concern for the spiritual welfare of the you It needs a wisdom that can lay before th opening minds the great testimonies of t Society in a clear and forcible manner, that they may understand what their obli tions are; and that none might feel this sta ard too high, they were exhorted to seek help from the one eternal Source whence co the desires that lead to every true effort the good of others. We are only expect

hand forth that which we have received. n the explanations of the Scriptures it is bet- er to leave that which has not been made lear, trusting to the unfoldings of Divine isdom in after experiences.

A Friend, not heretofore interested in First- ay Schools, opened before the Conference for s consideration, the propriety of devising ome plan by which the school organizations ay be recognized by the various Yearly Meetings, believing that each may be a strength o the other by an interchange of sympathy. The best time for holding the schools was under consideration; the attendance of the children upon public worship was felt to depend very much upon the hour at which the school was called. A Friend gave his experience in this matter. The school with which he is connected assembles before meeting. The children are widely scattered. It is his habit to gather them up by furnishing means of conveyance for as many as he can take to and from school, always requiring them to remain for meeting. They make no objection to the conditions and are always ready to accompany him.

Testimony was also borne to the increase of interest among the younger members of society since the establishment of First-day Schools.

An exercise was expressed on the subject of a proper appreciation of the privileges of the First-day of the week. A fear was felt by the Friend who introduced the concern to the Conference, that in our protest against the formal and rigid observance of the Sabbath as it is called, by the setting it apart as a more holy day, without considering the dedication that should mark every day of our lives, we have erred on the other side, and by regarding its opportunities *too* lightly, have found it a barren and unprofitable season, rather than a blessing. He only would speak of those things which his own hands had handled, when he earnestly recommended all, on the dawn of the First-day, to offer up our petitions to the Author of our being for enlightenment and assistance, that in an introversion of mind we may centre in the higher and holier channels of thought, to our own mental and spiritual benefit. It being the day established by the laws of the land for rest from secular concerns, there is consequently less to draw away the mind from the contemplation of divine things, and if this practice were our engagement it would exercise such an influence over our lives that all days would become holy days, and we should be enabled to pray without ceasing, and in all things to give thanks.

The interests of Friends' Book Association were commended to the Conference by one who is connected with its management, who gave the information that a store had been opened at 706 Arch street, Philadelphia, where Friends' books, First-day School literature, school books, stationery, and everything usually found in such a store would be kept for sale. Friends were urged to give it their patronage; those living at a distance to send orders which would be promptly filled, and special attention given to the selecting of suitable books for First-day School Libraries. It is believed that the usefulness of this store to the cause of the First day Schools cannot be over-estimated.

The Conference held two full sessions in the afternoons; and at the close of an afternoon session of the Yearly Meeting another short session, to finish up its business. All these sessions were well attended. The presence of a large number of children and youth, and the general good deportment, were very gratifying. Though widely differing views were laid before these meetings, we were favored to transact the business for which we assembled in the spirit of Christian forbearance, so that the authority of the great Head of the Church was maintained, to the honor and glory of His name, whom alone we acknowledge as our Leader and Guide in all our deliberations.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I find in my desk a letter of nearly three pages, addressed to thee, dated Ninth month 22d. I have no desire to tax thee with its perusal now, and yet a portion of it was written under what seemed to me a lively feeling of concern, and perhaps thou wilt excuse me for now sending a part of it.

For the last few days it has been on my mind to write and tell thee how greatly we prize your dignified and valuable paper, the *Intelligencer*. ——'s first care is to stitch the leaves, and then we enjoy it together, opening usually at the Editorials. "Trial by Newspapers," published a few weeks since, we hope was read to profit. We deplore the growing tendency to print what can only minister to a mind diseased, and may properly be designated gossip. The dragging into notice, through the columns of the newspaper, the unimportant doings of private or public individuals, has, we think, a deteriorating effect. In some, it causes a "feeling almost akin to pain," others are flattered by it, and an unwholesome taste for notoriety is fostered. The increase, of latter times, in the number of daily and weekly journals, and the low rates at which they are issued, offer temptations to subscribe for them, and it is not uncommon to hear the paper that lies upon the table con-

demned by the thoughtful members of the household, while they continue to peruse it, and talk over the gossip it contains. It is much to be regretted that parents will furnish their families with reading matter so detrimental to the growth of true literary taste and the exercise of the finer feelings of our nature. The mind will assimilate with what it feeds upon, and hence the care necessary in providing mental aliment for those households in which there are growing children. And, are we not all children, only of a larger growth? If all who disapprove this custom of giving improper publicity to private affairs, would refrain from encouraging it, by ceasing to take or read a paper that indulges in it, good might result.

I do not think this extract sufficiently finished for the paper, but I should be glad to see the subject brought more fully to the notice of Friends.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 7, 1874.

A FRIEND wanted for Indian Agent for an Agency in the Northern Superintendency. Apply, with references, immediately, to

JOHN SAUNDERS,
Clerk of Exec. Committee,
No. 34 N. Fourth St., Philada.

THE DIVINE INDWELLING. — There are many, scattered all over our widely extended country, who hold a right of membership in our religious Society, and have faith in the testimonies that constitute its fundamental doctrines. Some of these are far separated from social and Christian fellowship with Friends, and feel the need of religious communion. For such, wherever their lot may be cast, our sympathies have been livingly awakened, and the word of encouragement goes forth, "Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering." Let the petition of the Psalmist, "Cast me not away from *Thy* presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me," be the breathing desire of every one. There are no conditions of life where this inshining word may not be relied upon; no state of alienation or disobedience that its light cannot reach; no gloom or despondency that may not be scattered by its fervid rays.

The example of David is perhaps one of the strongest cases in point that we have on record, and it illustrates many phases of religious service and experience.

Holding a small sovereignty, surrounded by idolatrous nations, in the west of Asia, he was nevertheless a powerful monarch, and, according to the usages of his time, held the person and property of every subject at his pleasure; for royal prerogative and the custom of society in that age gave unbridled license to the world's masters and sanctioned many practices that, under present social conditions, are subjects of legal enactments.

The theocratic foundation upon which the Hebrew polity was established, set bounds and limits unknown in the statutes of their neighbors, and there were wrongs and outrages that even the king might not commit with impunity; for the organic law held him accountable to a Majesty that was exalted above every other; before whose tribunal every earthly monarch must be brought to judgment.

It is worthy of notice, in view of the great stress at present laid upon the alleged advantage of rituals and ceremonials, especially to mark how, under a powerful convincement this guilty king bore testimony to the utter worthlessness of any outward offering. The penitential outbursts of his awakened conscience found utterance in this language: "Against Thee and Thee only have I sinned." "My sin is ever before me." "Thou delightest not in sacrifice, else would I give it: The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart Thou wilt not despise."

There is not to be found anywhere a clearer testimony to the indwelling of the Holy Presence and its sufficiency for every want of the soul. Indeed, the whole of the fifty-first Psalm lifts the king out of the law, with its ritual of observances, into the realm of the Christian dispensation—the spiritual Pisgah from whose summit the chosen seers and apostles of every age of the world have been favored to see the dawning of that righteousness, which, in the roll of the ages, will ultimately send its benign effulgence into every cavern of formal ceremony, and dissipate every gloomy superstition.

If every act of our being were performed

as in the presence of the Monarch of souls, hen, indeed, would we more fully recognize he favor of His "Holy Spirit;" and what a privilege to wrap around the whole life this "seamless" robe!—the garment of salvation—o that we may say with one of old, "None of these things" (meaning the trials and difficulties that beset him) "move me, neither count I my" (outward) "life dear unto me, o that I might finish my course with joy"—he joy and rejoicing of the Holy Spirit. On another occasion, he exhorts his brethren, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby e are sealed unto the day of redemption."

The sufficiency of this Light or Holy Spirit o lead and guide into all truth, is no new or peculiar" doctrine, taught for the first time y George Fox. It is as old as recorded history—standing out more prominently, however, in the writings of the Hebrews, because f the acknowledged Divine Leadership before alluded to; hence the superior value of he Old Testament over every other ancient ecord.

The Invisible God, spake in times past by he Prophets, is the testimony, and everywhere these chosen vessels of the Most High welt upon the necessity of obedience to the aw written upon the heart and the conscience. Everywhere the people were exhorted to seek fter a more intimate communion with the Divine Presence, and to conform their lives o its requirings.

That cotemporary governments may have et out with the same acknowledgment, is ltogether probable. There is not such certain data for information respecting their undamental laws, owing to the mists that ather around their greater antiquity, which ates far back of any known history.

As our most reliable liberal writers on ancient religious observances concede that there s always a calling home to some Divine revlation or manifestation prior to the record mong every nation of antiquity, it is safe or us to believe that the first impulse of doration in primal man sprang from the ner consciousness of spiritual need, and a erception of being ministered unto in the me unseen, but no less real and undoubted, anner. That, in process of time, he should have tried to satisfy this inner want with outward symbols and things that perish, is no marvel, since we see the very same effort in our own times, and under what we are wont to consider the brighter day of spiritual revelation.

The other point in the case of David comes now under consideration, and is worthy of close attention. In giving a loose rein to an unholy passion that culminated in a two-fold crime, he seems so far to have yielded himself up to the guidance of the animal instincts as to become blinded to every other thought, and in their indulgence he did no more than any other monarch of his time might do with impunity: yet *he*, the ruler of the "Lord's chosen people," knew that he had committed a great wrong, and it must be covered up—the king in Judah may not openly trespass upon the meanest of his subjects, hence he resorts to stratagem to shield himself from obloquy.

It is when the consciousness of his sin begins to trouble him, that the Prophet stands in his presence, and in the wisdom that is of God, discloses to him the enormity of the crime he has committed, not alone upon human rights, but upon the divine law of purity and holiness written upon the tablet of his heart: and the king bows his head in humiliation as the solemn words, "*Thou* art the man," pierce through to the innermost conscience.

It has always pleased the Almighty, through the instrumentality of preaching (or prophecying, which is the same), "to save them that are lost." The voice that comes from the most excellent glory *alone* can arouse the dead in trespasses and sins: and that voice is all the same, whether it is heard through a chosen instrument, as in the case of Nathan to David, or, whether, after the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire have passed before the soul, hidden in the cave of its own abandonment,—wrapped in the mantle of its own reasonings "a still small voice" is heard, saying, as it did to Elijah, "What doest thou here?"

We may not speak lightly of God's anointed, nor turn from the messages that through these He delivers to His earthly children. It is

not difficult to discern the "voice," for it ever speaks the same language when it speaks for God. It is only when, running into speculations and human conceits it gives these forth as the "lively oracles," that the "uncertain sound" is heard in our midst.

There is much controversy with the use of the phrase "fear of the Lord," but unless there is a holy fear and trembling, in those who claim to have received "the anointing," least they fail in any measure "to declare the whole counsel of God," looking alone to Him who chose them to the service for a recompense, there must ever be, what is so lamentably seen in the present; a departure from the true intent and purpose of human instrumentality which remains to be;—the leaving of doctrines, and speculations, and inventions of human wisdom and a calling home of the soul to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, who will Himself open to the understanding of each according to the measure of requirement, all of doctrine that is profitable, and bring peace to every troubled conscience. May the prayer of the contrite Psalmist be the heartfelt aspiration of every rational creature—"Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."

Baltimore Yearly Meeting.—From a Friend in attendance at this Meeting, we learn that it convened on Second-day, Tenth month 26th, and closed on the evening of Fifth-day, the 29th. The number convened was not quite as large as usual. Many Friends from other Yearly Meetings were present, some of whom came to attend the Conference of Indian Committees. Those with Minutes from their respective Monthly Meetings were, Elizabeth Comfort, of Falls, Pa.; Dinah Furnas, of Miami, Ohio; Pierce and Sarah Hoopes, of Westchester, Pa.; Sarah Hunt, of Moorestown, N. J.; Ann Weaver and her companions, Lydia L. Rowlett and Thomas Mather, of Green Street, Philadelphia; John J. White, of Spruce Street, Philadelphia; Rachel C. Rogers, of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting; Mary E. Smith, of Salem, N. J., and her companion, Lydia L. Zerns; and Jeremiah Hayhurst, of Solebury, Pa.

Both houses were open for public worship on First-day morning, and in the evening that on Lombard Street. These meetings were largely attended, and very satisfactory.

On Second-day morning the Epistles from New York and Philadelphia were read, and called forth some expression in relation to the use of alcohol liquors and tobacco. Two Friends, one of who had been a soldier in the Southern army, and th other a soldier in the Union army, both bore te timony to these evils, and one remarked that l was only strengthened to overcome, through co stant watchfulness and prayer. In the afternoo the remaining Epistles were read, and a commi tee appointed to answer them; also, a commi tee to consider some alterations in the Disciplin forwarded by Baltimore Quarterly Meeting. The proposed recording children as members where o parent belongs to the Society, provided the paren desire it; also, to allow Monthly Meetings to r lease from membership those who absent themselv from our meetings for five years, without being hea from. At a subsequent session, the propriety altering or abolishing the Query in reference African slavery, was submitted to the same com mittee.

Third-day was occupied in considering the r maining Queries and answers, which elicited muc interesting and instructive remark.

Since last year, seven Elders belonging to th Yearly Meeting have passed away, the eldest bein 90 and the youngest 66 years of age.

The remaining sessions were occupied in th consideration of the proceedings of the Represen ative Committee, which had presented memoria on the subject of Capital Punishment to the Legi latures of Maryland and Virginia. They have al taken action in reference to issuing a volume of m morials concerning deceased Friends, which ha been adopted by the Yearly Meeting. The Commi tee, in reference to the new Yearly Meeting, report favorably, and it was generally united with; an information being received from Indiana of the adoption of the report, a committee was appointe to attend at its opening, which is to be on the se ond Second-day before the last First-day in Nin month next, at Clear Creek, Ill. The new Year Meeting will be known as "Illinois Yearly Meeti of Friends." Until otherwise directed, the disc pline of Indiana Yearly Meeting is to govern it.

The reports from the Fair Hill School Fund, a of the Committee to distribute the same, being rea show how much good may be done by the prop distribution of even a small sum of money. Sever schools had been aided, and, in some individu cases, personal assistance had been rendered. Sor funds had been returned by those who had be aided to get an education which enabled them secure situations as teachers. It was suggest by a Friend, that if those having much of th world's goods would, in making their wills, while living, donate to this fund, how much mo good might be accomplished.

The Committee on the Alterations to the Dis pline, made a report, which, after some consider tion, was referred to next year.

Further particulars will probably be furnished next week.

MARRIED.

ENGLE—BORTON.—At Mullica Hill, N. J., on the 7th of Tenth month, 1874, with the approbation of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, Asa Engle to Elizabeth L., daughter of Aaron Borton.

SOUTHWICK—DAVIS.—On the 21st of Tenth month, 1874, at the house of the bride's parents, in the town of Rochester, Ulster County, New York, by Friends' ceremony, Thomas L. Southwick, of Kingston, N. Y., to Mary C., daughter of Peter B. Davis.

DIED.

BARKER.—In Granville, N. Y., on the 19th of Tenth month, 1874, at the residence of her son-in-law, Otis Dillingham, Mary Barker, in the 85th year of her age; a member of Danby Monthly and Granville Particular Meetings. Her long period of extreme suffering was borne with patience and resignation. The funeral was attended on the 21st by a large concourse of relatives, friends and others. Much sympathy and counsel were administered, and earnest appeals made to the thoughtless. Encouragement was handed forth to the faithful to continue in well-doing that they, too, might pass from works to rewards, as this dear friend doubtless had done, with a consciousness that all is well.

MARSHALL.—On the 21st of Seventh month, in New York, Sarah H. Marshall, in the 86th year of her age.

The deceased was for many years a member of New York Monthly Meeting, and was a Friend in the true sense. Her attachment to the Society, as to its fundamental testimonies, was strong; and while her health would permit she was in regular attendance upon its various meetings for worship and business. She was the warm personal friend of Elias Hicks, whom she greatly esteemed.

She was very early interested in the anti-slavery movement, and through the period of its unpopularity and frequent persecution was one of its most steadfast friends. She was ever ready to minister to the needs of those who were neglected or despised on account of color; and her heart was full of compassion, and her hand swift to extend relief to all the suffering and unfortunate, irrespective of class or complexion. She felt deeply the wrongs and injustice visited upon the Indians. With her, religion was practical, its function to help the poor and needy, and thus, blessing mankind, to exhibit a sincere love for the All-Father.

Her life was attended with many sore trials and bereavements. Out of this chastening discipline of sorrow was born that full and ready sympathy for the trials and sorrows of others. She was a loving wife, a devoted mother, an affectionate sister, a true and steadfast friend. The memory of her beautiful Christian womanhood is a rich legacy to be fondly treasured by those she loved tenderly, and whom she has left to mourn her loss.

A. M. P.

We know that what in one age has been called the spirit of rebellious reason, has in another been allowed by all good men to have been nothing but a sound judgment exempt from superstition.—*Dr. Thomas Arnold.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN BAVARIA.

No. 21.

Soon the road divides, the left branch leading to the Hinter-see, and the right branch ascending past the marshy little Tauben-see, through a forest of pines to the Schwarzbachwacht, a pump-house on the summit of the pass, which raises up the salt water from the Berchtesgaden mines. It has been conducted thus far in log conduits, and is destined to supply the salt manufactory at Reichenhall. We are struck with the rich dark green coating of moss which invests the north side of all the trees for some distance, reaching out on all the branches, and giving them a weird distinctness, which is very curious. The sun is shining brilliantly on the pale-tinted bark of the south side, and the shadow on the dark moss exaggerated its gloom, and I thought it very likely that the artist who should venture to represent this feature of the landscape would lose his reputation for truthfulness to nature.

Then we go down, down a deep valley, between mountains so lofty and beautiful that we long to linger and watch the declining sunbeams gild the abrupt castle-like summits. Another Erica than the purple-flowered kind, which we have found so plentiful on the Alpine hills, is frequent now, and I am allowed to descend and botanize a little. I gather heather, and find the straw-colored flower-buds not yet opened; but the glorious Cyclamen is beyond all praise. Plenty of aster and solidagos are attesting the coming of the autumn, and the forest-leaves are falling as if they already had felt the chilling touch of the frost-spirit. But here is a bridge over a deep gorge, and our driver halts, telling us that it is the Staubbach Fall that roars beneath us. We descend a flight of steps, turn to the right, and soon stand in the presence of a fine cataract of purest mountain water, which dashes in fury over the rocks, seeking and finding a lower level. But we may not linger long, and I turn a moment to admire the stone-work of the bridge—beautiful, massive, costly marble, rich enough for the courts of kings, and apparently built to endure for generations—and then pluck a tender Cyclamen from the brink of the torrent, as a remembrancer. Now, our road leads us to the right bank of the Saalach, and onward we go, and yet onward, till the town of Reichenhall on the Saalach stands revealed in the softened, golden-tinted twilight.

It is surprising to see the newness and elegance of this town in its splendid amphitheatre of mountains. The streets are of goodly width, and very smooth, and the sidewalks

raised and handsomely curbed; and, as we drive into the town, we note that all the houses are neat, and many of them elegant. We alight at the Hotel Burkert, and find ourselves quite at home in Reichenhall; and in this favorite watering-place of the Bavarians, we propose to spend a few days, before returning again to the rush and clamor of great cities.

The freshness and newness of Reichenhall are explained, when we are told that the town was almost entirely burned in 1834, and that it has been rebuilt since that time. Pretty balconies and well-kept gardens, with tables and chairs or benches ranged around them, indicate the universal taste for open-air life in the fatherland.

It is a good, healthful taste, surely, and worthy of all imitation, especially by those whose dwelling-places are the reverse of palaces. But what palace can be worth compare with this calm, blue autumn sky, and these sublime mountain walls? What costly draperies in kings' houses are so graceful as these matchless festoons and sheltering walls of Ampelopsis, just beginning to feel the glory of autumn ripeness?

Five thousand visitors annually resort to Reichenhall for the curative effects of the strong salt baths; and abundant and delightful accommodations are provided for this temporary population. There is a library and a good reading-room, where are to be found not only a great variety of German papers, but those of other nations, even so remote as the United States of America. It is interesting to read the New York *Herald*, though a Philadelphia paper would have for us a far greater interest, and the London *Times*, in its vastness, seems like the voice of all the world. A stately and beautiful Curhause (cure-house), with a pleasant garden of sunshine and shadow, music and flowers, tempt the health-seekers to take the benediction of the air at all hours of the day. We join the promenaders in the garden and stroll around among the flowers, sit and listen to the soft, delicious music which a band in the bowery pavilion discourses, and then take tea in the lofty and beautiful colonnade. One falls very naturally into these goodly out-of-door customs, and we find the little tea table an excellent centre of observation, while people of various races and nationalities are moving before us among the trees. As the music soars upon the air, the little birds in the trees have their ambition greatly stimulated, and their voices swell, too, in a comical effort to surpass, with their little pipes, the grand harmonies from the pavilion. Vain attempt, little songsters! your hour is not now. Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Hungarian, pass in review before us, and yonder sit a black-haired group of gentlemen and ladies, with their families, of unmistakable Jewish physiognomy. They are talking Dutch and are merry together; but the Hungarian lady near us shrugs her shoulders and says she likes them not. They are Israelites from Amsterdam, and are seeking health in pleasure in a land from which, perhaps, their forefathers were driven by persecution, merciless and blind. Their little black eyed children, in their white garments, are picturesque, and contrast stongly with the very blond little Germans around us, and there is no mingling of the diverse races. Israel dwells alone, it seems, and the Christians of Catholic lands seem yet to feel something of the old barbaric scorn for the descendants of the antique people who were so highly favored with the Divine illumination of the early days. I inquired of a German lady, who seemed to share this feeling of detestation for the Jews, why they were so much hated in these days, when the old bigotries have lost their mediæval intensity. She replied, "They are so rich, and so arrogant!" And so

"Pride and humiliation, hand in hand,
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

"For in the background figures, vague and vast,
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime;
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time."

When the sun has quite disappeared behind the western mountains, we take advantage of the friendly shade to walk a half mile to the northeast, along the Salzburg road to St. Zeno. Here was once an Augustine monastery of very ancient origin, and here are yet the buildings which of old were the home of the disciples of the Afric saint. The church looks time-stained and weather-beaten on the outside, but, entering, we perceive that it is being thoroughly renovated. The childish and tawdry ornamentation was all removed, and the lofty and stately arches were retinted with a soft gray color, and were being adorned anew with chaste and delicate tracery.

Refined taste was directing the work, though one feels that inevitably the fair work of the restorers will be mingled with, and hidden by, the time-honored idols which are temporarily displaced. How much fitter it would seem for the worship of the Highest without them, though they are yet very dear to the child-like people. The image of the Blessed Mary is specially dear to them, and is constantly laden with votive offerings. Says Longfellow's Prince Henry in the Golden Legend:

"And if our faith has given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

The Augustine monastery of St. Zeno was suppressed in 1803, and was partially fitted up in 1853 as an English school for ladies. It is called, I think, the Institute of St. Marie. We strolled round the crowded burial-place, and looked in a moment through the opened windows at the Dead Chapel. It is empty to-day, and the care-taker, whose home seems to be in the same building, comes out to know what we desire; but desiring nothing that he can give us, we turn away to note the exceeding beauty of the situation. Looking northward, we see the mountain walls divide, making a stately gateway into the broad world beyond, while ridges of great beauty, and of varied form inclose the valley on either hand. A specially lovely forest of larch and firs, stately trees of honorable age, clothes the slopes on the right hand, and must be a pleasant resting-place for the eyes of the students, whose rooms overlook its green depths. I hope, too, that it is not forbidden ground to them, and that they can pluck the Cyclamen in its prime, and gather the perennial hare-bells from these quiet woody places where they love to linger.

Very near the portals of St. Zeno is a fine villa, with a most elaborate and ample garden, rich with all manner of blooming plants. It must be a royal residence, we think, and the coronet on the gate seems to confirm the theory. But further inquiry corrects the first impression. It is, we are told, the property of an Irish lady—a baroness of great wealth—who came here several years for the benefit of the baths. She became interested in the director of the baths, a young man of excellent character, but quite without means, and they were married. Then the lady purchased a waste meadow, low and marshy, and transformed it into a splendid garden and park, transplanting great trees to glorify it, and making it radiant with flowers and sparkling with fountains from the hills. Then she built a palace of delights in the midst thereof, and now she lives in it very happily with the husband of her choice.

Here she dispenses liberal charities, and is greatly beloved as a general benefactor to the town of Reichenhall, and, I believe, has greatly interested herself in the Institute of St. Marie. Such incidents as these are not common in Europe, where lines of caste are so closely drawn.

Reichenhall is the great central point of union of the four principal Bavarian salt-works, which are connected by conduits of an aggregate length of forty-five miles. The surplus brine from the Berchtesgaden mines is conducted to Reichenhall, which, in its turn, supplies the two other salt-works of Traunstein and Rosenheim. The conduits, so far as I could learn, were of logs, and, of course, have to be frequently renewed. The salt-works here are in very handsome and substantial buildings, and I greatly admired the fine pumping apparatus which raises the brine from the springs under the building to the pans where it is evaporated, and for the baths. Water is the motive power. The sources of the saline springs, fourteen in number, are about fifty feet below the surface of the soil, and are reached by a flight of seventy-two steps. One of the springs contains, it is said, twenty-four per cent. of salt, and is thought rich enough to be conveyed directly to the salt-pans. The water of the other springs is first evaporated in the Graderhaus, which consists of twigs of thorn, stacked under a long roof. This is a most astonishing arrangement. The building seems to be 300 or 400 feet long, and perhaps 60 feet high, but I have not the exact measurement. The quantity of twigs required is enormous, and we wonder where they are obtained; it would take miles of plants, one would think, to furnish one supply. The brine is conducted to the upper parts of the shed, and allowed to trickle slowly through the twigs, by which process it loses a large proportion of its watery particles before it reaches the reservoirs below. The great value of the process consists in the fact, that, while the water is thus partly evaporated, and the other ingredients of the brine (gypsum, carbonate of lime, oxide of iron, &c.) form a gradual incrustation on the thorns, the salt remains almost without loss in a state of solution. There is a board-walk under the roof beside this gigantic water-filter, and there are seats and swings just outside, where the patients, who want to get all the benefit from the salt which it can give, sit solemnly and inhale the damp salted air. An oceanic odor is certainly exhaled by the great wall of twigs, which suggests the fragrance of the sea-breeze, and marine algae are growing in the trough of pure, salt-water under the building.

What avails to tell how we walked to the heights around us, and looked long and regretfully at the fair mountain summits and the vales we are so soon to leave. Pleasant have been our months of dalliance in the high places of the earth, but we must soon descend once more to the common level, and dwell, as of yore, among the busy masses of mankind in thronging cities, for the summer is over.

"Thou comest Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,

Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves,
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!"

Ninth month 11*th*, 1874. S. R.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

"Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely."

More free than falls the mountain stream,
Rushing adown its rocky bed,
Touched by the gold or silver beam
From heaven's great orbs in glory shed,
Are life's fresh waters springing near
Each human heart to strengthen, cheer.

Come, freely drink! there is no price
Upon their healing power supreme;
Their source lies far in Paradise,
Their light is its celestial gleam;
While here among life's shadows flows
Their precious draught for all our woes.

Water of Life! oh may our lips
Forever more thy sweetness know;
Through all life's joys and their eclipse
May we to thy full fountain go,
Sure that no hand will turn our feet
Away where peace and pardon meet.

Come, whosoever will, and drink!
No soul so dark with sin and shame
But welcome finds, if on the brink
It stands, in Christ's all-hallowed name;
Dear Lord, oh give us grace to see
This stream so full and fresh and free!

—*Christian Register.* H. J. L.

Selected.

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU.

A pilgrim at my door
With weary feet and sore,
In faltering tones asked food and alms one day;
Alas! no wealth had I,
The cruse was almost dry,
A handful only in the barrel lay.

Sadly I answered, "No!"
Slowly he turned to go,
When down the path there came a bending tread.
With face of heaven's glow;
"Take this," was murmured low,
"A cup of water and a crust of bread."

Grateful the pilgrim smiled
Upon that angel child;
"The Saviour own and bless thee, precious one!"
Then to my wondering ear
These words seemed whispered near,
In tones seraphic: "This to Me is done."

Again, with peaceful look,
His course the wanderer took;
I saw him pause beside the rich man's door;
A youth, with noble air,
Came forth with luxuries rare,
And in his hand a silver goblet bore.

"Rest, stranger, here," he said;
"My father's table, spread,
Invites the hungry to its plenteous store,"
Again, that heavenly voice,
"Thine shall be wisdom's choice;
There is that scattereth, but increaseth more."

Quick on my throbbing heart,
There fell a sudden smart;
Not mine the joy of giving here below,
Once more that blessed strain,
"No seed is dropped in vain;
The smallest to a sheltering tree may grow.

"Weighed in the balance just,
Earth's treasures are but dust;
The scattered crumbs, the tears that pitying fall,
With richest gems shall shine
In beauty all divine;
For love receives each gift, and hallows all."

MECANIQUE CELESTE.

Those who took the trouble to read in a recent number of the *Advocate* an article entitled "Mary Somerville and Mécanique Celeste," may wish to know something about the great work of M. La Place, bearing the above title. It is hardly to be presumed that the statement of Lord Brougham relative to the ignorance concerning this book and its contents holds true at the present time; yet it is a fact that very few even among scholars know anything about it except the name, and only a very small fraction of this number are acquainted with the merit and extent of the work. Mécanique Celeste may be regarded as a comprehensive commentary on the law of gravitation, reducing all the known phenomena of the motions of the heavenly bodies to this wonderful law of nature, the grandest generalization of the human mind. The work is divided into two parts. In the first are given the methods and formulæ for determining the motions of the centres of gravity of the heavenly bodies, their figures, the oscillations of the fluids which are spread over them, and the motions about their centres of gravity. In the second part, these formulæ are applied to the planets, the satellites, and the comets.

The celebrated problem of these bodies is investigated in all its detail. Each planet and satellite is tracked through the heavenly spaces, notwithstanding it is influenced by all the rest, directly as the mass, and inversely as the square, of their distance from it. The solution of this problem enables the astronomer to give the position of a heavenly body at any time past, or predict its place during the ages to come. The perturbations of the heavenly bodies, giving rise to changes in the position of their orbits in space, also the form of the orbits, are calculated. These elements, which in ordinary descriptive astronomy, are regarded as fixed and constant, are subject to slow changes, running through vast ages. To

vestigate the laws, periods and limitations these changes taxed the highest powers of ie human mind.

The solution of this difficult problem by La range and La Place furnishes one of the ost interesting chapters in Celestial Me- anics. By it we learn that the stability of ie solar system is secured for all time. New- on predicted the ultimate wreck of our sys- m in consequence of these changes running n indefinitely in one direction.

The secular inequalities of the motions of upiter and Saturn, may serve to illustrate ie remarkable law of equilibrium prevailing mong the celestial bodies. The orbits of iese planets gradually approach to and re- ede from each other, making a complete ibration by returning to the same relative osition in space in about 50,000 years. The ariation of the modes and inclinations are onfined within narrow limits.

The eccentricities of these planets are also ubject to secular changes, which, if continued one direction, would eventually entirely hange their climate. The cycle is completed about 70,000 years. These changes are kewise confined within certain narrow limits. he elliptical orbit of the earth for thousands years has been approaching a circle, by irtue of which the moon's mean motion has een accelerated for a corresponding time. fter a while it will reach its limit and then egin its return.

The rotary motion of the heavenly bodies as caused them to assume a spheroidal form. his figure, deviating slightly from the sphere, as given rise to many interesting phenomena, ich as the precession of the equinox, which akes a complete revolution in about 25,000 ears; also the libration and mutation of the oon. Thus the figure of the heavenly bodies ve rise to many interesting problems in ysical astronomy.

The theory of the moon, which investigates e many inequalities in the motion of that minary in consequence of the powerful at- action of the sun as the disturbing body, fills ie book. The comparison of the preceding eories with observation is interesting as owing the correctness of theory and the uthfulness of the law of gravitation, on hich it is founded.

The theory of the satellites of Jupiter, fill- g another book, is interesting and important. n account of the quickness of their revolu- ons, all the great changes which time would t develope, except with great slowness, in e planetary system, are passed through in few years, thus enabling the astronomer test the correctness of theory by observa- n. The theories of cometary motion and Saturn's rings, are developed in all their ful- ness.

Such are some of the most important sub- jects discussed in the "Mécanique Celeste." In the original there are ten books and half as many volumes. In this country we have a translation, with very extended comments and expositions, by Nathaniel Bowditch, one of the most eminent mathematicians our coun- try has produced. This translation makes four large quarto volumes of about 900 pages each. In order to read this translation, so fully elucidated, the graduate from our col- leges will find it necessary to go farther in trigonometery and calculus than his profes- sors have taken him. He will then need all his resources in mathematical science, and a measure of the mathematical genius besides.

Let it be remembered, therefore, that Mrs. Somerville, without the aids afforded the stu- dent of the present day, by the force of her incomparable genius, not only read, but wrote an account of this ponderous and abstruse work. Without aid from other mathematical minds, she leaped the immense chasms left by La Place in his equations and formulæ, and which Bowditch has bridged for the benefit of other students of physical astronomy. No wonder the simple fact that she had accom- plished such a task made her famous in the eyes of those who were at all qualified to ap- preciate the magnitude and difficulty of her achievement.—*Christian Advocate.*

Simplicity is an exact medium between too much and too little. Grace is the medium of motion; beauty is the medium of form; and genteelness is the medium of fashion.—*Reynolds.*

To be useful to others, we must be decidedly religious at home. If so in appearance abroad, and not at home, the real character will, at length, in most cases, be found out, and con- fidence in what is said, though it may be the truth, will be lost, and the earnest words be of no effect. It will be felt that such speak the truth, but do not live it.

Religion which manifests itself mostly in public, and not in the home-circle, is not gen- uine, but is a counterfeit; and the one who has it may at last be weighed in the balance and be found wanting. Let us all examine our- selves; be Christians at home, where our influ- ence on children and others of the family cir- cle will be most powerfully felt, and then it will be easy to be religious abroad.—*Moravian.*

Man judges the inward disposition by the outward acts. God judges the outward acts by the inward disposition.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR TENTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	9	4
Rain all or nearly all day	2	1
Cloudy, without storms	6	9
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	14	17
Total	31	31

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1873	1874
Mean temperature of Tenth mo., per Penna. Hospital	Deg. 56.99	Deg. 58.62
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	80.00	72.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital	34.50	39.00
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital	Inches 5.88	Inches 1.65
RAIN for ten months of each year thus far	51.48	36.38

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Tenth month for the past 86 years	54.74
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793	64.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1827	46.00

In reference to the temperature, etc., as compared with last year, it will be seen that while the *mean* temperature has been a little over a degree and a half *higher*, the highest point attained was eight degrees *lower*, and the lowest point reached showed an excess of four and a half degrees. The mean for both years was also in excess of the average for the past eighty-five years.

Our note for the "first ice" for this season was on the last day of the month;* for last year, the 29th. The extreme temperature of eighty degrees, noticed last year, occurred on the 19th of the month, while the highest point this year (seventy-two degrees) was noted on the 9th. A great decrease in the quantity of rain for the month may also be observed, as well as 15.10 inches *less* for the ten months of the year thus far. J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Eleventh month 2d, 1874.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

11th mo. 15th, Valley, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Warminster, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Berwick, Pa., 11 A. M.
" 22d, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
" 29th, Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next stated meeting will be held at Germantown, on Sixth-day evening, Eleventh month 13th, at 8 o'clock. An essay has been prepared, and other interesting business. All are invited.

An essay on "The Qualifications a First-day School Teacher should seek to attain," will be read, and other interesting business.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, JR., *Clerk.*

*Germantown, in a colder locality than Pennsylvania Hospital.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS WITHIN WESTERN QUARTER.

Mill Creek, Del., 8th of Eleventh month, 187
Chatham, Pa., 13th of Twelfth month, 1874.
Kennett Square, Pa., 10th of First month, 187
All at 2 o'clock, P. M.

CIRCULAR MEETING COMMITTEE,

of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, will meet Race Street Meeting-house, on Sixth-day afternoo Eleventh month 13th, at 4 o'clock.

WILLIAM EYRE, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE Franklin Institute Exhibition will be co tinued until the 12th of this month, the Board Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Compa having extended the free lease of the buildi which it occupies until the 14th inst. This libe ality enables the Board of Managers of the Fran lin Institute to accede to the wishes of the exhi itors and the public Those who have not alrea availed themselves of the opportunity to visit should do so within the remaining week, as it is exhibition of unusual interest.

ABOUT two thousand persons were killed in t town and district of Midnapore, India, during t recent cyclone.

IT is said that among persons of eighteen yea and under, the proportion of the illiterate is small in San Francisco than in any other large city in t Union.

THE people of Southwestern Nebraska are ported to be in a terrible state of destitution, owi to the ravages of the grasshoppers. It is estimat that 10,000 people in Nebraska will have to supported during the winter.

The Nebraska Relief and Aid Society at Oma are receiving contributions to meet immediate d mands. They have sent nine car loads of pro sions for distribution among the destitute, and e pect to be able to forward six car loads of provisio and clothing per week.

THE Trustees of the "Southern Educatio Fund," created by the munificent gift of the l Mr. George Peabody, held a meeting recently New York, at which a report was made of the erations of the Board for the last fifteen mont It appears that $149,155 were distributed in t Southern States, excepting North Carolina a Texas, which got nothing, and that one-half of t fund was expended in Virginia and Tennessee, wh the condition of the schools which are in part su ported by this expenditure is described as very go their existence in both States being almost entir owing to the Peabody Fund. Virginia got $38,4 and Tennessee $36,800 West Virginia appears be the most favored Southern State. In South Ca lina there were $12,300 expended, in Georgia $10,3 in Alabama $10,000 and in Florida $10,200. In t latter State, which is perhaps the poorest in all t South, the people raised no less than $85,000 add to this contribution for the support of th schools. The remaining disbursements made w $8,400 in Kansas, $4,430 in Mississippi, and $3,2 in Louisiana. The Trustees, at their meeti adopted a report in reference to mixed schoo which was made from a sub-committee, consisti of William H. Evarts, Samuel Wetmore and Jo H. Clifford. This report recommends that eq facilities for education should be given to childr of both colors, but states that "no such res would be promoted by the compulsory system mixed schools."—*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 14, 1874. No. 38.

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It is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at ie beginning of the volume.*

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or . O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail ill be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

"A SUGGESTION WORTH CONSIDERING."

In the thirty-third number of the *Intelligencer*, the attention of the members of our Yearly Meeting was called to "a subject worth considering;" and though the writer, in stating the advantage to be derived from a division of our Yearly Meeting, has placed the subject very clearly before our minds, I feel like responding to the suggestion, and calling the attention of Friends again to it.

The proposition to divide that meeting into *three* may be new, and perhaps startling, to some, yet I think it will be found, on consideration, to obviate some of the difficulties which have presented to the mind when its division into *two* has been suggested. A. A. F. has evidently regarded the subject from the standpoint of the women's meeting; for the men's apartment, though the smaller one, is not more than comfortably filled; but this is as it should be, for it is the privilege of those who suffer to appeal to those who can help them.

This disproportion in numbers between the men and women who attend our Yearly Meeting will present an obstacle to the minds of some to its division. But this objection, like many that rise up when an important movement is contemplated, would probably be obviated by the results of the change. It must be borne in mind that the very great disproportion alluded to may not be of the *concerned and active* members of our Yearly Meeting, but of the young—the greater command of their time among women making it easier for them to attend.

The change of social habits, consequent upon the growth of our city, is every year diminishing the number of housekeepers who can entertain their friends; and though, as regards meals, provision now is made at the Meeting-house, yet many return to distant homes to lodge, sometimes leaving the meeting before its close, and missing the social mingling which, when our meeting was smaller, used to be so pleasant and profitable a feature of the evenings of *Yearly Meeting week.*

If the force of the remark is admitted, that "The vital interests of the Society are involved in the fact that there is not time nor room for the expression of many of the exercises with which concerned minds are burdened," this consideration alone, leaving the physical and social out of the question, should decide the propriety of a division into smaller bodies. We can form some idea, from confessions made *out of meeting,* of what is lost by "the body" in the suppression of living exercises, or the utterance of them in a voice too feeble to be heard in a vast assemblage, except by those immediately around. What is thus lost cannot be adequately supplied by the utterances, however good, of those who occupy elevated seats and are accustomed to public speaking. A Yearly Meeting is a *de-*

liberative body, and every arrangement that can tend to carry out this idea should be adopted.

I trust this important subject will be considered with the earnest seriousness which its importance demands; and that no personal considerations will be placed in the scale against the "vital interests" of our Society. It was a marked feature of our early Friends that, in their zeal for the promotion of truth, selfish considerations of ease, comfort and natural attachment were sacrificed when they came in conflict with it; and if we would continue to be useful as a religious body, or even to be a "body" at all, we must emulate them in this respect. S.

EXTRACTS FROM INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

The printed extracts of the Yearly Meeting of Indiana, lately held at Waynesville, Ohio, have been received, from which we take the following:

It was proposed and united with to establish a Meeting for Worship at Waynesville, at the time of holding our Yearly Meeting there, on First-day afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The Committee appointed by Baltimore and Indiana Yearly Meetings to visit Blue River and Prairie Grove Quarterly Meetings, and the meetings constituting them, as way might open, on their proposal for a Yearly Meeting in Illinois, report:

"We attended those Quarterly Meetings, the Monthly Meetings belonging to Prairie Grove and those of Blue River, which are in Illinois (the two which are in Indiana not being visited), and after weightily considering the proposition, united in the judgment that it would be right to establish a Yearly Meeting, to be composed of those Quarterly Meetings—which we propose to be known by the name of *Illinois Yearly Meeting of Friends*, and that it be opened at Clear Creek, Putnam county, Illinois, on the *second* Second-day preceding the last First-day in the Ninth month, 1875. Also, a Meeting for Ministers and Elders on the Seventh-day previous, and a Meeting for Worship on First-day—all of said meetings to convene at 10 o'clock A. M.

"And we further suggest that the Discipline of Indiana Yearly Meeting be used by Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, which reports to the new Yearly Meeting (and the Monthly Meetings which report to it), in answering the Queries."

The report was united with.

The report of the Meeting for Sufferings was read, which was satisfactory. It proposes that a fund of not less than three hundred dollars be raised and placed at its disposal, to enable it to spread a knowledge of our religious principles by the publication and purchase of books and pamphlets suitable for general dissemination, which was united with; and our subordinate meetings are requested to open voluntary subscriptions for that purpose, and report next year.

A concern having been introduced for the encouragement of Friends in constituent meetings and isolated neighborhoods, a joint-committee was appointed to visit such as way may open.

The Committee on Education produced the following report, which was united with:

"The Yearly Meeting's Committee on Education have labored in the concern during the past year, and feel much encouraged. Reports were received from the schools that have been in operation the past year. The attendance has been 289 scholars, an increase over last year of 48 scholars, and the year previous of 127. We feel the interest on this important subject is increasing among Friends, and we are united in recommending the Yearly Meeting to continue its labors, as we feel it to be one of the most important that can claim our attention."

Miami Quarter informed that a Meeting for Worship on First-days, at 11 o'clock, has been opened at Wilmington, Ohio, under the care of Miami Monthly Meeting.

The representatives from Blue River informed that a Meeting for Worship on First- and Fifth-days, and a Preparative Meeting at 11 o'clock A. M., has been established at Hoopston, Vermilion county, Illinois, known by the name of Richland.

SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Committee has held five meetings during the past year, with an average attendance of twenty-one members.

At the first—Tenth month 2d, 1873—J. W. Plummer and Benj. Strattan were appointed Clerks, and Wm. Cain, Treasurer.

Eight members of the Committee were appointed as Representatives of Indiana Yearly Meeting, in the General Committee on Indian Affairs of the six Yearly Meetings, to serve the ensuing year.

The second was held Twelfth month 7th, 1873.

Letters were read from Superintendent White and Agent Gillingham, in regard to an enclosing copy of agreement between the Omaha and Ponca tribes for the sale of a portion of the Omaha lands to the Poncas, by which each member of the latter tribe obtain forty acres of land, at $2.50 per acre.

Our members of the General Committee made a satisfactory report, which informs

that there was a meeting of the General Committee held in Baltimore in Tenth month last, at which it was agreed that the travelling expenses of the Visiting Committee of Genesee and Ohio Yearly Meetings to their Agency should be borne by the six Yearly Meetings, those two Yearly Meetings feeling unable to bear said expense.

The third meeting of the Committee was held Second month 14th, 1874, at which no important business was transacted.

The fourth meeting was held Sixth month 7th, 1874.

Simeon and Elizabeth M. Warner and Wm. and Anna M. Starr were appointed to visit our Agency this year, and, at the request of the Indian Committee of New York Yearly Meeting, they also agreed to visit Winnebago Agency.

We were informed that the opponents of the President's Indian policy having succeeded in striking from the Annual Appropriation Bill before Congress, all sums for the support of the Northern Superintendency, the General Committee, by prompt and earnest action, were successful in having the necessary amounts restored to the bill.

A letter from Superintendent White, dated Second month 10th, was read, and its practical suggestions proved very satisfactory.

A letter from B. Rush Roberts, dated Fifth month 14th, was read, stating that the Secretary of the Interior had requested information as to the proper persons to be addressed by him upon affairs connected with the Northern Superintendency under the care of Friends. In reply, the Secretary was informed that the Central Executive Committee was the body representing the Society, and all communications to and from the government concerning Friends in their oversight and care of the Superintendency, should pass through the hands of its Secretary, who now is B. Rush Roberts.

The fifth meeting was held Ninth month 26th, 1874.

The expenses on account of Indian concerns during the year have been $306.93, to wit:

For clothing school children	$200 00
Our quota of Expenses of General Committee	66 62
Our quota of Expenses of Ohio and Genesee	26 46
Presents	13 85

A frequent correspondence has been maintained during the year between the Secretary of the General Committee, the Agent, and ourselves, in regard to the affairs of the Omaha tribe, and we now have on the table interesting letters from many of the school children.

The Visiting Committee made a satisfactory report, which is also on the table.

REPORT OF THE VISITING COMMITTEE TO THE OMAHA TRIBE OF INDIANS.

To the Indian Committee of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends:

DEAR FRIENDS,—Your Committee, on First day, Sixth month 21st, visited the First-day School at the school-house nearest the Agency.

The attendance was mostly those that attend Elizabeth H. Gillingham's day school, and the exercises were also very much the same, except that the more advanced read from the Scriptures. We think they comprehend all lessons that treat of objects with which they are acquainted, as well as white children, with, perhaps, a little allowance on account of their speaking another language.

The children readily translate their English lessons into the Omaha language, which indicates that they comprehend the English meaning of what they study.

On Second day morning we went regularly to work visiting schools, villages, corn fields, and especially those who had isolated themselves by moving out on to, and were breaking their allotments and building themselves houses.

There are three on the Reservation, viz.: One in a rented room in the Mission building, taught by Menzo C. Lee; one near the Agency, taught by Elizabeth H. Gillingham, and one near the Lower Village, taught by Isaac Black.

The 1st has enrolled	57	scholars.		Average attendance.		32
" 2d "	55	"	"	"	"	36½
" 3d "	46	"	"	"	"	34½
Total,	158					103

The average attendance would have been larger, except for measles during Third month last. In Menzo Lee's school there were at one time fifty sick of those enrolled.

E. H. Gillingham's only averaged twenty during the same year. Isaac Black's school suffered also.

In the tribe there were fifty deaths from this one cause. This fatality was attributed to the mode of life, and still worse nursing and medical treatment which prevailed among all Indians.

At the Mission and at the Agency, schools have been maintained several years. Only *two* of Isaac Black's scholars had ever attended school before last fall. A majority of all the children are about ten years old; a few are fourteen, and some only five years old.

Object lessons, spelling, reading, writing, geography, mental and practical arithmetic,

are taught, and the progress made is evidently all that could be expected.

Your Committee represented to Agent Gillingham the desire of Friends that the tribe should, as soon as possible, be induced to provide clothing for the school children out of their own funds, and that the Society should be relieved of this expense, if possible. He says it seems necessary to continue the appropriation at present, as many of the children come to the school *for the sake* of the clothes. After the children have accepted the clothing the Agent can compel attendance at school. But the parents say they cannot clothe their children. Agent Gillingham is warmly in favor of dispensing with the Society contribution as soon as practicable, which he hopes to do by an order from the Department, with the consent of the Indians to clothe out of the funds of the tribe.

The settlement of families on their farms is now and will still more diminish the attendance at the schools; and an Industrial School may at no distant day become a necessity. Yet it is our opinion that the day school should be maintained as long as possible.

[NOTE.—In regard to clothing, money should always be sent, as the Agent can clothe one-third more children with the same means—knowing always just what is wanted.]

In Nebraska it is believed to be necessary that all land intended for spring planting should be plowed in the fall. Owing to the Omahas' absence on the hunt last year, no fall plowing was done; yet their growing crops will compare favorably with those of surrounding white settlers.

Wm. J. Onthwaite, the farmer, at our request, made a careful estimate of the land under cultivation, and reported, in corn, 875 acres, and wheat, 290 acres; besides patches of potatoes, beans, squashes and water melons, and sometimes tomatoes, onions and beets.

From our own observation, we believe this estimate is made under, rather than over, the actual amount. We estimate the probable yield of corn at not less than thirty-five bushels to the acre, or about 30,000 bushels; of wheat, fifteen bushels, or say 4,350 bushels. Farm implements of all kinds are much needed. The stock on hand is, viz.: twelve heavy plows for breaking prairie, twenty-six stirring plows, twenty wagons, one reaper and mower combined, one mower, one sulky horse-rake, five old harrows, no cultivators. The twenty-six stirring plows (above) were purchased last spring.

Twenty-five new breakings have been made within the past year. Six of these were partially broken before, thus bringing twenty-five addition allotments under cultivation.

All breaking-plows are now busy, and parties have bespoken them several days ahead.

These plows (10 of the old lot) were formerly issued to the chief, but Agent Gillingham found it necessary to collect them again, have them repaired and keep the control of them, so that *all* could have their use. There will probably be 250 acres added to the broken land this season.

There were raised last year of wheat that was threshed and saved, 530 bushels, and from one-fourth to one-half of the crop was burned by prairie fires. Every precaution was taken to protect the stacks, but the wind blew a spark into the top of a stack and set it on fire. The whole crop was probably 700 or 800 bushels.

Corn was a poor crop—quantity not ascertained. Potatoe crop not ascertained. The Indians sold potatoes to the people of Decatur last spring, which indicates that they had some to spare.

There are about sixty head of oxen (thirty yoke), many of which are old, worn out and must be butchered this fall. Several yokes of young cattle have been broken to replace those worn out. The oxen are issued to the chiefs.

Of cows, they have twenty head; calves, eighteen, and twenty half-grown cattle. Total cattle, all kinds and ages, 118 head.

Horses, twenty five; ponies, five hundred and two; mules, twelve; hogs, thirty. The horses, ponies, mules and hogs, and a part of the cattle, are individual property. The Agent is endeavoring to introduce a larger and more serviceable class of horses.

The scarcity of lumber for fencing and the labor of building fences has been a serious draw-back heretofore. The Agent is not trying to extend the enclosures, nor even to keep up the frail fences already built. Their slight and temporary character and the constant watching and repairs necessary—and, after all their failure to protect the growing crops, has induced him to establish a herd with a herder to be constantly with it. At night the horses or ponies are put into a large and strong enclosure, and the cattle into another. The individuals having stock outside of the herd are required to lariet or otherwise secure them when not in use. If any such stock does any damage, the police arrest them and put them into the herd, where the owner can get it only by an order from the Agent, and upon promise to prevent such mischief in the future.

This system, we think, is giving those confidence to break land and put in crops, who would otherwise wait for means to fence their fields.

We find the saw and grist mills much out of repair. The buildings need re-roofing and a general overhauling throughout.

The former trader, Hiram Chase, has sold out his stock and store-house to Barclay White, Jr., who has built a neat store-house near the old one, and, with the assistance of Joseph Lamb (one of his clerks at Winnebago Agency formerly), now manages trading posts at both places.

Your Committee advise the establishment of thoroughfares where convenience requires, in order that the breaking should not throw the travel out of the most practicable route, as is now sometimes the case.

Thirteen new houses have been built during the year on allotments. Seven of these were built mostly of lumber provided during the administration of the former Agent, the owner paying for the carpenter work, buying his sash, doors, shingles, nails and hardware out of his own means.

The seven above are neat, one-story houses, say 15x18, with loft above, and are creditable to the Indian carpenters in point of design and workmanship. One stove warms them. The other six are built of logs, or are cheap shanties.

The effort to help themselves was a source of great encouragement, especially as it is tending to break up the villages and scatter the families out on to their beautiful and very fertile land.

From what we have written above, you will perceive that the Omahas are in the main doing well. The Superintendent and their white neighbors say they are doing well and progressing in the right direction. We visited many of them in their own houses, and they seemed glad to see us. In fact, wherever we went, we were met with cheerfulness, and, in some instances, were shown around by the owners, who appeared to be proud of their success. Yet it is a singular and unfortunate circumstance that those who work and raise crops and could live comfortably, must submit to have their friends, who do not work, come and pitch their teepees at their doors, and eat up the fruits of their labor without a murmur. This is Indian hospitality. The sufferer may recount his sorrows to the Agent, yet he does not ask for redress, for he would fall under reproach for his stinginess. Again, they are selfish of every species of property except food.

The Committee thought proper to request a Council, and one was held.

Our talk was upon matters in general, and their replies were warm with friendship toward their Agent and for us.

Another Council was called, just at the close of our visit, by Superintendent White, at which we were present by his request. This was for the purpose of closing a sale to the Government, for the use of the Wisconsin Winnebagoes, of a strip of land off the north side of their reservation, not to exceed twenty square miles, or twelve thousand eight hundred acres, at two dollars and fifty cents per acre. The Chiefs had, in council with their Agent during the winter, consented to sell, yet did it reluctantly, and on this occasion were quite unwilling to keep their promise. The report that coal had been discovered on it made the matter harder for them. They thought the price should be twenty dollars per acre, or at least for the four sections of fine timber that lay on the eastern end of the strip; but being reminded that they had given their word, and the promise of a trip to Washington, finally closed the bargain.

The Indians need more farm implements, especially plows, which lack was mentioned by most of the Chiefs in council, and while we *recognize this as a drawback*, we also realize, on the other hand, that their very lack of abundant means has had a tendency to increase their energy—*forcing* them to labor as they would not otherwise have done. "Our necessities are our blessings," is a truth applicable to the red man as well as the white. To know that we must work or starve, arouses latent powers and developes all our possibilities; and while we acknowledge this as an unchangeable truth, we would entreat Friends not to withhold the helping hand, whilst our Agent and his wife are isolating themselves from their friends and from society, and are spending their energies to the utmost to advance the condition of this down-trodden people; but let us do everything in our power to assist them, whether by words or means, ever remembering that it is the free giver that gains the reward.

Signed, SIMEON WARNER,
ELIZABETH M. WARNER,
W. C. STARR,
ANNA M. STARR,
Visiting Committee.

NORTHERN SUPERINTENDENCY.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT INDIAN AFFAIRS,
OMAHA, NEB, 2d mo. 10th, 1874.

Esteemed Friend,—Since making my semi-annual report to the Representatives of the Six Yearly Meetings of Friends, who met in Baltimore in the Tenth month last, much correspondence on Indian matters claiming attention at Washington, has passed between this Office and the Central Committee, the object of which has been to devise means, through the Congressional Indian Appropriation Bill, and Acts of Congress, for raising funds necessary for the changes and improvements needed to form the ground-work and foundation of the civilization and self-support of the Omahas.

Efforts were early made by the Central Committee to have the Act of Congress, approved June 10th, 1872, providing for the sale of 50,000 acres of Omaha lands, and which failed in its effects, so amended that a proper credit could be given the purchasers. This, if passed, it is hoped, will be the means of selling the lands for the minimum price named therein. In the meantime it is proposed that the Government advance forty thousand dollars for the use of the Omahas, to be reimbursed out of the first proceeds arising from the sale of said lands.

It is also proposed to sell to each member of the Ponca tribe forty acres of Omaha lands at two dollars and fifty cents per acre, adjoining and subject to the same restrictions as the Omaha allotments of land held in severalty.

It is further proposed to sell six or twenty square miles of Omaha lands to the Winnebagoes, at two dollars and fifty cents per acre. The last two propositions are consequent upon the action of the Omaha Chiefs, while at Washington, should an appropriation be made by Congress to pay the expenses of their visit there.

Such are the modes now proposed to procure unusual sums of money for expenditure upon the Omahas.

These, if obtained, should, in my opinion, be judiciously expended as follows:

First. In educating every Omaha child between the ages of five and eighteen years. After proper school accommodations have been provided for the children, attendance, when in health, should be insisted upon, and, proper means failing, be made compulsory. The schools should be graded, and some of them be industrial schools. It is still an unsettled problem whether boarding or day schools are preferable for Indians.

Second. For furnishing each family with a comfortable house and convenient supply of water on its allotments of land—with oxen, wagon, swine, poultry, agricultural implements and necessary household furniture.

Third. For furnishing a herd of cattle and flock of sheep for the tribe, to be guarded by herders and well cared for in winter, in numbers sufficient that the annual increase shall furnish the weekly supply of meat necessary for the tribe.

Fourth. To enable the farmer and assistants to break five acres of prairie land for each family per annum, the owner being encouraged to enlarge and improve his tillage by competitive premiums, and subjected to penalties when he neglects to till the land broken for him.

Fifth. In constructing wash-houses, bake-ovens and large rain-water cisterns in connection with, or near to each school-house, in which the Indian women shall be taught to wash clothing, make and bake bread, quilt, sew, etc. A village matron, with Indian assistants, when found capable, should superintend the operations in said wash-houses, and instruct the Indian women in the management of their houses.

The manufacture of brick for Agency buildings has been found economical on the Winnebago and Santee reservation, and probably would be at the Omaha reserve. I doubt these being made a source of revenue by sale.

Such are my views in general for the speedy civilization of the Omahas. The details of the work must be left for time and experience to develope as the work progresses. With esteem, Thy friend,

BARCLAY WHITE,
Superintendent Indian Affairs.

To JONATHAN W. PLUMMER,
Clerk, etc., Richmond, Ind.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom; to educate the head and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements neccessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when it is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by the senses, and not the heart. The father may instil more solid and available instructions in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than a month spent in the study, where they are expressed in stereotyped aphorism.

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid.

When the study of mature years are stuffed into the head of the child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and can bear exertions, and the other is growing and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to

he formation of principles, rather than to he acquirement of what is usually termed nowledge. Nature herself points out this ourse, for the emotions are the liveliest and nost easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed y passion. It is from this source the mass f men are hereafter to show their sum of appiness or misery. The action of the im- nense majority are under all circumstances etermined much more by feeling than re- lection; in truth, life presents a happiness hat we should feel rightly; very few in- tances occur where it is necessary that we hould think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great hanges are going on in the structure of the rain, and demand, therefore, the utmost at- ention, not to interrupt them by improper r over-excitement. Just that degree of ex- rcise should be given to the brain at this eriod that is necessary to its health, and the est is moral instruction, exemplified by the bjects which strike the senses.

It is, perhaps, necessary to add, that at this eriod of life special attention should be given, oth by parents and teachers, to the physical levelopment of the child. Pure air and ex- rcise are indispensable; and wherever they re withheld, the consequence will be certain o extend themselves over the whole future ife.

The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffer- ngs have, in innumerable instances, been own in the constitution of the child, simply hrough ignorance of this great fundamental hysical law; and the time has come when he united voices of these innocent vic- ims should ascend "trumpet-tongued" to the ars of every parent and teacher in the land. Give us fresh air and wholesome exercise, eave our expanding energies to be developed n accordance to the laws of our being, and ull scope for the elastic and bounding im- ulses of our young blood.—*Quarterly Re- iew.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE DIVISION OF PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

In reading an article in the *Intelligencer* of he 10th of last month, under the head of, 'A Subject worth Considering," by A. A. T., I have felt to make a few remarks in the ame direction.

The article alluded to I consider an ex- ellent one, and have nothing in particular to all in question.

The subject of the division of our large Yearly Meeting has been a matter of serious consideration with me for years. That it has become somewhat overgrown and unwieldly s granted by many Friends, but the lines of division I could never determine to my own satisfaction.

I believe there might an advantage arise from smaller bodies assembling together, in order that the members thereof might be more generally exercised in the concerns of the So- ciety. And it appears to me, in the light of Truth, that if those who profess to speak as the oracle of the Most High, would be care- ful on such occasions to mind the moving of the Spirit, they would not be likely to go be- fore their Guide, nor lag behind. Then, and not till then, will "all our meetings be held in the power of God." B. B.

Edgewood, Bucks Co., Pa.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thy last letter, my dear friend, was to me an unusually interesting and encouraging one. The account of your visit among Friends in their families and meetings was encouraging. I would be glad to have been one with you, as most of those you visited I love and esteem; and thy account of the meeting, and of young people coming forward, bearing testimony to the *Truth*, in the love of it, in simplicity and earnestness, in obedience to its operations in their own hearts, surely ought to be encour- aging to those who are in the evening of their time. We also hear of young people coming forward in the ministry, and some manifest- ing their interest and putting their hands to the plow in other directions, attending meet- ings, and letting it be known that they have entered their names upon the list of testimony- bearers, and that they are concerned for the ark of the testimony as given to our people.

We read that a people formerly had their ark taken from them through unfaithfulness; but when they returned to the testimony, the ark was returned to them, not by kine that had been broken to the yoke, and were under the discipline of a former dispensation, but those which had never worn the yoke; and although they appeared to go on rather wildly and irregularly, and somewhat jostled the ark, yet they went to the right place, and the ark was eventually saved to the right people, or, at least, that generation of them who had re- pented, and brought it back.

Do we not find that many of our young people desire the preservation of the ark of our testimony, who are not yet prepared to walk just in the path of their fathers or elders? These need the teachings of exper- ience, and they jostle the ark, and it seems needful that the more experienced and con- cerned be watchful that they touch it not *un-*

bidden nor in haste; but it will, perhaps, bear more jostling than some of us are aware of.

We attended Monthly Meeting on Second-day last. A goodly number of young people were present. E. P. and L. W. were there, and I trust their labors were to profit, and encouraging to the meeting. J. B. L. (a young man) in a feeling manner laid before the meeting a concern he had been under, to visit families, as way might open, belonging to the Quarterly Meetings. The concern was united with. A Friend obtained a minute to bear him company. I felt it right to call attention to the importance of the concern, and expressed the desire that Friends would give their sympathies and aid in the work. It is encouraging to me to see the young yielding to this kind of service.

I hear, too, of young people in other places giving promise of usefulness, and also of some dear, aged Friends offering their evening sacrifice, full of hope and of life. What a blessing is such an old age! Some of us do not fully attain it. I have been feeling, of late, an increasing inability to keep above the depressing influences that sometimes accompany the decline of life. I feel the want of help—the prayers of dear united Friends, who have access to the thone of Grace. Can we not thus help one another? and is it not the design of our Heavenly Father that we should?

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 14, 1874.

PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING, held on the 3d inst., was a large gathering, particularly of women; the disproportion often observable on such occasions, being very marked. Although the opportunity for quiet indwelling during the hour and a half occupied by the first meeting was short, yet it was a solemn and instructive season.

In the business meeting (women's), there was a good attendance of the representatives, and it was thought by many to be unusually interesting. The answers to the query on love and unity gave opportunity for the expression of an exercise in relation to the various services to which individuals feel themselves called. It was believed that love and unity could not be said to prevail until we fully recognized these various gifts; and that while loving counsel to each other was appropriate, we should not transgress the bounds of Christian charity by censuring movements which have good for their object. A dear, aged Friend used the familiar illustration of a large field in which different laborers were employed; remarking, that should the man with his hands on the plow turn his eyes from it to watch and criticise his follow-laborers' portion of work, he would not be likely to make a straight furrow. Another Friend compared the Christian family to workmen in a machine shop. All the various parts of a machine are designed ultimately to fit together; and upon the care and attention with which each performs his own particular part that fitting depends, and thus only can the Master-builder be properly served. Allusion was made, in this connection, to First-day schools and Bible-classes; and mothers were encouraged to seek for a qualification to train the tender minds of their children to piety and virtue; and that they, and all others engaged in the training of the young, should seek for and depend upon Divine assistance in explaining the Gospel truths set forth in the Scriptures; leaving obscure passages, as not needed for instruction, until opened by the Divine Spirit. Several, not accustomed to speak in our meeting, expressed themselves on this subject. One young mother said that the First-day school had not only been blest to her large family of little children, but through them to herself. Others alluded with thankfulness to the Bible instruction received in early life; that it had stored the mind at an age when the memory is retentive, with Scripture facts, truths and language.

A proposition was introduced in the report from Radnor Monthly Meeting, asking for such a change in our book of Discipline as shall place men's and women's meetings on an equal footing. The report called attention to the fact that we are now acting under rules and regulations adopted at a time when the status and education of women were very different from what they are at present. A general expression of unity with the proposition resulted, both in men's and women's meeting, in the appointment of a Committee to take the subject into consideration, with the expressed understanding that they are at liberty to modify the proposition, if, in the openings of truth, the object to be attained

hould appear to require it. That Committee re to report to our next Quarterly Meeting.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting (*concluded*).—The eport of the Indian Committee was an interesting ne, and exhibits some of the good resulting from ie labors of Friends. Owing to the almost entire estruction of their crops by the grasshoppers, the awnee tribe, who are under the care of this Yearly eeting, have become much discouraged. Having vorable accounts of the climate and advantages the Indian Territory, they decided, at a recent uncil, to appoint forty men of their number to go advance and select a locality for their settlement. hey also decided, in the same council, to ask the overnment to sell their lands in Nebraska and rchase 300 miles square in said Territory. In ew of all the circumstances, the Committee ought it best to interpose no objection.

The Yearly Meeting appointed a Committee to epare a memorial to the President and Congress the United States, asking that all matters of difrence between nations be referred to arbitration, at thus a resort to arms be avoided, and that, in l future treaties, such a clause should be inserted. his was adopted with great unanimity and directed be signed and presented by the Representative ommittee to the ensuing Congress.

The meeting concluded on Fifth-day afternoon. veral Friends expressed their regret at the dispotion manifested to close the sessions before the siness was satisfactorily finished, and expressed e hope that, in future, all would be willing to reain till the affairs of the Church were disposed of ith the deliberation which their importance deands.

Throughout the several sessions, brotherly love evailed, and, towards the close, a solemn stillness read over the assembly, in which the vocal exession of gratitude found utterance, and, after a lemn supplication, the Clerk read the closing inute and the meeting concluded.

On Second-day evening, the First-day School Asciation met, and was large and encouraging.

Reports from the several schools within the limits the Yearly Meeting gave evidence of a continuice of interest in the work.

Letters of encouragement from the Associations of ew York, Philadelphia and Indiana were read. ccompanying that from Philadelphia, was a tribute the memory of William Dorsey, who had felt uch interest in some of the schools within the nits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

On Fourth-day evening, the Committee of Delestes from the Indian Committees of the several early Meetings met, and after reading the Minutes last year, and hearing the report from the Execuve Committee in the interim, B. Rush Roberts, ie of the Indian Commissioners appointed by the esident, gave an interesting account of a visit recently made to some of the Indians of the Northern Superintendency, showing that, but for the destruction of the migratory grasshoppers, their condition would have been very much in advance of what it is at present.

As it is, the improvement is very marked when compared with their condition when Friends took charge of them.

The delegates then held a private meeting for consultation.

DIED.

FOGG.—In Salem, N. J., on the 28th of Tenth month, David Fogg, in the 86th year of his age; an Elder of Salem Monthly Meeting. He was a diligent attender of his meetings, to which he rode, over a mile, until within a few weeks of his death. He lived with his surviving companion for more than sixty-one years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN MUNICH.

No. 22.

Farewell to the mountains! On the 15th of Ninth month we passed out of the imposing mountain gate-way at Reichenhall in a railway train, and follow the valley of the Sadlach northward to Freilassing, and then turn westward over wooded and grassy hills to Traunstein, a thriving town, and a seat of extensive salt-works. To the south of us, we see in the distance faint, ghostly outlines of the fair mountain walls, which have so lately been our barriers and all-sufficient defence against the labors which civilization imposes; while, to the north, the world stretches out wearily and monotonously, till it meets the great blue arch of the sky. We miss, grievously, the fair slopes of the terraced-hills, and the castellated heights, among which we have tarried so long, and think the broad lands of Bavaria lonely and unpicturesque, in comparison with the region of enchantment we have left behind among the Alpine hills and valleys. But here is Rosenheim, a pleasant town, blessed with saline springs, and having salt and other baths. We pause for refreshment for ten minutes, which gives an opportunity for a little ramble among the gardens. To the west of us is Innsbruck, and to the east lies Salzburg, and we turn northward from Rosenheim for Munich. There was much talk in the carriage, and pleasant company, and my only remembrance of the journey is, that we moved rather swiftly over a level land; that there were whole fields of crocuses in bloom; that the lilac flower of the heather enriched the wayside in many places, and that the cutting out of peat for fuel was being carried on much

more extensively than I had ever seen before. It is cut in blocks about double the size of an ordinary brick, and these pieces are piled up to dry in the sunshine. The removal of the peat is disfiguring their lands, the pits that remain reminding me of the marl pits of New Jersey, which are anything but ornamental. The country grows very level as we approach Munich. This city, the capital of Bavaria, is situated on the rapid river Isar, on the southern side of a sterile plain, fifty square miles in area. It is elevated 1,703 feet above the sea, and is near enough to the Alps to render it liable to sudden changes of temperature. It seems a very handsome and stately city, as we see it from the railway car, approaching it on the eastern side. Yes, it is Munich, undoubtedly, but we do not enter it yet, our road running around south of the city, crossing the swift Isar, and making a semicircle, before it enters Munich from the west. It is the middle of a bright afternoon, and we take a carriage at the depot and ride for an hour through the broad, pleasant streets, visiting the bankers, who have letters awaiting us, and selecting a resting-place. To find suitable quarters is always an important matter on entering a strange city, and so we take counsel of our banker, and seek rooms at the Leinfelder Hof, whence we have a view of the wide Maximilians Platz, Karls Platz, and of a beautiful bronze monument of Goethe, which stands just in front of us, and we see the sunset light gild the crystal roof of the glass Industrial Palace in the garden just in front of us. We are in a city of nearly 170,000 inhabitants, which has the honor of being a royal residence. It was founded, we read, by Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, in 1158. The land on which it stands is said to have belonged to the monks of Schaftlarn, whence came the name of Forum ad Monachos, or Munich. The town on the blue-green Isar prospered, and emperors, kings and princes have decorated and enriched it with works of genius, treasures of art and science, from century to century, but for its modern magnificence Munich is chiefly indebted to King Lewis I, who died in 1868. That monarch was a great patron of art, and caused the city to be embellished with most of the noble buildings which are now the boast of the capital of Bavaria. Since the beginning of the present century, the population of Munich has quadrupled, and in treasures of art it is said to be now one of the richest cities of Germany.

Our first visit is to the Glyptothek (Repository of Sculptures), which contains ancient sculptures collected by Lewis I when Crown Prince, in 1805–16. It is a stately Greek temple, of the Ionic order, with a porch of eight columns. The thirteen halls are ar ranged in a quadrangle, with a court in th centre, from which the building is lighted and each hall represents a distinct epoch o art, with which the decorations harmonize Colossal lions, with human heads, casts of th originals, in the Louvre, from the palace o Sardanapalus III, welcome us at the very en trance, and give us a little lesson of Chaldea theology. We see, to-day, in these strang sculptures, to what ideas of the Divine Rule of the universe the priests and sages of hoa antiquity had risen. No wonder the inspire lawgiver of Israel strictly commanded hi countrymen to make no image or likeness c the Highest, since their attempts must be fo ever unavailing, and would only degrade thei ideas of Divine majesty, the incomprehens ible and unutterable. The floors of the hall are of marble, and the ceilings are richl frescoed, and the walls beautifully painted i imitation of marble. It seems like a strang and glorious dream to wander onward fro hall to hall, among the ancient ruins of ar which illustrate so wonderfully the progress o mankind in refinement and in the compre hension of the beautiful. Strength and fierc ness, the dread triumphs of war, the humi iation of the captive, the barbarous, exultan joy of the victor—these are the ideas whic inspired the hands of the earliest sculptor We find pleasant seats, and linger long in th Hall of Apollo, which contains works of th school of Phidias. Lofty, noble and exqu sitely beautiful is the statue which occupi the central position on the right-hand side— the Apollo Cetharœdus, or Apollo of th Harp. Ceres and Bacchus, deities who wer supposed to give mankind corn and wine Minerva, who dispensed justice; Diana, th huntress; and Jupiter Ammon, the augu father of all—are all grandly beautiful, an show a mighty advance in human though since Egypt and Assyria gave tangible for to their ideas of Divinity. Truly it may b said that the people are, in reality, what the imagine their gods to be. The god of th wine-cup, the jubilant Bacchus, has a speci hall to commemorate himself and his friend There are satyrs and fauns, with pointed ear a youthful Pan with horns, a boy on a do phin; and the aged Silenus, bearing aloft th baby Bacchus; but the "Sleeping Satyr," Barbarini Faun, supposed to have been th work of Scopas or Praxitiles, which occupi the centre of the Bacchanalian hall is, pe haps, the most striking and expressive of a the company. It was found in the ditch the Castle of St. Angelo, and is believed b some to have been hurled from the top of t wall upon Gothic besiegers—but who c really know anything about it? What d

e Greeks mean by their beautiful sculptures the human form, with pointed ears, with rns, or with caudal appendage, which indi- tes a relationship with the lower creatures? e largest and most splendid hall of the yptothek is that devoted to the Romans, the eatness and glory of that majestic people ing illustrated by many gems of Roman art sarcophagi, altars, busts and reliefs. But pass onward through the Hall of Colored ulpture to the Modern Hall, where are gar- red choice works of Thorwaldsen, Canova, d other artists of the present day. Thor- ldsen's Adonis occupies the centre—beau- ul, indeed, as a poet's dream should be— d ranged around are marble semblances of inces, heroes and artists. The stainless rity and delicate finish of these newer rks is very charming, and one appreciates eir freshness of beauty after contemplating e somewhat tarnished glories of the antique sters. It is twelve o'clock, and we must go w, though it seems we have done but scant tice to the magnificent Glyptothek. With silent resolve to come again, I step out of e cool halls into the noonday sunshine, and ke a long, lingering look at the chaste and autiful temple which is the storehouse for so ny treasures of art. It is surrounded by ndsomely laid out gardens, and the noble ite building, with its fine exterior decora- ns, shows grandly. A group, in marble, signed by Wagner, at Rome, adorns the mpanum. It represents Minerva as protec- ss of the plastic arts, which are character- d by the eight colossal figures ranged on her hand. Six marble statues, also de- ned by Wagner, occupy niches in the front the building, which seem to fill spaces ich would else have been windows. Here nd Vulcan, Phidias, Prometheus, Pericles, drian and Dædalus, and on the east side find a beautiful statue of Canova, with e bust of Paris, by Thorwaldsen, Rauch, th a statuette of King Maximilian Joseph, Tenerani, and Schwanthaler, with the statu- e of Bavaria, and of Gibson, by Bruger. the whole, it is a most grand and satis- tory Glyptothek.

Our next visit was to the Botanic Garden, here we found many points of exceeding in- rest. We were kindly escorted through a ble palm house, where were flourishing lms and tree ferns, as well as the kindred rms of vegetation. One cannot too much mire the extreme neatness and care with ich this little tropic world is preserved for e instruction and entertainment of the peo- e. Every plant is plainly labelled with its ientific name, and the kindness and courtesy the very intelligent gardener and his assist- ts was unbounded. They were pleased with our interest and enthusiasm, and the gardener offered to give us seeds of any of the plants we desired.

I had never before seen the *Amorphophallus bulbiferous*, a plant about four feet high, with snake-like, mottled stem, and broad, irregularly palmate leaf, which bore bulbs at all its divisions. These bulbs were much like the little fungous growth upon our red cedar, which we call the cedar apple. The big leaves are busy building up their reproductive leaf bulbs, and storing up nutriment in the thick, abundant fibrous roots, which push up bulb-fashion from beneath. After a season, the big leaf, having done its work, dies, and the flower-stem arises and uses the store of material the leaf has garnered, blooms out gaily, and then sinks out of sight for a season, while the leaf works again. The *Hamanthus lignirus* was another striking illustration of this alternate life of leaf and flower. We were shown the great beet-like roots which projected some two or three inches above the soil, from which the wearied leaves had fallen. From the centre had risen a strong, vigorous flower-stem, six or eight inches high, and six great petal-like bracts enclose an exceedingly rich head of golden-anthered, crimson flowers, which were rioting on the wealth the parent leaves had gathered from the earth and air. From one plant whose flowers had fallen, a young leaf was rising, strong and tender, to begin anew the work of storing up material from the inorganic world. The curious Nepenthes, with its covered pitchers, and the Sarracenia were also shown us. But the Sarracenia was small and languishing, though in bloom, and we described the strong, luxuriant plant as we had known it in the chill marshes of Mount Desert, Maine, and suggested to the gardener the opinion that the tropical heat of the green-house was uncongenial to it. It was housed with the Yuccas, Agaves and Cacti of Mexico, whereas we had seen it flourish in islands washed by cold northern seas. The *Yucca draconis* was in gushing bloom, sending up from its fibrous tuft of long sword-like leaves a great spike of pink and white petaled bells, suggesting the kindred plant, so common in our old-fashioned gardens, commonly called Eve's thread.

What stern repellant natures have these thorny Aloes, prickly, stinging Cacti and warlike Yuccas and Agaves! Who would think such luxuriance of beauty could grow out of such sternness! The *Mimosa pudica* was shown us in bloom. I had never before seen the soft pink ball of flowers so appropriate to this most delicately sensitive of plants. If the finger was applied ever so gently to the upper surface of the pinnate leaf, it shrank as if in pain, each leaflet lovingly clinging to

its sister, and the whole leaf sinking perpendicularly down on the stem. Is it an electric shock, I wonder, that human touch sends thrilling through the *Mimosa?* Raise up your heads again, gentle little leaves, my rude fingers shall wound you no more!

The large fresh-water aquarium, containing a luxuriant *Victoria regia*, not in bloom, and a profusion of the radiant *Nymphæ rubra*, very richly in bloom, was also a place of great interest. A thermometer was immersed in the water, which was kept continually at tropical heat, and a continually escaping stream kept the pool pure; and in the ample expanse other curious water-plants floated and seemed to flourish mightily, but I will not attempt to particularize further. Whatever one sees of beautiful or excellent in the older world, suggests the glorious possibilities of our own most favored heritage beyond the Atlantic wave, where Nature has given wealth beyond compute, and Providence has planted a people ingenious and enterprising beyond the common lot of humanity, and blessed them with political institutions of ideal excellence. Nothing that mankind has ever attained to is beyond the reach of our own people, if they only carry out their highest capabilities and use worthily their boundless resources.

Our next morning we devote to the New Pinakothek, a rectangular building, two stories high, devoted to the modern pictures of the present century, chiefly of the Munich school. The exterior walls are decorated with colossal frescoes from designs by Kaulbach. They are much defaced by atmospheric influence, but the original designs are preserved within, and we can see that they are intended to commemorate the labors of King Ludwig in the cause of the fine arts.

I was specially interested in the Combat against Bad Taste. The grotesque and ugly is symbolized by a hideous, grinning monster, such as mediæval architects and artists delighted in, and modern art is represented as making war upon the deformity. Pegasus is bearing the champions of the new era to a desperate assault, and the poet has dashed his inkstand full against it, while the monster, in big-wigged fury, is angrily standing on the defensive. Between the windows, on the north side, are colossal portraits of fourteen of the greatest artists of the times: Schraudolph, Kaulbach, Schorn, Schwanthaler, Zubland, Rottmann, Hess, Schnorr, Gaetner, P. Hess, Ohlmüller, Cornelius, Klenz and Thorwaldsen.

Entering the building, we ascend the stately stair into the first hall, and stand in the presence of Louis I, whose protrait by Kaulbach seems to invite us to inspect the splendid vase of malachite presented by the Czar Nichol of Russia. Around the room are porphy vases also, the gifts of King Charles John Sweden. Then onward into the second h we pass and find twelve fine pictures, but r interest is absorbed by the great unfinish painting of the Deluge by Schorn. T death of the artist prevented the finishing the work, but it is near enough completion give an idea of the dread final moment, wh the surging waters have driven a multitude hapless sufferers to the mountain-top. T Ark floats tranquilly in the distance, b here, in the foreground, are crowded gr haired age, tender childhood, and vigoro youth and manhood; each despairing fugiti clasping and upholding from the devouri waters that which was most dear and precio Many are clinging to the ugly gods in whi they have placed their trust, and to whi they seem inclined to cling even unto t bitter end. The mothers are striving to sa the infants, and some, who are sinking in t advancing waters, cast forward their babes higher points, as if hoping that deliveran may yet come for the helpless and innoce Every point of the mountain-top is cover with the fugitives from the plains, and o sees in the tumultuous and advancing wat an assurance that all will soon be ov whelmed. This conviction is sublimely e pressed in the countenances of the suffere and the artist has shown great power in th giving to despair, affection, resignation, fe and fanaticism fitting representation.

In the next apartment another immer canvass by Kaulbach is devoted to the struction of Jerusalem. Here, again, we ha every element of the heroic and tragic e pressed with great power, while the art unveils to us the angel hosts, who, all unse of mortal eyes, are directing the terrible wo of the conquerors. It is a scene of sorrow a woe unutterable, and it is a relief to pass to more cheerful subjects, to peaceful mou tain landscapes, to gracious Madonnas, a to tranquil holy families. The sixth hall the new Pinakothek is devoted to a series twenty-three encaustic paintings by Ro mann, representing Greek landscapes. T views are striking and most interesting, a the coloring so intense, that the eye would wearied and dazzled were it not for the a mirable arrangement by which the light admitted from above, and the eye of the server is shielded by an internal canopy, roof, which is placed at the height of the t of the paintings, and quite shelters us fr the direct noon-day beams from the sk lighted roof, while they are permitted to sh all possible effulgence on the paintings belo Lovely, indeed, though woefully fallen a

enerate, must be this land of lost gods and
-like men.

y skies are yet as blue, thy crags as wild;
et are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
e olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
still his honied wealth Hymettus yields:
e the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air;
llo still thy long, long summer gilds,
in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

here'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
arth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
all the muses' tales seem truly told,
the sense aches with gazing to behold
scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
s the power which crushed thy temples gone,
shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Maranthon."

'e feel with the poet, that now,

eece is no lightsome land of social mirth:
e whom sadness sootheth may abide,
scarce regret the region of his birth,
wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
zing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian
lied."

here is material for long study in the
y halls of this Palace of Art, and a lover
e beautiful forgets weariness in contemon of the admirable reproductions of the
est scenes of natural beauty, and of all
is touching, heroic or lovely in human
but any attempt to describe even a few
he masterpieces, must inevitably be a
iness to the reader, if not to the writer.

S. R.

th month 20th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CATSKILLS AND THE SOURCES OF THE DELAWARE.

BY F. S. A.

ere is no pleasanter trip for the summer
rly autumn months, than a pedestrian
o and among the mountains. The keen,
ng atmosphere, the sparkling streams, as
dash down the ravine, and the wild
tain slopes, clad in their varied garnof green and brown, greet the traveller
very side, and awaken in the mind the
hts which the contemplation of Alpine
ry always inspires, and, at the same time,
exercise necessary to accomplish these
adds vigor to the body, while it is reing to the mind.

ith this object in view, the writer took a
o the Catskills. Leaving the city at the
hour of 3 A. M., New York City is
ed a little after 6, in ample time for the
ing boat up the Hudson, which leaves
0.

The two hours before the departure of the boat are occupied in a walk up Broadway. As it is early, the street is not yet crowded. We pass the new Post-Office building, the locality of the morning newspapers, and the hotels, which are mainly on this thoroughfare, and continue upwards; the tide of travel sensibly increases as we advance, and the current is mainly downwards. The throng is mostly young men, with quick steps and eager faces, hurrying to their places of business.

Having gone as far up as our limited time will allow, we turn and join the downward current, and arrive at the boat a few minutes before the time of departure.

The boat is already well filled, for the day is fine, the weather beautiful, and the ride up the Hudson, always attractive, is doubly so in such a delicious atmosphere as prevails this morning. The boat leaves promptly at the hour, every part of it crowded, and particularly the upper deck, which affords the best positions for viewing the shores of the river as we advance.

The boat soon enters the Highlands, and for several hours we pass along amid the finest river scenery of the country. At 4 P. M. we arrive at the Catskill landing. The mountains of the range have been in view from the boat for more than an hour. At this point they are distant from the river, and stretch toward the northwest. At this landing, as well as at West Point, a large number of passengers leave the boat for interior points. As our intention is to walk across the country, we shall not tarry long here.

After a few preliminary inquiries and observations, we conclude to go to the Grand View Hotel, situated near the top of the mountain, and directly on the line of our route. We pass through the village of Catskill, about a mile back from the river, and, after a ride of about two hours, reach the foot of the Catskills, and now the real labor of the ascent commences.

A new road has been opened up the side of the mountain, leading to the hotel, and it has not yet been put into good travelling condition. It passes over very steep and difficult ground; the roadway narrow, rough and stony, and very circuitous. It seems to present every impediment to an advance, but our horses are accustomed to mountain travel, and go forward patiently, steadily and determinedly, and every minute puts us up higher and higher. About half way up we change carriages (not horses), taking a lighter vehicle; the grade becomes steeper and steeper as we near the summit, necessitating frequent stops to rest the horses. At length, about 8 P. M., we arrive at the hotel, 2,500 feet above the Hudson, and here we pass the night. In

the morning we take a survey of our position. We are situated at the edge of a deep glen or ravine, called the Clove, through which the Catskill Creek passes on its way to meet the Hudson. The two lofty summits of Round Top and High Peak are in full view, apparently just across the ravine on our right. To the east and southeast the view is unobstructed, as far as the eye can reach. The distant Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, bound the vision. North and south the view extends more than seventy miles.

After breakfast we start on a trip to Sunset Rock and the top of the mountain, more than 600 feet above us.

The way up is very steep and rugged. We are provided with the mountain staff, and follow a path starting from the rear of the hotel, and along the edge of the glen.

For a few hundred feet it is easily found, and not very difficult of ascent; but directly it strikes up the steep side of the mountain, over rocks and the uncovered roots of trees, among low bushes and other obstructions, which hide the pathway, requiring the utmost effort of physical strength to surmount the obstacles, and constant watchfulness to retain the course. It is, however, stimulating and wholesome exercise. The atmosphere is lighter as we ascend, and we experience more effort in breathing; but the air is pure and sweet, and clearer for the range of vision. We cross a narrow plain covered with low bushes, in which the path is difficult to trace, and approach a ledge of rocks, extending a considerable distance along the face of the mountain, and presenting no visible way over them. We follow the path, as well as we can, along the side of this rocky bulwark, and come shortly to a cleft in the rocky wall, called the "Lemon Squeezer," twelve to fifteen inches wide and thirty feet in length, and nearly as many feet in height, through which only leads the way to the summit.

Directly out of this rocky cleft a few steps bring us to the upper plateau, and Sunset Rock is only a few yards from us. It is a bare boulder of huge size, and rests upon the highest peak of this mountain.

We climb it so as to get a view from its apex. High Peak and Round Top, to the northwest of us, seem close at hand, and, although we are high, they seem as they are considerably higher. The view from this rock is very extensive, embracing portions of five States. The Hudson river, fifteen miles away, seems to be just at the foot of the mountain so far beyond does the range of vision extend. The line of the river can be traced for nearly a hundred miles, and with a glass the spires of Albany can be distinctly see and frequently, on a very clear day, with t naked eye.

From the top, we take the path leading the Mountain House, nearly in an opposi direction from that of our approach.

This pathway is much better marked o and easier of assent and descent. A walk twenty minutes brings us down to the hou It is splendidly located, and from its por in front, we obtain one of the finest views be had from the Catskills. A good carria road winds down the mountain from here the village of Catskill, and is the main a nue of approach from below.

A few minutes' walk over the grounds the hotel, and a visit to the two lakes, j back of the buildings, and we return to c hotel, taking the same path back by Sun Rock and through the Lemon Squeezer, pa ing occasionally to look out upon the Huds and the magnificent expanse beyond.

The afternoon is occupied in making obs vations nearer at hand, as we desire to rest a be refreshed for the trip to-morrow. A te scope, the property of the hotel, is at our s vice, and we occupy the hours watching vessels and steamboats passing up and do the Hudson. The trains on the Hud River Railroad are distinctly visible, althou twelve to fifteen miles distant.

The city of Hudson, on the east side of river, can be seen with the naked eye— smoke arising from the factories and fou ries plainly indicated—while, with the gl the small ferry boats crossing the river, churches and public buildings can be dis guished, although not less than twenty m away.

Looking over the country, between mountain where we stand and the ri no elevations are apparent; from this sta point the view includes roads, creeks, villa and farm-houses, with the line of cleared wooded lands plainly marked, but noth would indicate to the eye the hills and sh ascents which we encountered on our way from the landing last evening. We seem overhang it all, and look out as from a loon in mid-air, upon a level or slightly un lating country, extending up and down Hudson.

Taking a nearer view of our position, find that the hotel is situated in the nar tongue-like form of the mountain, run out sharply between the deep ravine of C terskill on the south, and the sharp, rug face of the Catskill on the east.

Twenty feet from the end of the buil the descent is almost perpendicular for n than a thousand feet, to the valley be The sound of voices rise plainly and cle

us from the narrow valley, and it seems as a stone could be thrown into the road which nds up the banks of the creek, but the dis- nce is deceptive. The descent of the moun- n to this road can be made on foot from a ort distance below the hotel, but it is diffi- lt and somewhat dangerous, and a more cuitous path of greater length is usually ken. On the eastern side of the Catskill descent is everywhere sharp and pre- itous, and the deep valley of the Hudson ms to have been scooped out originally by ne great force of nature working from th to south.

We started at an early hour the next morn- so as to visit the Cauterskill Falls, before king regularly upon our western trail for Delaware.

Passing northeastward from the Grand View tel along the road leading to the Mountain use, we took the route leading below that se, and into the region of Sleepy Hollow, ere Irving located the scenes and incidents Rip Van Winkle in his fiction of Knicker- ker. It is a wild region, covered with ber, and affords but little outlook on the ntry below.

We soon entered the main road below the untain House, passed along between the es, and followed the banks of the lower e and the stream issuing from it, and in ut an hour reached the Cauterskill Falls. At the head of the Falls is a building, cted for purposes of observation and also profit to the proprietor. A charge of nty-five cents is made for admission to it. m this building you obtain a good view, g nearly on a level with the top of the ls. By descending several stairways, we h the bottom. The upper Fall is 180 perpendicular, and the lower Fall less n half this height. It is a deep basin of k, hollowed out by some great convulsion nature.

The view is wild and striking. The over- ging cliff, down which the creek is pre- tated, is hollow some distance inwards n the falling waters, and with slight stoop- a person can walk behind the falling t to the opposite side of the stream. After second pitch, the stream continues a tur- nt course among the rocks down the ne, and finally passes out through the e just south of the Grand View Hotel, after traversing the valley below, unites the Hudson.

Leaving the Cauterskill Falls, we soon h the regular turnpike, running out from Orchard, and now enter upon the true strian portion of our trip. The route s us over high grounds. At first, sharply nding for a few miles, we pass the crest, and gradually descend between high ranges, and come out upon a small stream, which has a course toward the northwest. The summits of Round Top and High Peak are upon our left, and continue prominent objects in view during the day.

The road follows the valley of the little stream. It is a branch of the Mohawk, called the Schoharie, and empties into that river near the village of Fonda.

At 12 noon, we arrive at the village of Hunter, and dine at the Central House. This village is located pleasantly in the midst of the mountains, and within eight or ten miles of a station on the Rondout Railroad to the southwest and beyond the Catskill. The highest peak of the Catskill, we are assured, is near this village, and was recently measured, and found to be 4,048 feet in height, which is several feet higher than the most claimed for either Round Top or High Peak,

We left Hunter at 2 P. M., and after a pleasant afternoon walk, arrived at Lexington, the next village on our route, and where we pass the night, after the day's walk of twenty-three miles. The road we travelled to-day is the regular stage route westward from Catskill village, and a line of coaches run from there as far west as Moresville, furnishing daily communication with all the towns and hamlets on the route, and is a great convenience to the summer boarders, who would otherwise, in their secluded quarters, be cut off from intercourse with the busy world outside.

(To be continued.)

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

Father! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

Thou comest not, Thou goest not;
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbeginning light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All mother-like and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light;
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.

—*Faber.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

Tread lightly on the sod
Of thy departed years,
Be tender of their broken links,
And mindful of their fears.

The loves of youth's bright dawn,
The hopes of manhood's day;
The flow'ry paths, that all untrod,
In life's fresh morning lay,

Are woven in the web
And fibre of thy soul,
The finest thread that fancy draws,
They color and control.

And as the shuttle flies,
Weaving, and weaving on,
With blending tints this costly web,
Begun in childhood's morn,

View not with darkened brow
Of lingering regret,
It needed all these changing hues
A fair design to set.

The lines by passion warped
Will round in graceful curve,
To beauty, moulded and conformed,
By gentle hands of love.

Be brave, if fortune frowns;
Be humble, if she smile;
A steadfast faith and manly trust
The roughest path beguile.

8*th mo.* 30*th*, 1874. L. J. R.

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty—of daily duty always carefully performed.—*The Moravian*

NOTICES.

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting will be held in the Monthly Meeting-room of Friends' Meeting-house, on Race street, on Seventh-day evening, Eleventh month 21st, 1874, at 7½ o'clock.

The general attandance of Friends is invited.

Wm. Heacock, *Clerk.*

Liberal contributions are solicited, and may be sent to the Treasurer,

T. Morris Perot, 314 Vine St.

ITEMS.

Boston University makes no distinctions in regard to sex. All classes in all departments are open on the same terms to men and women.

Experiments have recently been made at Liverpool with a new mast-head light, intended for ocean steamers. It throws a fine, brilliant white light, and can be seen distinctly five miles. The light is made from a powder, and is thrown through a magnifying glass, something on the magic lantern plan. —*Boston Transcript.*

The boundary dispute between Switzerland an Italy, which was referred to George P. Marsh, th United States minister at Rome, for arbitratio has been decided by him in favor of Italy, whic thereby acquires 1,800 acres of territory.

The stockholders of the Zoölogical Society Philadelphia, by a vote of 681 for and 18 agains have accepted the offer to the Society by the Tru tees of the Alfred Cope Fund of $25,000 upon th following conditions:

1. That all malt, vinous or spirituous liquo shall be forever excluded from the premises occ pied by the Society.

2. That no exhibition or performances, by pe sons or animals, be permitted, beyond a simple i lustration of the training of such animals as a domesticated by man; and that, with such exce tions, the animals be not disturbed for the purpo of entertaining spectators, but that they be suffer to act or rest as nature may prompt.

3. That these resolutions be embodied in th new Constitution, and therewith a clause prohibi ing the repeal of this article, unless with the co sent of the Trustees of this Fund.

A distinguished medical authority warns th drinkers of water of wells near dwellings to bewa of the typhoid poison sure to be found sooner later in these reservoirs, if any of the house drai age can percolate to them. The gelatinous matt often found upon the stones of a well is poison the human system, probably causing by its spor a fermentation of the blood, with the abnorm heat of fever. Wholesome, untainted water is a ways free from all color and odor. To test it thc oughly, place in it a few grains of lump sugar, a expose it, stoppered, to sunlight, in a window. even after an exposure of eight or ten days, t water becomes turbid, be sure that it has been co taminated by sewerage of some kind. If it remai perfectly clear, it is pure and safe.—*N. Y. Post.*

Chloroform, as an anæsthetic, is becoming tremely unpopular in Massachusetts, two notal cases of deaths resulting from its use having curred within a year, in Boston. The corone jury at the inquest on the body of the last vict found that the chloroform was administered ca fully, and in due quantity, and the post mortem amination having shown every organ of the ceased healthy, a verdict was rendered asserti that chloroform was in itself necessarily unsa It is proposed that the use of chloroform as anæsthetic be prohibited by law, and the friends this measure have already collected statistics prove that out of every 2,700 of those who take one person dies under its influence. Those w object to chloroform propose to use ether.—*Pu Ledger.*

New Jersey has now 4969 acres devoted to cranberry culture, and the whole amount of capi invested is $1,662,130. The crop last year 116,409 bushels, which brought on the vines ab $224,716, or 13½ per cent. on the entire investme It is not expected that the crop this year will more than 90,000 bushels. The yield of cranb ries on Cape Cod and the adjacent islands the pr ent year is estimated at 70,000 bushels; in ot parts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, 35,000; Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana and Michigan, 000; in New York, 5,000, a total of 250,000 bush Estimating the market value at an average of per bushel, the value of the entire crop is ab $750,000.—*Boston Transcript*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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OBEDIENCE THE ORGAN OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

This universe is governed by laws. At e bottom of everything here there is a law. hings are in this way, and not that: we call at a law or condition. All departments ave their own laws. By submission to them ou make them your own. Obey the laws of e body—such laws as say, Be temperate d chaste. Or of the mind—such laws as y, Fix the attention, strengthen by exerse; and then their prizes are yours—health, rength, pliability of muscle, tenaciousness memory, nimbleness of imagination, etc. bey the laws of your spiritual being, and it as its prizes too. For instance, the condion or law of a peaceful life is submission the laws of meekness: "Blessed are the eek, for they shall inherit the earth." The ndition of the Beatific Vision is a pure art and life: "Blessed are the pure in art, for they shall see God." To the imre, God is simply invisible. The condition nexed to a sense of God's presence—in her words, that without which a sense of od's presence cannot be—is obedience to e laws of Love: "If we love one another, od dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected us." The condition of spiritual wisdom d certainty in truth is obedience to the will God; surrender of private will: "If any an will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

In every department of knowledge, therefore, there is an appointed "organ" or instrument for discovery of its specific truth, and for appropriating its specific blessings. In the world of sense, the empirical intellect; in that world the Baconian philosopher is supreme. His *Novum Organon* is experience; he knows by experiment of touch, sight, etc. The religious man may not contravene his assertions,—he is lord in his own province. But in the spiritual world the "organ" of the scientific man, sensible experience, is powerless. If the chemist, geologist, physiologist, come back from their spheres and say, We find in the laws of affinity, in the deposits of past ages, in the structure of the human frame, no trace nor token of a God, I simply reply, I never expected you would. Obedience and self-surrender is the sole organ by which we gain a knowledge of that which cannot be seen nor felt. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." . . . And just as by copying perpetually a master painter's works we get at last an instinctive and infallible power of recognizing his touch, so, by copying and doing God's will, we recognize what is His; we know of the teaching whether it be of God, or whether it be an arbitrary invention of a human self.

Observe the universality of the law: "If *any* man will do His will, he shall know of

the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." The law was true of the man Christ Jesus Himself. He tells us it is true of all other men.

In God's universe there are no favorites of heaven who may transgress the laws of the universe with impunity; none who can take fire in the hand and not be burnt; no enemies of heaven who if they sow corn will reap nothing. The law is just and true to all: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In God's spiritual universe there are no favorites of heaven, who can attain knowledge and spiritual wisdom apart from obedience. There are none reprobate by an eternal decree, who can surrender self, and in all things submit to God, and yet fail of spiritual convictions. It is not, therefore, a rare, partial condescension of God, arbitrary and causeless, which gives knowledge of the truth to some, and shuts it out from others; but a vast, universal, glorious law. The light lighteth every man that cometh into the world. "If any man will do His will, he shall know."

See the beauty of this Divine arrangement. If the certainty of truth depended upon the proof of miracles, prophecy, or the discoveries of science, then truth would be in the reach chiefly of those who can weigh evidence, investigate history and languages, study by experiment; whereas, as it is, "The *meek* will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way." "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." The humblest and the weakest may know more of man, of moral evil and of good, by a single act of charity, or a prayer of self-surrender, than all the sages can teach; ay, or all the theologians can dogmatize upon.

They know nothing, perhaps, these humble ones, of evidence; but they are sure that Christ is their Redeemer. They cannot tell what matter is; but they know that they are spirits. They know nothing of the argument from design; but they feel God. The truths of God are spiritually discerned. They have never learned letters: but they have reached the truth of life.

Annexed to this condition, or a part of it, is earnestness. "If any man *will* do His will." Now that word "will" is not the will of the future tense, but will meaning volition. If any man wills, resolves, has the mind to do the will of God. So, then, it is not a chance, fitful obedience that leads us to the truth, nor an obedience paid while happiness lasts and no longer, but an obedience rendered in entireness and in earnest. It is not written, If any man does His will, but if any man ha the spirit and desire. If we are in earnes we shall persevere, like the Syrophenician woman, even though the ear of the univers seem deaf, and Christ Himself appear to bi us back. If we are not in earnest, difficul ties will discourage us. Because will is want ing, we shall be asking, still in ignorance an doubt, What is truth?

All this will seem to many time misspent They go to church because it is the custom all Christians believe it is the established re ligion. But there are hours—and they com to us all at some period of life or other— when the hand of mystery seems to lie heav on the soul; when some life-shock scatter existence—leaves it a blank and dreary wast henceforth forever, and there appears nothing of hope in all the expanse which stretche out, except that merciful gate of death whic opens at the end;—hours when the sense o misplaced or ill-requited affection, the feeling of personal worthlessness, the uncertainty and meanness of all human aims, and a doub of all human goodness, unfix the soul from all its old moorings, and leave it drifting drifting over the vast Infinitude, with an aw ful sense of solitariness. Then the man whose faith rested on outward authority and not on inward life will find it give way; the authority of the priest, the authority of the church, or merely the authority of a docu ment proved by miracles and backed by prophecy, the soul—conscious life hereafter— God, will be an awful, desolate Perhaps Well, in such moments you doubt all— whether Christianity be true, whether Chris was man, or God, or a beautiful fable. You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, What i truth? In such an hour what remains? I reply, obedience. Leave those thoughts fo the present. Act: be merciful and gentle— honest; force yourself to abound in littl services; try to do good to others; be tru to the duty that you know. *That* must b right, whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the Wor of God, you shall not be left to doubt. D that much of the will of God which is plai to you, "You shall know of the doctrin whether it be of God."—*F. W. Robertson.*

GODLINESS.

The following weighty expressions were delivered by the late Samuel Fothergill, in visit to a family of Friends in London, 1769

"As you are both young in years, and it i probable, very probable, may be at times so licitous for your future advancement in life I would just propose one thing to your seriou consideration, without which no one was eve happy, nor any one unhappy with it. Tha

odliness—it is the soul's health. Godli- is profitable in all things—it is profitable ealth; it is profitable in sickness; it is table in a languishing bed; it is profit- in death—it initiates us into the com- of glorified spirits, in the boundless and ified regions of immortality; and, my young friends, I earnestly address you his occasion, with a degree of tender af- on, sincerely desiring your happy intro- ion therein, when these few fleeting mo- ts of your existence shall terminate; and shall be summoned to appear before the nal of immaculate purity. You are ed here as delegated stewards—as ac- table beings to your bountiful Creator very talent committed to your care; and eternal interest depends upon your con- ting the whole to His service, who cre- you as vessels for His honor, and to e guidance and protection I warmly re- mend you, my beloved friends; sincerely ing your establishment and growth in ever blessed and unchangeable truth, gh the bounty and favor of our Father is in heaven.

'Godliness is profitable in all things'; should it fall to your lots to experience rying and gloomy season of poverty and ess, by the permission of Divine Prov- e, whose allotments are all in wisdom, directed for our benefit, where are you ek comfort for your disconsolate, afflicted s but in godliness? 'Godliness is profit- in all things'; and I most earnestly in- you to a due consideration of the im- rtance of it. Seek a Friend in your days that will never forsake you; for if apply to God in sincerity, He will be l of you. His Divine goodness will pre- you as in the hollow of His hand, and uct you through the various difficulties dangers of a tempestuous world, to an asting habitation in glory. Oh! seek early above every other consideration. vill be a Father and a Friend when no strial object can administer the least con- ion, and when every pleasant picture be stained in your view. 'Godliness is table in all things'—it is the soul's h; it is the never-failing support of the eous under every difficulty, and the sov- n antidote to the evils of life. I could our dear youth were more generally en- d in pursuit after substantial happiness; they would cultivate an acquaintance their Creator in the morning of their for the sands of life are hastening to a , and the evening is approaching with nitting swiftness. Alas! alas! what are riches and splendor of these perishing sublunary objects, in comparison to our everlasting well-being hereafter? The one is transient, fleeting and momentary, and altogether uncertain; the other is a permanent fruition of uninterrupted joy and felicity forever amongst an innumerable company of saints and angels, and spirits of just men made perfect—continuing the inexhaustible theme of praises, dominion and worship, to the Sovereign Lord of the whole universe.

"I sincerely wish that the male head of this family may be an example to his wife in all godly conversation; taking her by the hand, and dwelling in the power, in the life of godliness. In love and unity with each other, gathering into the warm bosom of the Society; for I have had to remark, in my visit through parts of this city, many loitering as upon the skirts of the camp, and the sword of Amalek has destroyed numbers. I beseech you, my beloved friends, to let your eye be unto godliness; and, although it falls not to the godly to be always blest with affluence of worldly riches, yet you will assuredly find unspeakable consolation, resulting from the Divine goodness towards you, which will abundantly counterbalance every worldly consideration. For they are not men of this world; they are from it, and their views are directed towards a better country—even a pure, holy, undefiled habitation—an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Seek not after riches; suffer not your attention to be diverted from the pursuit of virtue, nor to be desirous after the vain, foolish, transitory amusements of a degenerate age, for all these things will terminate in sorrow and distress of mind, and riches make to themselves wings and flee away. 'But godliness is profitable in all things'; it will be your sure support in every trial, and your never-failing consolation under every difficulty, and ultimately afford you a comfortable admission into the permanent joys of eternity, as a glorious and unfading recompense, which the Father and Fountain of unlimited mercy and goodness has prepared for all those who diligently seek Him. Therefore, my dear young friends, suffer me, once more, strongly to recommend you in the early part of your life to seek the God of your Father, the never-failing help of those who seek Him in sincerity. I will say this, for your encouragement, Though the heavens should pass away, and the earth be removed out of its place, though the lofty mountains should dissolve and be no more, yet the promises of the Lord are amply verified to them that fear Him. His fear is a blessing which makes truly rich and adds no sorrow with it, and will assuredly attend the humble efforts of a life of dedication to His service, administer comfort under every trying dispensation of His prov-

dience, and be your exceeding great reward, for 'godliness is riches in poverty, and profitable in all things.' "—*British Friend.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

The Women's Second Congress met in Chicago on the 13th of Tenth month, Mary A. Livermore in the chair. It is a recent organization, its first meeting having been held a year ago. Though many of its members belong to the Woman Suffrage Association also, the prevailing spirit seems to be patient and quiet waiting for the franchise, as something sure to come, sooner or later, and in the meantime considering subjects qualifying them, physically and mentally, for its right exercise.

The titles of the papers read were "Finance;" "The Physical Education of Girls;" "Our Inheritance: with Reference to Prenatal Influences;" "The Relation of the Woman Physician to Society;" "Woman in Journalism;" "The Science of Domestic Economy;" "How can Woman best Oppose Intemperance?" &c., showing the practical tendency of the Congress.

One could but feel, when listening to Frances Willard reading her able paper on "Woman's Duty, with Regard to Intemperance," and to Dr. Mary Blake, on "Our Inheritance," and to Mary Livermore, waxing eloquent, on the subject of the condition of poor working-women in large cities, that here were women whose whole heart was in the elevation of their sex, and in human reform generally.

After each paper was read, its subject was open to discussion by the members of the Congress, and general interest was manifested in these discussions throughout the audience.

Especial prominence was given to the topic of "Dress Reform," and a private session, to which women only were admitted, was devoted to the discussion of the subject, and to the exhibition of articles of apparel for women, their inventor claiming that they combined utility, ease and comfort. As she has patented them, however, the field of their usefulness is much lessened.

Dr. Mary Blake exhibited several undergarments, fashioned after the kind she herself wore, and which were especially well adapted for female physicians, being quickly put on and off.

While women in most parts of the civilized world are either groaning under the bondage of fashion, or else renouncing everything but utility in their apparel, it seems strange that no one has yet hit upon the happy medium, which shall dress women healthfully and comfortably, as well as gracefully.

The paper, "How can Woman best O pose Intemperance?" was one possessing great deal of present interest, as the wint work in that direction is soon to begi Frances Willard, President of the Women Temperance Association, of Chicago, ma some very appropriate suggestions on th head. She advises women, first, to be the selves total abstainers from intoxicati liquors, in all shapes and forms, and to ba ish from their tables, not only liquor itse but all such stimulating food as weakens a vitiates the palate and stomach, and prepa the way for spiritous drinks. She thinks regenerate system of cookery would go f towards solving this problem. Second, n to administer it, or allow it to be administere to infants or children as medicine. Many child has gained the reputation of bei "such a good, quiet baby," at the risk of future welfare in life, by the constant admi istration of some stupefying potion. Thi to make home more attractive than t saloons. Too often, the boys' room, inste of being cosy and pleasant, is a "chamber horrors." With regard to her influence o side the home circle, woman's best weapo against intemperance are "piety, persuasi and prayer."

A letter was read from Frances Pow Cobbe, of England, on the subject of " nance," and two encouraging letters were ceived from the Woman's Association of neva, and from Mrs. M. A. Baines, of L don.

The paper on "Woman in Journalis was exceedingly practical, written, as it w by the associate editor of an Indiana coun journal. She evidently knows whereof speaks, having, as she says, worked at nea all branches of an editor's business. It is opinion, that journalism, as a profession, more open to women than almost any oth and requires less time for preparation th other professions, while the difference betw the sexes in qualification for it, is, if anythi in favor of women, on account of their quic preceptions, closer attention to details, more sympathetic natures.

The Congress lasted a week, and had a attendance at all sessions. Its next meeti to be presided over by Prof. Maria Mitch will be held in a year, probably at N York, when we may be favored with as a papers as were read at this Congress, w the benefit of a year's added experience.

M. W. P

Chicago, 11th month 6th, 1874.

To clothe the naked and feed the hun is good; to teach men how to provide themselves is much better.

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware at the centennial anniversary of Dr. Priestley's discovery of oxygen was held on the rty-first of Seventh month last, at Northumberland, in this State, the place where found refuge after being driven from his me in the old world. The following quotation from a sketch of his life is a short introction to the interesting lecture by Dr. raper, delivered in 1848, on the subject of is important discovery. Both the quotation d lecture are from the *Popular Science onthly:*

"Dr. Draper's statement is as fresh and icitous as if his lecture had just been prered to commemorate the centennial of the scovery of oxygen, and but few will susct, on perusing it, that it was delivered a arter of a century ago, before the medical idents of the New York University; of urse, with no reference whatever to the esent occasion. It was privately printed by e class for their own use, and has never bere been given to the public. Its perusal nnot fail to sharpen the interest of readers know more of the personality of the rarkable man who made the greatest of all emical discoveries, and to whose eventful reer there attaches so romantic an interest."

PRIESTLEY'S DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN GAS.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D.

Animal instincts, when properly considered, e often found to be connected with physical ws. Even in the case of man, his gratifitions and dislikes frequently originate in e imperceptible action of external circumances, and those feelings, and the impulses which they give rise, are, in the scheme of ature, strangely bound up with other things, ith which, at first sight, they seem to have kind of connection.

Thus, with what pleasure the whole animal orld rejoices at the coming of spring! There a heart-felt delight, not limited to the higher ces, but common to all. With the returng temperature, birds, and beasts, and incts, prepare for the duties of a new year, nd everything seems full of animation and fe. Even the illiterate man cannot look nmoved on the green tint stealing over the elds. Perhaps his sentiments may in some easure be connected with a perception that ere is a promise for the gratification of his aser animal appetites, and that this prosperus beginning will end in the production of orn and wine for his use. But, behind these, which are the more obvious, there are other causes for rejoicing—causes which can only be fully appreciated by the intelligent, and which have been made plain only by the advances of the highest branches of human knowledge.

How often is our admiration aroused by the work of mechanical artists!—the steamship, which day after dry has continued its unceasing and successful struggles with the waves, or the chronometer, which, once wound up, keeps on for months together its regulated motion. Yet how far are all these contrivances outdone in the mechanism of every living man! Of his double nervous system, one part, the intellectual, observes its mysterious periodicities, its time of activity and time of repose; its time of wakefulness and time of sleep; the other never sleeps till death, but keeps up its incessant action; the beating of the heart, the introduction of air by breathing, involving millions of movements which never fatigue us, and of which we are indeed, for the most part, unconscious. And, now, who would suppose that these, the highest and noblest results of a far greater mechanician than man, are ultimately connected with the return of the spring; and that, in fact, the continuance of the life of man is indissolubly linked with the putting forth of the buds of a tree?

Yet so it is; and surely we cannot spend an hour more profitably than in tracing that connection. Such studies are appropriate to all intelligent men. And, when another spring revisits us, we shall not find that this hour has been entirely lost. The reflections it may suggest will, perhaps, increase the pleasure with which we view the return of that great natural phenomenon.

In thus explaining to you the connection subsisting between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, I shall have, in the first place, to introduce an account of the great scientific discovery of the last century—the discovery of oxygen gas—an event rivaling in importance the establishment of the doctrine of universal gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton, in the preceding age.

Until the middle of the last century an opinion universally prevailed that the atmospheric air is a perfectly homogeneous and undecomposable body; that there is but one kind of air, that which we breathe, and though in mines, wells, and other deep and solitary places, substances somewhat analogous occur, they are in reality nothing more than vitiated forms of atmospheric air, which has gathered poisonous qualities from mineral exhalations. From the remotest times these opinions had prevailed. Many of the Greek philosophers looked upon the Olympian Jupiter as only

an emblem of the atmosphere, and little suspected that the day would come when that great god of antiquity would be anatomized, dissected, and his various parts and qualities displayed. How often do things which have struck one generation with awe become commonplace affairs in another!

It so happened that, though, from time to time, after the thirteenth century, different gaseous substances were accidentally encountered, they all possessed the quality of extinguishing the light of a candle, and were therefore incompetent to support combustion, and when breathed were destructive of animal life. The doctrine that these were only vitiated forms of the atmosphere seemed very plausible, and this interpretation was received until the middle of the last century, when the capital discovery was made by Dr. Priestley that the air is not a simple substance, and that there is a great family of analogous bodies, each of the members of which possesses peculiar properties. He completely broke down the ancient doctrine of the elementary nature of the atmosphere.

You can scarcely form an estimate of the immense consequences that followed this discovery. It was found not alone to affect chemistry, properly speaking, it threw a flood of light on every allied science. The chemistry of that day was overthrown. Without any exaggeration, I characterize it as the capital discovery of the last age, rivaling in its importance and in its results the great discovery of the preceding century, universal gravitation, by Newton. Extended by the chemists of England, France and Germany, it has utterly exploded metaphysical physiology, which, taking its origin in the dark ages, has been the great barrier to the progress of rational medicine. Whoever will take pains to study with attention the works devoted to the exposition of that ancient system, must be struck with the impenetrable obscurity in which it is enveloped. You turn over page after page, and the more you read the more you become confused. It is a constant putting of words for things, of phrases for facts. Even in the hands of the most powerful writers, metaphysical physiology is essentially unintelligible; but not so with that other physiology which has arisen in our times, all its statements are clear, precise, distinct; it relies on the exact sciences, such as chemistry and natural philosophy, because it is itself exact. The progress of all the departments of human knowledge is often the same. Two thousand years ago the pagans peopled Olympus with many gods; and so in the infancy of medicine the corporeal frame was peopled with many intangible forms—a soul, a mind, a vital power, an instinct, a nervous agent, an aura and animal spirits without end. E a better knowledge of these things is fi teaching us the eternal truth that, as there but one God in the heavens, so there is b one spirit in man; a presiding agent th supervises and directs all; that all the acts life are brought about by the inhalation atmospheric air; and that every living a mal owes its so-called vital properties to t action of air within its system; that th thus arise oxidations and other alterations the economy, so that not a movement tak place, nor a thought occurs, without conte poraneous structural changes. The introdu tion of air by breathing is, I say, the func mental fact in physiology; nay, more, it the fundamental event in the action of t brain. I rest my opinions not on scienti facts, though they are numerous and irresi ible, but I go at once to an authority far b yond all chemists and metaphysicians. In va the physiologist asks me to deny the combi tive influence of air in the body, and affe a fictitious fear of the tendency of such doctrine. Shall I not believe the positive d claration of Him who is the artificer of the beautiful contrivances?—shall we accuse t Almighty of materialism when He tells that "He breathed into his nostrils the brea of life, and man became a living soul?"

The circumstances that first direct the mi of a philosopher to discoveries destined exert an influence over the whole human ra cannot fail to be full of interest. So it is the present case. It happened that Priestle who resided near a brewery in the town Leeds, in England, accidentally observed th the beer during its fermentation in the va gave forth a remarkable aërial substan The flame of a lighted stick immersed in was at once extinguished, and the smo floating on the top of the stratum showed th it was very heavy, a result which was p fectly confirmed by the observation that, visible and intangible as it was, this air cou be poured from vessel to vessel like wat and in the vats in which it originally occurr it would overflow their edges and descend the floor, along which it would run like stream, its course being readily tracked the expedient of putting a lighted stick in it, and observing the extinction of the flar Moreover, he found that it would dissolve water, for, if dishes of that liquid were plac where it had access, an agreeably and acid lous and sparkling fluid, soda-water, w formed. And that the agent which broug all these results about possessed a physiol ical potency, was proved by the fatal fact, often known in such manufactories, that if, accident, it was breathed, death at once to place.

The substance which Priestley thus first countered was that known to us as carbonic-id gas; it had already been studied under her circumstances by Black and older emists. I mention it here because it led riestley to that long continued investigation factitious airs, which was crowned by the eat discovery of oxygen gas.

We have seen with what acuteness Priest-y detected differences between the gas just entioned and common air. It is a strik-g fact, verified over and over again in the story of science, that the most imposing re-lts may be presented to the acutest mind, d their significance and value remain un-tected. Priestley, in 1771, having exposed me saltpetre to the fire, disengaged oxygen, perimented with it, and even showed its en-getic power of supporting the flame of a ndle, and yet the value of these truths en-rely escaped him. Three years subsequently e submitted one of the compounds of quick-lver to the force of the sun's rays, con-rged by a burning-glass, oxygen again caped, and this time he secured his dis-very.

He was not long in recognizing its import-ce. One after another, as the properties re developed, the value of their conse-ences was apparent. First, a lighted can-e, far from being extinguished, burnt with creased brilliancy, and substances com-only reputed incombustible, such as iron d other metals, were consumed as though ey were wood. The doctrine of vitiated rs disappeared at once. Here was a sub-ance possessed of all the chemical energies the atmosphere, only in an incomparably ore intense degree. If there were vitiation all, the air itself was a vitiated form of e gas. Then, too, he found that it could stain completely the breathing of animals, d that, in reality, it was absolutely essen-al to the discharge of that function, a fact hich led him to apply to it the epithet "vital r;" and lastly, that the atmosphere itself, far om being, as the ancients had supposed, a mple homogeneous mass, contained this bstance as its active principle, mingled ith four times as much of another different dy.

(To be continued.)

REMEMBER that serenity recommends your ith and religion. If you are serene only hen surrounded by the comforts of life, men ill say, "It is easy to be happy when one as health, and friends, and wealth." But hen a man stands in darkness, and never ses courage, and is sweet-tempered as ever, ere is a testimony to his religion which the orld cannot mistake.

ABOUT FERNS.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt remarked that the structure of the *Schizæa pusilla* differed widely from that of our other indigenous schizaceous ferns, viz., *Lygodium palmatum*, and its morphological elements are unlike those of our ferns in general.

The barren frond of *Schizæa pusilla* is marked on its epidermal surface with a *double line* of stomata, and these organs extend the entire length of the frond.

The cells which make up the interior of this delicate fern are cylindrical and vary in size, but their distinctive characters lie in minute projections or outgrowths from all sides of the cells, and these projections meet and are articulated with corresponding outgrowth from adjoining cells, so that the cells of *Schizæa* have penetrating between them in every direction intercellular spaces and channels of *remarkable regularity* and beauty, and so characteristic is this plan of cell-union, that the botanist need find no difficulty in identifying the smallest fragment of the plant.

This morphological peculiarity has not been noticed before. R. ROBERTS.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I speak, my dear friend, of what I know, when I say that growing old is an experience for which nothing can prepare us. All we may read about it, all we may hear, all we may see, will fall short of conveying to the *inexperienced* the full idea. It is through experience only that we can realize the want of former power, a disability coming in upon us, in *this direction* or *in that*, wherefore, we can hardly tell, and yet a full consciousness of the lack leaves us no room for doubt, that former energy has gone and given place to a sense of dependence, against which we vainly struggle, and against which, in earlier life, we would surely have rebelled. We are obliged to acknowledge the outward application of the language formerly used, "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not."

Though this may be so *outwardly*, and though the experience may call for a large share of Christian submission and patience, we have great cause for thankfulness when we can feel that, "while the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by

day," because the Power that ministered to our spiritual needs in early life, remains the same eternal all-sufficiency.

Then, again, there is cause for thankfulness, when we find many things, that for years have claimed the place of duties, now, one by one, gradually loosing their hold in this connection, until at last we feel a full releasement just when bodily ability would have proven insufficient for the service.

Surely, I know what I say, for I thus speak from recent experience. If thou wast by my side, I could go more into detail than I wish to in my note. So I close with the acknowledgement, we are wisely and mercifully dealt with by our loving Father, who suits His requirements to our present condition, and ever stands ready to guide us with His counsel as we pass along through the various stages of this present life; and when the end shall come, and mortality is put off, will receive into one of His many mansions the redeemed spirit.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 21, 1874.

. SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS.—Friends, as a body, have always held the Scriptures in high estimation. They have been careful to encourage their reading, and, in their Discipline, have based every requirement upon the precepts found in the New Testament. No branch of the Christian Church has stronger claims to a practical belief in these writings. Their language is the language of Jesus and the apostles. The simplicity of their dress and address is after the pattern laid down by the great Exampler, and taught by His immediate followers; so that nowhere in the whole range of Christian profession, can it be said that a greater conformity to the Spirit of the Scriptures is advocated.

While this is true, and cannot be gainsaid, Friends have never claimed the written Word to be the only rule and safe guide in matters of faith and practice for the Christian believer. Valuable as are the records of the earnest men and women, whose experiences are therein set forth, and vital as are the testimonies of prophets and teachers, yet we hold all these as secondary to that Divine Word to which they all bear witness, and which is as much to us as it was to them, the saving Power to which we must come if we would find that peace so earnestly desired by t troubled soul. We hold the Scriptures to only *one* of the instrumentalities by which t way is opened for the Truth to enter, a their chief use to inquirers is, that in the they find their own states and conditions fait fully portrayed, and they are encouraged seek help from the same Source which ga assistance to the worthies, whose lives a therein recorded.

The Apostle Paul, after enumerating tho who had "obtained a good report throu faith," writes: "Seeing we also are co passed about with so great a cloud of w nesses, let us lay aside every weight, and t sin which doth so easily beset us, and let run with patience the race that is set before us

That greater care is needed among us the use of Scripture texts and terms in o public testimonies, must be apparent to a who are in any degree familiar with the In quoting from any author, we are in du bound to do it fairly, that there may be misunderstanding in relation to the meani of the extract; and the Scriptures ought n to be an exception. In the quotations th are made, we should give forth the sentime or truth that is apparently intended to taught. Unless this watchfulness, on t part of those who address our assemblies, maintained, we are in great danger of beco ing preventers rather than promoters of t truths they contain. Our young peop whose attention is now awakened to the mo careful reading and study of these recor will soon learn to distrust those expounde of Divine truth who are accustomed to m quote them.

These mistakes, doubtless, are often the sult of receiving things second-hand, and t tray a want of familiarity with the Scriptu that does not comport with the requiremer of our Discipline and the straightforwardn and honesty of our holy profession.

In our fear of being led by "the lette which we all know has no life of itself, let not suffer ourselves to be so biased as to fuse to seek for its true place in our aff tions; and, when called upon to qualify a statement, made in public or in the ho circle, by evidence drawn from Scripture, a care be exercised that it be done in t

nguage of the text. We may make any pplication that the revealings of Truth in ır own minds makes clear, after it has been irly stated.

There are what are termed "gallery ırases," some of which are only unmeaning terances of what, were they given forth as ey stand in the sublime orientalism of Hewew poetry, would lift the souls that they ach to a much loftier plane of religious notion. Take, for instance, that acknowlgement to the steadfastness of the Divine uidance recorded in the twenty-third Psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of e shadow of death I will fear no evil: for hou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff ey comfort me." This revelation that death at most "only a shadow," through "the alley" of which the rod and staff of Heavly guidance conducts into the light beyond, what the soul longs most of all to know.

The valley of a shadow is unsubstantial, nd quickly passes; that which it leads to, ust be enduring.

Clear and explicit as are the words of the salmist, through sheer carelessness on the art of very many of our ministers, they are endered so as to read that "the valley" is ot "a shadow," but death itself; for they y, though I walk through the valley and adow, which latter becomes an unmeaning ppendage, and death is made that dark and heerless condition from which every human eeling shrinks, so appalled, that not even ne promise that follows is able, entirely, to issipate its gloom.

Those who thus misquote, should see that ney impair not the value of the testimony they ive forth, for, if careless in those things which ay be seen and read by all, how are their earers to be assured that the messages they laim to receive through spiritual channels, nd by direct communion with the Divine pirit, are trustworthy declarations of revealed ruth? "A word to the wise is sufficient."

DIED.

MORGAN.—Near Willow Grove, Pa., on the 13th f Ninth month, 1874, of consumption, Charles E., on of Benjamin and Ann C. Morgan, in the 20th ear of his age; a member of Horsham Monthly leeting.

This dear youth was an invalid for nearly three years, and bore his sufferings with so much patience that he was an example to those who were older. Having much to live for, it was, at first, hard for him to realize that his sickness was unto death; but his mind gradually became accustomed to the idea, and he was enabled to attain a state of resignation to the Divine will. Being of a mild and cheerful disposition, he was much beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends, who loved to sit by him and feel the sweetness of his meek and quiet spirit.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

At the opening of the regular Surgical Lecture, in the amphitheatre of the Pennsylvania Hospital, September 16th, 1874, Dr. Morton, one of the attending surgeons, addressed the Medical Class as follows:

It is my painful duty, gentlemen, to announce to you the death of Isaac T. Hopper, of this city, in the twentieth year of his age. He was a member of the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania, and of this Hospital, and my much beloved pupil.

Many, if not most of you, knew Mr. Hopper, and will ever remember his bright, happy, handsome countenance, and manly figure; while those of you who were fortunate in knowing him intimately, can never forget his pre-eminently unselfish, pure and truthful character.

Mr. Hopper received his early education in this city. When quite young he was placed in a highly respectable mercantile house, where by his industry, integrity and amiable conduct, he won the confidence and respect of his employers; but not until he commenced the study of medicine did he find that pursuit which seemed exactly suited to his tastes.

He was an excellent student, always punctual in his attendance upon lectures. He rapidly improved his opportunities, and at the close of his first year had a remarkable knowledge of Anatomy, while in several other branches of medical science he was unusually proficient.

He looked forward to the coming winter with its increased duties and responsibilities with great pleasure, and a bright future seemed to be opening before him.

The death of a much-loved and honored mother—which occurred a few weeks ago—to whom he was most tenderly devoted, through a distressing illness of some months, made a deep impression upon Mr. Hopper's sensitive disposition. Although enjoying apparently robust health, he suffered during the summer, while at York Harbor, Maine, from several severe attacks of hemorrhage from the nose; a short visit to Atlantic City was beneficial, and on his return he seemed quite well. It

was not until Saturday, the 5th of September, that he complained of being indisposed. During the following week well marked symptoms of a desperate typhoid appeared, and his ever bright, clear brain was soon found to be overtaxed; delirium supervened, and his spirit calmly passed away at an early hour yesterday morning.

Mr. Hopper's unusual intelligence, modest deportment and gentle character rendered him very companionable, not only to those of his own age, but to those of more mature years.

One of the most beautiful traits in the character of this excellent young man, was his devoted attachment to and tenderness towards little children, to whom he rendered himself very attractive, and in whose company he was perfectly happy.

I cannot close, gentlemen, without referring to the great loss I have personally sustained in Mr. Hopper's death. During the last eighteen months we were together almost daily, in which time I learned to love him. As a devoted pupil, an excellent assistant, a generous, loving friend, his place cannot be supplied; but we can look back upon his brief, unblemished career, cherish his memory, and emulate his example.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN MUNICH.

No. 23.

(Continued from page 605.)

Our visit to the old Royal Palace of Bavaria seems worthy of mention. It is a famous building, and was completed by Duke Maximilian I, in 1616. It is said that when the conqueror Gustavus Adolphus entered Munich, he so much admired this palace that he expressed the unreasonable wish that he could have it taken to Stockholm—a prodigious wish certainly—since the building is 550 feet long and 280 deep, enclosing four spacious courts. Four bronze lions guard the two Doric entrances, and over these are allegoric figures of Valor, Temperance, Wisdom and Justice, and the arms of Bavaria and Lorraine. The first consort of Duke Maximilian was a Princess of Lorraine. In a niche between the portals is a bronze statue of the Madonna, the special patron of Bavaria. We did not tarry long in the vaulted passage to examine the great stone weighing 364 pounds, which, we are told, one of the early dukes lifted and threw a great distance; nor at the three great spikes, one twelve, one nine and a half, and one eight and a half feet high, which are supposed to mark the mighty jumps of athletic princes of Bavaria in the mythic ages. The apartments of the "*al Residenz*," as it is called, are magnificentl fitted up in the style of the 17th centur and are rendered venerable by portraits the princes, dukes and emperors of by-go days, and their consorts. We were not show the treasury where the royal jewels are kep nor the antiquarium, said to be a very fi collection of Egyptian, Greek, Roman an German relics, nor the rich chapel with ro of gold and blue, walls of Florentine mosai floor of amethyst, jasper and marble, and a tars of solid silver; but we were allowed linger a few minutes in the Kaiser-zimme or apartments of Charles VII, which gi an idea of the excessive luxury in whic these dukes of past times lived. They co sist of a reception saloon, dining saloo throne-room, bed-room, cabinet of mirrors an cabinet of miniatures. The excessive ric ness of the hangings, gorgeous gilding, an works of art of every kind, are less amazin than the wonderful bed of state and its ca opy, all covered heavily with gold embroider We are told that the work cost 800,000 flo ins, and that forty persons were fifteen yea steadily employed in accomplishing it; an really they might have been better employe one would think. The great, broad, lof couch looks much too grand for use; and Napoleon Bonaparte thought, it seems, f when he occupied these splendid apartmen he had his camp-bed set up alongside of th royal couch. A hall of mirrors next a joining the bed-chamber gives one the id of standing in the centre of endless galleri of palace splendors, and it is rather confu ing to find one's own familiar visage repeat endlessly in all directions. We pass onwa to the last room of the series, which is all ov decorated with miniature porcelain paintin of great delicacy and beauty. Among the our attention is directed to St. Jerome, Albert Durer. The Saint is seated in stud or contemplation, at a table, and the sweetne majesty and serenity of his face are admir bly expressed. Here we would gladly li ger, but the guide kindly informs us that t company have gone on, and that we must as others do, and hurry through these hal back to that from whence we came.

Now we are to be shown some portions the new palace, built by King Louis I. is of greenish sandstone, with a façade sa to be modelled after that of the Pitti Palace Florence, though with variations. It w ten years in building (from 1832 to 184 and is accounted one of the most magnifice works of the present day. Through vault spaces and up a grand staircase the solem and courteous guide escorts us, and we a ushered into the Odyssus-Salle, six rooms

voted to encaustic paintings, illustrating the Odyssey of Homer. The great pictures give the whole poem or series of poems with great minuteness, and it would be delightful and most instructive to take our own Bryant's beautiful translation of the Greek heroic legend and read it afresh in the presence of these masterly interpretations of the poem by Schwanthaler.

But onward we must go now, up a splendid marble stairway, and are shown a great ball-room, 130 feet long and 40 wide. There is a gallery above, whence spectators may observe the revels of royalty, and there are most luxurious seats on which, in the intervals of the dance, rest may be found, and the walls are most artistically decorated with figures of dancers in relief by Schwanthaler. When a blaze of light illuminates the shining saloon, and merry music resounds from the gallery, and courtly dancers whirl over the polished mosaic floor, it must be a scene of magic brilliancy; but now it is only a long and stately saloon, from which we are taken into the Galleries of Beauty. Here are thirty-seven portraits, beautifully painted, of the handsomest women of every social position, who have lived or still live in Munich. They are all likenesses, and are the work of Joseph Stieler, court painter to King Louis I, and it is said by connoisseurs on such matters that thirty-six such beautiful women were never before thus assembled for review. Here is the patrician countess and the gentle daughter of the bourgeois—the throned queen and the actress of the court theatre—and I fancied that on every face was a trace of sorrow. I thought of the "Dream of Fair Women," which the stately laureat of England tells so musically, and how

> "In every land
> He saw, whatever light illumineth,
> Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope of death."

We cared not to linger in the hall of banquets or of battles, where fourteen great battle scenes, by leading artists, commemorate the military achievements of the Bavarians in the Napoleonic wars, and we are led to the three saloons dedicated to the three great epochs in the mediæval history of Germany. The first pictures out the story of Charlemagne from the time when he is anointed king of the Franks in his boyhood to the reception of the imperial crown of the Roman Empire from Pope Leo III. Then we are shown the six great scenes in the life of Frederic Barbarossa, from his election to the empire to his death. But to me the Saloon of Rudolph of Hapsburg was the most interesting. The first painting represents the young Count Rudolph giving his horse to a priest, that he may cross a stream to administer the Holy Sacrament to a dying person. In the second, he receives the imperial insignia, and hears the announcement that he is elected Emperor. In the third, he defeats Ottocar of Bohemia, and in the fourth he is grandly represented on the imperial throne, dispensing justice to robber knights and sheltering innocence.

And now we are shown the Throne-room, which is considered the very perfection of beauty and richness. It is 115 feet long and 77 broad, and it has side galleries supported by ten Corinthian columns of beautiful marble, with gilt capitals and pediments. Between these columns are placed twelve colossal figures, in richly-gilded bronze, of the ancestors of the Princes of Bavaria. It is said that each of these statues weighs thirty hundred-weight, and that 500 ducats (250 pounds) have been used for the gilding of each. They are very beautifully wrought, majestic and expressive, and are the fruit of the genius of Schwanthaler. The throne is on a raised platform, richly carpeted, and is a simple arm-chair, covered with heavy gilt tapestry. It is certainly the noblest royal apartment I ever saw.

And now, though we are weary with our long journey from hall to hall, we must see the suite of rooms in the new palace, of which the magnificent frescoes, by Schnorr, picture forth the great German epic poem, the "Niebelungen lied."

It seems that in the fabulous long ago, there lived at Worms on the Rhine, a beautiful princess, named Criemhilda. Siegfried, a young prince from the Netherlands, renowned for his heroic deeds, hearing of her beauty and her virtue, comes to Worms to woo her, and wins her heart and hand by noble and knightly deeds. On the other side of the sea (wherever that may be) lived a famous princess, named Brunhilda, renowned for strength and warlike skill. Those who sought her hand must first contend with her, and she was pledged to wed the one who should overcome her, but he who was overthrown was slain. Many princes and valiant knights had fallen in the vain struggle for the hand of the fierce Brunhilda, when Gunther, the brother of Criemhilda, resolves to attempt the perilous contest, and, assisted by Siegfried, he overcomes her. According to agreement, Brunhilda weds Gunther, but later discovers, to her great wrath, that Siegfried had assisted in the conquest of her hand. Then she persuades her husband to invite Siegfried and Criemhilda to Worms, when Siegfried is murdered by her behest, and Criemhilda remains to mourn over him. Thirteen years she lingers at Worms, when her hand is demanded in marriage by King Etzel

(Attila). For the sake of vengeance, she becomes the wife of Etzel, and after a time persuades her lord to invite Gunther and Brunhilda, and the traitor Hagan, who had murdered Siegfried, to their court. Then is Hagan slain, and Criemhilda herself kills Brunhilda, and is herself slain by Hildebrand. This is the outline of the strange poem of the dark ages, and it has been thought worthy to be impressed on the minds of the people by these beautiful mural pictures. Five chambers are occupied by the representation, and the last is called the Hall of Lamentations, where the survivors mourn over the dead and relate the sad tale to the Bishop of Passan. The whole work is wonderfully perfect and expressive, and tempts the observer to return and linger longer among the mythic heroes of the barbaric times.

The frescoes of the arcades of the garden of the palace court are also a picture history of heroic deeds done in the fatherland, and one feels oppressed, almost, with a sense of the endless profusion of the work. These frescoes are the work of the artists of Louis, and the events commemorated by them commence with Otho the Great relieving the German army in the pass of Chiusa, and then the investment of Otho of Wittelsbach with the dukedom of Bavaria, 1180; and they end with King Maximilian I granting a constitution to his people, in the present century.

Fine landscape frescoes, painted by Rottmann, giving views of Tyrol, Italy and Sicily, adorn the spaces between the doors of the shops in the arcade, and on the north side are thirty-nine pictures illustrating the Greek war of emancipation.

So the people of Munich as well as their visitors are continually feasted with choice works of art, in public halls, in churches, and even in their passage-ways; and these are as free to them as the air they breathe and as the bright water of their Isar.

A few days' energetic sight-seeing in this city is absolutely overwhelming. The eye aches, and the mind fairly aches with the effort to do justice to such a storehouse of the beautiful in art, and of memorials of the days of old. The four kings of Bavaria have directed all possible energy in building up, beautifying and richly storing with art treasures their capital city.

Maximilian I founded new suburbs to Munich, and built many splendid and useful edifices. He owed his regal title to the victories of Napoleon I. In 1800 Munich was occupied by the French, in consequence of the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden, and in 1805 the Elector Maximilian was obliged to flee before the Austrians to Wurzburg, but was re-instated by Napoleon, and at the treaty of Presburg was invested with the kingly title of Maximilian I, King of Bavaria Both he and his successors have been munificent patrons of science and art.

Louis I, the second king of Bavaria, was a great lover of art, and the beautiful and spacious Pinakotheks, Glyptothek and new palace, as well as many other magnificent buildings, are memorials of his taste and munificence. One of the most conspicuous points in my memory of Munich will be that of the Ruhmes-halle, or Hall of Fame, and the colossal bronze statue of Bavaria. Toward the close of a fine, bright afternoon we took a carriage and rode out to the Theresian meadow, on the eastern outskirts of the city a beautifully level, grassy plain, quite unincumbered with trees. Here, on 17th of Ninth month, 1810, was held a festival of the people in honor of Louis, who was then crown prince and his young bride, the Princess Theresa of Hildburghausen. The royal guests sat in a pavilion on the meadow, and the people entertained them with races, games, procession and music, and sang songs of the fatherland. At the close of the festivity there was a distribution of prizes, and so great was the gratification of the king and prince that they instituted the regularly recurring October festival, which has been held every year since in the Theresian meadow. The field is already being prepared, and hundreds of people are promenading the meadow which is extensive enough to give ample space for company of many thousands. We drive along an elevated terrace on the western border of the field, and halt in the presence of an E shaped Ionic temple, in front of which stands the grandest bronze I ever beheld. The Bavaria, as it is called, is a colossal figure, with regular features and exact proportions. Forty-eight steps lead from the meadow up to it, and then on a marble pedestal, thirty feet high, stands the great statue, measuring from its base to the top of the wreath held in the uplifted hand, sixty-six feet. The attitude is striking and noble, and the drapery ample and graceful, confined at the waist by a broad girdle. The left hand is raised on high, upholding a laurel crown, while the right grasps a dagger, and by her side sits a lion of proportions as gigantic as the Bavaria. The Hall of Fame, surrounding the statue on three sides, serves as a background but, as it is only sixty feet high, and the statue and pedestal are 96, the Bavaria towers far above the temple, and finds a pure blue background in the evening sky; and the beautiful forest which rises beyond the hall serves to complete the grand picture. The building is 230 feet long, and the two wings each advance 105 feet.

On the interior wall of the temple are nged on consoles the white marble busts of venty-five celebrated Bavarians, memora- e for their genius and virtues, and for the rvices they have rendered to science and t, as well as for civic or religious eminence. is pleasant to see that warriors do not pre- minate in this august company, but that gher honor has here been shown to the neficent victories of peace. There is ample ace in this splendid pavilion of fame for any hundreds, perhaps thousands, of busts, Bavaria shall desire to honor in this man- r her illustrious citizens and benefactors.

As we stand in the Hall of Fame, and look t from its cool shades over the fair There- an meadow, a party arrive who aspire to cend to the head of the Bavaria and enjoy e wide view of the environs of Munich and e distant mountain land which we are told to be seen from the top. A door of bronze the rear of the pedestal is opened, and up the climbers, nothing daunted by the dark- ess, and by the terrible heat which the ighty bronze has absorbed during a day of tense sunshine. Sixty-six steps lead up hrough the pedestal to the figure, and then om the knee an iron staircase of sixty steps nducts to the head, in which two seats, cap- ble of holding six persons, are placed. The stonishing and almost incredible story is ld, that on the day on which the Bavaria as raised to its place twenty-nine men and wo boys were in the head and that, amid the niversal joy and astonishment of the multi- ude, they emerged from one of the long locks f the hair, and in turn descended a long adder. On one of the locks is the following nscription, in German: "This colossal statue, rected by Ludwig I, King of Bavaria, was esigned and modeled by Ludwig von Schwan- haler, and cast in bronze and executed be- ween the years 1844 and 1850, by Ferdinand Miller." It is surely a most wonderful work, whether we consider the entire symmetry, eauty and grace of the figure, or its enor- nous size and weight, The expressive and inely-chiselled mouth is *fifteen inches wide,* nd the eyes are eleven inches, and it is stated hat seventy-eight tons of metal were used in he casting. The material is mostly the can- ion captured from different nations, princi- ally the Turkish guns taken at the battle of Navarino.

As we drove into the city, across the mead- w, the sunset light was just gilding the no- le head of the statue, and giving to the evening heaven the gracious tinting peculiar o the high places, and I thought the scene ne of the finest and most inspiring imagin- ble. If it were possible or proper, I should wish to linger on the grassy plain till the har- vest-moon and the infinite host of heaven had bedecked the blue concave, to note how glo- rious the Bavaria would be, with her towering head among the constellations, like a heathen goddess. S. R.

Ninth month 27th, 1874.

SLEEP.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psa. cxxvii, 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint!
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep;
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! friends the dearest, can never this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow;
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that opprest to-day,
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call, nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

—*Golden Hours.*

To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who could hold it at the cost of a little daily trouble.—*Ruskin.*

THE CATSKILLS AND THE SOURCES OF THE DELAWARE.

(Concluded from page 607.)

The next morning a pleasant walk of eight miles brings us to the flourishing village of Prattville.

The lawns in front of the houses are gay with well-dressed persons engaged in the sports of the morning, and among which the inevitable croquet game, everywhere so popular, takes precedence of all others. As we entered the village, our attention was arrested by a tablet in a fine park by the roadside, having this inscription :

To the memory of
SORREL, AGED 28.
AND
BAY, AGED 24.
These were the favorites of over one thousand horses worn out in the service of Z. Pratt.
Also, to the memory of the faithful dogs
CARLO, AGED 12,
AND
MINGO, AGED 8.

Curiosity led us to learn something more of the history of Z. Pratt, and, in response to our inquiry, we are informed that he was very extensively engaged in the tanning business here many years ago, realized a large fortune; was engaged afterwards in banking, and finally removed to the city of New York, where he died. This memorial of him is an evidence not only of his wealth and great possessions, but also of his kindly remembrance of services rendered from his stables and his kennel.

After a short rest at this village, we resume our walk, crossing, within the town, a very substantial bridge over the Schoharie creek, which is here a rapid and considerable stream. Directly beyond the village the road leaves the valley of the creek and ascends a branch which comes from the westward, and our route follows this stream. Shortly after leaving Prattville, we come upon a waterfall, near the roadside, of about thirty feet perpendicular, the little stream, fresh from its mountain source, is suddenly precipitated over the rocky cliff, after which it pursues a more quiet course along the roadside, and, refreshing the meadow below, joins the creek a short distance beyond.

At noon, we arrived at the village of Moresville, Delaware county, New York, having, during the morning, crossed the line of Greene county. This village is situated on the New York and Oswego Midland R. R., which terminates at Kingston on the Hudson, and extends some distance west of this. The company have run short of funds and cannot proceed with the work, but the finished portions are being used, and this is one.

In appearance, this village resembles those we have heretofore passed, in the neat, white frame-dwellings looking as if freshly painted, and in the snugly-trimmed grass-plots in front of the houses, with abundant shade and space for rural sports, and also in the two or three tall, straight church-steeples, always white and neat, serving as landmarks for several miles around.

We dine here, and at one P. M. continue our walk. The road follows the stream up which we turned this morning. On the opposite side is the track of the railroad pursuing the same narrow valley. This stream is the westerly branch of the Schoharie, and its head waters interlock with those of the Delaware.

The road soon begins to ascend rather sharply, and the little stream dwindles more and more as we advance, until, at 3 P. M., we reach the divide, and are informed at the turnpike-gate, through which we just passed, that the spring in the meadow, on our right, a short distance beyond, is "the head of the Delaware." We hasten on, and after a walk of a few minutes reach the spot.

It is on our right, a few rods from the road, and we cannot resist the temptation of going to it and taking a drink from the fountain head of the magnificent river which rolls past the city of Philadelphia.

The spring is about a mile east of the village of Stamford, Delaware county, New York, on the werstern slope of the range of the Catskills, in a rich meadow of a cultivated farm, and directly in front of the farmer's mansion.

Ranges of mountains are in close proximity, and the valley is elevated ground. The stream meanders slowly at first through the green meadows, but soon commences its rapid descent, gathering tributaries with every mile of its course.

We arrived at Stamford at 3½ P. M., and at the village of Hobart two hours later, both pleasant villages on the direct road to Delhi, the county town of Delaware county, and our next objective point in the lower country.

We take supper at Hobart, and, in the evening, charter a conveyance to Delhi, as we prefer to pass the Sabbath there. The distance is sixteen miles, and a drive of two hours brings us to the village.

The road, as well as we can observe it in the darkness of the ride, is smooth and good, passes generally along the river bank, but occasionally climbs up the side of the mountain, and we are enveloped in the darkness of woods and shade, and reminded that we have not yet passed beyond the mountain ranges.

We awaken the next morning in Delhi, the t important town reached on the upper laware.

t is a quiet country town of about 2,000 abitants, containing a very fine court- ise, several churches, two or three banks, l a number of handsome private residences. e sidewalks are paved with slabs of the y sandstone, which give the streets a sub- ntial and finished appearance. This sand- ne is similar to that obtained from the rries along the Hudson, and shipped nce to the cities on the seaboard. It is nd here in quarries close at hand, and is general use for paving in all the country ages.

The country about Delhi is mountainous, w range called the Tiny Hills, skirt the laware from Hobart down. These moun- ns extend in groups, and not continuous ins, along the river down to the Pennsyl- ia line, and finally merge into those of the l formation in the northeastern part of the te.

This portion of the State of New York is y elevated land. The winters are long l severe, and the harvests consequently ch later than in middle or southern Penn- vania, with less variety of crops.

The corn crop is very light, but hay is ex- ent, and the pastures of the valley, as l as the uplands, compare favorably with other portion of the country.

The product of the hay crop and the dairy stitutes the principal source of income to s community. Heretofore the lumber in- ests have been considerable, but of late rs they have been given up and attention ected to the dairy, and such crops as can raised with profit and success.

Above Delhi, and along the road we trav- d last night, are several very large farms, cked with cows, and devoted to the dairy.

Delhi is very quiet and orderly on the bath day, and the citizens very generally end their respective places of worship, and ibit in this, as in several other respects, steady character and habits of New Eng- d country towns, which all of these New rk villages, in fact, strongly resemble.

At 7 o'clock the next morning we leave lhi for Deposit, taking the main road, ich passes along the banks of the Del- are. It is smooth and good, and takes us o a pleasant country. A railroad is on e opposite side of the river, passing down m Delhi to Walton, where it connects with oad running northerly in the direction of wego, and southerly into New Jersey. The ather this morning is very fine, and gives r walk all the spirit and zest of a holiday reation. The scenery along the route par- takes of the varied character of cultivated lands and lofty hills, whose sides are clothed with vast areas of timber, and we appear to be entering more and more into the real lum- ber region of the upper Delaware.

The stream has been gradually increasing in volume since we first struck its fountain near Stamford, and now begins to show a river-like appearance in its winding channel. At Delhi it is not much larger than the Wissahickon at its mouth, but its tributaries are now becoming larger, and the main stream swells with each added tributary, giving promise of the noble river to which it in- creases along the borders of Pennsylvania. The road follows closely its banks. The val- ley of the river is here narrow, being confined between ranges of lofty hills. We pass the little village of Hamden on our way, and arrive at Walton at 1½ P. M., after a morn- ing walk of 18 miles.

We dine here, and resume our walk. The railroad here leaves the river, and passes southeastward in the direction of Hancock, a village located on another branch of the Delaware. After leaving Walton, the road we take follows the river as before. Occasion- ally, we have to leave the banks of the stream to pass over the summit of ridges which lie across our pathway.

Shortly after leaving Walton, we diverge from the valley of the river, and for two hours lose sight of it, passing over some very rough and broken ground. At length we come out upon a small stream, the channel and banks of which are lined with logs, awaiting a freshet to be floated down to the river. Fol- lowing this stream, we soon come out upon the Delaware again, after a detour of six miles, and find a somewhat open country, with a good road along the bank.

To-day, the villages on the route have been few and far distant—an evidence of the sparseness of the population in this region; we have to continue our walk somewhat later in the evening, until we can find accommoda- tion for the night. The evening atmosphere is cool and bracing, and we continue our walk without fatigue, although we shall have ac- complished 33½ miles when we reach our stopping place, in the very heart of the lum- ber district.

At the hour of 7½, as the evening shadows fall upon the valley and gradually reach the hill-top, we arrive at Cannonville, as quiet and secluded a village as can well be found anywhere. We leave Cannonville next morn- ing, and continue our walk on the direct road to Deposit, through a very wild and un- frequented country. We seem to be far away from civilization, for no telegraph-poles line the roadside, and no sound of locomotives

break upon the stillness of the morning. It is the quietness of a forest.

After a few hours' walk, we come out into a more open country, and directly we hear the sound of many moving trains. We are approaching the track of the Erie Railroad. A few miles bring us to the town of Deposit, a station on the New York and Erie Railroad, and the pedestrian portion of our trip is at an end.

The town of Deposit has been built up mainly by the traffic of the railroad, and is a point from which large shipments of lumber are made.

From here we go up the railroad to Susquehanna station, with the intention of connecting there with the train for Carbondale, but failure to make the connection compelled us to remain there until the next morning, and we occupy the few hours of daylight left in a walk through the town of Susquehanna, viewing the extensive workshops of the company at this point, and the beautiful station-house, which is a model building of its kind, erected regardless of expense. The town has a flourishing appearance notwithstanding the crippled condition of the railroad company, and the recent troubles, which arose here between the company and its operatives, causing considerable embarrassment to both.

In the morning we leave for Carbondale, in a train of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, who operate the line as far south as Green Ridge, and are there transferred to the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad Company, by whom we are conveyed, via Scranton and Wilkesbarre and the valley of Wyoming, through a beautiful and romantic country, winding up the mountain from the valley of the Susquehanna, pass the watershed, and descend into the deep gorge of the Lehigh, and pass along the wild and rapid river to Mauch Chunk, arriving late in the afternoon.

We leave Mauch Chunk the next day, and after a pleasant ride of a few hours, again reach Philadelphia and our homes.

Philadelphia, Ninth month, 1874. F. T. A.

NOTICES.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

A meeting was held on the 12th of Eleventh month, the attendance (for the first meeting) was much more encouraging than in previous years. There was a lively discussion of plans for the improvement of the organization, and there being much interest manifested, a committee was appointed to digest the changes proposed and report to a meeting to be held on Fifth-day evening, the 3d of Twelfth month, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room at Race Street, to which all who incline to participate actively in the proceedings of the Lyceum are particularly invited, whether they members or affiliated with Friends.

Wm. B. Webb, *President.*
Anna B. Carrall, *Secretary.*

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Stockhold of Swarthmore College will be held at Race Str Meeting-house, Philadelphia, on Third-day, the of Twelfth month, 1874, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Isaac H. Clothier, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

The Franklin Institute Exhibition closed on t 12th inst. The total number of tickets taken at t door during its progress amounted to over 276,000, addition to which, there were nearly 3,000 memb ship, exibitors' and employés' free tickets issu The receipts aggregated over $90,000.

The American Public Health Association, whi met in this city last week, discussed many imp tant subjects during its sessions. A paper presented Dr. Ezra M. Hunt, of New Jersey, entitled "Buildi Ground in Relation to Health and Disease," elicit much discussion. The paper dealt principally wi the imperfect systems of drainage which existed most cities, which resulted in saturating the s with sewage. This was followed by remarks calli attention to the great danger to health which vi tors at the leading watering places were subject to from this cause. It was also shown that ga and poisons might be buried in the soil for an definite time and retain all their virulence. T locality of the plague pits of London, though t pits have been covered for more than 200 years, w a nest of epidemics.

Among the papers of equal importance and i terest were the following:

"Infant Mortality in Cities," by Dr. Henry Har horne, of Philadelphia; "T[illegible] Influence of Here itary Defects upon the [illegible] the People," Dr Black, of Ohio; "Th[illegible]ment Po lations, and the Sanitary Requirements of th Dwellings," by Dr. Edward H. Janes, of New Yor "The Gathering, Packing, Transportation and S of Fresh Vegetables and Fruits," by Dr. S. C. Bus of Washington; "The Reciprocal Relations of t Public Health Service and the Highest Educatio Qualifications of the Medical Profession," Stephen Smith, M. D., of New York; and a pa by Dr. A. N. Bell, of Brooklyn, on certain perils the school-room which demand the attention educational and sanitary authorities. Light, and temperature in sufficient quantity and pur were requisites which school-houses, as at pres constructed, did not possess. These, with ma others, brought the subject of health before t public in its full force and importance.

Capital punishment has been totally abolish in Switzerland. The new penal code of that repu lic may be briefly summarized: Homicide, co mitted voluntarily, is to be qualified as murder, a punished with from 10 to 20 years of solitary co finement. Premeditated murder is to be classified assassination, punishable with solitary confinem for life. Murder by poisoning also with the sa punishment, whether death is occasioned at or or by a slow poison. If death does not result fr the administration of poison, the punishment is be from 10 to 20 years' solitary confinement. I infanticide, the punishment is solitary confinem for not less than three nor more than five years *Exchange Paper.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 28, 1874. No. 40.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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THE TEACHING OF THE SPIRIT.

If we consider the fulness of Divine wisdom which there was in Jesus, and then look at the narrow limitations within which His earthly teaching was shut up, we are struck with the thought of how much He must have left unsaid. His ministry hardly extended over three years. He had to adapt His words to men who were extremely ignorant, and who even up to His death got only a faint glimmering sense of the higher truth which He tried to disclose. When He left them, their education was extremely imperfect, as is shown by their childish questions up to the last. And if that education had ended with His death, the new light would soon have faded out of the world.

But, at the last, we find Jesus telling His followers that He has only made a beginning in teaching them, and that henceforth they are to be led upward in truth, not by a master wearing human form, but by the Spirit of God dwelling in their hearts. A promise was given, whose fulfillment was to run through the ages: "When the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth."

So, we find from the history of the early church that among its most striking features was a vivid and rejoicing sense of the immediate presence of the Spirit of God with every believer. By it the humblest Christian was comforted, strengthened and enlightened. The apostolic teaching, in the Epistles, proceeds on this ground: that those to whom it was addressed were able to judge of the truth, because God dwelt with them, and in them. "He that is spiritual," writes Paul, "judgeth (or discerneth) all things, yet he himself is judged (discerned) of no man." And so, John: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it." It was recognized that there were different degrees of wisdom; that truth was discerned more clearly by some than by others, according to the variety of endowment and attainment; yet all were under the immediate guidance of the Lord Himself. There were "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

This great fact of the immediate presence of the Spirit, did not end with the Apostolic age. It stands as long as the church endures. That God dwells in the hearts of His people, at once their Life and and their Light, is the most precious truth we have. *Immanuel,* God with us—not once only, in the visible Jesus, but forever, in most intimate and sacred companionship with whoever will receive the heavenly guest.

The truth of a Divine Spirit which gives light to men, and new light as new needs arise, has been variously disguised as the church lapsed from her first purity. It is caricatured in the theory of the Church of Rome, that the voice of the Holy Spirit

speaks through Councils and Popes. It has sometimes been buried out of sight in metaphysical speculations as to the inner constitution of the Godhead. The New Testament teaching as to the Holy Spirit is in substance simply this: that there is a direct contact of the Divine Soul with the human soul, through which light and strength and peace are given to whoever will submit himself in obedience and trust to his Heavenly Father.

Practically, this truth has the largest recognition in all faithful Christian lives. Every man who is living such a life looks to God for strength when he is weak, for comfort when he is in trouble, and for light when he is perplexed. But it is sometimes overlooked that men nowhere need this immediate Divine guidance more than in their search for truth. It is overlooked partly, perhaps, because the hunger for truth is not so common as other wants. But no human desire is more imperative and intense, none more bespeaks man's relationship to the Divine, than the longing to *know* which impels a truth-seeking soul. And surely if there is any emergency in which a man has a right to go straight to God Himself, it is when he longs for light on the great moral and spiritual problems that beset every thoughtful nature. To such an one the Church of Rome makes answer: "Accept the inspired teaching of Councils and Popes." But infinitely higher is the bidding: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of *God*, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

It is sometimes said that all great questions of moral truth have already received a Divine answer, and that the record of that answer is enough. And beyond question, the recorded testimony of men through whom the Divine light shone upon the world is of unspeakable value. But it is also to be borne in mind that that testimony can only be understood and received as a light is thrown on the page by the inward experience of him who reads. And, further, every man has his own individual troubles and questionings, which find no exact parallel in any other's experience. From the *similar* experience of others he may derive help; but for him, too, there is the ever-present Spirit, the voice of God in his heart, and he must listen to that.

So, too, as time goes on, the Church collectively finds new questions arising with each new age. The Apostles found themselves face to face with problems of which there had been hardly a suggestion during their Master's life. At the outset, the great question confronted them of the relations between the Jewish church and the Gentile converts. The settling of that, under the providential leadership of Paul, was an immense task; but, fore it was settled, numberless other questi of administration and of doctrine pressed u the Church and had to be dealt with. W the next generation new questions arose, which only a partial light was thrown earlier discussions. So it has been ever sin So it must continue to be, except when m fall into that stagnation which is little sh of death. And how are these new questi to be met? Not merely by precedents: p cedents are often wanting; may even be m leading. The question, for instance, in time as to women's teaching in the Chu is so radically different from the same qu tion in Paul's time that it is worse than i to look to his teaching on the subject. shall we constitute a human tribunal absol judge over these new questions? The Church Rome has done that, and has thereby got h self into flat opposition to all political a social progress. There is but one resour we must listen each for himself to that in voice of God which grows strong and cl as we live the life of God.

But, how is that voice to be distinguishe In seeking truth of any kind we must confo to the appropriate laws of that realm of kno edge. If it be mathematical truth, we m proceed by the laws of mathematics. If would study material science, we must p ceed by careful experiment and inductio the results of these are final. And if we se moral and spiritual truth, we must obey law of the spiritual realm, that law wh Jesus declared: "If any man will *do* *will*, he shall know of the doctrine." If a man will live holily, he shall learn the tr about the highest things. The Spirit that le into truth is the Spirit whose fruit is love, j peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodn faith, meekness, temperance. He whose is in that region where Christ lived, in realm of fidelity and purity and love, he i who shall find a full and Divine answer his deepest questionings.

And so, we may distinguish as the ut ances of that voice those beliefs which l help us in right living. That thought wh inspires a man to higher life, which mo him to trample down his besetting sins, help his weaker brother, to rise into c munion with God, is to him a Divine vo He may not impose it with authority u others, but he may hold to it and live by And those beliefs which prove helpful to r in general, which make them nobler, swee more Christ-like, will pass into the comr faith of the Church. They will be accep as part of that revelation which is continu unfolded by the Divine Spirit, as men are b power lifted into larger life and wider vis

Lo'! I am with you always," said the Master. id where He is, there is not only peace, but e, and growth, and new light, for each new y.—*Christian Union.*

A GREAT mind is always master of its own thusiasm, and the sovereign of its strongest sires. This control over self is difficult fully attain, but is doubtless the most precious wer that one can ever possess. It enters to all the higher virtues, and is the only ound-work of all eminent superiority, both ellectual and moral. To the heart it gives ignanimity, fortitude, constancy and force; the mind it imparts that power of thought d captivating utterance which attests the esence of genius and immortalizes all its rks. It is not so much a power over outrd things as over things within, power over rselves; force to resist temptation, to follow nviction, and to trample on the aggressions wrong. It is moral majesty that grows st placid in self-reliance and is calmest fore God, when earthly auspices are most reatening, and the storm of adversity howls st loud.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DEATH-BED UTTERANCES.

Memoirs of the life and death of pious inviduals are often written with the view of ablishing certain theological ideas; and eir tendency is on this account misleading. ety and virtue are indeed held up as beaul and attractive, but they are represented inseparably connected with a certain form belief. The writers of these memoirs, in eir zeal for a theory, ignore the palpable ct that devotion and holiness of life, comsure and trust in the hour of death, are ually the experience of those who consciiously dissent from these outward views, of those who sincerely hold them.

There is a tendency to estimate death-bed pressions beyond their true value. The et says,

"A death-bed 's a detector of the heart;
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask."

his is undoubtedly true. The approach of ath has indeed power to arouse the slumring conscience to a sense of sin or guilt, it it has not the power to dispel intellectual ror. It is not to the faltering nerves and iling brain that we should look for the ility to discriminate between true and false ctrine. An erroneous belief, if it has been osely connected through life with religious eas, is not likely to be surrendered at the ur of death. Hence, the fallacy of regarding the dying testimony of pious individuals certain *forms of belief* as proof positive of their truth. The real ground of hope in the hour of death, either to the good man or the repentant prodigal, must be in the mercy and goodness of God whether this hope be connected in the mind with some theological scheme, or held in its simplest form—the idea of God as a Father, who "pities His children." Happy are they who, from the constitution of their minds or their early training, have formed simple and confiding views of their relation to the Father of spirits. Having known of His protecting love and care through life, they can commit themselves to His keeping when entering the unseen world. S.

Philadelphia Eleventh mo., 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE, LONDON.

A month's stay in the city of London affords one a good opportunity of visiting the various Friends' meetings held within its limits. Of these, the principal one is that known as "Devonshire House," situated just outside the old city on Bishopsgate street without, and about ten minutes' walk from the great Bank of England. The Yearly and Quarterly Meetings are held here, two large buildings being used for the former. The ordinary Meetings for Worship are held in a smaller building adjoining. Here, in addition to the usual mid-week meeting on Third-days, is held the special meeting on Fourth-day evenings for the benefit of those who are prevented from attending the day sittings for worship, of which mention was made in a previous number of the *Intelligencer.*

The building occupied by the "Friends' Institute" is also upon the same ground. This organization comprises a library and reading-room and a dining room. Any Friend contributing the sum of five shillings or upwards to the support of the Institute, is considered a member, and is entitled to the use of the library. From the Twelfth Annual Report for the year ending the last Third month, we learn that the total number of books loaned was 2310.

Subscribers who contribute twenty shillings (about $5.00, gold) or upwards, are permitted to borrow more than one book at a time.

In the reading-room, which contains also the library, are to be found all the principal London dailies, also, English magazines and weeklies, besides all the conveniences for writing. In the winter months, a debating and elocution society holds its meetings regularly, and until recently a chess club met in the same building. There are also waiting and conversation rooms, and, in fact, everything necessary to make the place comfortable and attractive.

The dining-room is one of the most important features of the Institute, for here any Friend, whether a contributor or not, can get a substantial and well-served dinner for less than half the price charged in the restaurants, and the writer frequently dined there while in London. The bill of fare comprised two, and sometimes three, kinds of meats, always two vegetables, and pastry or pudding for dessert. The price charged was fourteen pence, or about twenty-eight cents of our money. In the evening, tea and coffee are served in the reading room, the charge, including bread and butter, being fourpence, or about sixpence with cold meats.

No profit is made at these prices, it being only intended as an accommodation, the charges being so nicely calculated that out of nearly $5,000 received for meals last year, only about sixty dollars surplus remained on hand. Comfortable lodging-rooms have been fitted up in the upper story of the building, which are a great convenience to Friends from the country, who have no friends to stay with, when called to the city on meeting or other business. During Yearly Meeting week, both these and the dining-rooms are well patronized.

The managers are fortunate in having such valuable Friends as William Dyne and wife to superintend the affairs of the Institute, and American Friends visiting London cannot do better than to make their acquaintance.

The other meetings visited were Westminster, near the West End, and Ratcliff, Peel and Stoke Newington meetings, on the north side of the city. At the Peel Meeting house is preserved the old chain Bible, dated 1508. The Stoke Newington meeting is the largest and best attended, it being the most convenient to Friends generally.

The site of the old Bull-and-Mouth Meeting, on Aldersgate street, is now covered by the Queen's Hotel, while the banking-house of the late firm of Jay Cooke, McCullough & Co., stands where the Lombard Street Meeting-house formerly stood. Until recently a Friends' mission-tent occupied a portion of the ground in which is situated the neglected grave of George Fox. In conclusion, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the uniform kindness and courtesy of British Friends.

S. R. R.

Philadelphia, Eleventh month 14th, 1874.

BE polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? to grow glad at your approach? to bound away to do your pleasure, before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority, mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple.

PRIESTLEY'S DISCOVEY OF OXYGEN GAS

BY JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D.

(Continued from page 615.)

Here, before explaining the consequen of this great discovery, and showing the p tion in which it stands, I may be permit to spend a moment in relating the mel choly but interesting history of its auth It is a lesson which ought not to be l Born the son of a tradesman, who died wh he was young, and left him very poor, early manhood was spent in the useful tedious duties of a village school mas His attention being turned to theology, subsequently became the pastor of a Pres terian church. We must not impute it mental weakness, but rather to a pursuit of truth, that in succession he passed thro many phases of religious belief, and four di ent sects, the Presbyterian, Arminian, A and Unitarian, received him as a vot This is not the occasion nor the place to plain the causes that led him in this cou It is only for us to judge of so great a with charity. But, imbued as he was wi deep religious sentiment, and feeling even the most exalted objects of this life not to be compared with the importance of other world, he regarded his philosophical suits as a very secondary affair, and gave m of his time and talent to controversial theol He seems to have come to the conclusion it was incumbent on him to make a relig war. As his biographer says, "Athe Deists, Jews, Arians, Quakers, Method Calvinists, Catholics, Episcopalians, had a to combat him." In more than a hun volumes which he printed, each of these fo an adversary of such force and vigor (a was impossible with such a man that it c be otherwise), that their ablest theolo writers were overmatched. By the establi Church of England he came to be rega with such feelings, that instances occurre which those who had successfully answ him were rewarded with the highest digni a circumstance which gave origin to hi mark that he appointed the Bishops of land.

But this is not all. The first French R lution broke out, and, his ardent mind bibing with enthusiasm the seductive trines of the times, he added to his reli disputes those of a political partisan. the different sects had in succession sto fear of him, so now the government alarm; it knew his philosophical reput and ability. The story is a sad and one. A mob assembled round his dwe which they committed to the flames; the h of those who were known to be his fr

red the same fate; he narrowly escaped h his life; and for three days one of the ef cities of the nation was the scene of t. All his philosophical instruments, most them constructed by himself, his manu-ipts, his library, the fruits of a frugal life, e destroyed; and, eventually driven from native country, in his old age he found an lum in the United States, where Jefferson, n President, received him with kindness l distinction, and in America he died.

In relating this melancholy but instructive ry, we cannot but remark how Priestley got that the experience of all nations and thousands of years has proved the utter possibility of any one man convincing the ole human race, and converting them all his views. He shut his eyes to that an-hy of opinion infesting the world, brought in no small degree by such polemics as se in which he delighted. In an exact nce, like chemistry, he could describe some v discovery, and every man in Europe at e admitted its truth. He never realized v different it is in politics and theology. e library of volumes he wrote on these ics has already dropped into that gulf of ivion which has received all the works of authors of the early and middle ages, l no man cares to learn what he wrote or at he thought of the matter. But not so h his philosophical labors; they stand out ar and distinct, monuments of the advance the human mind in knowledge and power ring the eighteenth century. His discovery oxygen gas will last as long as the world lures.

. . . . . .

What can there be more touching, or even re beautiful, than the last scene of Priest-'s life? It dissipates the remembrance of his disputations and all his errors, and ows us that beneath these there was a ply pervading and redeeming faith. When little grandchildren were brought to his side to bid him good-night, he uttered his t words: "I go to sleep like you, but we all wake together, and I hope to eternal ppiness."

To return from his life to his discoveries. iestley soon found that oxygen—I give it e name under which it has subsequently ssed—was absolutely essential, in all cases n known, to the support of flame and fire, d that animal life depended on it; that a an, by breathing in a limited space, would on exhaust it of so much of this gas that ffocation would ensue; that the atmosphere, reality, is a reservoir of it, from which erything possessing the attributes of an an-al abstracts it. It has been shown by suc-eding chemists, to such an extent does this abstraction go, that a single man will each year consume about 800 pounds' weight. Considering, therefore, the enormous amount of animal life, the same respiratory process being common to the minutest insect and the largest quadruped, there must be a constant tendency to alter the constitution of the air, for, in proportion as we take from it oxygen at each inspiration, we restore at each expiration an almost equivalent bulk of carbonic acid—a double change, the removal of a vital element, and the addition of a poisonous gas.

But Priestley also showed that, in artificial atmosphere, such as he made, animal life could not possibly be maintained if there were any great reduction of oxygen, or any great increase of carbonic acid. More recent experiments prove that the most striking physical and moral effects arise when men and animals are made to respire atmospheres of a different constitution—effects such as we witness in the case of chloroform and sulphuric ether—a remarkable discovery, not, as is commonly supposed, of only a year or two back, but made by Berzelius, who, twenty-four years ago, gave the most extraordinary, and in a scientific point of view the most important, instance of the kind yet produced—the instantaneous and deep sleep brought on by the respiration of hydrogen; a fact which, in the recent discussions about the priority of that discovery, has been strangely forgotten. From the effect thus arising, when the constitution of the medium we breathe is in any degree disturbed, it necessarily follows that, ever since animal life appeared on this earth, the composition of the air must have been nearly unchanged. But here arises a great and obvious difficulty. If the life of men and animals can only be conducted in such a medium as our atmosphere, and if such extensive changes as I have described are constantly impressed on the air by those beings, how does it come to pass that, after the lapse of a few years, it does not gather a poisonous quality? There must be some agency at work, continually tending to prevent that result. The consideration of what that agency is, introduces us to the second branch of Priestley's discovery.

He had put some mice in a glass containing atmospheric air, closely stopped, and found, as usual, that they died of suffocation as soon as the air became sufficiently impure by their breathing; an absolutely poisonous quality being gradually assumed. But, if a few vegetable leaves, or a small plant, were placed in the glass, and exposed to the sun, in a very short time the poisonous quality disappeared, and the power of supporting animal life was regained. Here, then, was an unexpected result—a discovery that gave

a solution to all the difficulty, and which has been verified in its minutest details by more modern experiments. It has revealed the great and interesting fact that plants and animals stand in a relation of antagonism to one another; that whatever changes the one tends to impress on the air, the other undoes; and that, while animals discharge their duty in consequence of their being living and moving things, plants perform theirs under the influence of the light of the sun; for these changes do not go on in the dark.

Let us look at these facts by the aid of modern chemistry, premising that oxygen is an invisible substance, existing in the air, and that carbonic acid arises from its union with carbon. When carbon burns, it is merely uniting with atmospheric oxygen, and the resulting carbonic acid escapes away under an invisible form. So, too, when a man breathes, he draws in oxygen from the air; it is distributed to all parts of his system, and, combining therein with carbon, turns into carbonic acid, which is expelled when he throws out his breath. Every animal, therefore, to use the language of chemistry, is an oxidizing machine, the physical end of its existence being to rob the air of oxygen, and put back, in its stead, carbonic-acid gas.

With plants it is just the reverse. As long as the sun is shining upon them, they take carbonic acid from the air, and, decomposing it by their leaves, they set free its oxygen, which escapes away; its carbon they appropriate. With it they form their various parts, their stems, roots, flowers, seeds; but they do this only so long as the sun shines, and when night or winter comes the process stops.

The animal, therefore, takes from the air oxygen, and turns it into carbonic acid; the plant takes that carbonic acid, and turns it back into oxygen, which has thus discharged the great office of carrying carbon from the bodies of animals, and transferring it to the systems of plants. In what an interessing relation do the two kingdoms, the animal and the vegetable, thus stand to one another, not alone as respects the air in maintaining its constitution uniform by a mutual antagonization, but also as respects their own structures! The elements of which plants are formed have all been derived from pre-existing parts of animals, and the elements of which animals consist, from the pre-existing parts of plants. To the classical scholar, what a beautiful commentary on the fictitious stories of antiquity are these modern discoveries! He calls to mind the metamorphoses that Ovid describes; the bore, perhaps, of his school boy life, the elegant amusement of his later years. He remembers how Daphne was turned into a laurel, and Adonis into a flowe the musical stanzas are no longer an empt sound, they are descriptive histories. Th thing he has read of is actually so. The transformations, instead of being imagina exceptions, are the common lot of life in th world. There grows not now a leaf that is n formed from the parts of animals that a dead; there lives not a solitary animal bein which has not derived its constituent elemen from plants.

Here, then, we are led to a most remar able conclusion. If the air for a thousand years has remained unchanged, and if the antagonizing processes are all the time goi on, equalizing its constitution, it necessari follows that the amount of vegetable is a curately adjusted to the amount of anim life; the one cannot get the better of t other, for, if it did, the excess would be i stantly restrained by its antagonist, and, this point of view, these two grand forms life constitute together a splendid automa or self-adjusting machine. Men talk abo the dullness of science; it is only so to tho who are unable to follow its developments their consequences. Where will you find the whole range of poetry a conception mo sublime than this? The two divisions of t world of organization reacting on each oth through the medium of the atmosphere—t living against the lifeless, the moving agai the motionless; and not only thus influenci each other through that medium, but ma taining its properties forever unimpaired, a ready for action. It is the glory of astr omy to have proved that the planetary or which circle round the sun, under the inf ences of a pair of forces thus reacting, c retain their movements undisturbed throu a coming eternity. And if astronomy made the splendid discovery that the in ganic world has attained a condition of et nal equilibrium, chemistry has rivaled it showing that the same grand truth applies the world of organization. To watch the et nal coming out of the transitory will alw strike a reflecting mind with emotions of highest admiration. The sunbeam—the ger of God—that reaches across the unkno abysses of the universe in a moment, bri ing life out of death, and clothing the obje around us with their many-colored dyes, extracted this condition of everlasting manence from a pre-existing transient or of things.

From considering this adjustment of animal and vegetable kingdoms to each otl we might be led to the idea that each i vidual in these natural divisions has its co terpart in the other; an idea bringing us i a new relation with inanimate objects. Th

implanted deeply in the hearts of all men
n instinctive love of natural scenery—for-
ts, flowers, the green grass—and surely such
sentiment cannot suffer from the thoughts
ow occurring to us. We establish with such
jects a relationship, I had almost said a
endship; they become, as it were, a part
ourselves, things essential to our own
istence; and that deep attachment we
el to the place of our birth, or our home,
nds its apology not alone in natural instinct,
in acquired habits, but also in the highest
nilosophical considerations. In imagination
e might mark off groups in the two king-
oms which are the fanciful representation or
unterparts of each other. Perhaps we men,
ho have to resist the storms of life, may
ve our representatives in the rugged trees
the forest; the ladies will certainly find
eir antagonists among roses and other
owers.

(To be concluded.)

If, on looking back, your whole life should
em as rugged as a palm-tree stem, still never
ind, so long as it has been growing, and has
s grand green shades of leaves and weight of
oneyed fruit at the top.

WHAT WE OWE CHILDREN.

All our lives we have been hearing of the
bt children owe their parents; do we think
ough of what parents owe their children?
o my mind this is by far the greater ques-
on. We owe them harmonious organiza-
ons, favorable conditions, a true develop-
ent; but this is not all. Aside from these
ings we owe to them a debt beyond our
ower to estimate. If they need us materi-
ly, we need them no less spiritually. I
ty the man or woman who can spend an
our with a child and not be made wiser.
hildren utter the only oracles, and are the
ost truly inspired, because the most uncon-
ious of teachers. By the directness and
mplicity of their questions they rebuke our
retence and artificiality, constantly remind-
g us how much there is that we do not
now; by their loving trust they shame our
oubts; by the play of their fancy and the
oyancy of their spirits they banish our
espair. Said a little seven-year old girl,
oking up musingly from the doll she was
nding, "Mamma, what is the good of us,
nd what are we all living for?" Could the
other answer that question without drawing
ear to the heart of God, feeling her own
fe and that of her little one sheltered by
is all-embracing love? I remember sitting
ne afternoon last summer in a room where a
usky little face was pressed against the win-
ow-pane, intently watching a coming thun-
der-storm; suddenly it flashed rou
us with the exclamation, "Oh, mamm
come here and see how God is writing s
hand across the clouds."

What shadow would not be dispelled by the quaint answer of the little one who, having been naughty, was asked by her mother if she was not going to ask God to forgive her. "No, mamma, I don't like to talk with God, for if He gets too well acquainted with me He may want me to go and live with Him and leave you."

"Who was the dark's mother?" inquired a little boy coming back suddenly from the border of dream-land to ask the question; and what mother has not been startled by the solemn inquiry, "How did God begin?"

Could any mother afford to spare out of her life the children's hour? Not the one described by the poet—not the one that we all know so well, tinged with the last rays of sunset, deepening into the mystery of twilight, and suddenly blossoming into merriment with the incoming of the evening lamp. That is also father's and mother's hour—a care-free, happy time, interposed between the day's work and the evening's sociability; very enjoyable, with its snatches of talk, its brief chapters from the day's experience, its ripples of laughter, and its stories murmured softly to the little ones; very enjoyable, but not like an hour that comes later, when, having unfastened the last hook, picked out the last troublesome knot, and buttoned the comfortable night-gown over the dimpled shoulders, the mother lies down beside the little one and takes the chubby hand in hers for the good-night talk—when questions were asked and answered, grievances told and kissed away—when the naughty word or act is acknowledged, and the how and the why of wrong and of right doing are explained.

This is the true confessional, approved by the angels and blessed of God; of more value to the child than a whole library of catechisms, and with a ministration to the mother in comparison with which fasts and festivals are of small account, and even sermons and sacraments are of secondary importance.

We are indebted to our children for constant incentives to noble living; for the perpetual reminder that we do not live to ourselves alone; for their sakes we are admonished to put from us the debasing appetite, the unworthy impulse, to gather into our lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

We owe them gratitude for the dark hours which their presence has brightened; for the helplessness and dependence which has won us from ourselves; for the faith and trust which it is evermore their mission to renew;

for their kisses on cheeks wet with tears, and on brows that but for that caressing had furrowed into frowns.

We bless them for the child-world which they keep open to us—the true fairy-land, where all that we once hoped and dreamed is still possible; the Paradise of humanity, which they perpetually dress and keep; a paradise which, spite of the angel with the scythe and hour-glass, who has driven us forth, we shall yet regain, and through all whose beauties a little child shall lead us. —*Victoria Magazine.*

A GOOD man showeth favor and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; he shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 28, 1874.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—We have heretofore refrained from taking any part in the agitation which the inaugural address of Professor Tyndall before the British Association gave rise to; not that we were indifferent, or unwilling to investigate the charges of atheism so widely spread, both by the religious and the secular press of this and his own country, but because we wished fairly to understand and judge for ourselves before accepting the general verdict, or condemning it.

We have read and reread this address with the closest attention, and frankly confess that we fail to discover that materialism which it is said to contain. To our mind, the whole paper is a clear and intelligent epitome of the progress of scientific investigation from the earliest data to the present time. That the same impulse, inherent in primeval man, that turned his thoughts and questionings toward the sources of natural phenomena, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day—is the acknowledgment with which he begins his address.

Every intelligent and unbiased inquirer, who reads the paper, must feel indebted to Professor Tyndall for having given so connected and continuous a summary of the slow, but certain advancement of the human mind in the knowledge of the laws which control natural phenomena.

At the very threshold of his subject he declared that, "man never has been, and never will be, satisfied with the operations and products of the understanding alone, hence physical science cannot cover all the demands of his nature. But the history of the efforts made to satisfy these demands might be broadly described as a history of errors." It is not the province of the scientist to leave the widening field of the absolute and the knowable to refute these errors only so far as they come in contact with fact and verity; nor, because he confines his arguments to what the explorations in his own proper department reveal to his understanding should he be charged with a want of respect for, or belief in, those truths which, though pertaining to that invisible essence which we know as spirit, are nevertheless verities and facts equally incontrovertible.

It is no disparagement of religion in him to say "Christianity had appeared, offering the Gospel to the poor, and by moderation if not asceticism, practically protesting against the profligacy of the age." Neither does he charge the new faith that so rapidly spread over Western Asia, and the continent of Europe with the responsibility of what followed.

Those who are familiar with the history of the Church after it became engrafted as a state religion, do not need to be told that this union led to the assumption of delegated authority and ultimate control over the consciences of men. "The Scriptures, which ministered to their spiritual needs were also the measure of their science, and the Bible was with many the ultimate court of appeal."

"The spirit of the middle ages," continued Professor Tyndall, "was a menial spirit. The seekers after knowledge had forsaken that fountain of living waters, the direct appeal to Nature by observation and experiment, and had given themselves up to the remanipulation of the notions of their predecessors. It was a time when thought had become abject, and when the acceptance of authority led, as it always does in science, to intellectual death.

"Natural events, instead of being traced

physical, were referred to moral causes, ile an exercise of the fantasy almost as grading as the spiritualism of the present y took the place of scientific speculation. e Christian peasant, when attacked with ease, sought the priest rather than the ad- e of an intelligent physician."

Out of the gross corruption into which the ristian world had leaped, and from the som of that church which had done so ich to stifle scientific inquiry, sprang the m of free investigation ; and "The earth ves," became the watchword among in- lectual freemen.

This spirit of free inquiry, the revival of entific investigation set in motion by Co rnicus, is moving onward, treading under t and scattering to the winds time-honored perstitions and dogmas of religion.

Thanks are due to Professor Tyndall for e firm and undaunted stand he has taken defence of truth, in regard to the subtle inities of matter "the universal mother." e would have been false to the noblest at- butes of his manhood, to that wonderful dowment of patient, persevering inquiry d the matchless flow of eloquence which peculiarly mark him as the man who ght dare to step boldly to the front in the esence of the time-honored conservatism of clesiastical authority and vindicate the fiat creative wisdom, who, in the untold ages the past, surveying the various forms into ich matter had resolved itself, declared all be "very good."

In the course of a later address, delivered fore an audience of workingmen, in Man- ester, England, Professor Tyndall said:

"We are surrounded by wonders and mysteries erywhere. I have sometimes—not sometimes, t often—in the springtide watched the advance the sprouting leaves, and of the grass, and of the wers, and observed the general joy of opening e in nature, and I have asked myself this ques- n, 'Can it be that there is no being or thing in ture that knows more about these matters than io? Do I in my ignorance represent the highest owledge of these things existing in this universe? dies and gentlemen, the man who puts that ques- n to himself, if he be not a shallow man; if he a man capable of being penetrated by a profound ought, will never answer the question by profess- g the creed of Atheism, which has been so lightly ributed to me.'"

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING DISTRICT.—A little book of 64 pages, neatly bound in cloth, containing a brief account of the Meetings constituting Baltimore Yearly Meeting has been published by Levi K. Brown. It is illustrated by a colored map, denoting the localities of the different Meetings, which may prove valuable to Friends wishing to visit them.

The book is for sale at Friends' Book Store, 706 Arch Street, Philadelphia; also, by H. P. and P. D. Lovegrove, 201 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore.

Those distant from either city, by enclosing the price (75 cts.) to the address of Levi K. Brown, Goshen, Lancaster Co., Pa., will be furnished with a copy, free of postage.

DIED.

FISHER.—At Kensico, Westchester Co., N. Y., at the residence of her son-in-law, Samuel K. Stoutenburgh, Tenth month 19th, 1874, Phebe Fisher, in the 80th year of her age. She was a member of the Monthly Meeting of New York, and diligent in the attendance of all our meetings when her feeble health permitted. Of a meek and quiet spirit, her daily walk in life evinced that she was supported by the Divine arm, and sustained by heavenly manna. As her general debility increased, her faith failed not; calmly and trustingly she would speak of her approaching dissolution. Sitting at her dinner-table with the family, she remarked her time was short—thought she had taken her last meal; and a few minutes after, upon being assisted to the lounge gently breathed her last in the arms of her daughter Her funeral took place on the 22d, at Chappaqua Meeting-house.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN MUNICH.

No. 24.

(Continued from page 621.)

None but an artist or an accomplished connoisseur can do any justice to the great gallery of paintings called the old Pinakothek. It is an immense and truly magnificent building, in the style of a Roman palace, of which the principal façade is ornamented with twenty-four statues of the most celebrated painters, modeled by Schwanthaler. Passing from the grand vestibule, which is supported by four Ionic columns of polished marble, we ascend a fine stairway of the same material, and enter the first hall, which is devoted to the portraits of the sovereigns who have contributed most largely to the formation of the gallery: the Electors Maximilian I, Max. Emanuel, Johann Wilhelm, Karl Theodore, of the Pa-

latinate, and King Maximilian I, founder of the Pinakotheca, and Louis I, its builder. Thence we enter the first hall, which contains many religious pictures of the old German school, dating from its earliest days till the middle of the sixteenth century. The second and third halls are also devoted to the German painters, bringing us down to the end of the seventeenth century; and in the fourth we find *ninety five* paintings, all by Reubens. Most conspicuous, and perhaps most celebrated among these, is his picture of the Last Judgment. The Eternal Father, the Ancient of Days, is represented on high, in the dim distance, far above all other beings, and the Christ is placed before and below Him, in power and great glory, passing judgment on the sons and daughters of men, who ascend from below and pass in long review before Him—no longer now the merciful and pitying Saviour, but the austere judge. The youthful and beautiful, and the aged; the tender little child, and the strong man; the proudly-gifted, and the stupid boor, are passing the judgment-seat, and hideous demons are bearing away to their doom of fire the rejected ones. One sees among the sad procession of the lost, the tenderly beautiful, the venerable and the intellectual, with innocent-looking childhood; while amid the accepted, who are to be received into the eternal joy of the heavenly kingdom, is to be found deformity, coarseness and stupidity. The angels look on the fearful tribunal with sublime satisfaction; and only the gentle Mary, with folded hands and tender pity, seems to plead with the inexorable Son for the hapless transgressors. The dread Creator seems afar off, and, though from His elevation He looketh into the abyss, He appears to have no compassion for the frail beings His fiat has called into existence. Undoubtedly this is a work of tremendous power, but how much grander, and how much more Scriptural, even, is that view of the Heavenly Father which discerns Him as ever present with the children of men—able to save even unto the uttermost—pitying them as a father pitieth his children. What marvel that the troubled sons of Israel turned sadly away from such representations of the Majesty on High, remembering the words of the inspired king: "Oh, let the nations be glad, and sing for joy; for *Thou shalt judge* the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth."

Farther on are many admirable works of the Netherlands masters, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Teniers, Steen Potter and many others; enough to keep eyes and mind busy for weeks—aye, months or years. After these come the French and Spanish schools, and, lastly, a grand procession of Italian works. There are in the building upwards of 1400 picture many of them of exceeding interest, arrange chronologically and according to schools. A residence of several months in this delightfu city would give the art student very grea advantages, and the extreme liberality wit which these priceless gems of genius ar made free to all mankind is really astor ishing.

The Royal and State Library is another o the glories of Munich. It is contained in splendid building, one of the finest and mos complete in the city. It presents a façad 520 feet in length and 85 feet in height, an three connecting wings enclose two larg courts in the interior. This great temple o literature is a specimen of the Byzantine Florentine style, and is the work of the arch tect Gärtner. It was eleven years in build ing, being completed in 1843. On the step leading to the entrance are four colossal sta ues of Homer, Thucydides, Aristotle an Hippocrates, and we pass through a grandly arched vestibule up a noble stairway of ver gradual ascent, and are welcomed at the to by two marble statues of Duke Albert V the founder of the library, and King Louis the builder of the present edifice, both b Schwanthaler. Medallions of poets an learned men adorn the columned gallery o both sides of the stately marble stair, an the ante-chamber of the library is decorate with busts of Bavarian dukes who increase and improved the collection, which now num bers 900,000 volumes, besides 22,000 manu scripts. The books of all languages ar mingled together, according to subjects, think, and the arrangement in sixteen larg well-lighted halls, with convenient galleries which make ladders unnecessary, is very ad mirable. As the guide leads us through th Historical rooms, I notice a large sprinklin of English books on every shelf, and long rov of conspicuous volumes contain the Publi Documents of the United States. The shelv are quite open, but we must touch nothin without passing through the prescribed form but, by taking the proper steps and makin application, the use of the immense librar may be enjoyed by any one, the manageme being exceedingly kind and liberal. B here we are at the door of the Hall "Cimelien," the store-room for the antiquiti of the collection. Here we are shown te cases in succession, which contain a bewilde ing amount of interesting rarities. Firs there are tablets (*tabulæ honestæ missionis* honorable certificates of discharge for Roma soldiers, and next is the *Codex Purpureus*, Latin book of the Gospels of the ninth ce tury, written on purple vellum with gold an silver letters. In the second case, our gui

nthusiastically tells us, is an extract from ne laws of Theodosius the Great, made in pain by order of Alaric, the Visigoth, in the fth century. In the third is the earliest erman manuscript, written before 814 A. D.; copy of Otfried of Weissenburg's Gospel, n verse, of a little later date; and other ncient manuscripts, illustrated by skilful aintings. The fourth case has oriental writ-ngs, among which is an inexpressibly small oran, the smallest manuscript in the collec-on, and a larger one, written on parchment n golden letters. The warder of these treas-res explains their preciousness very fluently n German, of which, as I do not understand word of it, I am soon very weary. There quite a speech over every item, and we ust stand and look while it is going on, and ot wander on with guide-book, as inclination rompts, insomuch that one of the company as overheard very wickedly murmuring the ish that there were not half so many of these elics, and almost declining to look at cases ve and six. But here is a real treasure un-eiled, and the grumbler starts up with reviv-ng interest to see Albert Durer's prayer-book, ith marginal drawings by himself and Cra-ach. It is really beautiful, a precious work f art, as are also the two folios of the peni-ential psalms of David, set to music by Or-ando di Lasso, and decorated with admirable iniatures by Hans Meulich. Farther on is he choice relic of antique splendors, desig-ated by Baedeker with the unerring asterisk. t is the *Codex Aureus* (Book of Gold), a opy of the Gospels, beautifully written in etters of gold on parchment, and bound in overs consisting of plates of gold richly em-ossed, and adorned with costly jewels of very kind. It was made in 870 A. D., by rder of the Emperor Charles the Bald. To nake such a book was a work of art, requir-ng long practice, care and skill, and such manuscripts were nearly always made in the monasteries, where the monks toiled patiently over their useful work. Better work was this, ndoubtedly, than to follow the warlike trains f robber-knights, or to ride fiercely forth in he idle tournay. The *Codex Aurea* was said o have been the work of two monks, and is ertainly a masterpiece. Next to this shining olume is a superb Bible and Missals, given o the Cathedral of Bamberg by the Empe-or Saint Henry. Lastly, we are shown the first printed Bible, perfectly preserved. It is very large, and the type used were of great ize, but the printing is neat, and the ancient book is a monument of the skill and patience f the first printers. By its side was a copy f the Georgics of Virgil, beautifully printed from copper-plates, and appropriately adorned with elegant drawings. I have hardly ever seen a more beautiful book than this little relic of the early days of the art of printing. But stooping over the cases so long, and listening to prolix descriptions in a barbarous tongue, has wearied some of the party so thoroughly, that they only smile indulgently, when the grumbler murmurs satisfaction in being allowed to leave the *Cimelien-salle*, and find a place where there is perfect liberty of conscience, and the weary can sit down, and the impatient walk away unreproved.

We spent some of our odds and ends of time in glancing at a few of the fine churches of Munich. The principal is the Cathedral, or Frauenkirche, which was founded at the close of the 13th century, and the present building finished near the end of the 15th. It is of red brick, and is of vast proportions, being surmounted by two lofty but unfinished towers, said to be 335 feet in height. The exterior is surprisingly ugly, I think, being old and time-stained, and battered, and the uncompleted towers having unsightly roofs; but the interior, with its thirty lofty windows of stained glass, and its venerable monuments, is noble and imposing. The rich tomb of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, which stands just in front of the choir, was erected in 1625 by the Elector Maximilian I. It is a catafalque in dark marble, with figures and decorations of bronze. Four knights at the corners seem to keep eternal watch and ward, while the two Wittelsback princes, Albert V and William V, stand at either side in rich robes of state. As we walk round the church to inspect its ornaments, an old woman, lately absorbed in her evening devotions, accosts us, and tells us that if we wish to see a beautiful church we should go to the Basilica of St. Boniface. Accordingly we take an early opportunity to make a pilgrimage to this more modern temple. It was constructed by King Ludwig I, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, and is said to be an excellent imitation of an Italian basilica of the 5th or 6th century, and is admirable for its simple grandeur and the highly artistic character of the lofty frescoes, which picture forth the life, labors and martyrdom of Boniface, the most influential, it is said, of the early missionaries who devoted themselves to the Christianizing of the Germans. Sixty-six columns of gray Tyrolese marble, with richly-ornamented capitals and bases of white marble, divide the interior into five naves, and the central nave is 85 feet in height, while the side aisles are 46 feet high. No seats mar the grandeur of the central part of the Basilica, and the effect on the imagination and feelings is great. The frescoes, which occupy all the available space on the side, are so rich, the great horizontal beams are so heavily guilded, and everything

is so tasteful and truly elegant, that we dissent not from the general verdict that the whole interior is one of the most beautiful creations of modern art. King Ludwig prepared a sarcophagus in marble to receive the bodies of himself and his queen Theresa, within this church. We were also much impressed with the exceeding beauty of the royal chapel of All Saints, behind the palace, which is of the Byzantine style. The walls are of finely-polished marble, adorned with mosaics. Two great arches on either side, resting on columns of variegated marble, enclose balconies, in one of which the royal family have their seats during worship. The vaulting, window-arches and choir are adorned with frescoes on a gold ground, by Hess and his pupils. Taste and magnificence are displayed in all the decorations, and even the words inscribed upon the conspicuous places are beautifully appropriate, reminding the beholder that the tabernacle of God is with men, and that a day in the courts of the Most High, is worth a thousand elsewhere.

The Jesuit's Church of St. Michael contains Thorwaldsen's beautiful monument in pure Carrara marble, to Eugène Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, vice-King of Italy in the days of the first Napoleon. The son of Josephine is represented standing, dressed in a toga, before the door of the tomb; his left hand is on his heart, and in his right is a laurel crown, while at his feet lies the iron crown of Italy beside his helmet and armor. The Muse of History, a most beautiful figure, sits on the right hand, inscribing his record on her tablets, while, on his left, with arms entwined, stand the angels of Death and of Immortality; above is his motto, "Honor and Fidelity." This noble memorial of Eugène is the tribute of his widow, daughter of King Maximilian of Bavaria.

There are many other beautiful churches in Munich, which are decorated with precious works of art, but, though it is a great delight to inspect them and to loiter during the bright sunshiny hours in their cool shades, and to substitute their dim religious light for the garish noonday-beam, it may be a weariness to hear of them. The wealth of bronzes, marbles and of frescoes strike the beholder with astonishment, and we are recommended to make a visit to the Museum of Ludwig von Schwanthaler, which the great sculptor, who died in 1848, bequeathed to the Academy of Art. Here we find the original models of almost all the works of Schwanthaler, including portions of the mighty Bavaria—no house would have room for the whole of this colossus. When we knew that he was taken from the scene of his labors and triumphs, at the age of 47, we are astonished to see how many beautiful and noble works he accomplished during his brief career. Most of them we have seen either in Munich or in the other cities we have visited, but not the less is it inspiring to pass down the halls where are garnered the heroic and stately creations which have made the name of Schwanthaler famous for all time. His works were executed in marble or in bronze, and are as imperishable as anything of earth can be. What benignant intelligence has his genius given to the grim bronze and to the chill marble! As I stand before the mighty model of the Frankfort Goethe, I wonder if the glorious German poet was really so beautiful and beaming, and whether this semblance of Richter, which stands at his right hand, is not an exaggeration of the sweetness and benignity of Jean Paul.

We also visited the atelier of Schwanthaler, where a relative of the great artist, Xavier Schwanthaler, now conducts the business, and where we are shown the whole process by which such gracious expression is developed from the enduring marble. Five finished pieces are unveiled for our inspection, and they are all for sale. I looked covetously on a basket of cupids, snugly nestled together like a family of kittens, some sleeping and some awakening, and some just on the borderland. I may have it, says the sculptor, for one thousand florins, about 400 dollars in gold, and then he shows me from his order-book, that this is quite a favorite group, and that several Americans have purchased copies. But with what extreme fastidiousness should one purchase such an enduring article as a group in marble which may last after nations perish, and even the time in which they flourished and cultivated the arts of peace is forgotten.

To get further enlightenment in regard to the origin of the enduring statues which speak an eloquent, silent language, and instruct us in regard to the memorable persons and days departed, we take an afternoon drive to the Royal Bronze Foundry, a little out of the city, which is under the superintendency of Ferdinand von Müller. A museum is attached to the works which contains the orignal models, in plaster, of all the bronzes which have been cast in the establishment. We drive to the door, are taken in charge by an official who leads us through a passage, between two halls, where workmen are hammering and polishing the brazen images, to a court where beautifully-finished colossal figures are awaiting transportation to their permanent abiding places. Thence we are ushered into a lofty room, in the centre of which is a mighty equestrian statue of the present King of Sweden, all harnessed

for warfare. By his side is the great Gustavus Adolphus, also in warlike array, armed for his long and terrible combat with bigotry on German soil. On the other hand stands Berzelius, and many other eminent sons of the Norsemen are ranged round the colossal ring. In the next hall is an equestrian statue of Washington, by Crawford, twenty feet high, and round him are ranged Jefferson, Mason, Clarke, Lewis, Chief-Justice Marshall and Patrick Henry—all colossal. It was interesting to see so many of our Americans stored up in this monarchial land, and also to find that they had many orders for other works for our country. They tell us that they are now engaged on a statue of Abraham Lincoln, commemorative of Emancipation, for the negroes of Baltimore. They are also preparing symbolic figures for Michigan and Rhode Island, of which we are shown the beautiful models. Then they take us into a room where we see workmen preparing exact moulds for the casting of bronzes, and also preparing the core, as they call it, around which the metal is to be poured. They showed us, also, how the finished mould is lowered into a pit, by pulleys, to receive the metal; but no casting was going on just at this time, though much work was in perparation. A vast amount of chiseling, hammering and polishing is needed after the casting is done, and, as we see the workmen at their tedious labor, we appreciate the great cost of the beautiful memorial statues which so richly adorn this and other European cities. One of the most beautiful statues in the Museum was that of Goethe and Schiller, with arms entwined in more than brotherly affection. The great, strong, jubilant Goethe seems to shelter and protect the gentle, sensitive Schiller, and we feel how great a blessing to both must have been their union. It is often remarked that great genius is essentially lonely; that he who surpasses other men in talents and in attainments can have no companionship but with inferiors, and association with inferiors alone tends to arrogance, dogmatism and selfishness. But here are two royally-gifted souls who meet in the great arena of life, and instead of wasting their strength in a useless tourney, each recognizes and does loyal homage to the greatness of the other.

Says Carlyle: "Cultivating different kinds of excellence, they could joyfully admit each other's merits, connected by mutual services, and by community of literary interests, few unkindly feelings could have place between them. For a man of high qualities, it is rare to find a meet companion; painful and injurious to want one. Solitude exasperates or deadens the heart, perverts or enervates the facilities; association with inferiors (alone) leads to dogmatism in thought, and self-will even in the affections."

But the intimacy between these eminently gifted men was the friendship of equals, while the contrasts of their endowments must have given to it a rare charm. We are told that they were in the habit of paying long visits to each other's houses, and that they frequently travelled in company. Goethe was minute and sedulous in his attention to his sensitive friend, whom he venerated as a good man, aud for whose afflictions he felt the tenderest sympathy, ever seeking to guard him from annoyances that might have irritated him. All this and more is expressed, or, perhaps, suggested, by the beautiful statue, which will tell the story of a noble friendship in ever during brass, through long generations.

I must not omit to mention the grand triumphal arches of Munich, which adorn some of the principal entrances to the city. There are no longer any defensive walls to the capital of Bavaria, but the Isar Thor is a noble gateway, lately restored and redecorated, which, in the middle ages, was a portal of the town. The principal scene pictured upon it is the triumphal entrance of the Emperor Lewis, the Bavarian, after the Battle of Ampfing, while on the side towers are the armorial bearings of the nobles and towns who fought on his side.

Very different from the antique Isar Thor is the magnificence of the Propylæa, which is a white marble gateway, in imitation of that in the Acropolis of Athens, having Doric columns on one side, and Ionic on the other. It commemorates the Greek war of Independence and the reign of Otho of Bavaria, in the liberated land. It is an elegant structure, and occupies the northwest side of the Königs-Platz, on which stand the Glyptothek and the new Palace of Fine Arts, noble specimens of the architecture of the classic Greeks in its three styles—Corinthian, Ionic and Doric. We spent the splendid sunset and moon-rise hours of Ninth month 25th at this beautiful gateway, and leisurely examined the relief upon the frieze, which was one of the last and greatest work of Ludwig Schwanthaler. Victorious Hellas stands in the centre, and on her right hand and on the left are winged Victories, bringing her trophies both of land and sea, while touching and heroic incidents of desperate conflict are suggested by the struggling and fallen figures, farther to the right and left. On the inner side, King Otho sits enthroned in the centre, and on either hand are triumphant warriors, symbolic figures of Peace, Religion, Science and Poetry. Bearing tribute to the King, come tradesmen and agriculturists, rejoicing in their deliver-

ance from the cruel thraldom of the bigot Turk. As we sit and look upward at the magnificent triple-arched gateway in the soft evening light, we realize the feelings of enthusiasm and of high hope which animated so many generous spirits at the time of the Greek revolt; it being believed, that when the cruel rule of the Moslem was withdrawn, these sons of classic sages and heroes would rise again, and their country take an honorable place among the civilized nations of the earth. But, have these hopes been realized?

It must have been with strange feelings of disgust and disappointment that the King of Bavaria welcomed back the dethroned Otho on the day after the inauguration of this magnificent monument, intended to glorify the Greeks. The great, round moon rises just as the sun sinks in the western sky, and we loiter slowly homeward in the soft moonlight, which throws a glamour and a mystery over these counterfeits of the glories of ancient days. Did the Greek, I wonder, have fairer skies, a purer air, or a more glorious arch of blue for the host of heaven than has Munich to-night?

At the northern terminus of Ludwig Strasse, the beautiful street originated by Ludwig I, is the Siegesthor, or Gate of Victory, erected by that king in honor of the achievements of the Bavarian army. The street is fifty yards wide and three-quarters of a mile in length, commencing with a lofty open temple called Feldherrnhalle, or Hall of the Generals, which contains the statues of Tilly and Werde by Schwanthaler. There is military music here at the noon of every day, and the brazen warriors seem to look down the broad and handsome street to the Gate of Victory, which shows grandly on the blue background of the sky.

Passing from the Hall of the Generals, we turn aside a few minutes into the great Church of the Theatines, and stand awhile under its lofty-arched ceiling to wonder at, rather than to admire, its profusion of stucco ornamentation. It was built in 1661–75, by Adelaide, wife of the Elector Ferdinand Maria, as a thank-offering for the birth of a son, and was the burial-place of all the royal family, from Ferdinand Maria to King Maximilian I. Then we pass leisurely down the grand avenue, lined on either side by palaces and noble public edifices, till we stand just before the Siegesthor. This fine structure is an imitation of the triumphal arch of Constantine at Rome, and is surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of Bavaria in a triumphal chariot, drawn by four lions. Over the Corinthian columns, at the sides, are figures of Victory, and on the walls are bas-reliefs representing war-like deeds, and the different provinces of the kingdom. But, surely, a better than mi
itary spirit animates the good people of B
varia to-day, and long may it be ere the
are again led forth to the embattled field,
slay and to be slain. S. R.

Ninth month 27th, 1874.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

Flin[illegible] down the faded blossoms of the spring,
Nor clasp the roses with regretful hand;
The joy of summer is a vanished thing;
Let it depart, and learn to understand
The gladness of great calm—the autumn rest,
The Peace—of human joys, *the latest and the best.*

Ah, I remember how in early days
The primrose and the wild flower grew beside
My tangled forest paths, whose devious ways
Filled me with joys of mysteries untried,
And terror that was more than half delight,
And sense of budding life, and longings infinite.

And I remember how, in Life's hot noon,
Around my path the lavish roses shed
Color and fragrance, and the air of June
Breathed rapture. Now those summer days a
fled,—
Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay
Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted way.

The light of spring, the summer glow, are o'er,
And I rejoice in knowing that for me
The woodbine and the roses bloom no more,
The tender green is gone from field and tree;
Brown barren sprays stand clear against the blue
And leaves fall fast, *and let the truthful sunli*
through.

For me the hooded herbs of autumn grow,
Square-stemmed and sober-tinted; mint and sa
Horehound and balm—such plants as healers kn
And the decline of life's long pilgrimage
Is soft and sweet with marjoram and thyme,
Bright with pure evening dew, not serpent's glitt
ing slime.

And 'round my path the aromatic air
Breathes health and perfume, and the tu
ground
Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and fair,
With little thornless blossoms that abound
In safe dry places, where the mountain side
Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast can hide

What is there to regret? Why should I mourn
To leave the forest and the marsh behind,
Or toward the rank low meadows sadly turn?—
Since here another loveliness I find,
Safer and not less beautiful—and blest
With glimpses, faint and far, of the long-wished
rest.

Is it an evil to be drawing near
The time when I shall know as I am known?
Is it an evil that the sky grows clear,
That sunset light upon my path is thrown,
That truth grows fairer, that temptations cease,
And that I see, afar, a path that leads to peace?

Is it not joy to feel the lapsing years
Calm down one's spirit? As, at eventide,
After a long storm the fair horizon clears,
The skies shine golden, and the stars subside
Stern outlines soften in the sunlit air,
And still, as day declines, the restful earth grows fa

d so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn-pricks heal, and take my way,
wn-hill, across a fair and peaceful land,
Lapt in the golden realm of dying day,—
ad that the night is near, and glad to know,
at, rough or smooth the way, *I have not far to go.*

eport of the Penn Sewing School of Philadelphia for the Year ending Third month 28th, 1874.

Our school re-opened on the first Seventh-y in the Eleventh month, 1873, with ninety-e children (white and colored); the attend-ce increased until one hundred and ninety-e names were enrolled. The room for-erly occupied being inadequate to accom-odate all who came, we were kindly granted e use of a portion of the east end of the eeting-house, which enabled us to carry on e work more satisfactorily.

The average attendance has been about one ndred, the conduct generally good, and the terest has never failed; four hundred and nety-two articles have been distributed, and th but few exceptions to the children by om they were made; some not requiring e clothing, were willing it should be given the more needy.

During the winter $31.00 have been ex-nded for shoes, which were given to the ost destitute. On the Seventh-day before hristmas, and on the closing day, an enter-inment was given the children, which was lly enjoyed and appreciated; the expense in th instances was defrayed by special contri-tions.

Through the kindness of a friend, numbers "Scattered Seed" have been furnished om time to time; these have been highly ized.

Sincerely thanking our friends for their nerous support, without which our efforts uld have been unavailing, we desire a con-nuation of their interest, in the future, that e may more successfully carry out the ob-ct in view.

ANNIE CALEY, *President.*
NAOMI WALTER, *Assist. Supt.*
UCY SMYTH, *Secretary.*
NNA F. LEVICK, *Treasurer.*
Tenth month 31*st*, 1874.

The Treasurer reports cash received, includ-g last year's balance, $911.25. There were 11.49 expended, leaving on hand a balance $99.76.

EPORT OF MOTHERS' MEETINGS FOR THE SEASON ENDING THIRD MONTH 26, 1874.

The Mothers' Meetings, which were started st spring by inviting the mothers of the ildren attending the Penn Sewing School meet one afternoon a week, have been con-nued with renewed interest the past winter. We proposed to teach them to cut out and sew garments neatly, and while they have been thus engaged various readings have been introduced, containing some useful moral lessons, which we hoped would be helpful in smoothing the rough places in life's pathway.

We have on the roll forty six names, and we feel that the work has proved an undoubted success. The women (both colored and white) have expressed, in many ways, their gratification at the opportunity for improvement thus offered, and their industrious working, good deportment, and willingness to receive any suggestion made, have been gratifying to the teachers. That this class may not become mere objects of charity, the first garment has been given to the person by whom it was made, the subsequent ones were paid for at half the price of the material. The desire is to give aid, in any direction, as the need is known, and moral teaching has not been neglected.

One hundred and forty-seven garments have been made and distributed. Our labor of the winter was closed on the 26th of Fourth month, by giving a little entertainment to the women in attendance, and the general good feeling that prevailed made the occasion one of particular interest.

Believing that the labor in this direction has been blessed, we desire that another winter may afford additional help, and thus extend a labor which we feel to be so valuable,

ANNIE CALEY, *President.*
AUGUSTA TABOR, *Vice-Supt.*

EXTRACT.

Commissioner Smith's Annual Report was presented to the Secretary of the Interior on the 17th inst. From it we take the following:

"The statistical returns are more than usually full and accurate. From them will be gathered unmistakable evidences of advancing civilization among nearly all the differtribes of Indians, evinced by a gain in all material prosperity, increased interest in and facilities for education, and a growing general disposition of good will toward the Government. I believe that no year in the history of the Government has witnessed such marked general movement toward the civilization of the red men. For three years the appliances for civilization have been brought to bear with increasing force upon the Indians of the country, and the results produced are gratifying and most hopeful for the future.

"At twenty-one agencies, Indians who at the beginning of this period made no effort and showed no inclination toward labor or self-support, or education for their children,

seem now to have settled into an earnest purpose to adopt a civilized mode of life and learn to provide for themselves."

The whole report is replete with interesting information, and should be carefully studied by all who feel any interest in the difficult problem which the Government is trying to solve respecting the Indian.

In conclusion, he reiterates his conviction of the entire feasibility of Indian civilization, and that the difficulty of its problem is not inherent in the race, character and disposition of the Indian, great as these obstacles are, as in their anomalous relation to the Government, and their surroundings, affected by the influences and interests of white people. The main difficulty, so far as the Government is concerned, lies in the fact that the Indian's deepest need is that which the Government, through its political organization and operations, cannot well bestow. The first help which a man in barbarism requires is not that which can be afforded through a political party, but that which is offered by a fellow-man, wiser than himself, coming personally and extending a hand of sympathy and truth. No amount of appropriations and no Governmental machinery can do much toward lifting an ignorant and degraded people, except as it works through the willing hands of men made strong and constant by their love for their fellow-men.

NOTICES.

FRIENDS' BOARDING-HOUSE.

The Managers and Canvassing Committee will meet at Race street, on Sixth-day evening, Twelfth month 4th, at 7½ o'clock. The full attendance of the Committee is particularly requested.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A stated meeting will be held in Race Street Monthly Meeting Room, on Seventh-day evening, Twelfth month 5th, at 8 o'clock. The annual summary will be read, the collection lists revised, etc.

ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

11th mo.	29th,	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
"	"	Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.
12th mo.	6th,	Reading, Pa., 2 P. M.
"	"	Stroudsburg, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Newtown, Del. Co., Pa., 3 P. M.

Literature Committee of Philadelphia First-day School Association, will meet at Friends' Book Store, 706 Arch Street, on Sixth-day afternoon next, Twelfth month 4th, at two o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Chairman.*

Mutual Aid Association of Friends will meet on Sixth-day evening, Twelfth month 4th, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street. Nomination of officers. General attendance desirable. ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

A meeting was held on the 12th of Eleve month, the attendance (for the first meeting) much more encouraging than in previous ye There was a lively discussion of plans for the provement of the organization, and there be much interest manifested, a committee was pointed to digest the changes proposed and rep to a meeting to be held on Fifth-day evening, 3d of Twelfth month, at 8 o'clock, in the Libr Room at Race Street, to which all who incline participate actively in the proceedings of the ceum are particularly invited, whether they members or affiliated with Friends.

WM. B. WEBB, *President.*
ANNA B. CARRALL, *Secretary*

ITEMS.

KWONG-KI-CHIN, one of the commissioners pointed by the Chinese Government to superint the education of Chinese youths in this country recently placed thirty young Chinamen in Harv College, and is now making a tour of the coun

ADDITIONAL advices from Macao and Hong K report that the typhoon and tidal wave as m than confirming previous reports. It is estima that a total of 20,000 lives were lost.

At Macoa the typhoon was of the most ter character. The tidal wave broke on the shore v awful violence, sweeping everything before it.

Macao was laid in ruins, and the misery thus tailed upon hundreds of its residents is fear while the loss of life is enormous. It is compu that over 10,000 lives were lost in Macao alo Four days after, the effluvia arising from thousa of decomposing bodies were so great that the diers revolted and refused to bury any more bod

The governor, fearing that the plague would low if the bodies were not disposed of, orde them burned. Four thousand bodies were crema the troops first covering the corpses with tar then setting the heaps on fire. The loss of around and in the vicinity of Hong Kong will ceed 4,000. A large number of Europeans v among the killed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Evening* writes: "We have had two years of drough this part of the State, and almost an entire fai of the crops. This section of Kansas is in most needy condition it has ever known. Last the dry weather left us short of any crop; there was some old grain left from the year bef Now even that is consumed. Last winter in city of Lawrence an average of three thou hides were sold a week, taken from cattle w had all died of starvation. This year af will be a great deal worse, as we have had n than three months of continuously dry weat The chintz bugs were never so bad as this year, the grasshoppers came just as the corn was and left only the bare stalks standing. They stroyed the fruit, the leaves on the trees and the vegetation, until the people are actually starv All who can mortgage their property for enough leaving, but many have neither means nor m to help themselves.

"Cannot something be done by the generous ple of the East in our behalf? It is not a ques of a little suffering, but of actual starvatio hundreds—perhaps thousands—of people. M of these have handsome farms and good houses they are utterly worthless in this hour of distre

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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t is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at beginning of the volume.*

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or O. MONEY-ORDERS; *the latter preferred.* MONEY sent by mail l be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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EVANGELICAL MYSTICISM.

The *Christian World* (an English paper), an article with this title, describes a series meetings, extending over eight or ten consecutive days, which have lately been held at xford, under the direction of R. P. and H. . Smith, of Philadelphia.

Our object in noticing the article is not to ndemn the mode of arousing the religious elings which were resorted to on these occaons, nor even to call in question that *permant good* may result therefrom to individuals; t a portion of the article contains so much holesome practical truth, that at this time hen, we fear, there is a tendency to substite *ritual* for every-day righteousness, it emed peculiarly appropriate.—EDS.

* * * * * *

'The object of these meetings is stated to be the omotion of Scriptural holiness. With such an ject we hope we have a genuine and hearty symthy; and we share the general belief of Christians t meetings for worship, exhortation, conversation, d the study of Scripture, may greatly help to secure end proposed. We have, however, a very strong nviction that such meetings, unwisely planned, may untold mischief; they may stand in the way of t wholesome, every-day, practical consecration God which is the most pressing need of the urch in this and every other age; they may subtute for such consecration a mystic rapture which s unlike a healthy religious experience as the clutchings of a fever-stricken patient are unlike the strong grasp of a vigorous man. The fear of being taunted with lack of spiritual sympathies and perceptions will not prevent our noting this peril whenever occasion may require. It is, however, with sincere regret that we feel ourselves called upon, as we certainly do, to point out some indications of its presence in these recent meetings at Oxford. We have, indeed, seen no extended report of the proceedings, but the circulars issued by Mr. Smith, before and during the meetings, form a sufficient basis for these remarks. They contain, we seriously believe, the seeds of some very injurious error, and the recognition of certain principles and rules of procedure which we cannot but regard with astonishment and sadness.

"There seems to us to be a tinge of superstition over the whole scheme. The circular of invitation states that there is prevalent among Christians generally a deep sense of dissatisfaction with their spiritual state, and a strong conviction that the truths they believe ought to 'exercise a power over their hearts and lives altogether beyond anything they have as yet experienced.' In America, it appears, it has been the custom of many Christian people to meet from year to year for many days at a time in order to 'wait upon God for the realization of an entire self-surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, and for a full trust in Him for the heart and power to serve Him.' The circular goes on to say: 'Removed from the bustle of their ordinary lives for several consecutive days, Christians, thus waiting on the Lord, have gained a rest of soul, in the harmony of their wills with the holy will of God, in which His searching Word and His still small voice could be heard by their listening hearts. They have realized more than ever before, what it is to be filled with the Spirit.' In this paragraph, of course, we discern a certain amount of truth; but the truth appears to be as much mixed up with false ideas of

life as in the Roman Catholic notion of 'the Retreat.' Is it, indeed, true that in such prolonged periods of absolute separation from the common duties of life, we are likely to realize most truly what it is to be 'filled with the Spirit'? We affirm that it is not, and that in probably the majority of cases the attempt to do so is almost certain to induce and to foster the most dangerous habit of estimating our religious attainments chiefly by the state of our 'feelings.' We know well that of most of us it may be said, 'The world is too much with us.' But the remedy for this is not to be found in securing altogether artificial periods of cessation from earthly care, but in learning daily to 'cast all our care upon Him who careth for us;' not in giving up our work altogether, but in doing whatsoever we do 'as unto the Lord, and not unto men.' It is comparatively easy to realize 'rest of soul' when we have nothing to do but submit ourselves to spiritual influences and congenial society. The problem is, how to be at rest amidst the toil and struggle of a 'troublesome world.' We can all imagine that we have attained to the 'harmony of our wills with the holy will of God,' when no circumstances occur in which our will is seriously tested. We want to realize that harmony when the influences around us strive hard to set one against the other. It is well to hear the still small voice in moments of actual devotion; but it is needful also to hear it in this noisy, clattering life. If we want a plant to live through the winter in the open air, we do not think of giving it an occasional month in the hot-house. And in much so-called 'religious' thinking about our common life, there is a hot-house temperature tending to unfit men for the stern blasts to which every day of faithful attention to duty is likely to expose the soul. We contend that the best way of teaching ordinary people to advance their spiritual welfare is not to set them sighing after prolonged periods of 'retreat,' such as only can be commanded by persons of comparative wealth and leisure, but to urge them to a more faithful use of such daily opportunities of study and devotion as everybody has at command, and to cultivate, amidst daily distractions and cares, the habit of remembering God.

"That these meetings at Oxford were not of a kind likely to inculcate this important lesson successfully, we further infer from the circulars before us. In one of them we read: 'We *earnestly* advise those who attend this meeting to remain, at any practicable sacrifice, the whole Pentecostal period of ten days.' To us, we confess, this advice is a mystery. Under extraordinary circumstances, of the most sacred and awful character, we know that the first disciples were kept waiting for ten days at Jerusalem; but to assume that there is, therefore, some special virtue in that period, or to venture upon any attempt to imitate the merely external circumstances of the occasion, appears to us not only exceedingly bad taste, but superstitious and presumptuous in a remarkable degree. A list of practical rules of conduct was issued to those who attended the services. These rules contain some sound maxims, which it would no doubt be well to remember and act upon at all times. For example: 'Heartily renounce all known evils, and even doubtful things, "not of faith."' is a rule of action which ought scarcely to need enunciating among the special 'suggestions' offered to people coming long distances in order to attend meetings for 'the promotion of Scriptural holiness.' And the suggestion, 'Eat moderately, dress simply, retire to rest early,' is eminently suitable as a rule of conduct for well-conducted people every day in the year. But we pause when we read, after an exhortation to 'come in a receptive spirit,' the word 'God speaks by His Word, *be willing to lay aside preconceived opinions.*' To this demand, with respe to our opinions, we cannot help at once replying. (1) That it is impossible; (2) that, if possible, would be highly undesirable; (3) that God nowhe requires it. To us it sounds very much more li a claim on behalf of the authority of human opini of a certain school, than a demand for subjecti to the Divine teaching. Another rule is, 'Lay asi for the time all reading except the Bible.' To whi we feel inclined to answer—Such enforced abstinen from usual habits seem to us to have about as mu spiritual significance as the command to eat no fle on Fridays, and to raise an altogether false issue to the general effect of ordinary books and new papers when read by a good man. Our impressi is that such reading will not only not interfere wit but greatly help and supplement, the reading of t Bible. The last rule is in the following word 'Let your first waking act each morning be to r mind yourself—1. That *your* every sin is wash away by the blood of Christ. 2. That you a wholly His by purchase and by deliberate self-su render. 3. That thus there is now no cloud n even shadow between your soul and God. 4. Th the Lord assumes the hourly keeping of the life a walk thus committed to Him. Let this morning s be the continuing attitude of the soul all day. interrupted by momentary failure, let instant co fession restore full communion.'

"What can we say of such a representation of t mode in which a high degree of spiritual consecr tion is to be obtained and preserved? Of cour there is an interpretation to be put upon the dire tions given which brings them into harmony wi the principles which should guide a soundly reli ious mind; but the last sentence gives emphatica the real tone of the rest: 'If interrupted by mome tary failure, let instant confession restore full co munion.' What is the momentary failure allud to? Does not the context appear to show that it a momentary suspension of thought in a particul direction, which, however good, is certainly not t only direction in which thought may be legitimat and profitably employed? And what is 'the f communion' which is to be restored by 'insta confession? We refrain from any attempt at exact explanation of these terms. They appear us, however, to belong to a system of which t tendency is to cherish a morbid and most disastro habit of introspection, a way of watching, a weighing, and estimating conditions of feeling a spiritual symptoms, entirely opposed to wholeson vigorous, Christian living. We doubt not the hi excellence of many of those who find delight meetings of this kind; we question not their ea estness, sincerity and zeal. We recognize the p sibility of their usefulness in some instances, a in some degree; but we reject their general assun tion of a mission to set the Church at large up the right track by efforts of this kind. We beli their teachings are calculated to bewilder ma earnest spirits, to mislead many self-confident on and that, with the best intentions in the world, friends recently assembled at Oxford were going t right way to interrupt and to destroy some of the b and healthiest developments of the Christian l We protest against whatever is likely to turn Christian Church into a collection of spiritual va tudinarians, who shall make it their main busin to watch their own symptoms. We live m healthily, not when we are continually putting hand upon our pulse or having the stethoscope plied to our breast, but when our fitness for

ecessary exertion prevents our raising the question bout our hearts or lungs at all."

INUTE OF EXERCISES OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.

A feeling of deep solemnity and of thankulness fills our hearts as we attempt to reiew the proceedings of our Annual Assembly, now drawing to a close. A feast of good hings has been spread before us, and all have een invited to partake of that which nourishes to eternal life.

All the business has been conducted in hristian harmony; and the words spoken ear the opening of the Meeting, "How goody are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, Israel!" seem to have left impressions of eace and safety throughout. After hearing he Minutes of our dear visiting Friends, it as said by one who spoke in the Truth, that here would be a place found for every conern that was brought there. "No matter ow small the service required, be faithful. t was by unhesitating obedience to the simle requirements of Jesus, that the few loaves nd fishes were made to afford nourishment the multitude." The epistolary greetings hich we have received from the Yearly leetings with which we correspond, bringing s intelligence of the labors and exercises hich have claimed the attention of our sisters their assemblies, have been truly refreshg to us; giving evidence as they do of a ntinued effort on their part to support our herished principles, and to draw us from an utward formal religion to that Fountain of fe and truth, from which alone the thirsting f our souls can be fully satisfied. Though me of the answers to the Queries were conssions of weakness, yet others were truly enouraging. Many exercises were expressed oncerning the more faithful attendance of leetings. The neglect of this was spoken of the cause of lukewarmness and scattering. he going, day after day, for years to a small lid-week Meeting, was alluded to by one as eming to be no more than the opening and utting of a door; but now, she found the me thus spent had been like "bread cast pon the waters:" after many days it had reurned in blessings.

Some of the dear young sisters added their lemn testimonies to those of the mothers in rael, bearing witness to the preciousness of ese seasons of silent waiting upon the Lord, hen they had known in their own experince the fulfillment of the promise, "They at wait upon the Lord shall renew their rength;" for Christ, the great Head of the hurch, still continues to meet with His chilen; and where the two or three are gathed in His name, there is He in the midst of them. The young have been tenderly entreated to close in with the intimations of duty made upon their minds by the inshining of the light of Truth, and to press forward as standard-bearers in the cause of righteousness. Though many difficulties may have to be encountered, the assurance has been given that the reward will be equal to the labor performed. These have been addressed with the tender entreaty, "Put away thy ornaments, that I may know what to do with thee": for the gay attire, the outward adorning of some of these, is obscuring the sweet spirit hidden within. The kernel is sound and good, but the shell that covers it must be taken away, before we can judge fully of its excellence. Mothers have been encouraged not to give out or grow weary in the discharge of their important cares and duties. Our attention has been specially called to the efficacy of prayer, and many hearts were touched by the relation of an incident in connection with this. And perhaps some discouraged, isolated sister, who could not mingle with us, may be strengthened by it. A watchful mother said that on a Meeting morning she found her children unruly beyond her control, and thought it would not be right for her to leave them under the circumstances. At length the feeling came that she would sit in silence with them. A sweet covering of the Father's love soon excluded everything else, and she found herself at liberty to go to Meeting. On entering, she prayed that a faithful minister whom she found there, might be enabled, by Divine assistance, to point out the way for her. After a time of waiting, she rose and told of her close exercise and sympathy with a tried mother, who had recently taken her little ones in silent prayer to their loving Father; and encouraged her ever to seek that unfailing Source of strength and wisdom. We have had precious exhortations from the mothers not to allow our love to grow cold, and our interests in Society to flag, but to keep up that life and feeling which are necessary to a faithful discharge of the duties devolving upon us.

Those who have just come forth in the ministry, have been tenderly addressed in the language of encouragement and affectionate counsel; that they keep close to their Guide, and mind the stepping-stones, so that they may avoid all the wiles and snares of the enemy. Only as they abide in Christ, the true Vine, can they become branches, bearing fruit to His honor and glory. The duty of patiently abiding the Lord's time, has been impressed upon our minds; the exhortation having been reiterated, that we sow the good seed in faith, patiently waiting for the harvest; that we should not seek to hasten un-

duly the growth of the tender plant, but allow it to take root downward, and deepen in the earth, ere it shoots upward; so that, being thus deeply-rooted, it may be able to withstand the storms and the frosts of the wintry season, as well as the summer's consuming drought; and, in due time, nourished by the dews of heaven, and the sun's vivifying beams, it may bud and blossom, and perfect the fruit; a rich harvest to be gathered into the heavenly garner. We were feelingly reminded, by a messenger from abroad, that this is no time for Friends to sit with folded hands, while our statute-books are stained with the Death Penalty, or while intemperance is desolating the land. Women can do much towards mitigating, or even removing, those evils; but she must work with the love that casts out fear. She must train the infant mind from its earliest perceptions of truth, to love its Creator above all things, and its neighbor as itself. She must ever bring her cause before the Lord, and let each day be her day of judgment. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

With a feeling of heartfelt thankfulness to the loving Father, for the feast permitted to us, we adjourn, to meet next year, at the usual time, if so permitted.

MARY L. ROBERTS, *Clerk.*

HOW TO ADMONISH.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like the melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are so few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment, and a complacency of behavior, will disarm the most obstinate. Whereas, if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.—W. C. AD.

ONE always has time enough, if one will apply it well.—*Goethe.*

PRIESTLEY'S DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN GAS.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D. LL. D.

(Concluded from page 631.)

From what has been said, you will have gathered how important is the part which oxygen plays in the scheme of Nature. To it is committed the duty of destroying all animal races, and transferring the parts of which their bodies are composed to plants. It begins to discharge this function the moment we begin to breathe, pervading each instant every part of our bodies, bringing on interstitial death, and the continuous removal of particle after particle which it carries away. For there is an incessant change in the substance of all living structures; that which we are to-day differs from that of yesterday and to-morrow, and this untiring agent is all the time at work, assaulting and undermining, nor stopping its action with our dissolution, but going with us into the tomb, until it has restored every particle back to the air. Death is not, as the popular superstition says, a phantom skeleton, nor, as the Asiatics think, a turbaned horseman, who pays his sudden and unwelcome visits. He is this invisible principle in the air which surrounds us, and which is in the very breath we respire.

If thus the duration of individuals and races is determined by the two great systems of forces which have been combined into a self-acting contrivance, it surely is one of the most interesting inquiries in which we can engage, to find in what way so extraordinary a combination has been established. From those remote periods to which we are able to trace the history of the earth, has the same kind of agency prevailed, or have other laws and other self-acting contrivances been resorted to in other times? You see I here assume the doctrine of the geological antiquity of the earth without any kind of hesitation. During two centuries its spherical form was bitterly denied by many very good and well-meaning men. But the truth at last prevailed. And during the last fifty years its age has in a similar way, and on similar principles, been contested. But this, like the former, is now a settled question; neither the one nor the other is any longer open to debate. He who thinks the earth is only a few thousand years old, simply knows nothing about the matter. He who denies its antiquity will also probably deny it figure.

I proceed, then, rapidly with the inquiry in which we are engaged, and would premise that there is no fact better established in all the range of physical science than that of Priestley's, heretofore mentioned, that plants grow at the expense of the atmosphere.

further call to mind the indubitable fact that all coal, whether bituminous or anthracite, is of vegetable origin; that all the great deposits of these carbonaceous materials, occurring in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and in the islands of the sea, for hundreds of miles in extent, and of unknown thickness, are vegetable matters once formed under the influence of the sunlight, and existing as luxuriant forest growths—forests that in succession were entombed in the bowels of the earth. There was then most assuredly a time when all this carbon existed as carbonic-acid gas in the air, giving rise to an atmosphere in which, as we know, animal life could not exist. But the sun had charge of the matter, and as centuries rolled by he was extracting that poisonous gas from the atmosphere, effecting its decomposition, as he did for Priestley, bringing forth from it vital air, oxygen gas, and getting things ready for the appearance and continuance of animal life.

I therefore regard, in a philosophical point of view, the period of the deposit of the coal as the great event in the earth's history. Those who are familiar with the details of these things will recognize it as the epoch which parts off a blank solitude on one side, broken by the rude beginnings of low animal life, from that later period, on the other, which is adorned by all the beautiful contrivances of animated Nature, and crowned by the presence of man. The laws of Nature have ever from the beginning been such as they are now. We are fully able to trace the clear relationship between the condition of living things on the surface of the earth and the constitution of the atmosphere; and what chemistry says ought to have taken place in successive centuries, geology tells us actually occurred. Understanding the changing condition of things as respects the air, we could predict the corresponding changes in animated Nature, and the evidence that we are right is engraved on the rocks and stamped on the ocean.

So, therefore, we see that that relation which now exists between animals and plants, and the atmosphere, is an affair that has sprung out of a prior order of things—that there was a time when the constitution of the air was utterly unfit for the support of animal life; that a purification took place through the action of the rays of the sun; and the deposit of coal marks out the great epoch when life of a high order, among air-breathing animals, became a possibility. And is it not interesting to remark how gradually, from a totally different order of things, have sprung those great laws which determine not only the fixity of the constitution of the air, but also the duration of species and individuals; that automatic, self-acting machine, in which animal and vegetable life are the opposing forces?

In thus sketching out the course of events as we now know them to have taken place in those ancient times, and in explaining how one system of laws has spontaneously been developed out of another, we cannot avoid making a comparison between the feeble contrivances of men and the means resorted to for the conservation of the world. We are accustomed to look back with admiration to the wisdom of those great men who laid the foundations of this republic, and established a constitution for it; but what would our admiration be if it had been possible for them to have enacted one single law of such simplicity and comprehensiveness, that every other law, by any possibility required in all the contingencies of a thousand years, should have spontaneously sprung out of it? if it had been possible for them, by one legislative act, to have completed and brought to a conclusion all legislation? The good and evil which we constantly see arising in our political assemblies, what are they but commentaries on the want of wisdom and want of power of man? But what is not possible to man is possible to God; and I think it will always elicit from a reflecting mind a tribute of veneration, to know that this great and intricate machine of the universe, with all the millions of beings, living and inanimate, that compose it, with all their affections, attributes and relations, are sustained and governed according to the original and unvarying intention of their changeless Author; that from the beginning of things, as respects its physical condition, there never has arisen occasion for retouching a work perfect in itself from the first. I am not among those who regard this system of acting through ancient and self-imposed law as in any wise derogatory to the Great First Cause. I appeal to the common decision of mankind, whose admiration of any human contrivance or machine is greater in proportion as the machine is self-acting, performing its effects with rigorous precision, according to the conditions under which it was constructed; but less, if the engineer has, from time to time, to interfere, in order to insure its successful action. I recall that well-known maxim of the law, "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*"—whoso acts through another, acts himself. It makes no difference in my estimation, in this respect, whether the Architect of the universe Himself directly interposed, and compelled such a constitution of the earth's atmosphere as was conducive to the ends He had in view, or whether, under the laws He had imposed on on it, the obedient sun proceeded to discharge

that task, and put forth his rays with unwonted effulgence, bringing on a great increase in the amount of vegetable life, a great depuration of the atmosphere, the burial of enormous quantities of carbon in the ground, and the gradual assumption by the air of that condition suited to the support of a high organization, and of the life of man. I appeal to the experience of us all—each of the celestial phenomena we witness, the revolutions of the stars, the return of comets, the occurrence of eclipses, each of the changes that happen on earth, the flux of the tides, day and night, summer and winter, the budding of trees and unfolding of flowers, the rise and fall of empires—do they not all take place, not through present and incessant interventions, but in obedience to ancient law? I recall what we all witness as respects the social condition of man, that, according as he advances in intellect, he lives under self-imposed rules, and that his reverence for law is the measure of his civilization; that it is the pride of that civilization to put in the place of an autocrat, dispensing instant rewards and punishments with his own hands, the ideal majesty of the law, which deals out inflexible justice to the good and evil, and makes no distinction of persons; and, reasoning in this manner, from insignificant beings and small things to those which are great, I conclude that a Pure Intelligence will rarely act by intervention, but always through law.

Through that astronomical agency to which I have referred—the action of light exerted during the period of the deposit of the coal—a purification of the atmosphere was effected to such an extent as gradually to enable warm-blooded animals to exist, the temperature to which they attain being directly dependent on the amount of oxygen they take from the air. All animals, from the first period of their coming into existence to the moment of death, are continually, by their respiratory effort, obtaining this gas, so essential to their very existence, and as continually expelling the effete and dead matters of their systems, under the forms of other airs—carbonic acid, ammonia, and the vapor of water. And thus the atmosphere is the source from which our bodies come, and to which they return, continually during life, and, with the exception of their earthly ingredients, totally after death, and the gases that are found in it are at once the agents and objects of the change. Had Priestley realized these things, could he have induced Chemistry by her witchcraft to compel the gas he had discovered to tell its own story, and how it determined his destiny, his imaginative but theological mind would perhaps have recalled the similarity of its own adventurous inquiry with that of the old Jewish king who visited the sorceress at Endor. Awakened by the power of her spell, there arose, from the enchanted circle over which she waved her wand, the form of an old man whose face was shrouded in his mantle. And he said, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

Some seek for pleasure in the mere gratification of animal appetites, let us rather find it in the exercise of the intellect; and when spring approaches, let us rejoice in the change, not so much because there is a promise of food, though we should never forget that all these vegetable products, of which so many are destined to delight our tastes, were mortal poisons while they were yet in the air, but chiefly because they are indications that all that is necessary for us as thinking beings is accomplishing. I have told you that the continuance of the life of man is indissolubly linked with the putting forth of the buds of trees. Let the one fail, and the other will speedily stop. Nay, more; as all our intellectual acts can only go on as a consequence of respiration, and the respiration, too, of such an atmosphere as that of our earth, we perceive that our highest endowments are thus connected with things at first sight apparently having no connection with them. And though it is thus the arch-chemist, the sun, who transmutes a poisonous gas in the air into fruits, and seeds, and flowers; who prepares the vital medium that we breathe, and enables, us, therefore, to think and move, shall we not look with veneration, through his more obvious agency, to a silent influence that is beyond? For these products of his action are so many witnesses to us of a provident foresight for our physical and moral wants. There is an authority who has taught us not to disregard such natural emblems. Who is it that has set His rainbow in the cloud, as the pledge of a plighted word? We are surrounded on all sides with similar indications and are constantly invited to see in each material event a token of intellectual benefit and if, as we have seen, from a poisonous atmosphere, there has thus gradually been developed, under the agency of that great celestial body, a medium suited to the well being and conducive to the happiness of man, may we not hope that what has taken place as respects his physical is a type of what will occur as respects his social condition? Who that looks on the events which this year has brought forth*—the overturning of thrones and time-cemented institutions, the bloodshed and atrocities of civil wars—who does not

* This was said in 1848, a year of many political revolutions.

cognize that we are entering on an era? he material atmosphere once had a poison- is constitution, the social atmosphere has its oisons too. There is a cry, almost of despair, om the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from e Black to the Atlantic Seas. It is no im- inary nightmare that is oppressing men, it so greatly has the human mind been de- loped by the advance of knowledge, that it is outgrown the existing order of things. he pressure of that invisible social atmos- here has become too intolerable to be borne; must be cleared of its impurities and poi- ns; there must be freedom for thought and eedom of action. The natural change which e have been considering was only brought out after many a convulsion; the moral ange must have its catastrophes. But are not taught, from this evening's reflections, trust that there is in this too the influence One far greater than the sun, but of whom e sun is the most noble and appropriate pe, who, unaffected by the tempests of the nes and the sufferings of men, is steadily aping the course of events, to bring things last into a condition suitable for the intel- ctual as well as the physical well-being of r race?

From the German by Oscar Lienemann.

A PARABLE.

In olden time there lived a very rich and ble man named Miller, who was continually ing good. He travelled a great deal in e surrounding country relieving the suffer- gs of those who were not to blame for their n misfortune.

One day he came just in time to save a or man with a large family from ruin. he man sought his deliverer, to pour out his anks. But in his overflowing gratitude he ade the mistake of calling his benefactor nith instead of Miller.

Miller, seeing what his meaning really as, did not interrupt him, but listened ndly.

A neighbor touched the man and whis- red that the good man's name was Miller, t Smith. It was of no use. Tears of ex- cement stood in the man's eyes while he ntinued to call his saviour "Smith."

When he had finished, Miller gave him s hand, and saying, "I am pleased by your atitude," dismissed him with a smile.

MORAL.—Would not all good men in his ace have done as he did? Certainly; and n we now believe that God, the All-merci- l, the All-good, is offended by one of His ateful creatures whether he calls Him Je- vah, Allah, Ormuzd or Manitou?

God knows that He is meant, and His nd is stretched out mercifully and benefi- ntly over all the world.

THERE is nothing worth having that is not difficult. My life, and, I suppose, the life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long contest with diffi- culties, and none of us would be the men we now are, if we had tamely allowed difficulties to conquer us.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When the remembrance of events belong- ing to years ago comes back to me, as fresh and lively as though they were the things of yesterday, I am induced to pause and exam- ine whether there is in them a lesson that may be valuable for to-day, and sometimes I find that it is even so; and, though these re- membrances may be connected with some of our most hidden and sacred feelings, we may be allowed to speak of that which we have known, and testify to that which we have seen, or which our hands have handled.

Scripture tells us, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." Many years ago, there was an evening meeting ap- pointed in a neighboring city by a minister who was travelling with a minute, and the gathering was a large one. After a time of silence the Friend arose, repeated this Scrip- ture passage, and added, "I feel my spirit in subjection." She then sat down; the vocal service rested upon other ministers who were present, and the meeting ended well, our friend afterwards expressing herself satisfied with having silently borne her burden.

The lesson which this event holds up to view may be enforced by the more recent ex- perience of one who went to a meeting under the pressure of an exercise which she believed belonged to that meeting, but the time was largely occupied by others. She felt her spirit in subjection, and left the meeting silently and peacefully bearing her burden, under the feeling that she had done what she could. I believe it is well to give the shoul- der willingly to bear such burdens, rather than to place them upon a congregation after there has already been much vocal testimony. If the exercise be not removed, let the min- ister patiently keep under it, though weeks may pass before way is made for its expression; and when this time shall come there will probably be evidence furnished that the exer- cise was not *before* fully ripe.

The Apostle Paul tells us, "By all things we may be instructed." Although it may please the Great Head of the Church to make use of instruments in the furtherance of His gracious design to us ward, surely He is not dependent upon His creature man for its ful-

fillment any further than as individual faithfulness is called for. There is therefore need for His servants to watch earnestly against the growth of a feeling that would admit the conclusion, even mentally, that the service of a meeting was incomplete, or had not accomplished its full purpose, because their voices had not been heard.

This concern is not designed to discourage any authorized expression, but to caution against the belief that it is only through expression that we can be helpful one to another when assembled in our religious meetings. A secret, prayerful travail is surely availing toward the attainment of that condition wherein acceptable worship can be performed —that worship which stands in obedience to the Divine will, whether in speaking or in being silent.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 5, 1874.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.—Having previously given an account of the Proceedings of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, we add in our present number the Minute of Exercises of Women's Meeting taken from the "Extracts," reserving for next week a memorial for Martha E. Tyson and notice of Men's Meeting.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.—In admitting the essay, entitled "The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment" (which we have no doubt was written under a sincere concern), we do so with some hesitation. Questions as to the *nature and duration* of the punishment which must inevitably follow a life of disobedience to the Divine laws, are purely speculative, and subjects for argument. Therefore, if some one who believes that punishment can only be justified when its object is to reform, should feel it right to set this forth as an argument against *eternal* punishment, we would appeal to our friend A. J. P. whether we should be *just* in withholding such an article? We might occupy much space with subjects of this kind, but we do not think it would be profitable. Few reflecting minds are disposed to question the unvarying nature of Divine laws—that effects must follow causes, whether in the domain of matter or of spirit. We daily witness the operation of these laws, and learn to have faith in them, and to infer that they are eternal. But of the *mode* of ex tence in the future life, we are ignorant, a our minds are incapable even of forming idea of endless duration. "Say to the rig teous, it shall be well with him, he shall re the fruit of his doings; say to the wicke it shall be ill with him, for the reward of h deeds shall be upon him," is all we need know. The dread of eternal punishme even in its lowest material form, has no dou been a means of deterring multitudes fro wrong-doing, but it is less and less held as a motive for right-doing, because it more and more felt to be an appeal to t lower feelings.

We agree with our friend, that the reje tion of the doctrine of everlasting punis ment (we should rather say the revolt again it) is on the increase; but we do not, like hi see cause to deplore this fact. There is litt probability that humane and fatherly vie of the Divine government will be adopted the sensual and the vicious; for, while t consciences of such retain any sensibilit they are more likely to suggest materi images of terror. We think the revolt again the doctrine in question will be found mo generally among the humane and good; tho who are accustomed to estimate the charact of our Heavenly Father by their highe ideal of an earthly parent. Whether th have fallen into an error or not, they will n be condemned for having construed too wide His declaration, by the mouth of an inspir one: "Like as a father pitieth his childre so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. F He knoweth our frame, He remembere that we are dust."

ERRATA.—On page 633, first column, 9 line, read "*lapsed*" for "leaped." Aft the 23d line read "*Had he done otherwise, would*," etc.

DIED.

JANNEY.—Near Springboro', Ohio, on the 2 of Tenth month, 1874, at the residence of her s Mahlon T. Janney, Letitia Janney, in her 86th ye a member of Springboro' Monthly Meeting.

MIDDLETON.—At his residence, Wayne Stati Germantown, on the 13th of Eleventh month, 18 Samuel Middleton, son of Nathan and Hannah Middleton, aged 29 years; a member of Gre Street Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF MUNICH.

No. 25.

(Continued from page 638.)

After two weeks' pretty dilligent sight-see- in the city of Munich, we find its interest- stores of the beautiful and the curious far m being exhausted; but the returning rm weather, and a little physical and ritual exhaustion, tempt us out again into country, away from the excessive stimu- ion of the fair city.

It is an easy long walk or a pleasant short e from our hotel (now the Grand Hotel tional, in Otto Strasse), to the deep cool des of an extensive park of fine old trees, ginally laid out by Count Rumford. There lakes and streams here which borrow ir waters from the Isar, and a lofty build- , circular and tapering in form, with many ries and balconies, like a Chinese tower, ich is used for a café. Ten minutes' walk m the wide glowing streets of Munich and traveller or weary citizen finds a deep calm est, with pleasant rippling waters, plenty restful benches, shaded lakes and song of py birds. The murmur of its ancient s reminds one of the ancestral woods of gland, which, in their simple grandeur, so surpass all the artificial elaborations of gardener; and so we find they call this k the "English Garden."

As this north-eastern park is so heavily ded, they have made the Theresian Mead- in the southwest of the city, quite open treeless—seeming a great green fore- und to the lofty Bavaria that overlooks it, that welcomes all the children to cheer- exploits and national pastimes in her au- t presence.

Driving out to the magnificent Propylæa, e miles to the northwest of Munich, we h the old palace of the Nymphenburg, nded in 1663, and once a favorite royal teau. The drive to Nymphenburg is along re canal of gently moving water, on which wy swans, and less elegant but contented- king ducks, were all keeping their appro- te state, in the happy sunshine and the shadows. A row of elms, old, knarled a little infirm, but well preserved, goes n us all the way, till we drive into the very ence of the ancient dwelling place of ces and dukes. It is a little in the style he palace at Versailles, but far less ele- t, and has not the advantage which the ndid pleasure-house of Louis XIV en- —an elevated site. The whole country nd Munich is a dead level—a sterile n—and whatever we find of picturesque or of beautiful here, is the laborious device of man. In front of the palace a magnificent fountain rises with great force and fury, seemingly from a rude pile of rocks, to the height of fifty or sixty feet, before the dread power of terrestrial gravitation quenches its generous ardor, and brings it back in a shower of silvery tears to earth. Thus it is with many glorious aspirations. The evening sun glances over the lofty chateau, and its beams touch the summit of the aspiring column, which finds time, in its baffled career, to smile back a silvery radiance to the day star, ere its sinks down to the dark silent pool again. We stop a few moments to admire the beautiful shading, from the black lake and blacker rocks at the base of the watery column, to the splendid white radiance of the summit, and wish that, just for a few moments, the massive palace would step aside and let the beams of the sunset build a rainbow in the abundant mist. Vain wish, for, glancing back through the archway into the garden behind the palace, behold another fountain just like this, in energetic action; and through it the horizontal beams are dancing. We enter the old garden of ancient days, still rich in flowery parterres and in sculptured gods and heroes, and walk round the smooth gravel path to the proper position between the sun and the shower, and behold a radiant bow curving round the base of the descending sheet, and giving an indescribable glory to the fountain. Two great swans, with their backs all silvered with the descending spray, sail gently toward us, raise their wings and bow their heads, seeming to invite tribute. We have nothing, oh royal birds, with which to repay you for the pleasure your noble fountain has given us; these brassy silber-groschens are worthless to such imperial creatures as you, we can only tender heart thanks. And so the majestic creatures excuse us and move tranquilly away into the rainbow again. What an exhilaration there is in a great fountain! It is like a noble, heroic life, commencing with vehement and impetuous ardor, striving to attain to the very heaven of heavens, struggling against inevitable fate with patient energy, till all its noonday strength is baffled, and then returning to bless with rainbow brightness the lower world.

We learn that the princess Adelheid laid the corner-stone of this palace in 1663, but it was not finished till 1715, and that Napoleon, Alexander of Russia, and Francis of Austria, all, in turn, resided here. King Maximilian I died in the parterre of the left wing. Now, however, the spacious building looks dreary and deserted, and even the flowery garden, the statues, the fountain, and the fine hot-houses, fail to attract the attention

they appear to deserve; the people seeming to prefer those points near the city which can be reached by rail. The marble statues, which are the only denizens of the extensive grounds this evening, besides ourselves, look lonely and forsaken, and are, in some places, curiously incrusted with lichens.

On our way home we drive through a pleasant shady park, where many deer are kept. It was a pleasant, quiet, old wood, and, as we rode slowly along, the gentle creatures came up inquiringly almost to the carriage, as if seeking caresses or more substantial benefits. Like the swans, they have evidently lived in close friendship with man, and all ancestral grudges are forgotten. A chill breath of winter seems to meet us as we emerge from the sheltered deer park, and all wraps are needed during the ride into the city. The intense sunshine and heat of the day are forgotten in a very chill, even cold evening, and I can understand why the caution is so often given that Munich is unhealthy for travellers. The ice-fields of the Alps are not far away, and there are no protecting heights upon this level plateau to ward off the breezes. It would be very easy to take cold and not so easy to get well of it. The curious custom of using a small feather bed for a covering at night, which is universal in Germany, is fraught with danger to restless sleepers. One unlucky, unconscious turn, and the faithless feather bed has deserted you, and, after a season of troubled dreams, you wake trembling with cold, to see the white monster on the floor, gleaming in the sad moonshine. One must study calmness, even in sleep, to find peace at night in the fatherland.

One hour's railway ride from Munich brings us to the pretty lake of Starnberg, or, as it is strangely called, Wurm See. This is a favorite retreat of the Munich people during the summer, and it is a most agreeable change from the city. The lake is elevated 1,946 feet above the sea, is sixteen miles long and about three in width, and is enclosed by banks of moderate height, which are covered with the villas and parks of prominent persons. We find pleasant quarters in the hotel (Bayrescher Hof) in the village of Starnberg, at the north end of the lake, whence we have a view of the Alpine heights, faint and blue in the distance. After dinner, a pleasant steamboat, with a generous awning, seems to invite us to make the tour of the lake. We accept the invitation, step on board, and are soon on our way over the tranquil blue waters towards the hills to the south. Immediately beyond Starnberg, on a hill to the right, rises the villa of Prince Charles of Bavaria. It is 110 feet long and 40 high, and is built in the Tuscan Italian style. The main building is only two stories high, and it has two side wings one story, which are surmounted with pl forms protected by balustrades and shelte with awnings. Great quantities of rich tinted ampelopsis form almost the only ex rior decoration of the Prince's pleasure hou On the front terrace wall it is mingled w the dark green leaves and paler berries of i ivy, and the effect is very rich and striki As the villa stands on its eminence, above surrounding objects, I feel a kind of pity it, that it has not the comforting shelter trees to break the intensity of the sunbea and to murmur lullabys to its inmates. T is often a striking deficiency in the Bavar palace homes; but we are told that this i land of clouded skies, and one book sta that the vicinity of Munich hardly has twe perfectly clear days in the whole year. this is true ours has been a marvellously vored visit, for during our stay of sevent days we have had intensely clear weather, a not enough clouds to give the eye the li rest it covets. The ground is dry and ha and it is only by persevering watering t the gardens are kept bright and gay.

But our steamer is speeding onward p other pretty retreats, and now it stops fo moment at station Neiderpöcking. Only a moment, however, and off we go past ple ant silent woody places to Possenhofen. H is the chateau of Duke Max of Bavaria stately castle-like house, with ample and be tiful grounds and a turreted and fortress-l wall of defence.

It is a place of greater charm, I thi than the lofty villa of Prince Charles, on hill-top. It is a tempting spot, and we m tally resolve to return another day, and lo awhile in the deep forest that rises to the of the palace. Then our steamer turns the east and soon touches at Leoni,* on other side, a pleasant place of resort, wl there is an inn and a pension for the en tainment of visitors. On the hill above t the church of Auf kirchen, and many villas on the hill-side indicate the neigh hood of the royal chateau of Berg, wl King Ludwig loves to spend the summer d It is situated a half-mile south, from the p on the border of the lake, and is a fine sq building with a tower at each corner—i among the most charming points on the —it is at the foot of a mountain, on the s mit of which is the little village of Over-b

We read that Kurfurst Ferdinand M

*The name is derived from that of the person formerly kept a famous hotel at this place—a fo court-singer, Joseph Leoni. It became a gath place for a choice society from Munich, and thi doubtless, to the erection of the many fine vill the vicinity.

rles Albert (afterwards German Emperor rles VII) and Max Joseph III, often l court at this palace. King Maximilian id out the park, which extends from the e to the mountain edge, and Prince Eugene, -king of Italy, made this his summer dence in the year 1816. Lewis I often ted it, and Maximilian II had it entirely ored and improved, and it was a very rite resort of his. King Ludwig II, the ent sovereign, seems to have, like his er, a great preference for this historic sure house, and it looks worthy of the erence if we can judge wisely from our ing observatory.

ur next station is Tutzing, on the west k, where we see a chateau with pleasant nds, to which visitors are hospitably itted. We read that here is a wonderful brewery, and a remarkable cellar hewn of the rock. But I am well content to by these sights, believing there are better gs beyond. So we go onward, and in a minutes have reached the widest part of lake, and our next station is Burnreid, he west side, where there is an old monas- converted into a chateau. The noble er of this fine old seat, allows the people access to the beautiful park of fine oaks beeches, and the guide-book gravely in- s us that the beer of Bernreid is very l. The bank of the lake has now become er, and the shadowy mountains seem to drawn nearer. We can see, they tell us, very summits which overlook the pleasant eys of Berchstesgaden and Reichenhall, in h we tarried so many quiet days. The view the Seeshaupt, the south end of the lake, ery charming, and one regrets that the ner will not tarry here half an hour, e we dream of the hills again. But the is almost gone down, and we only pause e a few passengers step ashore and a few e on board, and then the steamer slowly ges her direction and we are speeding ward again along the wooded east bank e lake to Ambach, near which, on the ht above, is the pilgrimage church of Heinrich, from which a good view is ined of the pleasant land and the smiling . I am willing to take all this on trust, so we go on our way in the soft evening , winding all our wraps very close, for ir is chill, and in the twilight are landed arnberg, having paid our respects to the beloved of princes. It is less beautiful, nk, than our lake Winnipiseogee.

fterwards, we took a noon-day trip by ner to Possenhofen, and spent an after- on a beautiful forest terrace overlooking alm lake and the calmer mountain sum- At such times the wanderer longs vainly to share the rest and splendor of the hour with dear and well remembered friends. If I could have only one more beside me from the band of the loved and the absent, it were a precious privilege; but I should like to fill this stately grove with hundreds of cheery and kindly friends, and we could have a joyous reunion, and an afternoon of delights. The artist would steal away from the throng, and find a cosy seat in yonder opening and make with pencil tracery an outline of yonder jagged peaks and snowfields on which the sunlit clouds are resting so lovingly. The lover of woodland life would be charmed with those merry squirrels, black or brown, which scamper so fearlessly over the clean mossy turf, and chase each other in mimic warfare up the huge trunks of the elms and beeches. The bird fancier would listen curiously to the notes of the feathered people who chaunt sweet lyrics far above us in the green depths of the fir trees. The microscopic inquirers into the unseen world's mysteries would scan the little transparent winged creatures which are noiselessly floating around us, and the botanist would surely wander down to the green meadow, where blue veronicas and forget-me-nots, fringed gentians in boundless abundance, and autumn crocuses without number would reward his kind attention. There are asters, too, of every size and hue, all differing somewhat from those which line our autumn waysides at home; but in the thicket just at hand, is our wild clematis, just in full perfection of starry, feathery fruit, and there, too, are the coral-like oval berries of the barberry. Further up the hill-side, in arid, rocky places, grows the purple Erica, and close by its side is the slender, trailing, straw-colored variety. Little, lowly kinsfolk they seem, of the fir-tree, whose tops are just against the heavens. Here, on the hill-side, stands a withered thistle, which has accomplished its life-work, and is waiting for a stern blast from the northland to blow it quite away, and scatter its tufted seeds among the rocks, where other thistles may grow unreproved. It is only about six inches high, slightly declined, and delicate in form; its leaves are quite withered and dead, though still scornfully thorny, and the disk at the summit of the stem is heavily stocked with white-tufted fruit. The arrangement of the seed is on a circular flat receptacle, about three inches in diameter, and the ray florets have bleached to silvery whiteness, and so the ripened thistle-head has simulated a sunflower in everything but the golden hue. The artist has finished the alpine sketch, and turns toward the tall firs to catch a glimpse of rare beauty, not so easily pictured.

The sun, in its downward course, has found

a little opening in the dense tree-tops, through which he smiles down a gracious benediction upon us. The mossy forest floor is softly gilded, and the tall trunks of the firs look almost transparent as the beams come slanting downward from the lofty skylight. The painter who can fix this scene on the canvas in enduring tints, will be as famous as the duke who could jump twelve feet high, and toss the great black stone afar. I know well that the true painter must often have times of discouragement and disgust, for never can his art catch and portray the delicacy and intensity of the coloring of forest lights and of the sunset lake or of the glacier-crowned heights; even as the poet must forever fail to find words which can express the gracious harmonies which have been whispered to the finer ear of the soul:

"But I awoke, and behold it was a dream."

In the railway carriage, on our return to Munich from Starnberg, we had the pleasure of meeting with an American lady, who has established a school for girls at Starnberg, and I regretted exceedingly that we did not know of this household of our young countrywomen before our visit to Starnberg was over—it would have been such a luxury to have seen a whole house full of American girls in that intensely German town. Girls who come to Europe for instruction, do not appear to run the same risks as the young men resident here for educational purposes have to encounter, and their facilities for acquiring modern languages, and for obtaining instruction in art, are very excellent, better, doubtless, than can be found anywhere in America. But young men say they feel the want of the family-life excessively, and that it is difficult not to fall into the beer-drinking and smoking habits of the country. The quantity of beer used is enormous, and we are constantly told that it is dangerous to use the water of Munich, and that it will even produce typhus fever. Coffee and tea are excellent alternatives, but have the disadvantage of being far more expensive that the wine or beer—a little cup of tea costing four times as much as about a quart of beer, consequently, almost every one drinks the terribly bitter beer and the sour, common wine, hardly better than vinegar.

The little gratuities very commonly given to servants besides their regular compensation, are called "trink-geld" (drink-money), though it is hardly to be supposed that all the money which is given in this manner goes for the wine-cup or the beer-mug. The custom of giving "pourboire" or "trink-geld," though undoubtedly absurd, has the effect of making the expectant servitor *very* attentive, as he knows that the amount of his extra compensation is at the option of giver. Perhaps, too, it establishes a habi generous giving and of grateful receiv which is pleasant to see. American tra lers have been accused, whether justly or of being very lavish in giving these gratu with a view of securing more than a share of the comforts and luxuries of hot but it is more reasonable to believe that t liberality is owing to a habit of valuing l and personal service much higher tha Europeans. To give an intelligent, di fied-looking personage, dressed with extr neatness, who has been carefully and poli attending to all your wishes for the last hour, a present of two or three cents se rediculous enough; but he takes it gratef and most willingly, and then bids you ac well pleased. Money must be very prec to them—and we are told that wages a small that the laboring people have to pra the most rigid economy and self denial.

Many of the people are now makin autumn pilgrimage to Meran in South T to eat the grapes which are now in full pe tion. They are quite plenty here in Mu and are far better than any I have ever ta before. The white grapes are almost t parent, and have a faint, rosy tint on the that has felt the sunbeams. Some of bunches are a foot long, and so heavy the grapes crush each other when you att to handle or carry them. And then how sweet and good they are! The purple gr too, are very excellent, being a little acid. A bunch often weighs a pound a half, and is worth about fifteen cents. grapes are accounted very wholesome— medicinal—and we are recommended to two or three pounds a day, as a health re ative. But, if they cure the sick, what can they do to well people? The u mented juice of the grapes is now sold beverage in the cafés, and tastes only a better than the best cider before fermenta This also is accounted very healthful, an the advantage of being entirely innoce any intoxicating properties. The leaves r and fall around us, the ampelopsis brighter and brighter every day, and th has its autumnal tints—insomuch that w sure that winter is coming. I have been interested in noting the southern flig birds—and they are said to be unerri their predictions. Accordingly, in a few we propose to go onward to Vienna, v summer, it is said, lingers later. S.

Tenth mo. 3*d*, 1874.

THE good heart, the tender feeling the pleasant disposition, make smiles, and sunshine everywhere.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

IE DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

have for some time felt under a weight of ern on the subject of the doctrine of rnal Rewards and Punishment, or of its tion by many, which tendency I have on to fear is on the increase, even in our beloved Society, and, as I apprehend, s mainly arisen from an improper view it is incompatible with the character of Heavenly Father and His Divine attri- s of justice, ineffable love and tender y to inflict an everlasting and vindictive shment upon His erring children for mis- s or disobedience during the short span uman life, and therefore reject the idea ndless misery.

ow, while in general I place compara- y little stress on religious views and be- yet, so far as they have an influence upon an conduct, they are of importance.

believe the doctrine in question, viz., future punishment cannot be of eternal tion, is a dangerous one to entertain, as ing to lull the careless and lukewarm a state of ease and indifference, and to en and embolden in his course the liber- and openly profane. In view of the ral and sad result of such views, I am ned to state what to me is entirely clear, to exonerate our Divine Father from the ge of vindictiveness. Our beneficent tor has, in His boundless wisdom, estab- d both in the visible world, and in His itely higher spiritual creation, certain laws for the government of matter and ind; and these laws are wholly and en- adapted to promote the happiness and est good of His creatures, and especially of His creature man; and while his ience to these laws is always attended happiness, on the other hand, disobedi- thereto is invariably attended by the ral result thereof. As he that, disregard- he known physical law, thrusts his hand the fire will suffer, so, also, he that wil- disregards the position, that "the soul sinneth it shall die," or cease to possess Divine life, and thereby loses the power mmunion with his Heavenly Father, the source of true happiness, has none to e other than himself, and has no more to call in question the law of his being, nsed in infinite wisdom for his highest , than he who, regardless of known phy- law, is burned by contact with the de- ing element; and it would be equally as n the one case as in the other to attrib- he known natural result to a vindictive sition, or desire to punish, in the Author r being, the all-wise Framer of those laws atter and of mind.

Now I believe our Heavenly Father has placed us here in a state of probation and preparation for the enjoyment of an eternal and blessed communion with Himself; that being our highest possible good; and that He has made known to us those Divine laws which, in the very nature of things, are needful to be observed to bring about our salvation, or to qualify us for a state of divine communion with Himself; and should we unhappily, by our own wilful violation of those known laws of our spiritual being during this state of probation, bring upon ourselves a state of spiritual death, or estrangement from the enjoyment of the Divine life indwelling in the soul, what right have we to look for another state of probation or purification beyond the grave? Might not the language with more propriety apply to such, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Then, oh, dear fellow-probationer, let me entreat thee to lean no longer on any such broken reed as that of immunity from a state of endless misery, as the result of neglected preparation for eternity, but with full purpose of heart to close in with the offers of redeeming love so mercifully extended, and thus secure the highest happiness, both here and hereafter. In the language of the poet:

"Blame thy conduct—charge not Heaven—
On thy head thy blood will lie;
Every help to thee is given,
Suiting man's free agency."

Or more concisely: "Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." A. J. P.

Clarksboro', N. J., Eleventh mo. 18th, 1874.

From the Independent.

THE RIGHT USE OF MONEY.

The greater number, even of the intelligent and well-disposed, have been, directly or indirectly, taught from childhood to regard the right of property as unqualified and absolute. What I possess, whether earned by my own labor or received by inheritance, is *wholly mine*, to use just as I please. If I choose to give some portion of it for this purpose or for that, it is my prerogative to do so. If I choose to withhold it, I have the right to do this, and no one has any reason for complaint or censure. I may do what I will with my own. Such is the thought of the majority of men. It underlies their whole conduct in the use of money. When they give anything away they take credit to themselves, because they suppose it lay wholly with themselves to give or to withhold. They regard the giving as an act of pure generosity on their part. Or, if they are constitutionally kind and sympathetic in their temperament, they may

give from the mere impulse of feeling, without any intelligent purpose or any sense of obligation.

All this is wrong. The right of property is *not* absolute. It may be so as regards the civil law; but every human being lives under the higher law of love—the great law of unity for the moral universe, as the law of gravitation is for the material—and, since this law requires each to care for all others as for himself, every person is held bound under it to regard his property as a sacred trust, not for himself alone, but for his fellow-men as well. This obligation qualifies his rights of property and limits them. No one has the right to use his money or estate for his own gratification merely, and without regard to the welfare of those about him and of his race. He owes a debt to God and man, which he must pay *or be dishonest.* Whether wealth has come by inheritance or as the result of personal toil and sacrifice, they who possess it can in no case claim more than a qualified right to use it as they will. . . . .

NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

BY G. MASSEY.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns from flowers.

Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness,
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneness
Hooded hearts grow blind.

Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole.

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles in token—

That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel-touch;
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns from flowers.

AUTUMN VIOLETS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

When swallows have departed,
And wreaths of crimson leaves
Are twined around the empty nests
Beneath the cottage eaves;
When pallid sunlights faintly shine
Where fading roses glow,
How sweetly in the year's decline
The autumn violets blow!

When all the corn is garnered,
And all the work is done,
God gives us back the early joys
That bloomed when life begun;
Nor shall we mourn the gayer flowers
That perished long ago,
If in these later days of ours
The autumn violets blow.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.

We are indebted to the *Chicago Inter-oce* for a very interesting article with the abo caption, from which we make the followi extracts:

"Much interest has recently sprung up medical circles upon the art of prolongi life, and very recently, in England, Dr. Jo Gardner and Sir George Duncan Gibb, ha created considerable enthusiasm, the first his work entitled "The Means of Prolongi Life after Middle Age." and the second his paper read before the Anthropologi Institute on the "Physical Condition of C tenarians." Dr. Gardner points to the markable discoveries in the use of anæstheti for so many years regarded as a pleas myth."

. . . . . .

"We turn with interest to these three v uable specifics, mental tranquillity, moder sobriety, warmth and good temperature.

"It was a philosophical remark of French physician who said, 'Men do usually die; they kill themselves.' Frett and fuming will do more toward killing moderately healthy adult than a voyage the North Pole and six weeks' residence u an ice-floe. Dr. Gardner thus sums up good advice: 'A tranquil mind, well-selec diet, exercise short of fatigue in favora states of the weather, confinement to a wa house in cold and wet weather, well warn and ventilated sleeping apartments, cloth adapted to the seasons, maintenance of animal heat of the body, particularly of lower extremities, careful avoidance of ex nal influences tending to produce dise malaria and the like; judicious bathing secure a healthy skin—these are the princi points claiming the attention of aged pers even when enjoying the best health.' Gardner advises extreme watchfulness of human framework, as it approaches the gr climation of sixty-three years. Impure w has much to do with hastening premat decay, and travelling is not by any mean beneficial to continued heath as judicious rangements at home. Diet is a ques

ch must be left, we fear, to personal ex-
ence, but both doctors agree that the
ch of potatoes, malt liquors and cheese
ld be steadily avoided."

. . . . . .

From the statistics of all countries there
ears to be no reason why, with average
and the observance of common-sense
ciples, any man of naturally sound con-
tion may not preserve his life beyond the
tted three score and ten years. Whether
eme old age is a boon to be desired is a
tion to be decided by individual feeling.
There is doubtless not a more lonely or
able object in nature than the old man of
ty years, who has outlived his compeers,
seen the grass close over his nearest and
rest friends. The 'Last Man,' described
Campbell, is not a more solitary spectacle
the form that is bent with age, and the
d that has reaped a harvest of griefs and
ows. Yet where old age is added to
rfulness; when the daily routine of life
atched by kindly eyes, and ministered to
ffectionate hands, it is as a 'lusty winter,
y but kindly,' Life is sweet, and to the
thy spirit a source of constant thankful-
. It is only to the morbid or selfish na-
, wounded by blighted affection or hope,
rendered miserable by a long-continued
e of groveling passion, that life is shorn
ts beauties, and the dark unknown offers
aven of oblivion and sweet uncertainty.
is a happy world after all,' says the
rable Paley, and it is the wish of every
st and healthy spirit to live as long as
ible within the sunshine of human love,
surrounded by the beauties of ever boun-
nature."

. . . . . .

Although the individual opinions referred
ere more particularly intended for Eng-
nen, whose damp climate and full habit
living rather predispose to gout and
matic diseases, they may be regarded by
ericans with equal profit. In this West-
climate, with its sudden changes from
ise heat to cold, from the restless and ner-
character of our daily life, we are subject
en a greater variety of diseases than our
-going English cousins. With them dis-
seems to hold its headquarters in the
ach; with us it makes sad havoc with
brain. With a constant strain upon the
l and body, a restlsss, uneasy longing for
antom in the form of wealth or political
ition, a system of diet which would kill
trongest digestion, there can be no health.
simply a question for each man to con-
well and carefully—a short life and a
y one, overcast by moments of intense
n, and closed by suffering, both of mind
and body; or a long life and a happy one, blessed with 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,' a life that goes down in the sunset of a well-spent day, peacefully, beautifully, cheerfully, like a child into its first sleep."

The sound philosophy contained in the above extracts must strike the mind of every careful thinker, and it will probably do no harm for the most watchful of us to ponder well the truths they contain. J. M. E.

LIFE has been called a warfare. Blessed, then, is the periodical armistice of the Sabbath—blessed not only as a day of rest, but also a retrospection. It is only in the pauses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

The different islands have much more likeness than unlikeness, but they have their individual traits. Appledore is wealthiest in shrubs and flowers, and in the variety of its conformation; Haley's boasts the largest plot of arable land; Star is the barrenest of them all, except White Island, but not even Appledore can quite compete with its majestic cliffs and crags, and nowhere else do the rocks bear the marks of such convulsions. Duck Island, with its fierce Shag and Mingo reefs, is unlike any of the others. This island would seem to have named the group the Isles of Shoals—not the Isle of Shoals, as is so often said and written. But there are those who say that the group was so called because of the "shoals" of fish which were their first attraction, and it is worthy of mention that "The Shoal of Isles" is an appellation not unknown to old geographers. There were so many of them that there seemed to be a "shoal," a "school," of them.

There is something almost pathetic in the way in which the grass and herbage nestle among the rocks, as if they fain would clothe their jagged forms with many-tinted drapery. The mosses and the lichens emulate their zeal. Appledore is almost as rich in them as any mountain side. And still the glory of these islands is not in anything that clothes the rocks, but in the rocks themselves. If they could be stripped bare of every scrap of green they nourish with precarious food, they would be just as grand as they are now, though far less beautiful; for their soft grays and browns wed very happily with the scanty grass and foliage, and bring forth exquisite effects of color. But who shall fitly say or sing the wonder of these cliffs and crags, these precipices that repel the ever-fresh invasions of the sea, these seams and scars, these dikes and battlements, these veins of different sorts so curiously twisted, so fantas

tically braided, by the fiery hands that moulded all this fearful pageantry? In what a fierce, wild mood the elemental forces must have been when they did so strange a piece of work as this!

"A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts, and chasms, and storm-bleached jags
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost—
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one."

—*John W. Chadwick, in "Harper's Magazine."*

NOTICES.

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held at Race street Meeting-house, Sixth-day evening, Twelfth month 11th, at 8 o'clock. An essay on conducting schools consistantly with Friends' principles may be expected. All are invited.

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, JR., *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Association will meet at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day evening next, Twelfth month 9th, at 8 o'clock. N. E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet in the library-room, Race street, on Fourth-day evening, 9th inst., at 8 o'clock. J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

12th mo. 6th, Reading, Pa., at 2 P. M.
" Stroudsburg, Pa., at 3 P. M.
" Newtown Square, Pa., at 3 P. M.

ITEMS.

THE salaries of male and female teachers in the schools of San Francisco have been equalized.

A CONFERENCE of workingmen was recently held in Bristol, England, in which were the representatives of 80,000 workmen. They passed a resolution in favor of settling all international disputes by arbitration.

THE increasing importance of Oregon as a grain-producing State is shown by the amount of her exports from August, 1873. The wheat exported from Portland to Great Britain from that time to the end of June of the present year consisted of fifty-one cargoes, containing 938,626 centals, valued at $1,830,585, and of eleven cargoes of flour, containing 82,206 barrels, valued at $468,072. During the same period 421,700 centals of wheat and 124,546 barrels of flour were shipped to San Francisco, making the total amount of exports 1,360,326 centals of wheat, valued at $2,621,815, and 206,752 barrels of flour, valued at $1,161,938.—*Boston Transcript.*

A MEDICAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN was recently opened in London, and Emily Faithfull, in commending the separate education of men and women for the medical profession, says: "The only matter of vital importance is that women should receive an absolutely good education, that they should have the best teachers, and, above all, that the same standard of efficiency (as exists in the c leges for men) should be maintained." The n school may prove of great indirect value to wom for those not studying professionally will be lowed to attend the lectures. As professio nurses, and those having the care of children a the sick of their own families, women should h every opportunity given them to obtain a kno edge of physiology and the laws of health, whet they are to become physicians or not.—*Pub. Ledg*

SPECIAL attention is given to hygiene in Chauncey Hall School in Boston. Where delic health renders conformity to the regular course all difficult, the pupil takes a little more than h the work of his class for the first year, and next year, instead of being promoted, he remains the same class, reviews what he did the previ year, and takes up what he omitted. As all class are told at the beginning of the year that c tain members are to remain two years in the cl there is no mortification at not being promot *Moravian.*

SOME ITEMS ABOUT PHILADELPHIA.—The city h population of nearly 800,000, who live in an a 120 square miles. It has 900 miles of street roads open for use; more than 500 miles of th are paved. It is lighted by nearly 10,000 gas-l The earth beneath conceals and is penetrated 134 miles of sewers, over 600 miles of gas m and 546 miles of water-pipe. There are ov miles of city railways; nearly 794 city railro passing over these railroads daily; 3,025 stea boilers; over 400 public schools, with suita buildings; over 1,600 school-teachers, and o 80,000 pupils. There are over 34,000 bath-roo most of which are supplied with hot water, and the use of the water, at low rates, its citizens more than a million dollars annually. There are o 400 places of public worship, and accommodati in them for 300,000 persons.

MANY important facts in relation to the use mineral poisons were presented for consideration the sessions of the National Academy of Scie which were held recently in Philadelphia.

The use of Paris or Schwelhfurth green, wh was the subject of the paper, was principally dv on. It had been recommended for the destr of the Colorado, or potato-bug, and the dema the article had become so large that one chem Baltimore manufactured 3,000 lbs. a day, and d gists in small western towns ordered it by the t It was composed of arsenite and acetate of cop which were poisonous to both animal and vegeta life. It would not be taken up by the leaves plants, but would be washed into the soil, wh would soon become incapable of supporting veg tion. It was a grave question what chemical chan might take place in the soil that would enable pla to take up these poisons; that such may occur been recently proved by analysis made by P Silliman. The loose way in which this poison handled, and the absence of all restriction upo sale, were very alarming. Many deaths had curred, either through accident or design, f Paris green which had been purchased to roaches, or other vermin.

The increasing sale and use of strychnia for s ilar purposes, was also alluded to. The general of aniline colors in candy-making, and for colo syrups and jellies in imitation of the fruits f which they were supposed to be made, was stanced as one of the ways in which the healt the people was daily being injured.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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MORIAL OF BALTIMORE MONTHLY MEET- NG OF FRIENDS, CONCERNING MARTHA E. YSON.

Believing, from the lessons of our individ- experience, as well as from the truths of inspired volume, that the "memory of just is blessed," and profitable to surviv-, in the encouragement afforded by the mple they leave behind them, we have med it our duty to our children, and those our "household of faith" who are to fol- us in the pilgrimage of life, to give our timony to the purity of heart, Christian tue, and earnest devotion to her Divine ster's will, which so conspicuously marked life and character of our deceased friend, rtha E. Tyson.

She was the daughter of George and Eliz- th Ellicott, and was born at Ellicott's lls (now Ellicott City) in the year 1795; s married to our late friend, Nathan Ty- , in 1815, and for more than fifty years reafter was a bright and shining example all that we appreciate and love in the va- d relations of wife, mother and friend.

Having from her childhood been a regular endant of her Meeting, her interest and victions increasing as the years rolled by, e was often called into its services, and was inently faithful in the performance of em. Especially was she fitted for such mis- ns as required the extension of the hand sympathy, combined with gentle admoni- tion, her presence carrying with it such power that few could resist its most persuasive influence.

This diligence in the attendance of Meeting was characteristic of our dear friend. Rarely, indeed, was her seat vacant, even when bodily infirmity would seem to require it; and she was remarkable for her solid deportment therein, her countenance bearing the impress of devotion while engaged in vocal or silent prayer. She was often led to remarks expressive of the peace and solemnity which sometimes covered her spirit in these seasons of social worship; frequently quoting the exclamations of the Psalmist, as indicative of her feelings on these occasions: "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

In the thirty-fifth year of her age she was appointed to the responsible position of an Elder of this Meeting; and although very reluctant at that period of life to assume the important duties of this station, feeling that the care of a large family of children demanded a mother's solicitude and a mother's attention, yet she performed those duties to the satisfaction of her friends for many years.

In the year 1838, she with her family removed, and settled for some years within the

limits of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, where she soon after appeared frequently in the ministry. Her communications, though usually short, were impressive, acceptable and convincing; were generally of a practical character, seldom doctrinal, and always pervaded with the deepest reverence for the Divine Father, and Christian charity towards all His children; recognizing the great fact that all who seek to know the Father's will, and do it, will be accepted with Him, without regard to sect or creed. She inculcated the mingling of religious obligations with the smallest acts of daily life, as the truest means of showing our allegiance to the "King of kings," believing that the Father ofttimes reveals Himself in simple ways, which, if accepted cheerfully, become as stepping-stones to higher states yet unrevealed. A favorite sentiment often quoted was:

"Count that day lost, whose low-descending sun
Marks, in its course, no generous action done."

Her offerings in the line of the ministry were accompanied with such evidences of the power of Truth, that her gift was recognized, and she was approved as a minister by this Monthly Meeting, in 1861. During part of her absence from the city, and some years subsequently, she served as Clerk of the Women's Yearly Meeting.

The improvement and development of *all* our faculties, and a higher standard of education in our Society, was a subject which for many years deeply interested her mind. Recognizing our responsibility to our Heavenly Father for the right use of *all* His gifts, and believing the cultivation of our intellectual powers renders us more useful to each other, in "bearing one another's burdens," and thus "fulfilling the law of Christ," she earnestly advocated this view on all suitable occasions, often referring to the past records of our Society for illustrations of high intellectual culture, in connection with deep spiritual experience, exemplified in the life and labors of Robert Barclay, William Penn, Isaac Pennington, and others, whose records are among the brightest pages of our history. The interest awakened by her and a few concerned Friends in this particular, originated the movement which culminated in the establishment of Swarthmore College.

Although her public appearances were of so marked a character, it was in the privacy of domestic life that the "fruits of the Spirit" were more strikingly manifested. Her home was the abode of Love, and bore beautiful evidence of the prevalence of this attribute of the Divine Mind; exemplifying also that endearing quality of our nature, which in its proper exercise comprehends our whole duty to our Heavenly Father, and one another.

The reading of the Bible in her fam circle was marked; these seasons bearing dence of the high value which she pla upon the Sacred Writings, and the deep, r erent spirit which clothed her mind while read.

To the subject of prayer, its sanctity, a the blessing received through its exercise, the turning of a child to a loving parent, was often led earnestly to call attention; a her desire that the young should be, fr their earliest years, imbued with a sense its helpfulness, was most feelingly expres both in public and private opportuniti She viewed it, as "our *privilege* to raise o souls to our FATHER in Heaven, and by cc tinued watchfulness and holy trust, so to tune them into harmony with His, that 'r *my* will, but *Thine*,' should be the breathi of our highest aspirations"; ever believi in the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in p fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, cause he trusteth in Thee."

Of her it may emphatically be said, tha emulating the example of the Divine Maste she "went about doing good"; not only v iting "the widow and the fatherless in the affliction," and ministering to the necessiti of the destitute; but she was often favored speak "the word in season" to the little on of the flock, those who felt that their "far ily was poor in Manasseh, and they the lea in their Father's house."

To these she gave the "right hand of fe lowship," and by her tender admonitions ar her loving counsels, she aided and encourage them, so that they were ready to rise u "and go on their way towards Zion," rejoi ing.

Early in life's morning (as has been sai she entered into the vineyard of the Lor and there diligently wrought in His hol service, resting not at the noontide hou growing not weary with the day's long toi while the increasing sweetness of spirit, th widening of all her sympathies, and th added tenderness in their expression, marke the *closing* of a day growing richer and mo beauteous to the end. And as the suns hour drew near, and the gracious messag came to her, "Cease now from thy labors, fo the task assigned thee is accomplished" though she meekly folded her hands, an rested from active service, she ceased not t "pray for the peace of Jerusalem" and th "enlargement of her borders"; nor did sh fail to exhort those around her, to enter a faithful laborers into the "fields white unt harvest," and fill the places there left vacan

While thus resting and patiently waiting

frequently observed, with child-like love trust, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I ll not want. He maketh me to lie down reen pastures, He leadeth me beside the waters."

t was clearly evident to those who were vileged to watch with her during the clos- hours of her life, that the Father's "ban- over her was love"; and that His peace, n the "peace that passeth all understand- ," had been given to her in full measure, hat nothing could disturb or make her aid.

he had nothing to do but to wait—pa- tly and reverently wait—for the summons t should call her from "works to re- ds," and bid her enter into the "joy of her d."

nd thus daily growing in the knowledge heavenly things, clothed with the spirit of yer as with a garment, and clasping more more closely the Father's hand, on the day of the 3d month, 1873, in the 78th r of her age, she passed away from earth, dwell, we reverently believe, forever with n, in whose "presence is fulness of joy," at whose "right hand there are pleasures ver more."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

. . . "One of the capital errors is the taking of animal cheerfulness for God's ce. Older Christians often detail for re- ous experience joys that have their foun- on in placidity of temper, or healthiness physical constitution. There are people se very over-hopefulness makes them lead ny lives, and other people sometimes y their own Christian experience lacking ause they are not thus sanguine. But the ce of God is something deeper than this. l was not a man of sunny temper, or of t constitutional hopefulness. He saw the ids and keenly felt the pelting of the m. He was a man of bilious constitution of energetic unrest. The placid repose ch some people find never came to him. was tempest-tossed within, as well as with- And yet Paul's stormy nature found ays a peace within the storm, and a vic- over the shipwreck. He could glory in ulation and triumph over defeat. He w how to be cast down in an impenetra- melancholy, caused, no doubt, by physical austion; but when cast down he was not royed. Perhaps no Christian ever suf- d more from outward battles and inward ressions than he, and perhaps none ever a more continuous and life-long victory. For one thing Paul did not let his faith od depend on his state of mind or body. did not insist that he would believe in God only when he felt cheerful. This is what many people do. They cannot believe that God loves them, or receives them, or is their Father until He works a miracle and gives them a cheerfulness of disposition that does not pertain to their temperament.

"Christian peace founds itself in a reasonable trust. The man who has money in a sound bank sits him down in quietude in the midst of financial fright. He does not ask that some inward or outward sign be given him that his bank is safe. His cheerfulness does not come of any afflatus. He does not go and beseech the bank to take care of what it keeps for him. He does not superadd precautions. His peacefulness has no relation to his temperament. It is a trustfulness well grounded that makes him sleep when other men wake. It was just such peace that Paul felt when he said, 'I know whom I have trusted. I know His ability to keep to that day all that I have put into His hands.'" . . .

—*Christian Union.*

MINUTE OF EXERCISES OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF MEN FRIENDS.

On entering into a consideration of the state of society, a lively interest was aroused in the minds of many Friends, as to the important testimonies we have been called on to bear for the promotion of the cause of Truth. Foremost and most important of all things is the nature of true worship, and the necessity of bringing the soul into that condition where it may be acted on by the Spirit of God. For hath He not said of old, "Be still, and know that I am God;" evidently implying that it is not by the exercise of our intellectual faculties that a knowledge of Him is to be obtained, but that when we settle into a state of reverent quietness, He will graciously make Himself known to us, by the impressions then made upon our minds. Hence it is that we do not regard vocal ministry a necessity in social worship. For if the mind be stayed on God, He hath promised, through His Son, that where two or three are gathered together in His name, there He will be in the midst. A fear was expressed that our members were losing sight of this cardinal principle of our Society, and were looking too much to an instrumental ministry for that instruction in righteousness, which can only come from this Divine source. The testimony of Robert Barclay was revived in our hearing, where he said, "When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people I felt a secret power that touched my heart, and when I gave way to it, I felt the evil in me weakened and the good raised up." We are so constituted that we sympathize with each other, and know by experience that there are times

when the overshadowing of the Divine Spirit so covers our minds that we are baptized into one spirit, the holy oil flowing from vessel to vessel until all are filled.

Closely connected and intimately blended with love to God is that of love for one another, and we were reminded that unless we have love for our brother whom we have seen, it were in vain to bring our offers of sacrifice to that God whom we have not seen, for He hath said we must first be reconciled to our brother, and then our offering would be accepted. This badge of Christian discipleship, once so prominent in our Society, must be preserved if we hope to remain a living organization. Under this influence the meeting was clothed with a deep feeling of baptism for the many sufferings entailed on our race, by an indulgence in those intoxicants that mar the temples of the living God. A departure from the plain way of living hath engendered a variety of diseases of the body, which create a desire for stimulants or narcotics to allay the feelings of uneasiness they produce, and thus men are led to indulge in the wine-cup, or in the use of tobacco, or other noxious stimulants, until the system becomes poisoned by their use. We were feelingly advised to abstain from the use of these, and many valuable Friends gave us a knowledge of their experience as to their deleterious effects. We greatly fear that the use of one leads to a desire for the use of the other, and consider an abstinence from them all as the safer course for all to pursue.

The answers to the queries showed that our ancient love for simplicity of attire and plainness of speech was becoming cold, and awakened a feeling of regret in the minds of many that such should be the case. But we were advised to remember that obedience to God is the foundation on which this testimony rests, and that too much reliance on an outward garb sometimes lays the foundation for that hypocrisy which is so offensive in His sight. While plainness and simplicity are Christian virtues, there is no prescribed form of apparel that should destroy our Christian liberty, but the mind that is stayed on God, will come out from under the influence of those vain and foolish fashions and customs that make each generation so ridiculous in the eyes of those succeeding it.

In dealing with offenders we were reminded of the efficacy of extending a timely care to those whose conduct evinced a disposition to depart from the straight and narrow way, as an interest manifested by concerned Friends often produces better results than other modes of treatment. A caution was also extended to our members to be careful how they joined in with others in fairs, and other kinds of amusement, lest their hands be weakened their influence with the rising generation paired.

The frequent perusal of the Holy S tures, as directed in our Book of Discip was earnestly recommended, and we cautioned in regard to this important m to avoid both right-hand errors and left-h errors. We believe that, as a religious soc we give to the sacred records the place signed them by the writers of the New T ment, neither exalting them as the only of faith and practice, nor calling in ques their authenticity and Divine authority. T may properly receive the inscription pl on a sun-dial, "Nothing without lig When they are read under the enlighte influence of Divine Grace, they are profit "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction instruction in righteousness, that the ma God may be perfect, thoroughly furni unto all good works."

We still continue deeply interested in Indian concern. Our Committee has duced a satisfactory report, and is contin

We have been favored with the compan several Friends from other Yearly Meet who have joined feelingly with us in the ercises of the meeting, whose living test nies have, we hope and believe, stirre anew earnest desires for a better life closer adherence to purity and truth.

During the several sittings of this mee a comforting evidence of Divine favor been felt to prevail over us. We have enabled to transact the important bus which has claimed our deliberations, in mony and brotherly condescension. Gra for this measure of the Father's love, w fectionately take leave of each other, to again at the usual time next year, if so mitted. WILLIAM WOOD, *Cle*

THE RELIGION WE WANT.

We want a religion that bears heavily only on the "exceeding sinfulness of but on the exceeding rascality of lying stealing. A religion that banishes s measures from the stalls, pebbles from cotton-bags, clay from the paper, sand the sugar, chicory from coffee, alum bread, and water from the milk-cans. religion that is to save the world will no all the big strawberries at the top, and al little ones at the bottom. It will not r one-half pair of shoes good leather so the first shall redound to the maker's cr and the second to his cash. It will not Jouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves make Paris bonnets in the back room Boston milliner's shop; nor let a pie velvet that professes to measure twelve y

e to an untimely end in the tenth, or a
l of sewing silk that vouches for twenty
ls be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a
; nor all-wool delaines and all-linen hand-
hiefs be amalgamated with clandestine
on; or coats made of old rags pressed
ther be sold to the unsuspecting public
egal broadcloth. It does not put bricks
ve dollars per thousand into chimneys it
racts to build of seven dollar material;
smuggle white pine into floors that have
l for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks
losets where boards ought to join; nor
b the ceilings that ought to be smoothly
tered; nor make window-blinds with slats
cannot stand the wind, and paint that
not stand the sun, and fastenings that may
ooked at, but on no account touched. The
gion that is going to sanctify the world
s its debts. It does not consider that forty
s returned for one hundred cents given is
ording to the Gospel, though it may be
ording to law. It looks upon a man who
failed in trade, and who continues to
in luxury, as a thief.—*The (Boston)*
istian.

GENEVA CONFERENCE.

ll through the first week of September
gates were arriving from different and
ant countries, and we had gratifying evi-
ce of the lively and wide-spread interest,
in the coming meeting.

he session opened under very favorable
pices on Monday, September 7th, at 10
ock A. M., in the renowned Hotel de
le, in the Hall famous as the place where
memorable Geneva Arbitration was con-
ted and successfully consummated. The
was delightful, the associations of the
ce were in perfect accord with the objects
he Conference, and promptly at the hour
ointed for opening, the historic Hall was
d with delegates, and ladies and gentle-
n who had been invited to attend the ex-
ses.

hat, assembly, composed of distinguished
resentatives from so many great nations,
uded Switzerland, Italy, Germany, France,
gland, America, and distant Japan, met
uch a place, and for an object so exalted
benign, was a spectacle that might well
ress the beholder.

he limits of this report admit of only a
y partial and brief account of the pro-
lings of the Conference and the important
k accomplished by it.

M. Carteret, President of the Council of
te, opened the session with a very cordial
eloquent address of welcome, in the
rse of which he said:

"You wish to secure the realization, in rendering precise, complete, and practical, the rules of justice and humanity in the relations of nationalities with each other. It is a noble aim for which the labors that are to be devoted to them will not prove sterile, for the more this labor advances, the more will public opinion, that power which no barriers can resist, because imperative in its demands. There are certain views in this domain which have already become axioms. In supporting itself upon these, public opinion already feels that it stands upon a more solid basis. . . . . Has not modern civilization in its inner conscience a real shame for that primitive state in which, in spite of its influence, the relations between different peoples continue as to the most common method of settling their differences? In point of fact, with but rare exceptions, we see that it is by rivers of blood that these differences are settled and that reprisals only aggravate the evil. Thus, in the midst of all that humanity has realized, and wishes still further to realize, in order to improve and facilitate their commercial, industrial, intellectual and moral relations, a profound uneasiness (*malaise*) is felt and is persistent, which diminishes by one-half these benefits. Does this uneasiness result from anything else than the anxiety of what may occur on the morrow, than from the uncertainty of the future? What is it that there is such an intense longing for? It is this: the world is thirsting for a sense of security. You wish to contribute towards satisfying this imperative demand; and whilst taking part in the calm study of such important international questions at the present moment, you desire as much as possible to bring them within the interests and the comprehension of all. You aspire, if we are well informed, to advance and at the same time to popularize the science of International Law.

"Whatever difficulties there may be in drawing up a good code of International Law, and above all in securing its vitality and advancement, there is room to entertain legitimate hopes in this respect. From every quarter there is something of this sort expected, and—signs of approaching moral conquest—from different quarters and under divers forms, individual or collective efforts are being made at the present moment tending in the same direction: that is to say, that law should replace force in International relationship. . . . . Messieurs, I wish that your setting may bring about results with which you may be satisfied. It is an honor for Geneva that you have chosen it for discussing the aim of your present meeting. We are sensible of this and we cordially thank you for it."

The President of the Conference, Mr. Field, replied to the cordial welcome of the Government of the Canton of Geneva.

In behalf of himself and his colleagues, thanking them for their cordial welcome and the kindness of the Council of State in putting at the disposal of the Conference the historic chamber, and for the honor they had done in assisting in the ceremony of installation, he closed as follows:

"We esteem ourselves happy that we meet in this city of Geneva. I do not speak of your situation in this valley surrounded by these mountains—these magnificent montains which, white with snow, rise in silence, piercing the sky; nor of this lake, a marvel of beauty; nor of this river of the Rhone, so clear and so blue, flashing like an arrow through the city. But I speak of your institutions, of your great men, and of your history; institutes which unite liberty with order, men who have made the name of Geneva a synonym for science and genius, and that miracle of history, the maintenance through so many ages of your liberty and your independence, in the midst of powerful and ambitious nations. This history is due, not solely to the heroism of the people, but also to the authority of the law of nations, that public law of the world which is stronger than kings or marshals. Three-quarters of a century ago a great orator of England pointed out to his audience the wonderful spectacle of Geneva, in former times reposing in security, though the King of France poured his armies into Italy beneath her gates. It is this public law, the law of nations, which we study, and are seeking to extend, until it shall embrace the whole world, protecting and controlling at the same time the weakest and the strongest of the nations."

A large number of letters expressive of sympathy and approval of the aims of the Association were received, among them were messages from Count Sclopis, John Bright, Sir John Lubbock, Profs. Seeley and Levi, M. Drouyn de L'Huys, etc., etc.

Among the more important propositions adopted were the following:

"The President then proposed that a special committee should be appointed to consider whether an International Tribunal should not be recommended for the settlement of such cases as that which occured in the collision between the 'Ville du Havre' and the 'Lochearn,' wherein the English Admiralty Court gave a decision which was diametrically opposed to that of the French Tribunal. He moved the following resolution which was carried unanimously, and he was requested to appoint a special committee for the purpose. 'That a committee of three persons be appointed to consider the exp iency of establishing an International Tri nal for deciding questions arising out of c lisions at sea between vessels of differe nationalities.'"

. . . . . .

The interest in the Conference was qu marked at the opening session, and it seem to deepen day by day, and it culminated the grand public demonstration at the gr Hall of the Reformation, on Friday eveni September the 11th. The Hall is very sp ious, accommodating between three and f thousand people. It was densely crowded an audience representing many nationaliti Addresses were made by Mr. Dudley Fie who presided; Henry Richard, of Englan his Excellency, Kawase, from Japan; t Secretary, Dr. Miles: Prof. Jourressonot, Geneva; Fréderic Passy, of France; I Von Holtzendorff, of Germany; Arturo M coartu, of Spain, and Père Hyacinthe.

The vast audience listened with the clos and most sympathetic attention to the clo and the exercises lasted two hours and a h

Upon the platform were President C teret, and members of the Council of St and persons of distinction from vari parts of the world. I was assured by one the trustees of the Hall that the occasion ceeded in interest any meeting that had e been held in that famous Hall.

Among not the least enjoyable occasi attending the Conference were the delight social reunions in which we participat Indeed, we may add, these were among most useful occasions, bringing together, they did, persons of different nations a races, and cementing their hearts in end ing friendship. . . . .

At the closing business session of the C ference the partial organization of the As ciation which was effected last year at Br sels was completed, a carefully prepa constitution and by-laws were adopted, officers were chosen. The name finally agr upon is "The Association for the Reform Codification of the Law of Nations."

The Association is eminently cosmopoli in its character, as is indicated by its na and object, and the selection of its offic Its object is the reform and codificatio the law of nations, as a uniform basis the regulation of the treatment of nati by each other, and the satisfactory peaceful settlement of their differences. as it has been very happily expressed Judge Washburn, "Its object is to effect fellowship of the nations under the domin of law in the bonds of Peace."

The establishment, in due time, of an ternational Tribunal, which may be of

tage to all the nations, and not derogate
n their sovereignty, attracted favorable
ntion during the recent session of the
ference, and is among the prominent mat-
for future consideration. The officers of
Association are, an Honorary President,
e-president, a Treasurer, a Council of
ve members, and a Permanent General
retary, the Secretary to have offices in
is, London and Boston. In the choice of
ers, obviously, regard has been had to a
representation of each country as the
will show.

Selected.

HOME AND HAPPINESS.

here can be no doubt that the truest hap-
ess is ever to be found at home. No man
hout a home can be long and truly happy.
the domestic group can be productive of
piness only when it is assimilated by af-
ion, and kept in union by discreet friend-
. Then it tends to produce as much hap-
ess as this world is capable of; and its
et repose is sought for by all sensible men,
ver by the wisest and the greatest. What
be compared in our intercourse of life
the attentions on our family, with their
ilarating smiles and undissembled love?
this raises the gentlest and most pleasing
tions, and calls forth all the sentiments
uncontrolled nature. What are the rap-
s of ambition, the pleasures of fame, the
ghts of honor, in comparison with this?
erly worthless and insipid. Hence it is
we see senators and heroes shutting out
acclamations of an applauding world to
ake of the endearments of family conver-
on, and to enjoy the prattling of their lit-
children in their harmless pleasures. This
ne of the purest sources of mirth. It has
uence, too, in amending the heart; for in-
ence is communicated by coming in con-
with it; and the sweet simplicity of chil-
tends to purify the heart from the pol-
on that it has acquired from moving in
world and mixing with men. Into what
byss of moral degredation should we not
unken were it not for women and children.
l might the Great Author of evangelical
osophy have been delighted with the pres-
of children and found in them—what he
ain sought among those who judged them-
es their superiors—goodness and virtue.
ro, with all his liberality of mind, felt the
erness of home attachment. At one time
cknowledged that he received no satisfac-
in *any* company but in that of his wife,
ittle daughter, and—to use his own lan-
e—"his *honied* young Cicero." Sir
nas More, with his great powers of mind,
d a great share of his time—because
he knew it to be his duty and felt it to be his delight—to the amusement of his children.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I received yesterday the following letter from a dear friend who lives many miles away, and as it contains that which loses not in value by being shared, I gladly offer it for the "scrap column" in *Friends' Intelligencer*, and feel disposed to accompany it with a few thoughts that came to me on first reading it, on the excellency of the Scripture testimony, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and not less teaching is that which follows, "And there is that withholdeth more that is meet, and which tendeth to poverty." There surely is a tendency with some to keep whatever of good they may have or that may come to them, and in so doing they impoverish themselves, or, in other words, lose the full enjoyment of that which they have. The fresh flowings of sympathy are of almost priceless value, and we have no right to withhold their manifestation.

How many thirsty spirits might be refreshed by the distribution of these little drops from the Fountain of Life, and how many of the spiritually hungry would be fed by the crumbs which fall from a full table, were we careful to gather and distribute them. We may remember in this connection the rich blessing pronounced upon those who dealt their bread to the hungry—see Isaiah 58th chapter. Let us also be stimulated to examine our store-houses, whether of the memory or the desk, peradventure we will find there, that which is of value in danger of becoming mouldy. Let us bring it forth; it may be "food convenient" for some who are discouraged under an apprehension that they are travelling a path into which a fellow-pilgrim never looks. If the offering be ever so small, if it savor of love and life, it will not return unto the donor void, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto it is sent. My friend says:

"I am often strengthened and helped by the sympathizing spirits of my friends, and regard it as a portion of the 'heavenly bounty' on which we *all* are certainly 'pensioners.' It appears to me that we do not enough realize and acknowledge this as one of the heavenly blessings dispensed by a loving Father. Many and varied are the dispensations, and on descending the western slope of human life and looking back on the varied scenes of pleasure and pain, joys and sorrows, temptations and conflicts, through which we have passed, how can we do other than feel sensi-

ble that it was by His 'right hand' that we were thus carried through; and does not this conviction strengthen the desire that those following on may have enhanced in their view, the true value of a living operative faith, and an abiding trust in that Almighty, Omnipresent love? And how *quieting* is this faith and this trust to the wonted anxieties of a parent in view of anticipated vicissitudes awaiting her children, especially when there is evidence of their being under these holy influences. Blest, my dear friend, do I feel as a mother, in *realizing* the verity of that remark of an apostle, 'No greater joy has a parent, than that of seeing his children walking in the Truth." My sons are examples to me; but though I sensibly feel the void caused by their absence, and the loss of their help and spirituality, I am entirely content, believing that they both sought to be directed by best Wisdom in their movements, and that they feel themselves in their right places. What more could I ask?"

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 12, 1874.

THE LATE PEACE CONFERENCE.—In the *Voice of Peace*, a "journal devoted to peace principles," published monthly at 701 Arch street, Philadelphia, we find Dr. Miles' report of the Conference held at Geneva, Switzerland, Ninth month last, in the interests of universal peace, from which interesting extracts will be found in this paper.

The whole report is worthy of close attention, and is full of encouragement, from the fact that it embraces the letters and speeches of leading men, of various nationalities, who have ranged themselves on the side of the peaceful settlement of all international difficulties. We believe there is no subject of equal magnitude now claiming the attention of the civilized world, and we trust every member of the Society of Friends will do his part to help bring about so desirable a result as is contemplated by this organization.

REMEMBER THE POOR.—"Ye have the poor with you always," was the declaration of Jesus, and it is well for us to be reminded, as the advent of winter foreshadows need of protection from its severities, that among us now, as in the days of His earthly sojourn, are to be found "the poor." Many of these, we know, are nothing better than parasit living upon the thrift and industry of othe satisfied to eke out a miserable existence up the "crumbs that fall from the table" comfort and independence.

The lives of such are sad evidences of wh men may become when destitute of pure a lofty aspirations.

Yet, low and degraded as they may be, must not forget that they are human, and the extent that they are able to percei them, they have human wants to be supplie and while we deplore their sad conditi from which they make little effort to l themselves, we cannot ignore the claims that humanity in them, which, marred sin, is nevertheless of the same type which the person of the pure and holy Jesus w manifested to the world. This thought vests the human form with a sacredness th no condition, however degraded, can utte destroy; and when we see the image th was created to wear the impress of the vine, so scarred and disfigured by grovelli appetites, and the destitution that resu therefrom, we do well to inquire, "Who h made us to differ?"

Let us not grudge the pittance that th crave at our hands; rather let us be thank that we have been preserved from falling low.

Between these miserable outcasts and comfortably-housed and well-to-do class to be found multitudes, in various conditi of need, to whom a little help, with a k word and cheerful encouragement, would an unmeasured blessing.

Such as these are all about us: they m gle with us in our meetings, they pass us the market-places; they rent our tenemen they deal with us; they work for us.

It needs no deep insight into human nat to find them out—the face wearing lines brooding care, the voice subdued and fal ing, the hesitating step—all tell a sad tal want and sorrow, that many would rat starve than disclose.

If we were only imbued with the spiri the religion we profess, that counts not a thing as our own, and ourselves as stew of the manifold gifts of our Heavenly Fat how would our charities, leavened by

ower of love flowing from the Divine foun-
in, be twice blessed—blessed to the recip-
nt, to whom it is offered as a loan from the
ord; blessed to ourselves in that we have,
y possessing the means that enables us to
nd forth to the needy, the experience that
it is more blessed to give than to receive."

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—The eleventh
nual meeting of the stockholders of Swarth-
ore College was held Twelfth month 1st, at
ace Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia.
he attendance was not large. It has been
ought that if the meeting were held at a
ore favorable time of the year there would
e many more present. This subject has
en before a committee which has carefully
nsidered the proposed change, but not be-
g able to recommend any better time, the
atter was laid over for the present.

The report of the managers was listened
with marked interest. Three of the effi-
ent workers have been removed by death
uring the year. The valuable services of
ese, and the great loss the College sustains
their removal was feelingly dwelt upon.

The ballot for officers resulted in the re-
ection of Isaac H. Clothier and Sarah F.
rlies, for Clerks, and the election of Hugh
cIlvain for Treasurer. The term of service
eight of the managers expiring at this
ne, Clement Biddle, Edward Taylor, Isaac
ephens, Martha G. McIlvain and Eliza H.
ll were re-elected, and Franklin Shoe-
aker, Annie Cooper and Sarah H. Baker,
re elected to fill the vacancies. Clement
. Biddle was chosen by the managers to
rve for the unexpired term of Wm. Dorsey,
ceased.

The vote on the purchase of the adjoining
operty, known as the West Farm, contain-
g ninety-three acres, resulted in the unan-
ous decision in its favor, and the Board
as authorized to have the deeds properly
nsferred to the College. $12,000 of the
rchase-money has already been contributed,
e of the last acts of S. B. Worth having
en to sign a check as a gift to this fund.
,000 will remain on mortgage; the hope
s expressed by many, that this sum might
on be made up by voluntary subscription,
d the whole property be given to the Col-
lege free of debt. It was stated to the meeting that one individual had offered to donate $5,000 for the improvement of said property should the stockholders decide to purchase it.

The meeting was especially interesting: the affairs of the college are in a prosperous condition. The prevailing feeling as expressed, was the great need for every member of the Board of Managers to be faithful to the appointment, and it was recommended that any who are not able to devote the requisite time to its duties should resign that others who feel called to the work and can give attention thereto may be appointed.

The receipts of the college for the past year have exceeded the current expenses, leaving a small balance in its favor, which has been appropriated to making necessary repairs.

DIED.

DAVIS.—In West Brandywine, on 5th of Eleventh month, Susan B. Davis, widow of William M. Davis, in the 80th year of her age; a member of Bradford Monthly Meeting

It may be truly said that her life was devoted to active benevolence, and that she was an humble-minded Christian.

GREEN.—On the 23d of Eleventh month, Phebe, widow of Edwin R. Green, and daughter of the late Joseph Gurney, in the 60th year of her age; a member of Coeymans Monthly Meeting, New York.

HIBBERD.—On Fifth-day, the 12th of Eleventh month, Susan Hibberd, in the 74th year of her age; an elder of Darby Monthly Meeting.

LINVILL.—At his residence, in Salisbury, Lancaster County, Pa., on the 19th of Eleventh month, 1874, of pneumonia, John Linvill, in the 81st year of his age.

Interment at Sadsbury Friends' burying ground, on the 22d.

ANDREWS.—At Fallston, Harford Co., Md., on the 31st of Seventh month, Abigail, widow of George Andrews, in the 84th year of her age, formerly of Chester Co., Pa., but for the past 60 years a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

NOTHING is more strongly opposed to the spirit of true religion than a despondent habit of mind. It is essentially distrust, and none who have a vital and realizing sense of the perfect wisdom and goodness that upholds and guides the Universe, will continue to bend beneath a load of fear, apprehension and sadness. Where the trust and faith so often fluently expressed, is deeply experienced in the heart, it will drive out the darkness of gloom with its own bright sunshine, the blessings of life will be gratefully accepted, gladly enjoyed, and patiently resigned, and its woes will only be contemplated sufficiently

to rouse all the energies of mind and body to work for their alleviation.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 26.

(Continued from page 652.)

So many objects and scenes of interest occupied us during our last days in Munich that I feel puzzled to decide what to enlarge upon for the edification of friends at home. We were greatly interested in a visit to the Ethnographic Museum, where are gathered many curious relics of pre-historic men, as well as specimens of the handiwork and artistic efforts of the semi barbaric races of the present day. Great halls, filled with the fantastic and ugly carvings, paintings and pottery, as well as the hideous and repulsive idols of the Orientals, are to me very wearisome. We find them in all cities, and are always solemnly exhorted to make them a visit; but they are truly monotonous. That long row of portraits of Chinese beauties on the wall—helpless, absurd-looking creatures, with nails like exaggerated claws, and eyes like almonds—is dispiriting; but one may find some amusement in scanning the countenances of the lords of that celestial kingdom, who are ranged on the other side. Supreme self-satisfaction and an unutterable calm must be characteristic of the mandarin who exercises authority, or carries out the supposed will of the emperor in China. I hasten past them all, not even stopping to admire the long row of images of Buddha, some white, some black, some gilt, and all silly-looking enough; for I want to see the valuable remains of the Troglodytes and Lake dwellers, which have been discovered in recent times in Europe. The contents of several horizontal cases, ranged along the centre of a large hall, would give much food for thought to an antiquarian; and the unlearned wanderer from the crude new world may hope to catch an idea or two.

It is asserted that the most ancient ancestors of the human race lived in the remote age when the glacial epoch was near its end. Europe was just emerging from the white mantle of snow and ice in which it had so long been buried; the rivers rolled, for the most part, several hundred feet above their present beds, and woolly elephants, with long manes, woolly rhinoceroses and hippopotami, giant bears and mighty cats like lions or tigers, hyenas without number, and huge oxen, disputed with primeval man the dominion of the land. This, at least, is the lesson that the learned investigators of cave relics have drawn from the unearthed records. One pauses in inquiry before a dish of cracked fragments of human bones. The antiquarian says, "Behold, an evidence that these cave-dwellers ate each other as occasion required and behold, also, they knew that the marrow was the richest and most delicate morsel of all." These forefathers understood how to make stone axes, and could shape a kind of weapon from the sharp flints, but how poorly armed were they to oppose the many and fearful antagonists which the age of gigantic mammals produced! There was no pottery it seems, and this circumstance appears to prove the high antiquity of the cave-dwellers but there were implements made of horn which are supposed to have been used to sew the skins with which they protected their bodies; and there are perforated discs and strangely-wrought bear teeth, which would seem to have been used for ornament. So even in this childhood of the race, man indulged in decorating himself.

After the earliest stone age, here we have the remains of the second period of man, characterized by the appearance of great numbers of reindeers in Central Europe. This animal which is now only found in the farthest north was then in existence as far south as the Pyrenees. The huge creatures of the cave period were gone, or were disappearing from the earth, and their places were filled by animals resembling those of our own period which are found in the far north or in the vicinity of snowy mountain peaks. From this, a rough, cold climate is inferred for the reindeer period. It is called the later stone age, as the men of that period were not familiar with the use of metals, still using the rude stone implements. There is no evidence of any attempt to cultivate the land yet, so the food of the people must have been largely carnivorous. It is very remarkable that the stone implements should have been so finely wrought. The hole for the handle of the stone hammer is round and smooth, as if bored by the best metallic implements of these days the shape is symmetrical, and the surface finely polished. There are punchers or awls made of reindeer's horn, and there were horn or bone needles with eyes. The threads used are believed to have been the sinews of the reindeer, because we find the incision in the long tibial bones of these animals at the point where the lower end of the long sinew adhered to them. Here are pieces of violet fluorspar, of agate and of green ores of copper, which are believed to have served for ornaments and here, too, are perforated shells and teeth which may have made bracelets and necklaces. The stone points on lances and spears are more finely cut, and small knives of flint have replaced the crude stone hatchets, and arrows are found with barbed hooks upon the

sides. In this period the first rude attempts at pottery are found, but the vessels are only shaped by hand, are very coarse, and without ornament. In the case before us are attempts at pictorial representations on the horns of the reindeer, and these are of great interest as giving a clue by which the ingenious investigators have reconstructed a picture of the primitive times of central Europe, fanciful, perhaps, but interesting. In the words of a recent writer on this subject: "We see our ancestors in dark caves, lying round the hearth, surrounded by heaps of animal remains, which they threw about carelessly, and which fill the room with pestilential vapors. We see them skilfully, and with inexhaustible patience, make their weapons out of flint, and their implements from reindeer's antlers, shave off the hair from the skins of animals, and turn them, by the aid of pointed flints and needles, into garments. We accompany them on their hunting excursions, and see them fatally wound the wild animals with the flint points of their lances and spears. We follow them on their commercial journeys into far distanf France, where they exchange precious flints and shells or agates for ornaments, where they gather fluor pieces to delight their eyes with their varied colors, or procure plates of sandstone for the inclosure of their hearths. Even death we see holding its harvest. We see our ancestors inter the remains of their friends in a cave, surrounded by urns, weapons, amulets. We see them close this cave with a stone plate to protect it against the invasion of wild animals. We attend the funeral meal before the residence of the dead, see the fire kindled on the hearth, the killed animals carved and roasted meat distributed. We see the vaulted grave again and again opened and closed for the gradual reception of children and adults, amid the same solemn rites, until it is full."

In the next and last case of the collection are the relics of a still later age. A great destruction by mighty currents of water puts an end to the reindeer period, and a new era breaks upon Europe.

Here we have relics of the Swiss Lake dwellers, who built their habitations on rude piles in the water, began to tame the animals, to cultivate the land, and at last, to work the metals. Here are bronze implements, and the period we have reached is called the bronze age. But even yet, among the pole structures there are found roasted, broken human bones, knawed by human teeth, and we see that these people were savages and cannibals. And here we have wonderful evidence of the eternal patience of the creative Wisdom. How slowly! ah, how slowly! grind the mills of God; and how inexpressibly precious is the long result of time; and what visions crowd upon the awakened mind of the possible high destiny of this wonderfully progressive race which is grandly distinguished from all other of the denizens of earth, by restless aspirations, and glorious though painful strivings towards the infinite beauty and perfection of the Creative mind.

But here is the uniformed janitor who comes to remind us that it is one o'clock, the hour for closing the building, and that our sabbath morning for musing among the relics of far antiquity is over.

The October fest has begun, and the streets are crowded with a motley looking company of rustics, who are busied, like ourselves, investigating the glories of Munich.

The dress of the women is grotesque and certainly the reverse of beautiful. A black handkerchief is drawn corner-wise over the head and tied behind; the dress is very commonly of two colors; the waist green, the very full skirt and leg of mutton sleeves red, with a clumsy black bodice laced over the waist, and a yellow handkerchief pinned over the neck. A great, long, wide blue apron, reaching fully three fourths round the body, and nearly to the bottom of the skirts, and a pair of low shoes with parti-colored stockings complete the costume. This is an extreme case of course, and there is evidently no rule in regard to color, individual taste being fully expressed, and there being no blind following of Paris fashion plates. I noted one more important looking dame, who wore a lofty gilt ornament on the back of her head, with six streamers of broad black ribbon depending from it and reaching below the waist. She wore a cashmere shawl and was much more richly attired than the humbler sort with their black head handkerchiefs. The men wore feathers of various kinds in their hats, and had their short coats decorated with silver coin buttons sewed on so closely that they overlapped each other. These buttons are often very old, having descended from father to son through several generations, and are considered an evidence of good family. A dull, innocent looking people they are, not rude or disorderly in the least; and, though they drink beer so enormously, we see no intoxication at all. It is pleasant to note the cheerful, quiet, respectful demeanor of these peasants, and pleasant, too, to see them enjoy for a season a sight of the magnificence their hard labor was the means of creating. To me it seems strange that they are willing to wear a costume which defines caste so distinctly—and I am told peculiar costumes are gradually disappearing.

Though it is the first day of the week, the

multitude are turning their steps towards the Theresian meadow where there are races and various games this afternoon, and it is expected that the young King himself will distribute prizes to the victors. But we prefer to sit awhile on the cheerful Maximilian Strasse and watch the moving multitude to following them to their destination to-day.

The fest, which lasts a week, was inaugurated yesterday in the glass industrial palace where was collected a display of agricultural machinery, and of agricultural productions less full, I thought, than is commonly to be found at our country fairs at home. There were many varieties of rabbits or hares, and pigeons exhibited, which I had never seen before, and I was interested to note the enormous beets used in the sugar manufacture, and the syrup, the crude brown sugar, and the crystalline loaf which is obtained from them. The silk-worm in all its stages, from the egg upward, was on exhibition, and some of the silk from the cocoons was shown. Here, too, are specimens of the prepared flax, and the yet more beautiful hempen fibre; and yonder are many varieties of wool, some snowy white, some quite dark, some short, some long, some coarse, some fine. Next, we have a representation of a hop garden, with all its needful appliances—even to the furnace which heats the tar in which the lower end of the poles are steeped.

And here the India-rubber manufacturers show us specimens of the crude material from many lands. The Brazilian gum is in two forms, a clear black mass which seems to have been melted and hardened into convenient form, and a large brown roll like a giant cigar, made of sheets as thin as paper. The Mexican, resembles a great unsightly mouldy cheese, black without and whitish within; while that from Madagascar is reddish. From this material we are shown the usual variety of goods—bath-tubs, cushions, pumps, car-springs, shoes, and tubes of all sorts. The clothing made of India-rubber is neat and varied, and seems soft, light and desirable.

The agricultural college exhibits philosophical apparatus of great simplicity and beauty. But the stolid-looking young men are much more interested in the lottery just beyond, where a large variety of articles of rather trifling value are shown, each having a number conspicuously attached. These numbers are supposed to be in the basket of little evelopes which stand on the counter for sale, five cents a piece. A silver gulden will buy ten shares, and I stood awhile to see if anyone obtained anything worth having. Almost all the envelopes contained blanks and one could see strikingly verified the proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

The insects and the parasitic growths which are destructive to vegetation are shown in great variety, neatly arranged like the leaves of an herbarium. Forty-five specimens of *Puccinias* were shown, some on grasses, some on flowers, some on leaves and some on fruits; —besides which there were many other portfolios of disease and noxious insects which would interest a microscopist or a practical gardener.

Three very nicely-prepared skeletons of the pig stand inviting inspection, which show the results of different kinds of food in deveoping the animal. If I rightly understood the labels, it was shown that a food containing phosphate of lime had produced surprising effects, doubling the weight of the animal as compared with one of the same age and race fed on potatoes alone.

Fish-culture too shows its results, and the various domestic fowls are ranged in cages to display their good qualities. The geese and ducks have for their use a sodded circle, with a pond of running water in the centre, and the important airs of the geese as they marched round their domain and spoke their minds, were amusing enough.

Here is a neatly-carpeted area, where a gentleman presides over a large family of Singer's sewing-machines. He speaks English, and I ask him if he finds a good market for his machines in Munich. He says that the sales have been very numerous, and assures me, after the manner of sewing-machine agents, that the "Singer" is the best machine in existence. It is astonishing that these machines are sold here in Germany for about half the price asked for them at home. The manufacturers are very illiberal to their fellow-citizens, when they demand a price so very much in excess of the cost of the article at home, and can afford to dispose of them abroad at 50 per cent. less.

But the scene on the Theresian meadow is far more attractive to the multitude than that in the industrial palace. Here the fest assumes a childish character in accordance with the taste of a very simple-minded people. The green meadow is occupied with a kind of temporary city of tents and huts, in a part of which there are all manner of grotesque shows. Here are the enormous young maiden, and the gigantic, mature woman to be seen for a few kreutzers; here is a Punch and Judy show; here are wax-semblances of royal and notable persons; here are wild beasts whose roar is plainly to be heard behind the curtain; and here are circus performances frightful to behold even from the outside of the enchanted circle. In front of

one of the tents, I saw a company of pretty, little dogs reposing on a table in the sunshine, who looked like old acquaintances. I addressed them, on a venture, as "Napoleon! Bismarck! McMahon! Diana!" when I was greeted with a succession of joyous barks of recognition, and, if the guardian of the little canines had not restrained them by a quiet caress, I should have had one or two of these notables in my arms. They were my Innsbruck acquaintances.

The royal pavilion is vacant, and we think we notice a cool indifference among the people when the King is mentioned. He seems to care little for the entertainment of the multitude, and we hear that he failed to appear on the grounds yesterday, when it was supposed he would distribute prizes. It is said, too, that he is inhospitable, and does not care to admit visitors to the beautiful, royal palaces he has inherited from his father and grandfather.

Merry-go-rounds, and a gigantic wheel-apparatus, with a swing-car suspended from each spoke, are very popular, and are moving merrily to the sound of cheerful music, bearing men, women and children on circular journeys. The whole scene is somewhat like the fête we witnessed at St. Germain; but the charming, graceful vivacity of the French people is wanting, and eating and beer-drinking form almost one-half of the entertainment. It is a matter of real astonishment to count the beer-barrels which are emptied of their contents on the grounds, and to note that the bitter beverage has so little intoxicating influence upon the people. The best feature of this festival is the patient good order. Here are all ages and conditions of people from the prince to the peasant, and from the little infant, in his wicker carriage, to the gray-haired "frau-mutter," leaning on the arm of her venerable companion; and the rights of all are respected; no one trespassing on another, no ill-humor, no noise nor restlessness. It is pleasant enough to stroll about the grounds and to sit an hour or two among them; but any American would marvel, I think, to see such a multitude of people kept together for a week by such trivial attractions.

I doubt not if these Teutons, so stolid and peaceful here at the foot-stool of the bronze Bavaria, were transplanted in America, and were there stimulated by a knowledge of the glorious possibilities that American citizenship implies, they would become as aggressive and progressive as their Anglo-Saxon brethren beyond the wave are to-day. But their habits of order and obedience to law would make them valuable citizens of our great land of refuge, to which so many of their brethren have emigrated. In all the relations of life, they know the value of order.

"Holy Order, rich in blessing,
Heaven's daughter, lightly pressing
Hold her law, all ranks connected.
Mighty States hath she erected,
Calling from the wilds the savage
There to dwell,—no more to ravage.
Into human huts she goeth,
And all gentle customs showeth,
Weaving that dear tie around us,
Which to Fatherland hath bound us." *

So sings the sweet German poet, or so, at least, has the American sage translated him. One sees much to admire in every land, and always something not so admirable; but I am fully convinced that in Europe "Everything is upward striving."

The intense frugality with which everything is carefully utilized, and the absolute neatness and cleanliness of the public streets, are instructive to Americans. Unless there is a wonderful change for the better before the old world makes us a visit on our hundreth birth-day, our European brethren will stand aghast at the filthiness of our cities, and will ask, in dismay, if republics do not really know how to keep themselves clean.

And now we bid adieu to Munich, regretting to leave it, and hoping, against probability, to see it sometime again. It is a spot of magnificent newness amid the antiquity of Europe, a home of art and artists; a delightful place of residence, combining almost every advantage that a student of art, science or literature could desire. We leave it with feelings of gratitude for that noble hospitality which throws open to the visitor, as well as to the citizen of Bavaria, those glorious art-treasures which are the admiration of mankind;

"And all for love, and nothing for reward!"

Tenth month 7th, 1874. S. R.

Extract.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF DEATH.

It is singular to note in how many different ways death is regarded by mankind, and the variety of feelings produced by its consideration. To some it is an object of hope, to others of dread; some love to ponder on its import and bearings, others turn from it with aversion, and dismiss it imperiously from their thoughts. Some think of it but as a door, which, opening, will lead to more complete developments and higher existence, while to others it appears to be a termination to all their plans and aims, a sudden cutting short of life, with all its varied excitements. To some it is a theme which enkindles the im-

* From Schiller's "Song of the Bell," translated by Wm. H. Furness.

agination and inspires the soul, to others it suggests chiefly its outward trappings and symbols, the body arrayed for the tomb, the funeral, the house of mourning, the grave. It is not only the varied opinions which men hold as to the meaning of death as an entrance to a future life which operate to produce these different effects on the mind. Natural temperament, habits of thought, courage or timidity, the tendency of the mind to dwell on the material or the spiritual, all contribute to tinge the subject with their peculiar coloring. . . . .

Apart from the natural and inevitable grief which must attend the parting from dear friends, death in itself considered is not a woe, nor should our meditations upon it partake wholly of sorrowful features. That they so frequently do, and that they are for this reason so generally avoided, is chiefly owing to a current belief that the things of this life are hostile to man's spiritual being; that time and eternity are so antagonistic in their nature, that there can be no congeniality or harmony between them. The love of life, and of all that is known by experience to constitute life, is strong in man, and hence the shrinking from what is supposed to be at variance with it. A firm belief in the wisdom, consistency and harmony of the workings of Divine Providence will dispel this error. As we already occupy a definite place in the arrangements of this world, as these arrangements must be parts of a great whole, under the same government, and as our happiness and interests are promoted here only by faithful fidelity to duty, so the same great principles will underlie any other world or different state, and the same power and love uphold and regulate it.

A pure and virtuous life will more than all beside strip death of the terror and gloom so often thrown around it The nature of all vital force is *cumulative*. A falling body does not gather momentum more surely, than the character gathers force in whatever direction it is guided. The energy of the will augments with every volition, the capacity of the benevolent affections, the sense of honor, the love of truth and goodness are forever increasing in those who cherish them. To the sensual passions, unholy desires, selfishness, pride, avarice—all that tends to crush goodness out of the soul, gain power with fearful rapidity in those who suffer them to take root in their hearts. This is what gives to immortal life all its dignity, and only as we take in this idea can we form any adequate notion of its power. To those who regard the material part of life as all in all, death, coming only to dissolve it, will seem a cruel tyrant, crushing all that is most dearly prized; but to those who think of life as something nobler than mere physical existence, who recognize the ever increasing power of character, death will be but the agent which sets the spirit free from earthly limits, and as such will bring no terrors.

"MORE THAN WE ASK."

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

There are deep things of God: push out from shore!
Hast thou found much? Give thanks, and look for more.
Dost fear the generous Giver to offend?
Then think His store and bounty know no end.
He needeth not to be implored nor teased:
The more we take, the better is He pleased.

Nor is it alms, dispensed in high disdain:
He loses nothing; 'tis His only gain
To make thee rich. What can He do but give,
Since there's not one from whom He may receive?
He quit-claims nothing: what's bestowed on thee,
Immortal child, stays in the family.

This exercise of giving out His wealth
Maintains Him fresh in everlasting health;
For how should Goodness be the Perfect Good,
If Goodness slept, nor cared for His own brood?
. . . . . .

What service can we render Thee, kind Heaven,
But freely take what is so freely given?
Thy best of gifts is wit to keep the cup
Wherein Thou pourest blessing right side up.
Dwell Thou within us, Lord of Charity!
And we from Thee shall endless givers be.

GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight,
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle,
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells;
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the bell's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home;
Or afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart;
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet song of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall:
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
ain during some portion of the 24 hours	5	5
ain all or nearly all day	2	1
now, including very light falls	4	3
loudy, without storms	6	5
ear, as ordinarily accepted	13	16
Total	30	30

EMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1873	1874
an temperature of Eleventh mo., per Penna. Hospital	Deg. 39.34	Deg. 45.20
ghest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	60.00	61.00
west point reached, per Penna. Hospital	23.00	26.00
IN during the month, per Penna. Hospital	Inches 4.99	Inches 2.22
ATHS during the month, being five current weeks for 1873 and four for 1874	1289	1144

	Deg.
erage of the mean temperature of Eleventh month for the past 85 years	43.33
ghest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1849	50.50
west mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793, 1827, 1842	38.00

AUTUMN TEMPERATURES.	Degs.
an temperature of the three Fall months of 1873	55.00
n do do do do 1874	57.98
rage of the Autumn temperatures for the ast 85 years	54.15
hest Autumn mean occurring during that ntire period, 1870	58.95
west Autumn mean occurring during that ntire period, 1827	49.33

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1873	1874
	Ins.	Ins.
ls for each year thus far	56.47	38.60

om the above it may be seen that the mean of month was almost *six degrees warmer* than the sponding month of last year, as well as 1·87 degrees in excess of the *means* for the past eighty-five years. On the afternoon of the 23d, of this year, we had quite *heavy thunder, with vivid lightning*, during which several places were struck—although not unprecedented, certainly a very unusual circumstance for the month.

Our "Clippings" for the month have been quite prolific, as is usually the case at the commencement of the inclement season of the year.

Advices received at San Francisco on the 6th report a typhoon of unprecedented violence had raged in Hong Kong for two entire days, exceeding anything ever before placed on record.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the details of this terrible disaster. It has been estimated that the whole number of lives lost will reach *twenty thousand!* In Macao, the Governor, fearing a pestilence, had *four thousand corpses cremated*, first having them covered with tar!

On the 27th and 28th, a very widely-extended storm occurred. In Central Illinois the snow was from twelve to thirteen inches in depth—heavier than has been experienced there for many years.

At Charleston, S. C., nine inches fell during the afternoon and evening of the 28th.

About the same time six inches fell at Toronto. On the same day a heavy snow storm was experienced between Erie and Buffalo; and another visited St. Louis, Mo.

No Time to Understand.—"How is it, my dear," inquired a school-mistress of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have no time to understand."

LIFE.

Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives chiefly for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experi, ence of those who live only for themselves-all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

A hidden light soon becomes dim, and, if it be entirely covered up, will expire for want of air. So it is with hidden religion; it must go out. There cannot be a Christian whose light in some aspects does not shine.

WERE but human beings always that which they are in their best moments, then should we know here already on earth a kingdom of heaven, of beauty, and goodness.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

12th mo. 20th, Schuylkill, Pa., at 3 P. M.
" " Upper Dublin, Pa., at 3 P. M.
" 27th, Centredale, Iowa, at 3 P. M.
" " West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

Stated meeting Twelfth month 18th, at 8 o'clock. Annual election of officers. Full attendance of members very desirable.

ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATIOF.

Stated Meeting on Seventh-day evening, Twelfth month 19th, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting-Room. ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the Association within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet at Camden (N. J.) Meeting-house, on Seventh-day, Twelfth month 26th, at 10 A. M. It is very desirable that each member should endeavor to be present. The Co-operative Visiting Committee are also desired to attend.

(Haddonfield First-day School Union meets at same place at 3 P. M. same day.)

ROBERT TILNEY, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

A meeting was held Twelfth month 3d at the Library Room, Race street. The report of the Committee on Organization was considered, amended and adopted. Among other changes was that of meeting at the Library Room, at Race street, on the 1st and 3d Fifth-day evenings, and at Girard Avenue Meeting-house on the 2d and 4th Fifth-days in each month. The first meeting will be held at the latter place, Twelfth month 10th, and at Race street Twelfth month 17th, etc. The attendance of Friends and others professing with them is invited. Quite a number handed in their names at the above meeting as willing to take an active part in its proceedings.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Twelfth month 18th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race street (being same day as Representative Committee Meeting.) Full attendance is desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Twelfth month 18th, at 4 o'clock. WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

A PAPER recently read before the San Francisco Academy of Science describes a well-known tract of country in that State, containing about 8,000 square miles, in which there are over 100 extinct volcanoes, one volcanic cone being higher than Vesuvius, the lava from which covers about 100 square miles. An old Indian in that region says that in his youth these volcanoes were in active operation.

KING KALAKAUA, who arrived recently at San Francisco, succeeded to the throne of the Sandwich Islands on the 12th of Second month, 1873. On the death of King Kamehameha V, in 1872, Kalakaua was a candidate for the throne, but a plebiscite decided in favor of Lunalilo, and the Legislature confirmed the decision of the people. On the death of the latter king, after a brief reign, Kalakaua was his successor, his chief rival being Queen Emma the widow of a former King. He is now about thirty-seven years old, and his mental qualities are said to have been such as to win the respect of all the European and American officials with whom he has been brought in contact. The King will visit Washington, and afterwards, it is said, will probably go to Europe.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC apparatus has been invented in Germany for determining the temperature and currents of the ocean at great depths. It is composed of a copper box, hermetically sealed, and furnished with an exterior appendage made like a rudder. In side is a mercury thermometer and a compass, each enclosed in a glass receptacle containing some nitrogen gas. A small electric battery completes the apparatus. When it is lowered, attached to a sounding line, the action of the current on its rudder causes it to assume a parallel direction, thus indicating the set of the flow by the relative position of compass, needle and rudder. The thermometer shows the surrounding temperature. In order to fix these indications, a piece of photographic paper is suitably disposed near the glass cases containing the instruments; then, at the proper time, a current of electricity is established through the gas in the receptacles, causing an intense violet light, capable of acting chemically on the paper long enough to allow the shadows of the compass needle and of the mercury column to be photographed. The operation is complete in three minutes, when the apparatus is hoisted, and the paper removed.

—*New York P*

A WRITER in *Nature* calls attention to one possible source of skin diseases, which he refers to the manufacture of what are called "prime, old, brown Windsor soaps," and states that this is obtained from old and putrid bones, which are crushed and ground to powder, and exposed to the action of boiling water under pressure until the grease and marrow are extracted. These substances are subjected to various processes, resulting in the preparation of bone glue, isinglass, etc., while the grease itself, which at first is of a dark-brown color with an abominable odor, is purified and deodorized, the more valuable portion converted into brown soap, the offensive smell of which is disguised by a strong perfume. The brown color of the grease gives it its acceptable tint without coloring by caramel, the original mode of manufacture. The process causes the production of a large number of minute spiculæ of bone which cannot be entirely removed, and which tend to penetrate the skin or abrade its surface. The writer attributes to this cause many forms of eczema. The suggestion is worthy of consideration, and the safest is always to use white, scentless soap, like the white castile.—*Exchange Paper.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 19, 1874. No. 43.

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Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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WARNER MIFFLIN.

[A friend has handed us a pamphlet, inted, in 1796, by Samuel Sansom, No. 27 ulberry street, entitled "The Defence of 'arner Mifflin against Aspersions cast on m on Account of his Endeavors to Promote ercy and Peace among Mankind." It is teresting, as showing the progressive steps which this remarkable man became a unch advocate of human rights, of peace, d of abstinence from intoxicating liquors. EDS.]

"I was born and chiefly raised on the east- n shore of Virginia; and although my pa- nts were of the religious Society called aakers, and exemplary in their lives, yet I tnessed great incitements to a departure)m the principles held by that people, there ing none of the profession except our family thin sixty miles; and my asssociates were those who tenaciously held the prevailing ntiments in favor of slavery, so that I had opportunity of having my heart and views larged on this interesting subject, by con- rsing with such of my brethren in profes- n who had come to see the necessity of an partial inquiry into the nature and ten- ncy of this atrocious practice.

"Thus situated, and my father then pos- sing a number of slaves, I was in great danger of becoming blinded by the influence of custom, the bias of education, and the delusions of self-interest; from whence I certainly must have become fettered as in the chains of wrong habits, had not the emanations of Divine light and grace (which I had been early instructed to pay attention to) powerfully prevailed in successive visitations, so operating as to subvert the effects of dangerous prepossessions, and disposing my mind to yield to the influences of best wisdom, on this, to my present view, one of the worst of sins.

"And it is with peculiar satisfaction I have to remark, that my father was not long behind me in espousing the cause of liberty. After sealing the sincerity of his professions by the liberation of about an hundred blacks, notwithstanding the discouragement of a law then existing, he became a zealous advocate and intercessor for them with their masters, and in many instances were his labors successful; often appearing alone in courts of law, amidst surrounding opponents, to plead the cause of individuals of the African race who had a claim to freedom.

"An occurrence took place about the fourteenth year of my age, that tended to pave the way for the reception of those impressions which have since been sealed with indelible clearness on my understanding. Being in the field with my father's slaves, a young man among them questioned me '*whether I*

thought it could be right that they should be toiling to raise me, and I sent to school, and by and by their children must do so for mine also?' Some little irritation took place in my mind at first; but his reasoning finally so impressed me as never to be erased. The idea of losing so much property as what I might probably expect from the great number my father possessed, seemed hard on first view to reconcile; however, before I arrived at manhood I determined never to be a slaveholder, yet on settling in a married life, commenced the proving of my faith on this head. I became possessed of several minor slaves by my wife, and divers came from my father's on different errands, with a conclusion to abide with me, without any move thereto on his part or mine; as also several that never lived with him, that were of my mother's family of blacks, from Kent County, Maryland. Thus, all I then had of lawful age being volunteers, I sat down quiet in the use of them, until at length I became almost persuaded I could not do without them; and when the subject of freeing blacks was treated on, the prevailing sentiment was, that negroes were such thieves they would not do to be free; and, though this was chiefly the plea of slaveholders, yet I was glad to embrace it as a pertext for keeping mine, but I was not suffered long to rest unreproved in this spot; my fig-leaf covering of excuse was stripped off and my state discovered to me by the penetrating rays of that light which maketh manifest, '*for whatsoever maketh manifest is light;*' from whence considerable conflict arose in my soul; when, after continuing for some time debating, resolving and re resolving, a period arrived, when He who hath His way in the clouds, in the whirlwind, the earthquake, and thick darkness, was pleased to arouse me to greater vigilance by His terrors for sin, for having omitted what had appeared clearly as my duty in this business, when, in a time of thunder-storm, every flash appeared as though it might be the instrument to dispatch me into a state of fixedness, and with the measure of my duty herein not filled up; what, then, could I expect if taken in that condition, but an eternal separation from heavenly enjoyment? And, though these sensations may appear strange to some, who *neither fear God nor regard man*, yet I still retain a willingness that such seasons of convulsion in the outward elements may be impressive of solid instruction to my mind.

"It then settled on my understanding that I should indeed be excluded from happiness if I continued in this breach of the Divine law, written upon my heart as by the finger of Heaven; although want and disgrace to my family had presented with threatening aspect, should I adhere to its dictates. Aft which, in the year 1774, I manumitted tho I had by my wife, flattering myself such wh came of their own accord I might retai while they chose to continue, as heretofor till being visited with affliction, on the pre entation of an awful eternity, a willingne was wrought in me to cast my care on a me ciful Providence, and to resign up at a events to what I did believe was called for my hands, that of bearing a faithful tes mony against the abominable practice of e slaving fellow-men; I therefore let my fath know he must take the blacks away or a thorize me to set them free. He readily to me I might do as I would, on which, in 177 I executed another deed of emancipation f all I held as mine.

"About the twenty-fourth year of my a I was put into the Commission of the Peac which tended to excite considerable thirst f preferment in Government, a taste that h much impeded the progress of my testimo against slavery, as it furnished an idea of a ditional necessity for slaves to support me that mode of life. Yet, after those seasons conflict before hinted at, I became impress with a belief that it was right for me decline this office, and with it any futu advancement to stations in power. Althoug I revere magistracy, confiding in the sacr text, that it is an *ordinance of God*, and b lieving it a great benefit to mankind, wh executed under His holy and preserving fe But, in the present state of governments, apprehend my brethren cannot be acti therein consistent with our high profession, being called to become, through a faithf adherence to Divine monitions, even as so of the first-fruits of the nations unto God, the support of our principle against war, wi which the various governments among m have so much affinity. I was solemnly i pressed with the importance of the trust wh about undertaking the commission, and solved to discharge my duty therein full yet, though I endeavored to perform this the best of my understanding, I never f that peace of soul I desired during my co tinuance in office; this brought me into str scrutiny, and a confirmation succeeded of t truth of our great Master's declaration, '*kingdom is not of this world.*' My mind ha remained steadfastly attached to these sen ments when, at different times since, I ha been solicited to accept of any station eit in the legislative or executive departments government, especially as it considerably fits for the promulgation of peace and go will among men, when there is an embar tion in human policy on its floating sea party spirit, that gendereth envy, malice,

nge, rents, divisions and war; and the undant use of oaths, with frequent perjus, in what relates to matters of governent, appears to me not only a manifest viotion of Christ's injunction to His followers, *wear not at all,*' as what exceedeth the simle and plain communication of '*Yea, yea, d nay, nay, cometh of evil,*' but is also a profnation of the Sacred Name.

"And, indeed, I have felt scrupulous of king an active part at elections, lest I should t only become tinctured with a spirit of rty, but also contribute by my vote to the acing those in power who might become pressors of tender consciences. If we give just occasion of offence, but are in other spects useful members of the community, may be admitted without censure to the ercise of these scruples; and it would be re to the honor as well as blessing of the rld, if the tender conscience was more erished.

"To resume the thread of my narrative: was concerned with two estates, to which longed many of the African race; in one ey were willed to the heirs particularly med, and as executor I conceived I must ercise the government over them, to enable to settle with the heirs. But I was turned idly to consider that I should not be justi- d in doing that for another which I was ly convinced was a sin to do on my own count. The prospect being clear, a solemn pression took place at the time, that I beved to be the language of holy certainty, *t neither I nor mine should ever suffer by discharging them,* which I believe was ver doubted by me. I called them in and them know, so far as I had power, they re free; some who were hired by their own sent I informed they must continue the ie out and they should have their wages, l likewise all their earnings from their ster's death, which was fully complied with my part to the best of my knowledge, and ording to my faith so was the event, the eral heirs, as they arrived at age, liberated slaves and released me.

'I also found an engagement to make restion to those I had held in a state of bonge, for the time so held, which was done ording to the judgment of indifferent men, eed on by myself and the blacks. And on ection I found I had so much hand in ing some as to put me under an obligation release them, which I did to a considerable unt, on my own account, my then wife's, some who belonged to her father and ndfather.

About this time I was appointed on ommittee to labor with the members of Society who held slaves, in order for the convincement of their understandings of the inconsistency of this practice with Christianity; which labor was so far blest that in a little time most of our members liberated theirs. Now great stir was made, as if the country was going to be overturned and ruined. It appeared as if the lying spirit had gone forth to deceive the people. On my setting mine free (I thought it best to put them from me, to manifest they were so), it was circulated that Mifflin had set free a parcel of lazy, worthless negroes; he could make nothing by them, therefore set them at liberty. This reflection had some weight with me, however unjust, and, regarding Scripture injunction, not to let *our good be evil spoken of,* I thought it expedient to propose their having land and teams, and in return they should give me half their produce, which was put in execution with those who chose to accept the terms. Immediately the tune was turned, that Mifflin was making more money by his negroes now than ever, and keeping them in more abject slavery, under the pretence of their being free. I then determined to do what I did believe to be right, not regarding the unbridled tongues of men, and so I have endeavored to act till this time, pressing through both good and evil report.

"Another trial occurred: I felt religiously engaged in testimony against the pernicious use of ardent spirits, so generally prevalent, particularly in time of harvest. We had been in the superfluous use of it in my family, and laying myself out as a candidate for promotion in Government, as before hinted, when in the Commission of the Peace I frequently kept the bottle and bowl on the table from morning till night, it being then, and I fear is yet too much the corrupt manner by which worldly promotion is commonly attained. I now found a sore conflict was to be experienced in attempting a practice so reverse to what I had been in, and in which I should stand alone; and having discharged my slaves, I feared I might never be able to save my grain or carry on my farm to support my family, but the conviction of its rectitude was such that I felt impelled to make the attempt. I had a number of people in my field, a master mason with divers of his hands, among others; I thought if he became reconciled it would tend to settle the minds of his companions, therefore began to discourse with him while he was reaping, when, in a most shocking manner, he damned religion and said he would have rum. This so affected me, I left the field, apprehending I should never be able to stem such a torrent; but seriously pondering on it, and the subject enlarging in my view with increasing weight, it sealed on my spirit that if I should hand

out this liquor and any life by its means be lost, as I had several times seen a danger of being the case, I should not be clear of the blood of such, on which I determined, through Divine assistance, never to use it again on any like occasions, and with thankfulness I may acknowledge I have been favored never to suffer damage through the disuse of it in my fields, and so preserved from the misapplication of it since, that in all my concerns there has not been one pint used, except on particular occasions as medicine, and that but little.

"The late revolution now began to make its appearance, and, as I was religiously restrained from taking any part therein, I had the epithet of Toryism placed on me by interested holders of slaves; insinuations were thrown out that my laboring for the freedom of the blacks was in order to attach them to the British interest; notwithstanding I had liberated mine on the ground of religious conviction before this revolutionary period had arrived. Added to this, on the issue of the bills of credit by Congress, I felt restricted from receiving them, lest I might thereby, in some sort, defile my hands with one of the engines of war; from whence I was further dipped into sympathy with the condition of the blacks, in acting so as to be declared an enemy to my country, and like them thrown out from the benefit of its laws, and this for no other crime but yielding to the impulses of Divine grace or law of God written in my heart, which I ever found the safest ground to move upon. Abundant threats were poured out that my house should be pulled down over my head, that I should be shot, carted, &c. This proved a fiery trial; my soul was almost overwhelmed lest I should bring my family to want, and it might be through a deception. I left my house in the night season and walked into a field, in the bitterness of my soul, and without any sensible relief returned back. On stepping into the door I espied a Testament, and opening it in the 13th chapter of Revelations, found mention there made of a time when none should buy or sell but those who received the mark of the beast in the right hand or forehead; and it fixed in my mind that if I took that money after those impressions I should receive a mark of the bestial spirit of war in my right hand, and then the penalty which is annexed in the ensuing chapter must follow. I then resolved, through the Lord's assistance, which I craved might be afforded, let what would follow, never to deal in any of it. This afforded me some relief, and finding my wife so far united with me as to refuse it likewise (saying, though she did not feel the matter as I did, yet, through fear of weakening my hands, she was most easy not t touch it), I became much strengthened an resigned to suffer what might be allotted feeling at times the prevalence of that powe which delivers from all fear of the malice o men or infernal spirits, and reduces the sou into perfect subjection to the holy will an ordering.

"The war advancing with increasing dis tress, gloomy prospects opened, and clos provings seemed at the door of such wh were measurably redeemed from the spirit c party. Not only our testimony against wa in the support of which our religious Societ have been oft brought under trials, but tha against pulling down or setting up of goverr ments was brought to the test. As there ar those who from full experience know that is not a cunningly devised fable, but the trut of God revealed in the heart, through Hi light and good Spirit, that shows us we ar called to raise the pure standard of the Princ of Peace above all party rage, strife, conter tion, rents and divisions, in the spirit of meek ness and wisdom, and in quietness and conf dence patiently to suffer what may arise fc the promotion of this peaceable governmer of the Shiloh, in and through an innocer life and conversation, wherein the languag is felt of '*Glory to God in the highest, on eart peace and good will to men*'; and this was th experience of many, I am bold to assert i even during the late cruel war, when thou sands of men were endeavoring, in its fierc and voracious spirit, to destroy one anothe Such have been my own sensations when s one view I have beheld both parties, and ha to risk a passage through them. I counte none my enemy; I felt no fear from anythin on my part in thought, word or deed; man times concluding I should have had no obje tion for the two contending generals to hav known my whole heart and conduct, havin at an early period of that calamity been con vinced it would not do for me, even in ide to wander without the boundaries of my pr fessed principles, or I could not expect to b sustained by the secret aid of the God of th faithful, whose everlasting arm of help, wit humble gratitude I may acknowledge, ha been stretched out for my strengthening ar confirmation in a variety of instances; one which was, when called upon among other for the support of *truth*, to appear before th Assembly of Pennsylvania on behalf of ou Friends who were banished from Philade phia to Virginia for the well-known forge and unjust charge on our Society dated fro Spank Town, respecting which some yet u dertake to vilify us, though it hath been fully refuted and cleared up. After whi occurrence I queried with an American of

er of high rank whether he did believe that uld have been wrote in any of our meet-gs? to which he replied, 'he believed it was rote in a meeting-house.' I told him it ould be hard for us to be answerable for all ie crimes committed in our meeting-houses, hen they chose to take them from us by rce; but did he believe it was wrote by any f the Society. His answer was, 'he believed en. Sullivan knew who wrote it.' And hen, on the day of the battle of German-wn, our Yearly Meeting issued a testimony specting our peaceable principles, denying id charge, I was one among others appointed present this to the commander-in-chief of ch army, which was a proving time—to ass through opposing armies, most of whose inds were perhaps agitated and many of iem afresh fired by the spirit of war, from ieir recent engagement; and with no pass-rt or shield to protect us from any merci-ss attack but our own innocence, sheltered y the wing of Divine preservation. Herein was brought into renewed sympathy with ir oppressed African brethren, who are any of them exposed to the uncontrolled wer of man, without any tribunal on all e earth whereunto they can appeal for dress and grievances.

(To be concluded.)

For Friends' Intelligencer

THE GROCERS AND THE DRUGGISTS.

While the friends of temperance are bly battling with the manufacturer, the tel-keeper, the unlicensed retailer, and the ually corrupt and venal politicians, there another source of danger—another class of tailers of intoxicating drinks, who require tention at their hands—the *grocers* and *uggists.* It does not require much observa-n or reflection to perceive how *these* may id do promote and encourage intemperance, ore especially among the young and incip-nt drinkers. This is more particularly true those districts where the local option law in force.

Far be it from me to cast any suspicion on honest and conscientious retailers, and ere are many such, who will undoubtedly ap an honest man's reward for well-doing. it there are others who are not thus honest d conscientious, who have paid a license-e for the privilege of selling alcoholic quors for medical and art purposes, who ail themselves of the opportunity to en-nce the profits by their covert sale, for the *rpose of drink*, whenever they think they n do so with impunity.

These, not being infallible, and often pressed the rivalry of the trade, may find them-lves in the predicament of the lawyer

"Who scarce with teeth and nail
Could hold the eel of business by the tail."

To them, the temptation to illicit traffic is irresitible without the restraints of the law —they not being "*a law unto themselves.*"

But, however careful and scrupulous the vender may be, the sale of intoxicating liquors is always a business of continual danger and perplexity, and ought not to be lightly engaged in. He is ever liable to be deceived by the false pretences and untruthful excuses of his customers. For it is not the professional drunkard who carries his diplomatic honors on his nose. It is not an old veteran from the whisky regiment, uniformed in rags and filth. It is not my uncle Jake, who carried his whisky from the store in his wife's coffee-pot, with the spout on the other side from the handle, and, when he got home, found that it had all leaked out. It is none of these who deceive the retailer and subject him to the unmerited penalty of the law. But it is the man who is well dressed and equipped, and who claims to be temperate, moral, perhaps even religious, and who has not yet been excluded from respectable society on account of his vices. It is the youth whose mother, or *sister* or WIFE may have brushed from his clothing the befoulments of yester-night's debauch, and whose nose has not yet become like Fallstaff's, "A lantern in the poop." These are they who practice deception, too often successfully, on the grocer and the druggist, making them, however reluctantly, participants in the horrible business of drunkard-making.

I said, in a public meeting, some two years ago, that *the time must come when the sale of intoxicating liquors will only be allowed across the druggist's counter, under close restrictions and heavy responsibilities.* I little thought, at that time, that the consideration of this question would be so soon precipitated upon us by the rumsellers themselves. Their open and avowed violation of law and good order; their disregard of all moral obligations to the poor and depraved class of our people; the torrent of crime, pauperism and misery which they are pouring upon us, call aloud for more efficient means to arrest the depopulating scourge. What shall those means be?

As already intimated, the *ultimatum* of temperance must be the restricted and responsible sale of alcoholic liquors across the druggist's counter. This, however, can only be attained by patient, unremitted, unrequited toil.

Let us remember the mighty oak sprang from an acorn; the giant tree of California, from an apparently insignificant germ. So may this magnificent enterprize begin with

some small and obscure retailer, from whose happy influence it may grow and flourish, and assume the grand proportions of the American continent and of the world.

The honest retailer, who feels restricted by his *conscience* more than by the terms of his *license*, can perform his moral obligations to his fellow men, by adopting something like the following plan:

His license allows him to sell for medical and art purposes—nothing more—and imposes penalties for exceeding this limit. It is his right and his duty to know that he does not violate the law. Hence it becomes his right and his duty to know to whom, and for what purpose, the liquor is sold. To obtain this necessary information, let him require every purchaser of the uncompounded and drinkable forms of alcohol, to produce a *prescription* or order from a physician or manufacturer, stating how much, for whose use and for what purpose it is directed, with date, and the signature of the prescriber. The said prescription to be filed and preserved for future use, to exonerate the seller from the charge of violating the law, and to throw the responsibility on the prescriber, in the case of any fraudulent or collusive proceedure. Who will come forward as the pioneer in this reform?

It does not seem probable that we shall soon agree to dispense with the use of alcohol either in medicine, pharmacy or the art-manufactures. But why should we hesitate to place its manufacture and sale under the same supervisory restrictions as are found necessary for other poisons? When there cannot be a doubt but that it is the prolific cause of an hundredfold more deaths than all the other poisonous substances taken together.

If it is found necessary to place *strychnine, arsenic and the etceteras* in bottles bearing the *insignia of death*, why is it not a hundredfold *more necessary* that every vessel containing acoholic poison should be designated in the same manner?

How long must we apply the sarcastic language of the poet to the inveterate habit of drunkenness and its abettors?

> "The large, enormous guilt,
> Safe in its size—too vast for laws to whip—
> Trembles before no bar. Say, Reason, say,
> When will thy long minority expire?
> When will thy dilatory kingdom come?"

E. MICHENER.

Toughkenamon, 24th Eleventh mo., 1874.

KNOW that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be free from care.

To the Editors Friends' Intelligencer:

DEAR FRIENDS,—I think you did right admitting the paper of A. J. P., on the *Doctrine of Eternal Punishment*,* for even erro are sometimes instructive. But I was rejoice to find that you published it under *protest.*

It is not my intention to engage in a co flict of opinions with the author of that pape He has the entire right to his opinions, ar so have I to mine. This balances our a counts.

There is, however, one important point c which I am too obtuse to understand wh his opinion is. He says:

"I apprehend that it [the rejection of th doctrine] has mainly arisen from an *improp* view *that it is incompatible with the charc ter of our Heavenly Father, and His Divi attributes, justice, ineffable love and tend mercy, to inflict an everlasting and vindicti punishment upon His erring children.*"

Having read thus far, I charitably hope that the word "vindictive" was used ina vertently, but as I read on *per contra.* " am inclined to state what to me is entirel clear, and *to exonerate our Divine Fath from the charge of vindictiveness.*"

If vindictive punishment is not *incompa ible* with the Divine attributes, why labor *exonerate* Him from the charge? If, on th contrary, he found it necessary to rebut th charge, why did he not recur back, and e punge the hateful word from the senten first quoted?

To my feeble comprehension, *vindictivene* is strangely enough coupled with *ineffal love and tender mercy*, either in God or ma With the One it is impossible; with th other it is cruel and wicked. E. M.

Toughkenamon, 12th mo. 6th, 1874.

[The following tribute, which we believe be a just one, is taken from the Wilmingt "*Every Evening*" of the 8th inst.—EDS.]

OBITUARY.

THE DEATH OF JOSEPH BANCROFT.

Joseph Bancroft died at his residence, Rockford, near this city, at fifteen minut before 12 o'clock yesterday, after a lingeri illness of Bright's disease of the kidneys, many months' duration, accompanied painful suffering, which he bore with a for tude and patience worthy of the pure a noble Christian life he has led. Though h sufferings have for some time past been ve great, the last few hours of his life were ea and he passed away without a struggle. Th peacefully ended as pure, consistent, uprig and useful a life as ever blessed this or a

* The italics are mine throughout.

ther community with its example, influence nd activity.

Deceased was born on April 7th, 1803, at Manchester, England, his parents being John nd Elizabeth Bancroft. They were mem ers of the religious Society of Friends, and elonged to an old Lancashire family of that ith, and the mother, while yet Elizabeth Wood, accompanied a minister of the Society ho came to this country on a religious visit me years before her marriage.

Joseph received his education at Ackworth chool, an institution under the charge of riends, and quitting school at fourteen, he as apprenticed to his uncle, Jacob Bright, ther of the celebrated John Bright, in the ring of 1817, serving an apprenticeship of ven years.

In the spring of 1824, he left England to in his family in this country, where they had migrated during his apprenticeship, and ttled in Wilmington. When he arrived, s father and family were living in the house w occupied by Joseph Tatnall, in the Ninth Ward, and it was frequently mentioned by eceased as a most curious fact, that though was the second of thirteen children, the ght he arrived in Wilmington was the first me they were ever all gathered at once un- r the same roof.

Joseph found his father and brothers en- ged in the manufacture of flannel in the ilding just north of the Brandywine, near e bridge, afterward occupied for years as a achine shop by Jessy Urmy, and destroyed fire some years ago. He helped them in e business for a year or two and then took arge of the cotton mills of the Young fam- y, at Rockland, where Jessup & Moore's per mills now stand.

In the spring of 1831, he bought the prop- ty where the Rockford Mills and village requently called Bancroft's Banks) now and. There were then only two small uses, besides his own residence, on the place, hile now there are from sixty to seventy ere, besides the extensive mill buildings, brary, etc. Here, forty-three years ago, he gan the honorable and useful business ca- er which ended only with his life. He had any a hard struggle with adverse fortune, t met every difficulty with courage. A eat disaster overtook him in the great flood 1839, which carried away his dam, along ith all others on the Brandywine, flooding e mill and destroying all his stock. Then felt overwhelmed and offered to surrender e whole property to the late Thomas Jan- er, who had furnished him largely with the eans for starting the business, but that gen- man refused to permit any such sacrifice d assisted him to a new start. Deceased was always glad in saying anything of his own personal history to make prominent mention of this generous act, and we feel that his family and friends will approve of its mention here.

In business he was enterprising and always seeking improvements, and in his mills were introduced some of the first "self-acting mules" and "fly frames" ever built in America, and the heads of the "mules" then introduced are still in use. There, also, the finishing process for some descriptions of goods was first brought up to the English standard of excellence, after many years of study and experiment, involving a journey by deceased to England in 1854, for the purpose of inspecting the mills there. But that which has peculiarly and honorably marked his business career has been his just and Christian relations with those in his employ. While managing for the Young's he saw the evils of the "store-pay" system there in vogue, by which the men were kept constantly in debt, and resolved that whenever he went into business for himself he would pay his hands in cash, a policy he adopted immediately on starting his mills and which he adhered to without a single failure throughout his business career, though he barely escaped a failure of the kind once during the dark and dismal days of the panic of 1857. He at the same time encouraged the men to leave as much of their wages as possible in his hands, allowing them interest on their balances. Owing to this, many men who have come to the mills with nothing but the clothes they wore, have gone West with sufficient of their earnings saved to buy and stock a farm. The utmost care for the comfort and welfare of the men always marked his dealings with them and a free library was established for their use. The result of this policy was the establishment of most kindly relations between him and the men, and during the whole forty-three years since the mills were established there have been very few strikes, while the mills have so rarely stopped in good times or bad, that the hands have a saying that "Bancroft's never stop."

In 1829, the deceased married Sarah, daughter of William and Sarah Poole, of this city, by whom he had two sons who became his partners in 1865, forming the present firm of Joseph Bancroft & Sons.

He has always maintained his connection with the religious Society of which he was a birthright member, at the time of the division, going with the branch commonly called "Hicksites," and he has been an earnest and consistent liver, as well as professor of its doctrine of peace on earth and good will toward men. He never approved of the sep-

aration of the Society into two parts, and came to consider it a very grievous mistake, and in the latter years of his life he devoted a great part of his time to indefatigable efforts to effect a reconciliation and reunion, and a few months ago he published a book on the subject entitled "A Persuasive to Unity." He also was the author of many religious tracts. He almost wore himself out in his efforts to restore unity to the Society, and probably his labors in this behalf hastened the disease which finally caused his death.

In this hasty sketch we cannot pay any just tribute to the noble life and character of one who, take him all in all, stands in our mind as the best realization of manliness and sweetness, strength and tenderness, it has ever been our privilege to know, and whose benignant face and commanding form will ever stand fixed indelibly in our memory as those of one who realized and typified in his person and life, the character of a true Christian gentleman.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 19, 1874.

BLUE RIVER QUARTERLY MEETING.—A valued correspondent furnishes the following account of his attendance of Blue River Quarterly Meeting, which occurred recently:

"With a friend from this city, I recently attended Blue River Quarterly Meeting, much to our comfort, and, I trust, to our strength and growth.

"The comfortable meeting-house was quite filled; a large proportion present being young men and women. Their solid deportment and apparent interest in the business of the Meeting, and evident participation in the religious exercises that attended the several sittings on Seventh and First-days, were a source of hope and joy, as we saw with the eye of faith a steady succession of earnest workers for the Truth coming forward to help those now actively engaged in the service. Our friend S. B. W., of Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, Iowa, was in attendance, and favored, we thought, in his service, in and out of meeting.

"Although we arrived at the house of our friend A. M. in a snow-storm, at the close of a ride of 18 miles, and too late to attend the Sixth-day Meeting, and started with this friend about half-past two o'clock in the morning, Second-day, riding 13 miles by star-light, in an open wagon, with the mercury 14 degrees below zero, we still felt our spirits light, and attuned to songs of praise for the visit and its attendant blessings."

Twelfth month, 1874.

THE SUPERNATURAL.—In taking up thi subject, we are conscious of treading upo debated ground, but it is not the supernatura connected with religion that *alone* concern us. There is a vast amount palmed off o the credulous and succeptible for spiritua revelations that is not to be found in th records of Christianity, and makes no clain to religion; it is this that is undermining an making shipwreck of the faith of many in al denominations.

We should scarcely have noticed this sub ject, did we not know that it is leading cap tive very many from whom we ought to ex pect better things. Books are written to es tablish its claims, essays and advertisements concerning its mysteries, occupy the column of newspapers, and social gatherings are en tertained with accounts of séances and appa ritions, that have the odor of the myths an oracles of by-gone ages.

The supernatural that claims Divine inter position, and is connected with the religion o the Bible, is now undergoing the crucial test o criticism and patient investigation, from whic it has no occasion to shrink. The intelligen believer in the Divine origin of the *hope* tha animates him, must rejoice at every hones effort that is made to lift the religion whic he professes out of the mists of error an superstition in which it has, for so many age been shrouded.

When men were ignorant of the *laws* tha regulated matter, they might be excused fo believing that these could be suspended an resume action to meet human emergencies and the faith that was confirmed and strengt ened by such interpretations, doubtless wa accepted and "counted for righteousness" b Him "whose tender mercies are" (as d clared by these same interpreters) "over a His works."

Since, however, it is being demonstrated b yond a doubt, that each atom of organic ma ter is vitalized and moves in obedience to e tablished law, it becomes the duty of ever one capable of reasoning, to exercise a wis discrimination in this matter, lest the Divi Being be dishonored by the acceptance some tradition of the past, which but impe fectly interprets the attributes of his chara

er, and contradicts the revelations of Himself to the individual consciousness.

We cannot believe that it is the part of true wisdom to shun investigation. It is not possible for Truth to become emancipated in one direction and remain in the swaddling clothes of superstition in another, for the relations of cause and effect in the visible world, to be demonstrated by experiment, and the intangible but no less certain facts of spiritual entity remain where the early fathers of the Church left them.

There is a disposition still to take for the basis of investigation, respecting the supernatural in religion, the formula that was constructed on a level with the interpretations of the Divine economy that prevailed in the first centuries, and are found throughout the Hebrew records; and, reasoning from that stand-point, reject every proposition that is likely to call in question the premises already assumed; just as it has been in the struggle respecting the Natural Sciences. Minds entirely sincere, but travelling in a circumscribed orbit of thought, formulated a theory of the origin of the universe, stamped it with what they claimed to be the Divine signet, and utterly condemned the individual who had the boldness to dissent. Happily for the race, the light of science penetrated the caverns of blind belief, and, disclosing the *true seal and superscription* of *the Divine Architect* on ALL His *works*, is fast clearing away the mould and debris of tradition and error.

It is reasonable to believe that the same course will be pursued in relation to that imponderable, invisible essence which we know as spirit. Why should we fear to have the most searching analysis turned upon this subject? No possible harm *can* come to that which is worthy of being cherished by the candid and conscientious mind; and when we see how easy it is to influence a large proportion of the human family to believe the grossest and most palpable errors respecting the supernatural, we do well to encourage every proper effort to disseminate clearer views respecting the relation between spirit and its material environment.

It is to be lamented that so many persons suffer themselves to be drawn into the snares and delusions by which weak or designing ignorance professes to bridge the gulf that lies between the *known* and the *beyond*. Truth loves the light; wrong and error seek the covert of darkness.

If we put ourselves in the way of communion with the Father of spirits, He will not withhold his presence; and if we can have intercourse with Him, why turn to any questionable source? The life that is given us has its daily needs; if we are not satisfied to be supplied as they are made known, but desire to pry into that which is not yet ours, we forestall the purpose and intent of our being, and wrong both the present and the future. Our past experience needs no revelator; *it* has been ours, and we know the lesson it taught. It is the part of true wisdom to let the future unfold in the order of its progression. If it had been the intention of our Creator that we should see what it holds in store, doubtless He would have so endowed us; that it has not been, should satisfy us that the present ordering is for our highest good.

To those who are craving to know more than the present reveals, we would say, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth none, and it shall be given him."

DIED.

BROWN.—At Pendleton, Indiana, Eleventh month 21st, 1874, of pulmonary consumption, Annie Brown, daughter of Elwood and Mary Ann Brown, in the 18th year of her age.

During an illness of nearly three years, this dear, young Friend bore her sufferings with Christian patience and fortitude, and continued to believe she should recover until a few days before her death, when she was observed to be more than usually serious, and informed her parents that she had just realized that her end was near at hand, and expressed a desire that if she could not get well, she might die soon and be released from her sufferings. From this time till her death, she sank rapidly, with very severe suffering at times, and during one of her paroxysms, she was heard to exclaim, "Oh, why don't He take me; the time seems long!" She retained her faculties, and recognized her friends, till the last moment, then quietly and peacefully sank to rest, in the full hope of a blissful immortality.

JANNEY.—On Tenth month 22d, 1874, at the residence of her son, Mahlon T. Janney, Letitia, widow of Stephen Janney, formerly of Loudon Co., Va. She was in the 89th year of her age, and gave evidence by a meek and quiet spirit that, in her daily walk, she relied upon the Divine Arm for support.

HULL.—Eleventh month 11th, 1874, Harriet Hull, widow of the late Thos. I. Hull, in the 77th year of

her age; a faithful and consistent member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

The testimony borne at the close, by one who had known her well in active life, was, "She hath done what she could."

MOORE.—Near Milton, Wayne Co., Indiana, on the 11th of Eleventh month, 1874, Theresa, wife of William Moore, in the 28th year of her age; a member of Milford Monthly Meeting.

RULON.—At Milton, Wayne Co., Indiana, Daniel Rulon, in the 75th year of his age; a member of Milford Monthly Meeting. He was borne in the State of New Jersey 25th of Sixth month, 1800, removed to Indiana in 1828. His last illness was protracted, but was borne with a peaceful resignation and assurance.

STAR.—At Buck Creek, a branch of Hopewell Monthly Meeting in Virginia, on the 28th ult., James M. Star, aged about 60 years; a member of Fairfax Monthly Meeting.

He had been summoned there on account of the illness of his sister Lydia Ann Robinson, who deceased before his arrival. He attended her funeral —was immediately attacked with pneumonia, and, in less than one week, he, too, had passed away. His remains were brought to his home at Waterford, and from thence, on the 1st inst, was buried at Friends' burying-ground at Fairfax. They were both worthy members of the Society of Friends.

HACKNEY.—Tenth month 1st, 1874, Sallie E., second daughter of Aaron H. and Sarah H. Hackney (the former deceased), in the 25th year of her age; a member of Hopewell Monthly Meeting, Frederick Co., Va. Her life was a true type of modesty and virtue, with unselfish devotion to the comforts of those around her shining throughout her long sickness, which proved to be consumption. She died sitting in her chair, patiently waiting for the final summons. After taking an affectionate farewell of each of her loved ones with an impressive exhortation to prepare for the change that must sooner or later come to all, and leaving a message of love for her distant friends, she added, "I am willing to go and perfectly resigned to my Heavenly Father's will, and now realize the meaning of demise;" and when asked if she desired prayer offered in her behalf, replied, "prayer to be effectual should be an individual work, and I have not been unmindful of that duty."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

ONWARD TO VIENNA.

No. 27.

(Continued from page 669.)

How we took or final farewell of Munich on the 8th of the Tenth month, and journeyed by rail to Passau on the Danube, passing Freising on the Isar, a little ancient town, dignified with a Romanesque Cathedral and the seat of an episcopal see ever since the eighth century; and passing the old-fashioned, picturesque city of Landshut, with its castle and its lofty tower, and here taking leave of the Isar; and darting off thence towards the northeast to the very ancient town of Straubing on the Danube, and thence down the valley of the Danube, through a mild October afternoon, to the town of Passau, is a very simple story. As we leave Munich, the ghostly Alpine summits to the southward sink back and disappear, and across the level plain around us we see no compensating ridges to break the monotony. Everywhere the soil is being prepared for the autumn sowing, and those fields which have not yet been touched with the plough are brown from the long drought. The homes are small and poor-looking, and the people seem not very numerous; but from the window of a railway carriage one's observations are not very valuable.

Our road crosses the Isar and the Vils, and before we enter Passau we cross the Inn, now just reaching its destination after its long windings and wanderings among the glorious Alpine hills. Its waters are yet whitish with the tribute of the glaciers, and the Danube is a pure dark green, having had a less stormy origin, or having travelled in less troubled ways. They meet now for the first time at the foot of the ancient town of Passau, the Castra Batava of the Romans, and join hands unhesitatingly for the long and devious journey to the far Euxine. From the north, out of the mysterious depths of the Bavarian Forest hills, comes the dark-tinted Ils, to mingle its stream also with the current which is to bear us onward on the morrow. We know somewhat of the lands from which the Inn has gathered its wealth of waters, but the dark valleys to the northward, whence the Ils has gleaned its tribute, we have only seen from a distance, as the iron steed whirled us onward to-day past its southern border. This mountain-district is 1800 square miles in area, and is covered with pine and beech forests, much of which is wild and neglected. We are told that terrific hurricanes often occur here in winter, and root up the ancient trees, and that the fallen giants are sometimes left lying for years, rendering many paths impassable. There are said to be good carriage roads through this forest mountain land, and the unpretending inns are accounted comfortable. It would be very interesting to make an excursion into this silent country of romantic mystery, from the wild legends of which so many curious German stories have been builded. But we must be content to look from a distance on the dark-wooded hills and pass them by for the present, having taken our long hours of woodland loitering in the Alpine land.

If I could give an idea of the fortress-like Hotel Wilder Mann (Wild Man) in which we spent our one night in Passau, it might serve as a picture of the style of building in vogue in the long ago. It is accounted the best hotel in this town of more than 13,000 people, and must be a building of great antiquity. We enter a low heavy arch into a

stable like area, in which is a carriage. The walls are of enormous thickness, and massive pillars and arches sustain the weight of the stories above. We ascend a stairway of solid granite, and find the next story also arched and the floor in the passage of marble plates. But we must rise higher; so we ascend another rocky stair to the third floor, where we find another set of arches, only less massive, and are ushered into a bed chamber large enough to have accommodated ten people. Everything was huge and massive, and we object to such a mighty apartment, explaining our preference for two single rooms. Again we ascend, and find ourselves on the fourth floor, the hall of which is also of marble, and is lighted by a sky-light. Here are rooms, and we are on high in this old Danubian city. The immense strength of these mediæval buildings suggests the dark days of violence, when such dismal strength was required to defend the inmates from marauding foes. In some of the houses of Passau, we noted the lower story was quite without windows, and where there were small windows to the lower part of the houses, they were defended by strong iron bars. The steep, narrow streets add to the gloomy, forbidding appearance of the city; and just over the river, the extensive and imposing fortress of Oberhaus crowns a precipitous and wooded height, and looks sternly down upon the town.

In the middle ages, when Passau was an independent bishopric, the Oberhaus frequently served as a refuge to the bishops from civil broils, and, truly, from that imposing height the shepherd might overlook his flock with ease, even when he could not lead it.

We find time to look into the Cathedral, which boasts of a life-time of six centuries, and to admire its massive strength. It looks as if it might last six hundred years more. On the west side of the platz in front of the Cathedral is the Post-Office, interesting as being the place where the Treaty of Passau, by which religious toleration was first established, was concluded between the Elector Maurice, of Saxony, and the Emperor Charles V.

We pass through the market-place in the rear of the cathedral, and take a last look at the Bavaria country-people, who have brought the products of their lands here for barter. Dark, serious, silent-looking people they are, like the forest shades whence many of them have come, and we buy some of the fruits, white grapes and purple, to help out our noonday meal on the steamer.

The Danube has now assumed its predestined rank as the greatest river of Europe, being enlarged and strengthened by its tributaries, and the little narrow steamer stands ready to receive us. She will bear us safely down the river, no doubt, but she is strangely devoid of luxuries. Here is a seat on deck, however, and inasmuch as we are the only first-class passengers, we shall have abundance of space, and no annoyance from smokers. The forward part of the boat is accounted second-class, and Germans almost always prefer the cheapest quarters. In this boat the second-class is quite as good as the first, and even better, being safe from the black deposit which the smoke-pipe occasionally showers down, and to be in the vicinity of others is no objection to an enlightened traveller, or to any one seeking enlightenment.

And so we pass from beneath the shadow of the stern fortress onward towards other lands. Bavaria still looks down upon us from the wooded heights on the north, but looks weird and lonely—a strange contrast to the artistic magnificence of her capital city. The castle of Krempelstein perches on an abrupt cliff on the Austrian side, while Obernzell, the last Bavarian village, famous for its pottery, stands upon the left bank. Our steamer touches here, and tourists who wish to penetrate the forestland may make an entrance at this point. An active walker, with knapsack and staff, could in a few days get an idea of the manners, customs and homes of a people of a past age. Railways have not penetrated here, and the people who dwell in the silence of these shadowy hills are untroubled by the restless march of civilization, which gives no rest to those who dwell near the world's great highways in this age of transition.

The abrupt, lofty banks of the Danube reminds one of the Rhine, but the mountains are higher, and generally clothed with forests, and the population very scanty. The habitations are very poor and desolate-looking, and we see hardly any evidence of happy activity, such as lends so great a charm to the vine-clad banks of the Rhine. As we wind round among the mountains, we pass towers and ancient castles on the heights, some still in ruins, and some still inhabited.

And now the channel of the river contracts to nearly half its former width, and is confined between steep, wooded mountains, from 600 to 1,000 feet high. The dark river is shadowed by its solemn banks, and, as if to heighten the sombre tone of the picture, the sunshine is hidden for a time by a dark cloud-veil as our bark winds round the promontory, on which once stood a strong castle, destroyed by the Emperor Maximilian I. There is a charm in this sheltered wildness and romantic gloom, after our sojourn in the level plains of Bavaria, where one longs vainly for the restful green wall of the mountains, and we

wish the panorama prolonged endlessly. But at length the mountains seem to forsake us, and the Danube, released from their embrace, emerges into a broad plain. To the southward, we see the dim outlines of the Austrian Alps; but the river is now broken by wooded islands, and, as we wind among them, all view of distant objects is lost. From this point to Linz, and even beyond, the entire valley was the scene of many fierce battles in the seventeenth century, when the peasantry rose in rebellion against their oppressors. Less fortunate than the Swiss, they were not able to shake off their yoke. At Neuhaus, we are shown the spot where they barricaded the Danube with chains, to prevent the Bavarians from rendering assistance to the Austrian governor, who was besieged at Lintz. To the right a town is visible, which is said to belong to one of the most ancient places in Upper Austria. It marks the village of Efferding, mentioned in the Nibelungen-Lied as the place where Criemhilda passed a night, on her journey to the land of the Huns.

But now the fair city of Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, comes in view, and as we approach it we get a charming, deliberate view of the city. It looks bright and cheerful, and fine hotels stand on the river-banks ready to give us hospitable welcome. We land; and, after making our arrangements for the night, find we have an hour or two of beautiful sun-set light, by which to see something of Linz and its environs. It is a town of over 30,000 inhabitants, and, like all cities in Europe, has a wealth of fine church edifices to show to travellers. But we think it would be more profitable to take a drive to the heights, on which stands the tower of Freinberg, erected by Archduke Maximilian, before the town of Linz was first fortified. It is now a church, and adjacent to it is a boys' seminary. There are fine views from the platform of the tower, but the priestly fathers who reside here do not desire the visits of ladies. Our driver, therefore, takes us to a point further north, where a wooden tower of about seventy steps gives us a splendid evening view of Linz and its surroundings. Far away to the southward rise the Styrian Alps, with their snow-fields and glaciers, while all around us is a fair land, diversified with hill and dale. The windings of the Danube may be traced for a long distance in both directions, now pushing its way between steep mountain-banks, now wandering bewildered among its alluvial islands, and then again gathering up its forces to make a way between the hills. The last beams of the setting sun gave a strange glory to the mountain-world. The soft, violet tints which bathe the Styrian heights and glaciers to-night, can never be described fittingly by such words as mine, and even the painter must acknowledge that such ethereal beauty is beyond his utmost skill. What revelations are the snow-hills, tinted with the amethystine glory of sun-set, of the supreme beauty of this earth, and what eloquent suggestions do they give of the heavenly glory of which poets and sages of all ages have loved to dream! I marvel not that the poetic Greek imagined that the immortal gods had their dwelling-place on the inaccessible heights of Olympus. But in these days we have scaled the hills, and have found no gods among the cloudy summits; neither do we find naïads in the fountain, nor dryads in the greenwood. "Great Pan is dead!" And the divinity to which we pay our tribute of allegiance, dwelleth higher than the mountain-top, deeper than the fountain in the vale, and yet is very near, not far from any one of us.

Our departure from Linz was very deliberate. The promise of the early morning hour was excellent, but as the sun rose, a dense fog seemed to settle on the Danube, and our prudent and phlegmatic captain objected to commencing our long day's journey till the exhalations of the morning had lifted so that he could see his way clearly. The navigation of this swiftly moving river is rather difficult, and just now the waters are very low in consequence of long continued drought in the lands above. At length the sunshine pierces the mist, and the banks of the river are already defined again; when we start off in fine style, joyfully anticipating a day of unmixed enjoyment of river scenery. The mist veil is no disadvantage, lending a little tinge of mystery, and giving a delusive look of distance to the banks. Our steamer is beautiful and most comfortable, something like our river boats at home; and having the great advantage of a little saloon shut off from the rest where no smoking is allowed, we promise ourselves a day of untroubled calm—a sort of dream life—when from our elevated upper deck we can picture for ourselves the dim, almost forgotten ages when Roman and Goth struggled for mastery on this border land. In yonder lonely-looking habitation, I seem to see a type of the rude home of the ancient Dacians, whence the stern Romans brought the fierce, strong-limbed men, whose doom it was to die for their amusement in the gladiatorial games of the Coliseum.

The south bank of the Danube is flat below Linz, the north being moderately elevated and densely wooded. The river makes a curve to the north and large islands divide the current. In about an hour we pass the little town of Mauthhausen on the left bank opposite to which the green Ems enters the

ow cloudy Danube, and far along we can race its crystal purity before it fully loses tself in the mightier waters of the father iver. And now the north bank loses its bruptness and we are passing through a lain. The steward of the boat pays us a isit on the upper deck to inform us that the iver is so low that the spacious and elegant Kronprinz Rudolph cannot go over the rapids o-day, and in a short time we must be trans-erred to another and a smaller craft till the angerous places are passed. If we want ny "restauration," he tell us, we must take t now, for there will be none on the other oat. Soon we come to rest and to cast an-hor in the midst of the rapid, widening tream and await the coming of the dusky raft, who is a friend indeed to-day.

"He who is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee at thy need."

And so we pass regretfully from the lordly, ut incompetent Kronprinz, to the poor-ooking, but serviceable little tug, which has o luxuries at all, and can hardly give us eats on her unwashed deck. The river turns bruptly to the north, and is again crowded nto narrow limits between high mountains, orest-clad. We pass the pretty little town f Grein, nestled at the footstool of the spa-ious castle-like seat of the Duke of Coburg. Here ridges of rock project into the river, nd seem to trouble its waters in their hur-ied onward course, and a large island on the orth side is another impediment to the import-nt stream. The main arm now descends in apids called the Strudel (turbulent or gurg-ing waters), once considered very danger-us. But the perilous rocks have been so far emoved or modified by blasting that the pas-age is now thought quite safe, and we felt ntirely calm as the staunch little boat lunges down the swift current. This must ave been a weird place in other days when he robber stronghold, now a heap of ruins, ooked grimly down from the heights above, nd death lay in wait among the pitiless ocks below. Better are these days.

A little lower down, the river is again ob-tructed by a lofty intruding rock, the Haus-tein, surmounted by a ruined tower. This auses a strong eddy, once a dangerous whirl-ool, now only a swift rapid, down which we lunge, nothing daunted, and our dangers re over. These rapids are very tame, in-eed, when we recall the terrific glories of he rapids of the St. Lawrence, with their owerful, dashing waves and exciting spice f danger, so attractive to those in whom the rimeval savage is not altogether subdued.

Now, that the difficult places are past, our erviceable little friend in need anchors and waits the coming of another fine steamer, to which we are transferred, and we proceed on our voyage in the same state as in the morning. And onward we go, bending and turning in obedience to the force of circumstances, and finding new beauties and unexpected sublimity all around. We pass the mouth of the Ips, and in a few minutes we have reached the considerable town of Mahrbach. On the hill which overlooks it, 1,300 feet high, we see the large pilgrimage church of Maria Taferl, to which it is said 100,000 devotees annually resort. Even as we gaze, a band of worshippers is approaching the town from the other side of the river, singing and praying. And now, of all things, we would like to follow them to their shrine, and see for ourselves the consummation of this curious and poetic act of faith. But the evening shades will soon be upon us, and our steamer must not linger, even if she had the will, for we are yet a long way from Vienna, and the lordly Danube is only to be navigated with care and by the light of day. This swift and powerful flood is utilized by the people as it rolls onward, and undershot wheels are frequently to be seen (only less frequent than the windmills of Holland), of which the work seems to be to grind the grain. The axle of the wheel rests on two boat-like floating supports, and the little mill communicates with the motive power in some mysterious way which we could not investigate. The steady movement of the wheels gives a vivid impression of the rapidity of the current, which, were it not for the frequent bends, must render the Danube unnavigable. The banks of the river are defended by stone, and in some of the more exposed places by solid masonry. Where this precaution has not been taken, the force of the stream washes and undermines the shore, and trees and shrubs with great masses of earth are sinking to destruction. And now the Erlaf, a tortuous mass of rivers pours its flood into the Danube, and we reach Pochlarn, the traditional residence of Rudiger of Pochlarn, one of the heroes of the Nibelungen-Lied, who entertained Criemhilda on her journey to the land of the Huns. On the other side of the stream, a picturesque old pinnacled castle, with towers, recently restored, is pointed out to us, also said to have been erected by the same renowned Rudiger. Endless are the romantic legends which cluster round the ruined castles of the Danube, but not interesting, perhaps, except to those who have floated by their crumbling walls, and have noted the exceeding beauty of the lofty heights which they crown.

Just at nightfall we pass the ruined castle of Durrenstein, where Richard of the Lion Heart was held a prisoner for many weary

months, while traitorous hands in England trifled with his royal sceptre. Amid so many legends of cruelty and violence, it is pleasant to be reminded of the loyal minstrel's faithful love for his Prince, and I seem to see him in the evening light clambering up the steep crags to try once more if his oft-repeated song would find a response from the tower. Little thought the Crusading King that more than all his deeds of daring among the paynims, mankind would remember from age to age the gentle story of the devoted love and painful quest of Blondel.

For a long distance we have a fine view of the great monastery of Gottweih on its lofty and picturesque hill. It is beautiful for situation, and as the sunset-light gilds its imposing towers and pinnacles, we get an idea of its astonishing magnificence as well as its vast extent. Neither king nor Kaiser can boast of a grander dwelling-place than this Benedictine cloister as it looks to-night.

We touch for a minute or two at the old town of Tulln, mentioned in the "Nibelungen-Lied," and memorable as the place where the Germans and Poles united their forces in 1683 for the repulse of the Turks, who threatened Vienna, and would have planted their standard on its walls but for this timely succor. But the veil of night falls on the noble river, and a chill breath from the mountain heights of the Vienna walde (wood or forest) obliges us to retire to the cabin. The prudent captain stands patiently at his place on the bridge, and the boat moves on with unabated speed till the last rays of the twilight have gone, and then the verdict is given that we must be content to spend the night at rest on the river.

There is a cheery company in the saloon when we enter, and they all seem disposed to accept the inevitable very gracefully. To sleep on the boat is not very pleasant, for we have not the comfort of state-rooms, and the night is chill and we are not supplied with enough wraps to enable us to defy the cold. We must shiver all night, it seems, and only sleep by piece meal, but we shall enter Vienna by the morning-light and see her in her sabbath day garb, on this our first visit, and in this thought there is great consolation. Of this long, long night it is useless to speak, but the morning came, and as soon as the river was fully visible from bank to bank, we resumed our journey and were soon in sight of the beautiful city of the Kaisers.

Vienna is situated on a plain 500 feet above the sea level, on the south bank of the Danube. Our steamer transfers us to a smaller vessel in which we enter the canal which makes a curve up into the midst of the city. It is a beautiful stream of swiftly-moving water, and its sloping sides are neatly paved with smooth granite blocks, and frequent flights of steps lead from the street above to the water below. Everything is neat and bright, and we soon touch the wharf of Franz Joseph's quay, just in front of the palace-like Hotel de la Metropole, and step out of the little steamer into this stately and splendid capital of the Austrian realm And here we rest. S. R.

Tenth mo. 14th, 1874.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO TEACHERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor :—As the Christmas vacation is near at hand, the pupils of the Public Schools are looking forward to their holiday season with anticipations of much pleasure and relaxation from their studies for a short season. The subject of making Christmas presents to their teachers is fast assuming a tangible shape ; subscription papers are passed around the classes, meetings are held (sometimes in the class-room) at recess, before the opening of the session or at the close of the school, and this too often with the knowledge of the teacher, and in many cases with their permission. Pupils not subscribing on the first solicitation are waited upon daily and urged by their comrades to make a contribution to the fund. Many are thus compelled to give who have no sympathy with the movement, and only contribute because of the pressure from their fellow-pupils.

Then follows the appointment of parties to make the purchases, and to deliver the presentation speech. Thus the pupils are demoralized as far as the attention to their studies is concerned for weeks. The teachers cannot fail to see the undue attention given to such matters. While appreciating the kind regard of the pupils, the whole affair is open to such abuses, that justice to teacher and pupil demands that the practice should be discouraged, and, if neceesary, legislation should be invoked to abolish it. In some of our sister cities, there is a prohibition against teachers in the public schools receiving presents from their pupils, and it is worthy of consideration by the Board of Public Education of this city, whether similar legislation ought to be adopted to correct said practices. The teachers of one of the largest public schools, and among those of the highest grade, have recently resolved to absolutely refuse all presents on such occasions. X.

[The practice is a mischievous one, and ought to be strictly forbidden. The parents of many of the children cannot afford such exactions.—Ed. Ledger.]

Be not wise in thine own eyes.—Prov. 3 : 7.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LESSON OF THE VIOLET.

BY M. W. P.

he street was but a narrow one at best,
And hedged along by houses, dark and high,
hat stood like prison walls, and showed between
A slender thread of blue, unclouded sky.
elow, in ragged swarms, the children played,
And took their life's first lessons in the street,
losed in by barriers of sin and vice,
Unknowing anything more pure and sweet.

ere, every day, a missionary came,
A pious man, and not a canting priest,
ho made religion seem an empty name,
Or contradiction of its name, at least.
e brought them food to eat, and clothes to wear,
And sheltered them as much as he had power,
nd after that, he tried to draw them up
Above the wants and passions of the hour.

e taught them goodness in the highest way,
By showing in himself an instance true,
he while he taught the children in his talks
The little love and kindness that they knew;
nd yet, one day, his tender heart was sad,
And, worn with teaching, suffering and care,
e left them, sorrowful, and went away,
To ease his burden with the aid of prayer.

seemed to him that all the weary years
Through which his labors never ceased a day,
ad borne him only idle weeds and tares,
And had been precious moments thrown away.
ut, as he knelt, a voice upon his ear
Smote with the music of a chiming bell,
Go yet once more; and then, returning here,
A different tale from this, thy tongue shall tell."

he missionary went, with faithful heart,
With willing feet, with eager, seeking eyes;
nd, as he walked along the narrow street,
He saw a sight that filled him with surprise.
mong the rubbish, underneath a spout,
With constant drops of running water wet,
mid the filth, and mire, and dust thrown out,
Arose, on slender stem, a violet.

tiny flower—a flower that one rude touch
Might break and cast away—stood there alone,
prising to the sun its purple cup,
As if the place had been by choice its own;
adaunted by the clamor of the street,
Unterrified by threatening shout and cry,
stood its ground, a thing so fair and sweet,
It seemed a bright reflection of the sky.

ıe missionary touched it with his hand,
As if, from its soft leaf, new strength to gain,
ıen went his way, rejoicing in his heart,
That hope and joy had risen up from pain;
ıd though, for many years, he labored on,
Though doubts sometimes arose to dim his sight,
ıough sometimes for the shining of the sun
He looked in vain, and all was dark as night—

still hoped on; and in the course of time
Came his reward, and bless'd him sixty-fold;
ıd from the mire and filth within the street,
Among the houses, sin-defiled and old,
w life sprung up; and, like the violet,
He saw his answer, growing up each day,
ıd he was thankful for the little flower
That held him up from fainting by the way.

icago, Twelfth mo. 4th, 1874.

From the Public Ledger of the 9th inst.

WHAT THE "TRANSIT" MEANS.

Those of our readers who can recall their first lessons in astronomy will remember the familiar statement that "the sun is ninty-five millions of miles (in round numbers) from the earth." This was the orthodox astronomical belief for a hundred years before the last "transit of Venus" (1760), and remained so for nearly a hundred years after that event. Some closer calculations of the observations of that transit, which were completed by the astronomer Encke, about the year 1824, made the distance from the centre of the earth to the centre of the sun 95,370,000 miles. So the old formula of ninety-five millions of miles remained sufficiently accurate for popular use, and so retained its place in the school astronomies. But it was not yet precise enough for the use of the nautical almanac makers—those practical astronomers and mathematical computers, who have to calculate the movements and positions of the heavenly bodies for several years in advance, for the use of navigators of the high seas. These latter, in making their perilous voyages through the pathless waste of waters, have no sure guides but their chronometers and the movements and positions of the sun, moon and stars. It is, therefore, in the highest degree essential to their safety that the chances for error in the nautical almanacs shall be reduced to the lowest possible minimum. It is for this reason that there is so much solicitude concerning the precise distance of the earth from the sun and the moon and the other heavenly bodies within our planetary system; it is for this reason that such minute, careful and exhaustive observations are made; it is for this reason that not only years, but centuries, are devoted to continuous observations; and finally it is for this reason that there is so much discussion just now of the present "Transit of Venus" across the face of the sun, which was being observed last night by scores of American and other astronomers, stationed in the Eastern hemisphere, for these "transits" furnish one of the best means for measuring the sun's distance from the earth.

About twenty years ago, however, the desirability of greater accuracy in this measurement started a number of other methods for testing, revising and correcting the accepted standard of distance. Among these are exhaustive calculations of the effects of the sun's attraction on the moon; and of the relative weight of the sun and earth, and the consequent distance which *ought* to separate them in order that the centrifugal motion of the earth in its orbit shall precisely balance

the attraction of the sun. And there have been still other verifications attempted, based upon observations of the planet Mars, and of the time required [498 seconds] for light to pass from the sun to the earth.

The result of all these laborious observations and computations was to show that the 95,370,000 miles of Encke were too great, and that the real distance is somewhere between 92,200,000 and 92,700,000 miles. Here, notwithstanding all the care of the observers, and all the nice and delicate methods of modern science and mechanical ingenuity, there is still an uncertainty, to the extent of half a million of miles—great in absolute figures, but not so much in vast distances, yet still enough to make it highly desirable to get closer, and this is what our American astronomers and photographers, with their foreign colleagues, were trying to do watching the "Transit of Venus" last night on the opposite side of the globe, where it was broad daylight.

Some of these American astronomers and photographers are stationed on desolate islands in the vast Southern Ocean, some in New Zealand, some in Australia, some in Japan and China, and some in Northeastern Asia. This wide distribution of the observing parties is made partly for prudential reasons, in order to increase the chances of finding an unclouded sky at one station, if it should unfortunately be overcast with clouds at another; and partly from the desirability of placing nearly the whole diameter of the earth between two sets of observers, in order to afford them the largest practicable "baseline" on which to erect their angular measurements. Seven thousand miles is not much of a base when you are trying to measure the distance of an object 92,000,000 of miles away, and when the angle to be marked by the telescope and by the observer is less than the one-tenth part of a second, or less than *one* part of a scale divided into twelve million nine hundred and sixty thousand parts. The diameter of the earth is just next to nothing when dealing with such vast distances and the infinitesimal angles they present. Minute, however, as these subdivisions of space may be, and great precision as they demand in the instrument and in the observer, still more minuteness is required in marking the exact *instant* of time when the critical point of an important astronomical observation is made. The experienced observer whose trained eye is guiding his skilled hand, will at the critical instant touch the key of a delicate piece of machinery that will mark the hundredth part of a second of time—the hundredth part of the interval between two ticks of a watch—and which instrument *could* mark the thousandth part of a second if human eye and hand were quick enough in *their* action. The great advances made in the precision of all astronomical work in the last hundred years is due not more to the cultivated intellect of the scientist than to the skilled hand of the mechanic, who arms the scientist with the wonderful instruments, with the aid of which he now marches to successful discovery and makes conquest after conquest among the hitherto unknown realms of Nature.

THE sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays; so, home-light must be constituted of little tenderness, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

12th mo. 20th, Schuylkill, Pa., at 3 P. M.
" " Upper Dublin, Pa., at 3 P. M.
" 27th, Centredale, Iowa, at 3 P. M.
" " West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee of the Association with in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet at Friend Meeting-house, in Camden, N. J., on Seventh-day Twelfth month 26th, at 10 A. M. The general attendance of the members desirable, also of the Co operative Visiting Committee each member is desired to send a report of what attention they hav given, so that they can be condensed into one report. Direct to care of Louisa J. Roberts, 421 N Sixth st., Philadelphia. ROBERT TILNEY, *Clerk.*

The Quarterly Meeting of Haddonfield First-da School Union will be held in Friends' Meeting-hous in Camden, on Seventh-day, the 26th inst., at th hour of one o'clock in the afternoon.

EMMOR ROBERTS, *Clerk.*

Fellowship, N. J., 12th mo. 14th, 1874.

ITEMS.

TELEGRAMS were received on the 9th inst., a Greenwich Observatory from India, announcing tha the observation of the transit of Venus had bee successful. Over one hundred photographs wer taken. At Washington, the Transit Commissio received a telegram from Greenwich, through th Smithsonian Institution, stating that detailed tele grams of telescopic and microscopical observation near Cairo and Suez, and of photographic observa tions at Thebes of the transit of Venus, have bee received. All were perfectly successful.

At Shanghai the weather was overcast and th sun obscured.

One from Nagasaki, Japan, of the same date, v London, stating that observations of the transit Venus at this point have been completely successfu

Also from London, on the 10th, that the trans of Venus was successfully observed at Hobart Tow Adelaide and Melbourne, and at points in Indi China and Japan. The American party, howeve was only partly successful at Hobart Town.

A DISTINCT shock of earthquake was felt at 10. P. M. on the 11th inst., in the neighborhood of Ne York city, along the Hudson, up the Harlem roa as far east as Stamford, Conn., and at other place

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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WARNER MIFFLIN.

(Concluded from page 677.)

"After many similar exercises, with frent calls for but little seizure of my propty, till the close of the war (when great oil was made), through a steady perseverce things began to wear a different aspect, rd speeches, sour looks and threats gradlly abated, so that through the whole I d not an insult offered to me in person.

"Congress having published a declaration at they 'hold these truths to be self-evint; that all men are created equal; that ey are endowed by their Creator with cern unalienable rights; that among these are e, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; at to secure these rights governments are stituted among men.' Seeing it was the ry substance of the doctrine I had been ncerned to promulgate for years, I became imated with a hope that if this was sincere the Representatives, and by them inculed among the people generally, a blessing this nation would accompany those enavors. To serve my country by exertions remove one cause of impending judgments, vas concerned to unite with my brethren in presenting this matter to different legislae bodies. In the year 1782, we appeared fore the Assembly of Virginia, which was ended with great satisfaction, having a set liberal-spirited members to deal with, when a law took place admitting of emancipation; to which law, Judge Tucker says, in his late publication, may be attributed the liberation of some thousands of blacks. In 1783 we presented a memorial to Congress respecting the slave-trade, and met with encouragement; and afterwards in the Assemblies of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware some important steps were taken. Also, in our after application to Congress, it was evident that a large part of that body were favorably disposed towards the rights of this people. From these encouraging circumstances, I was induced to hope that Divine favor might yet be continued to this land, though often impressed with fears that our progress in this business was not proportionably great to the light that had arisen. And, indeed, it is a mournful consideration that this nation should yet be stained with the blood of the African trade, and that 700,000 slaves, according to latter calculation, should continue to groan in a land of boasted liberty. My heart has been grieved and soul lamented for this afflicted race, as well as the condition of my country, having oft felt, as I did at the beginning of the Revolution, apprehensive the hand of judgment was ready to be opened and outstretched upon a guilty people, if there was not greater reformation in this point so as to appease offended justice; as the outrages committed therein against humanity I consider as alone sufficient to draw down sovereign indig-

nation, exclusive of those other evils and vices too prevalent in the land.

"An occurrence took place which produced renewed exercise of mind, and in the hour of affliction sealed further instruction on this object. I received a severe hurt on my leg, and whilst under extreme anguish in dressing it, was brought into sympathy with a poor soldier, whose leg being fractured, and he left without help in the field of battle. The sensation was so powerful, I told my wife that, ever since arriving to years capable of judging, I had a testimony against war, but never so powerfully as at that time; feeling so, that, if every farthing we were possessed of was seized for the purpose of supporting war, and I was informed it should all go, except I gave voluntarily one shilling, that I was satisfied I should not so redeem it.

"Shortly after which, an account arrived that a vessel from the West Indies was run ashore at Lewistown by the English, and the militia were called upon to keep them from plundering her, on which this clear presentation took place: Here is the channel through which, in time of national hostility, those sweets I am so fond of come, at a manifest risk of the lives of fellow-men. I remember powerfully what were David's sensations when his valiant men rushed through the Philistine army to bring him water from a well, which he longed for; he was struck with sympathy for their situation, and, because they went in *jeopardy of their lives*, was not easy to gratify his palate therewith, but poured it out in dedication to the Lord. In like manner I felt a prohibition from using foreign imports, and during the continuance of the war never touched therewith, except what seasoning of salt might have been in my food when from home. And being brought into a deep feeling for the oppressions of the poor Africans in the West Indies, have never been easy with indulging in the produce of their labors since, least it should, even in a small degree, contribute towards the continued existence of a trade which interests the planters in keeping up the number of their groaning laborers.

"And fully believing that 'righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a shame to any people,' I am anxiously desirous we may be numbered with the wise promotors of the public good. And, indeed, I am persuaded that the growing sins of America, if persisted in, will be finally attended with dreadful consequences, according to the testimony of the sacred records, that 'verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth;' and in the due exercise of His judgment, taking cognizance of the actions of men, He will assuredly recompense to all according to the fruit of their doings, to nations as well as to individuals, let th sophist speculate as he will about sacre things in that wisdom which *darkens coun by words without* (true) *knowledge.*

"It is from a sense of duty both to myse and country that I make these observation and state some things interesting to both. was on this ground I became engaged, wit others, to urge the subject of our concern different Legislatures, to remove legislati obstacles from those disposed to liberate the slaves, and protect those set free. And thoug salutary laws have been enacted in son States, for which I believe a blessing will doth descend upon them, yet still the evil continued in other parts of America in a mo glaring degree: where conscientious perso are discouraged from liberating, as by exi ing laws the blacks are liable afresh to taken into captivity by a dissolute peop disposed to avail themselves of unrighteo laws; in many instances great numbers ha been cruelly seized and sold into renew bondage. Doth not this excite a fearful a prehension that the measure of their iniqui is filling up, who so act, and that they a ripening for that chastisement which shall poured forth on the workers of iniquity? a is not the consideration of it a loud call that State where such evils prevail, to arous and by a more righteous procedure endeav if possible, to avert the impending strok and what may be expected, both in that a other States, where there is an increase cruel and barbarous separation suffered, l tween the nearest connections in life, for ga even where they have had magnanimi enough to give some check to the Afric trade! An additional enormity prevailing the frequent kidnapping of free blacks, c rying them off and selling them for slav in some instances of whole families, and others separating them one from another.

"It is urged as a very great objection the emancipation of blacks their dispositi to pilfering, but is it not the worst of robbe in depriving them of that most valuable pr erty, liberty, and keeping them under the pression of slavery, the very cause of t fault? Being pinched at times for alm every necessary of life, they naturally forth a hand to partake of what their la gives them some claim to in equity from th possessors, where due support is withhel and these practices becoming habitual their impoverished condition, they discri inate not sufficiently between the property those they labor for and others, but when portunity presents, frequently supply th wants from all alike, except where a princi of religious rectitude restrains from all su acts. I attempt not to palliate the crime.

ave endeavored what lies in my power to probate such proceedings, laboring to incul- te the Christian doctrine of returning good r evil, whereby they may know an over- oming evil with good, and to point out the cessity of departing from these practices, ing objections speciously alleged against eir general liberation. But as slavery de- reases and is exploded, we may reasonably pe its concomitant habits will also decrease, d a greater nobility of soul take place. I lieve the Almighty hath arisen to judgment this business, and that His voice will be und to exceed the sound of many waters, or l the clamors of the people, overpowering l opposition whatsoever.

"If we proved more faithful in the dis- arge of our duty towards God and this ople, I believe they would act differently wards us. But where do negro crimes ceed the crimes of white men? when we ew them selling tender babes from a fond other, a beloved wife from an affectionate sband, or an aged father from his offspring, th whom he hath lived from their early ars, and, although a slave, capable of the s of affection and enjoying consolation in eir society, and now, as to this life, forever rted? Ah! what language can paint in genuine colors this abominable practice? ow rejoicing would it be to me if, with Di- ne allowance, I might be placed in an al- ment exempt from that continued grief of il, which is almost daily renewed, from ing and hearing of those acts of inhumanity mmitted by my countrymen! Could I have lieved myself authorized by the approba- n of Heaven, I should, long ere this time, ve sought an asylum in some other quar- ; but I desire to be found in my proper otment the little time I may be continued re, faithfully discharging my duty towards y Creator and my country.

"And now, my fellow-citizens, let me call ur serious attention to the present condition our land, you, more especially, who believe a God, in the superintendence of His prov- nce, and in the sacred records. Let us minate on what is perpetrated within its rders, we who have been so highly favored the Almighty, and make so great profes- n respecting liberty to the world. I be- ve it can be proved that, since the Revolu- n, even within the small compass of the ate of Delaware and its adjoining part of aryland, there hath been more free blacks lnapped and carried into slavery than there s been of American citizens captured by Algerines. Where are the feeling parents o suffered inexpressible grief on ac- nt of their darling children stripped from m in the late war? Are not these in any degree brought to feel another's woe? Some advance that negroes pay no regard to the natural ties of husband and wife, parent and child. I know to the contrary. Unnatural and hardened characters there are in all nations, but that such abound more among this people than others, in proportion to their circumstances, I cannot admit. Where such instances have arisen, to whom must we apply the guilt; on the poor tried blacks, or on nominal professors of the blessed name of Christ, who, with relentless tyranny, can advertise, amongst other stock on the farm, a number of these brethren by creation; and when the afflicted sufferers are called up for sale, reluctantly advancing with tears falling from their eyes? Oh, blush, Americans, at this! Perhaps a trader in human flesh from Georgia bids off a mother and her child, the master of this dreadful tragedy demanding more to be brought forward. An adventurer from Kentucky proves the highest bidder for the father and another child. Thus are families torn asunder, the marriage tie violated and made of no account, and their cup of human misery filled up with mingled bitters. And perhaps among the spectators, yea, in other lots sold, of these hapless victims to avarice, even among the speculators, may be found professed ministers of the Gospel, who not only behold without reproof these proceedings, but are partakers of this gain of oppression. Is there any spirited disapprobation manifested against this kind of traffic where it prevails? Is there not too generally a silent acquiescence therewith, and have I advanced aught but undeniable truths on the subject, not saying anything of their hard fare in tyrannical families, though I acknowledge with satisfaction their condition is much ameliorated in a general way within the last twenty years as to their domestic usage, yet more distressing separations have taken place among them within that space of time than heretofore? Let us, then, my countrymen, put our souls in their souls' stead; let us imagine how it would feel to be groaning under the iron hand of oppression, and no tribunal on earth whereunto we might apply for relief.

"It hath been infused into the minds of the people, by the spirit of seduction, that I have persuaded the blacks to run from their masters; that I gave them passes without discriminating between those who are free and others, whenever they apply, and that I keep a large number of absconded slaves in clearing my swamps; which was recently thrown before the members of a legislative body to counteract any influence I might possibly have there, together with an insinuation that I had offered a bribe to a connection of one then present, on a negro affair—all which

assertions I deny, as originating from the father of lies, and made, I believe, to lay waste any possible influence I might have against slavery.

"Added to these things are the curses, threats and hard speeches that have been thrown out against me for acting only consonant with the principles of the late revolution, in peaceably vindicating the natural rights of men on the grounds of humanity and obligations of the Christian religion. And I think I may assert that I never violated the laws of men in this business, unless feeding the hungry can be termed a violation. To some of those poor, distressed people when absconding, as they have represented on account of very rigorous treatment, I have, indeed, pitied and given them food, in which I considered myself warranted by the law of God and principle of human sympathy, to relieve for a little space a suffering fellow-creature, who called for assistance, hungry and weary. But it is the reverse of my judgment of propriety, in preserving the peace of society, to persuade these people from their claimers' service, and beneath the uprightness of my profession to recommend any as free people who are not such. I believe a cause that is sanctioned by Omnipotence needs no such effort to make it successful, but the more pure and upright are its espousers the more will it be advanced. I am of the faith, the voice of the spiritual Moses has been as intelligibly sounded in the ears of Americans as ever the voice of Moses formerly was heard by the Egyptians, even the Lord from Heaven, who is a quickening Spirit, and, 'if they escaped not who refused him that spoke on earth, how much more shall not we escape if we turn away from Him who speaketh from Heaven?' who, I believe, is advancing to lay waste all opposition in this business, which He will effect in His own time. And it appears by a large part of the wills latterly made, that many who retain their senses are unwilling to risk a passage into an awful eternity and leave fellow-beings as slaves; I marvel there are not many more.

"I am troubled at seeing any run from their masters, and generally counsel such that it is my judgment they had better remain at home in quiet resignation, as much as possible, to their allotment, and that, if through a good conduct they should obtain favor of their Maker, He could change the hearts of these their possessors and induce them to liberate. On which ground of inward conviction it is, I wish to see the work carried forward. Some have taken my counsel, and returned; others have judged best to pursue their own prospects, be the event as it would, and some others who, by accounts, met wit hard treatment at home, I could say but lit tle to on the subject, only, as they were slave it would not do for them to tarry at my hous as I could not by that means do them an good, and it would only give offence to thei claimers.

"Is there a white man among thousand who, if captured among the Algerines, woul not embrace his liberty should opportunit present? If I were a humane Algerine, r siding in their land, and an American, in e caping from his master, ventured to call my house, informing he had not eat an thing for several days, would my countryme judge it criminal in me to feed him? Wha then, should be the conduct of the high professors of Christianity, in a similar cas towards a people who differ from us by a fe darker shades in the skin? Is there any pa of our religion that would authorize us seize such and drag them again into chain or would it not be as great a violation of th righteous law of God, who, Scripture testifie is no respecter of persons, but who hath cr ated of one blood all nations of men, to sei on one of a dark complexion as one of fairer hue? Is it not through the principl of tyranny and despotism yet too prevale in America, in cherishing ideas of too muc distinction among men on this subject, th they are not only yet retained in slavery, b even when, from a sense of religion and ju tice, their masters have dispensed to the the blessing of liberty, they have not an equ table chance to vindicate their right when is encroached upon by kidnapping. For eve where these acts are known, in many neig borhoods, what a dastardly spirit pervad the minds of the people lest they should fend some neighbor, afraid to step forward a prosecution; and if any are impelled undertake it from this sympathy with the su ferer, they are oft put to great difficulties f want of suitable evidence; as those whit who may have due knowledge of the matt oft evade giving their testimony through fe of making enemies; and thus, in seeing t thief yet by silence consenting, according Scripture, they become equally guilty; and there were thousands of blacks who cou give clear evidence, the law will not admit as valid. Is not this arbitrary and very u just?

"I dread the consequence of a continuan of wrong things in our land. Have we r seen evident tokens of Divine displeasur Hath not the sword, the famine and pestiler made their appearance in various parts? ar as a gentle rod shaking over us, are calli loudly to greater degrees of humility, repe ance and amendment of life, lest offenc

mnipotence should pour forth upon us more ›undantly the vials of His wrath, and trib- ation, anguish and woe be the complicated ›rtion of the inhabitants of America. Let , then, by a strict attention to the discharge our duty towards God and man, so act as invite the Lord's blessing upon us, who is ›er ready to shower down His favors on the ›edient workmanship of His hands; which, at it may be our happy experience, is the ›sire and prayer of a lover of his country ıd countrymen, a peaceable subject to its ws, and an universal friend to mankind.

WARNER MIFFLIN.

Kent, on Delaware, 11th mo., 1796.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN APPEAL RESPONDED TO.

In an editorial of the date of Twelfth month h, I am appealed to as follows, viz., "There- re, if some one who believes that punish- ent can only be justified when its object is reform, should feel it right to set this forth an argument against *eternal* punishment, › would appeal to our friend A. J. P. whether › should be just in withholding such an ticle?"

I would answer that in all cases where, ıder a religious concern, the pure truth, as ways believed by us as a people, is held up, d Friends cautioned against any appre- nded departure, the editors of a periodical, nsidered an exponent of our principles, ›uld be justifiable (if not culpable in fail- g to do it) in withholding anything offered justification of such departure, or in any ıy tending to neutralize the force of the guments used in the caution named.

In those editorial remarks, I see the mis- ken idea is held up that I advocate a belief ıt the Almighty inflicts punishment on s creatures. On the contrary, I endeav- ›d to set forth, however imperfectly, the ›w that all punishment or suffering was t the necessary result of our own miscon- ct; that punishment or suffering in a fu- ›e state of existence was but that which ıst be unavoidable in a state of separation m the Divine Harmony of those who, like › foolish virgins, who knowing that their ıps would not burn without oil, neglected provide themselves therewith, and were ısequently excluded (though not by any of the Master) from the marriage feast, › punishment being brought about purely their own neglect of known duty. I fully ieve in the standing doctrine laid down the blessed Jesus, "Except a man be born ain, he cannot see the kingdom of God." ıat greater punishment or suffering can be ıgined than that of a soul, conscious of an led probation and of an eternal future, separated from the Divine Harmony, and conscious that all this is but the legitimate result of his own wilful disobedience to that Lord who indeed "pitieth them that fear Him," and "*willeth not the death of him that dieth*, but that all should return, repent and live," though "*the wicked and disobedient, God will judge*, it being appointed to all men once to die, *and after this the judgment?*"

A. J. P.

Clarksboro', N. J., 12th mo. 8th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Among the many subjects claiming the attention and aid of Friends and others, I have been particularly interested in the proposed establishment of coffee-houses for the refreshment of those who labor. As a preventive of the habit of using intoxicating drink, there can be no doubt of its efficacy, and, as a cure, there is great room for hope.

In connection with this, I feel like suggesting the sale of good milk, believing many would prefer it to coffee, could they obtain it at the same price. I have heard inebriates say, they considered milk the best restorer of the stomach to a healthy tone.

I have no personal knowledge of the teachers of the Mission School, or Young People's Temperance Union; but I hail them both as instruments of great good, and hope we shall be often favored with reports of their proceedings in the *Intelligencer*. I believe many, whose age prevents them from active participation, are feeling a great interest in these movements, and desire that, whilst thus feeding and watering the flock, they may themselves be watered and fed. For it is a truth:

"Who blesses others in their daily deeds
Will find the healing which his spirit needs;
And every flower in others' pathway strewn
Confers a pleasing fragrance on his own."

R. H.

Salem, N. J., Twelfth month 10th, 1874.

THE KINGDOM OF THE TRUTH.

1. The first qualification is to *be* true: "He that *is* of the truth heareth My voice." Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply *speak* truth; He *was* truth; truth through and through; for truth is a thing not of words, but of life and being. None but a spirit can be true.

For example: The friends of Job spoke *words* of truth. Scarcely a maxim which they uttered could be impugned; cold, hard, theological verities; but verities out of place —in that place cruel and untrue. Job spoke many words not strictly accurate—hasty, impetuous, blundering, wrong; but the whirlwind came, and before the voice of God the

veracious falsehoods were swept into endless nothingness, the true *man*, wrong, perplexed, in verbal error, stood firm. He was true, though his sentences were not; turned to the truth as the sunflower to the sun, as the darkened plant imprisoned in the vault turns towards the light, struggling to solve the fearful enigma of his existence.

Job was a servant of the truth, being true in character.

2. The next qualification is integrity. But by integrity I do not mean simply sincerity or honesty; integrity rather according to the meaning of the word as its derivation interprets it—entireness, wholeness, soundness; that which Christ means when He says: "If thine eye be single or sound, thy whole body shall be full of light."

This integrity extends through the entireness or wholeness of character. It is found in small matters as well as great; for the allegiance of the soul to truth is tested by small things rather than by those which are more important. There is many a man who would lose his life rather than perjure himself in a court of justice, whose life is yet a tissue of small insincerities. We think that we hate falsehood when we are only hating the consequences of falsehood. We resent hypocrisy and treachery and calumny, not because they are untrue, but because they harm us. We hate the false calumny, but we are half pleased with the false praise. It is evidently not the element of untruth here that is displeasing, but the element of harmfulness. Now, he is a man of integrity who hates untruth *as* untruth; who resents the smooth and polished falsehood of society, which does no harm; who turns in indignation from the glittering, whitened lie of sepulchral Pharisaism, which injures no one. Integrity recoils from deceptions which men would almost smile to hear called deception. To a moral, pure mind, the artifices in every department of life are painful; the stained wood, which passes for a firm and costly material in a building, and deceives the eye, by seeming what it is not, marble; the painting which is intended to be taken for a reality; the gilding which is meant to pass for gold; and the glass which is worn to look like jewels; for there is a truthfulness in architecture, in painting and in dress, as well as in the market-place, and in the senate and in the judgment hall.

"These are trifles." Yes, these are trifles; but it is just these trifles which go to the formation of character. He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity. And it is a fearful question, and a difficult one, how all these things, the atmosphere which we breathe in our daily life, may sap the very foundations of the power of becoming a servant of the truth. Life becomes fictitious, and it passes into religion, till our very religion bases itself upon a figment too. We are not righteous, but we expect God to make believe that we are righteous, in virtue of some peculiar doctrines which we hold; and so our very righteousness becomes the fictitious righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, instead of the righteousness which is by faith, the righteousness of those who are the children of the kingdom of truth.

3. Once more. He is qualified to be the subject of the king who *does* the truth. Christianity joins two things inseparably together—acting truly and perceiving truly. Every day the eternal nature of that principle becomes more certain. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from acting; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. It is a danger to which, in a refined and polished age, we are peculiarly exposed. The romance, the poem and the sermon teach us how to feel. Our feelings are delicately correct. But the danger is this: feeling is given to lead to action if feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue. When the emergency for real action comes the feeling is, as usual, produced; but, accustomed as it is to rise in fictitious circumstances without action, neither will it lead on to action in the real ones. "We pity wretchedness, and shun the wretched." We utter sentiments just, honorable, refined, lofty, but somehow, when a truth presents itself in the shape of a duty, we are unable to perform it. And so such characters become by degrees like the artificial pleasure-grounds of bad taste, in which the waterfall does not fall and the grotto offers only the refreshment of an imaginary shade, and the green hill does not strike the skies, and the tree does not grow. Their lives are a sugared crust of sweetness trembling over black depths of hollowness; more truly still, "whited sepulchres," fair without to look upon, "within full of all uncleanness."

It is perilous, again, to separate thinking rightly from acting. He is already half false who speculates on truth, and does not do it. Truth is given, not to be contemplated, but to be done. Life is an action, not a thought, and the penalty paid by him who speculates

n truth is that by degrees the very truth he olds becomes to him a falsehood.

There is no truthfulness, therefore, except n the witness, borne to God by doing His vill, to live the truths we hold, or else they vould be no truths at all. It was thus that He witnessed the truth. He lived it. He poke no touching truths for sentiment to well on, or thought to speculate upon. Truth with Him was a matter of life and eath. He periled His life upon the words He said. If He were true, the life of men vas a painted life, and the woes He denounced unflinchingly would fall upon the Pharisees. But if *they* were true, or even trong, His portion in this life was the cross.

Who is a true man? He who does the ruth; and never holds a principle on which e is not prepared in any hour to act, and n any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.

I make, in conclusion, one remark. The ingly character of truth is exhibited strikngly in the calmness of the bearing of the on of Man before His judge. Veracity is ot necessarily dignified. There is a vulgar ffrontery, a spirit of defiance which taunts, nd braves, and challenges condemnation. It arks the man who is conscious of sincerity, ut of nothing higher, whose confidence is in imself and his own honesty, and who is abrbed in the feeling, "I speak the truth, and m a martyr." Again, the man of mere veacity if often violent, for what he says rests pon his own assertion; and vehemence of sertion is the only addition he can make to . Such was the violence of Paul before nanias. He was indignant at the injustice being smitten contrary to the law; and ie powerlessness of his position, the hopessness of address, joined to a conviction of ie truth of what he said, produced that vemence.

It has been often remarked that there is a reat difference between theological and scitific controversy. Theologians are proerbially vituperative; because it is a quesion of veracity—the truth of their views, eir moral perceptions, their intellectual acuen. There exists no test but argument on hich they can fall back. If argument fails, l fails. But the man of science stands lmly on the facts of the universe. He is sed upon reality. All the opposition and ntroversy in the world cannot alter facts, r prevent the facts being manifest at last. e can be calm, because he is a witness for the uth.

In the same way, but in a sense far deeper d more sacred, the Son of Man stood *calm*, oted in the truth. There was none of the otism of self-conscious veracity in those placid, confident, dignified replies. This was not the feeling—"I hold the truth"—but "I am a witness to the truth." They might spit upon Him, kill Him, crucify Him, give His ashes to the winds, they could not alter the truth by which He stood. Was not that His own feeling? "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

There was the kingly dignity of One who, in life and death, stood firm on truth as on a rock.—*Frederic W. Robertson.*

HABITUAL brooding over themes of sadness and sorrow inevitably gives rise to a morbid depression of the vital energies, which, while fatal to all success and joy, goes far to promote the very woes so uselessly lamented.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I am much gratified with the elevated tone of the editorials in the *Friends' Intelligencer*, and the variety and value of the selected articles. The contents of No. 40 (Eleventh month 28th) delighted me throughout. The first article, "The Teaching of the Spirit," contains solid truth, in animated, pleasing style, giving evidence that the writer knew and felt what he was writing about.

"Death Bed Utterances," "Friends' Institute, London," "Priestley's Discovery of Oxygen Gas," are all of deep interest and instruction, and a fitting introduction to the liberal and lucid editorial, "Science and Religion." This acceptance by the Editors of the *Intelligencer*, of the truths of science, and the views of Prof. Tyndall, as contained in the lecture referred to, before the British Association, is exceedingly gratifying. It harmonizes with Friends' principles and testimonies to accept all the truths and teachings of Nature, because they are in harmony with God; and I have met with no exposition of these truths more condensed, connected and elevated than that put forth in this lecture by Prof. Tyndall.

Then comes the letter from your "European Correspondent." We have read these letters of S. R. with the greatest interest. The clearness and sprightliness of her style, the variety, extent and depth of her historical, æsthetical and scientific reasearches, and her liberal and appropriate remarks and criticisms, are very creditable to their author.

We have lately passed the day (the 26th ult.) set apart by our President and the Governor of our State, as a general "Thanksgiving;" and although I regard *every* day as such, I yet entertain such respect for the

"Powers that be," as always to read to my family, on the day thus set apart, what *I* have long called the Thanksgiving Psalm (cvii), and I think I never read it with more interest and instruction than on the late occasion. The Psalmist, after recounting various trials, difficulties and afflictions incident to humanity, and that when, in their troubles, they call upon the Lord, *He heareth them*, bursts forth with the exclamation: "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. Let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and *declare His works with rejoicing.*"

Now, the part that possessed new significance to me on the late reading, was the closing words, "declare His works with rejoicing." It seemed to connect itself with the Apostolic injunction, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks." His works are "great and marvelous," and His ways are "just and true," and to *accept them all with cheerfulness and rejoicing*, appeared to be, including, as it does, "Thy will be done," the most acceptable sacrifice the heart can offer to the good Father.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 26, 1874.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We wish to inform Friends that after the beginning of the year, a change will be made in the postal arrangements by which the postage on *Friends' Intelligencer* will be reduced to less than twelve cents per year instead of twenty as heretofore. Subscribers, outside of Philadelphia, now pay at the office where the paper is received, but by the new arrangement this will no longer be done. The postage will be pre-paid by the editors and charged in the bill for the paper.

The number of subscribers in arrears for the current year, is very large. All who have not paid are requested to do so without delay. These are reminded that the office is removed to Friends' Book-store, 706 Arch Street.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—The first number for 1875 of this attractive work has been sent us. It contains more than 100 pp., illustrated by 500 engravings of choice plants and vegetables, and is published quarterly in English and German, at twenty-five cents for the year, by James Vick, Rochester, New York.

KIDNAPPING.—Very many of our readers are familiar with the circumstances attending the abduction of a little boy from the premises of his father in Germantown, Philadelphia, more than five months ago. The act was committed in broad day, and in a main thoroughfare; unremitting efforts have since been made to recover the missing child and bring the kidnappers to merited justice, and this community has been kept in a continual ferment, by frequent reports from various parts of the country, of the finding of the boy; yet all these, on investigation, have proved to be incorrect, and until last week, no satisfactory clue to the discovery of his abductors has been found, though it has been asserted that the police of New York were on their trail very soon after the affair was perpetrated.

Early on Second-day morning of last week, two burglars were discovered and fired upon while escaping from the house of Judge Van Brunt, at Bay Ridge, L. I., one was instantly killed, the other mortally wounded. Before the death of the latter he made a voluntary confession of having been one of the two men who kidnapped Charley Ross, his dead comrade being the leader. Up to present writing the place of concealment of the child has not been discovered. With telegraph lines running into every town and village of any considerable size in our country, and a large police force in every city, it would hardly be thought possible for a child to be stolen from its home and concealed for nearly half a year yet the facts of this case prove that a similar fate may at any time befall some other child.

There have been numerous instances of late years where extensive robberies have been committed, and the parties robbed have compromised with the thieves, who have thus escaped punishment.

That this practice has had a most pernicious influence, is demonstrated in the present case. Had the father of the child been permitted to pay the enormous ransom claimed by the abductors, doubtless the boy would long since have been restored to his afflicted family, and we are free to say if such a pra-

ice could be allowed in any case, it would ave been justified in the one before us.

This occurrence recalls the old, sad lays of human slavery, when the *colored* hild born of free parents was at any time iable to be kidnapped: many heart-rending cenes of this character have occurred. The ark-skinned mother has seen her unsuspecting child go from the door of her cabin, to eturn no more, for the cruel man-stealer was ying in wait. The volume of tears and sorow entailed by these heartless villains can ever be measured; little sympathy did the utraged parents receive, and there were no itigating circumstances, no hope of a rease from the cruel bondage into which they ere sold, so long as the dark blot of slavery efiled our land.

Parental love is not limited by color or ondition, and the babe that finds a welcome dear, whether born in the cabin of the iler or cradled amid the luxuries of a pale. The heart of this whole nation has been irred to its very depths by the abduction of harley Ross, and its sympathy unstintingly stowed upon the bereaved family.

It is believed that a happy termination to is distressing case will be reached. What xious months these have been to this flicted household! The uncertainty conrning their lost child was more grievous an death.

And to the little fellow, so tenderly and vingly cared for in his pleasant home, how rd has it been for him to endure the rough e with its low and debasing associations! w often his baby eyes have cried themves to sleep in the weary days and nights separation!

We may well believe that no punishment this world and none in the hereafter can one for the suffering that has been so wanly and basely inflicted on this innocent ild.

CIRCULAR.—At a meeting of Friends' ntral Committee on Indian Affairs, held elfth month 2d, 1874, at Race Street Meet-house, Philadelphia, detailed reports were eived of the wants of the Indians under special care. The grasshopper plague been as severely felt by these Indians as by the surrounding white settlers for whom the public in several States are now collecting funds for relief.

We have exhausted our means; our treasury is empty. The Clerk was directed to prepare a Circular for Friends generally, that the present state of destitution of these Indians may be alleviated as far as is in our power. It is hoped Friends will feel willing to contribute further aid, and forward either money or goods to John Saunders, No. 34 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

MARY JEANES, *Clerk.*

DIED.

BOYCE.—In Danby, Vt., on the 12th of Eleventh month, 1874, David Boyce, in the 75th year of his age; an Elder for many years, and a member of Danby Monthly Meeting for more than sixty years.

COOPER.—At his residence, in Haverford, Dela-Co., Pa., on Fourth-day, the 11th of Eleventh month, 1874, Townsend Cooper, in the 82d year of his age.

FIELD.—At her residence, in Purchase, Westchester Co., N. Y., on the 30th of Tenth month, 1874, Mary F. Cornell, wife of Edmund Field; a valued member of Purchase Monthly Meeting.

FORD.—In Mendon, on the 2d of Twelfth month, 1874, Ebenezer Ford, aged 77 years; a member of Mendon Preparative Meeting, and an Elder of Rochester Monthly Meeting.

Quiet and unassuming, and careful to live a consistent and upright life, his example ever pointed to the reality of the joys found in the Christian path. Possessing a sound and discriminating judgment, with a sympathizing and feeling heart, he was eminently qualified for the station of an Elder, which he filled to the satisfaction of his friends for many years. A loving husband and a tender parent, his intercourse with his family was of that pure nature that the harmony among them was never broken. Though suffering intensely during his last sickness, no murmur or impatient word was uttered by him; and, in speaking of the probability of his close being near, he remarked, "I see nothing in my way. In looking over my life, I see where I have made mistakes, but I do not feel that anything is laid up against me." And in this calm, confiding frame of mind he has passed to the rest of the righteous.

HICKS.—At Flushing, L. I., on the 21st of Eleventh month, 1874, Sarah T., widow of the late Silas Hicks, in the 85th year of her age.

HAZARD.—In Camden, N. J., on the 12th of Ninth month, 1874, Thomas Hazard, in the 52d year of his age; a member of Rochester Monthly Meeting, N. Y. Though taking no very active part in the affairs of our Society, yet he was an earnest advocate of its principles. Endowed with a warm, kind and genial heart, he made many strong friends. And combining with this a clear and discriminating mind, and striving to manifest his devotion to his principles by his every-day life, he gained the confidence and esteem of his neighbors, by whom, as well as by his friends, his loss is keenly felt. Death to him had no terrors. He remarked in his last illness, "that he had no anxiety to recover; that he

did not know that he would ever be more ready." He had passed through many severe trials and afflictions, all of which were borne with that calm serenity which betokens a firm reliance on and confidence in the wisdom of the Infinite.

MARSHALL.—At Trenton, N. J., on 26th of Eleventh month, 1874, of heart disease, Joseph Marshall, in the 71st year of his age.

MARVIN.—In Winchester, Va., after a short and severe illness, on the 14th of Eleventh month, Rebecca R. Marvin, in the 69th year of her age; a member of Centre Particular and Hopewell Monthly Meetings. She was diligent in the attendance of meetings whenever her health permitted, and was an example of cheerfulness and industry to those around her, always finding something useful to do, and ever glad of an opportunity to assist the needy. Toward these she extended great sympathy and kindness, and will long be gratefully remembered by them.

VAIL.—On the 21st of Eighth month, 1874, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. A. J. Ingersoll, Pine Wood, Corning, N. Y., Edmund Vail, in the 80th year of his age; a member of Crosswicks Monthly Meeting, N. J. This dear Friend removed from New Jersey soon after his marriage and settled within the compass of Farmington Monthly Meeting, New York. He was a diligent attender of meetings, being careful to take his family with him, believing that children as well as parents would be benefited by thus assembling for social and Divine worship. Some years since he returned to New Jersey, where he became a member of Crosswicks Monthly Meeting, and from thence came to Corning Here he was deprived of attending meeting on account of the distance, which was a great trial to him. This was somewhat lightened, however, by the practice of his son-in-law, who daily assembled his family to hear a portion of the Scriptures. He was also deprived of sight during several years, but his patient submission and consistent example gave comforting evidence of the steadfastness of his faith in his Heavenly Father's love. About two years before his death, the loss of his companion was added to that of five of their children who had gone before. This last affliction lay most heavily upon him, so that his physical powers became weakened, and it soon became evident, from his expressions and his increasing infirmities, that he would not long survive her; but he signified that for him death had no terrors. Thus has passed away one who had filled with propriety all the allotments of life to which he had been called. A meeting was held according to the order of Friends on the occasion of his funeral, which was largely attended, at Pine Wood.

"THE truest courtesy is the truest Christianity." This is not simply saying, I take it, that a Christian will be a gentleman; it teaches that the spirit of self-denial, of foregoing personal advantages for the sake of favoring another, is the root and substance of regenerated life. Now, here is a practical test, brought near to us in all the scenes of our intercourse with our fellows, showing what manner of spirit we are of. If we are truly, that is, sincerely, courteous and polite, we are serving Christ, showing His example, and exhibiting His spirit. If, in the collisions of personal interests through the day, we are more careful to favor ourselves, to secure the best, to be served first, to gratify our own wishes and tastes, than to gratify and serve others, I care not what names we bear, or what professions we make, or what religious exercises we engage in, the spirit of the Master is not in us.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

AT VIENNA.

No. 28.

(Continued from page 686.)

Our arrival in Vienna (Tenth month 11th) was peculiarly fortunate. It was an unclouded autumn morning, brisk and bright, crisp and cool, and we land on the quay just in front of the magnificent Hotel Metropole, which was completed in 1873, in time to help in the entertainment of the guests of Austria who visited the great Exposition. We are advised to seek quarters here, and, as there are rooms for us in the great mansion, we are soon quite comfortably at home in Vienna, a city of old renown.

A Celtic settlement, it is believed, once occupied the site on which Vienna now stands, though at the present day there are no distinct traces of Celtic inhabitants; but it is very certain that the Romans had here a strongly-fortified encampment, and it became one of the principal centres of their military power on the Danube. A town grew around the protecting fortress, which enjoyed great prosperity till the barbarian inroads drove the Romans from the shores of the great river, and then Vindobona disappears from history for centuries. But the town was not laid waste nor destroyed, being occupied successively by Goths and Huns. The strong hand of Charlemagne wrested this land from the barbarians, and planted here the first elements of Christianity, placing it under the government of the margraves of the east. As this was the eastern limit of the empire of Charlemagne, it was called Oester-reich (Austria), and it was held by the margraves or dukes until the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was taken by the Emperor Frederick II. It lay in the track of the Crusaders, and the pilgrims to the holy city rested within its walls both going and returning, and thus the fame of the beautifully-situated, friendly city on the Danube spread into all lands, and it became the centre of much profitable intercourse between the east and the west.

In 1297 Rudolph of Hapsburg, being elected Emperor, conquered this city from Ottocar of Bohemia, and founded the ancient

Hapsburg dynasty which still bears rule in he Austrian empire.

In 1477 it was taken by Mathias, monarch f Hungary and of Bohemia, who made it he seat of his court.

It was the usual residence not only of the rchdukes of Austria, but of the German mperors, and consequently was a centre of ll the civilization known to mankind during he middle ages; and became, even in these vil days, a stately and beautiful city, numering 50,000 inhabitants. It was surounded by a wall 2000 feet in circumference, ut its suburbs were ten times as large as the own itself. The people were wealthy, and ved in great magnificence, having lofty and ichly-decorated houses, with large halls and indows of different-colored glass, and closed ith strong iron doors. The nobles and clery, being exempt from taxation, lived in yet reater magnificence, and we also read that is people were greatly given to dissolute leasures, to quarrels, duels and brawls, ardly a day passing without a fatal blow eing struck. But the Romish faith flourhed mightily, and many splendid churches nd monasteries were founded and richly enowed.

The learned Anton de Bonfines gives a leasant description of the surrounding of is city in the fifteenth century:

"The environs of Vienna is one large, agnificent garden, filled with beautiful vineards and trees, and behind are seen the easing and graceful hills crowned with iendly country-houses which contain every nvenience. The eye is more than delighted hen it rests on these charming hills, interersed as they are with the many castles, oblemen's seats and picturesque villages."

The beautiful suburbs of Vienna and all e surrounding country were laid waste in e year 1528 by the Turkish Sultan Solyan II, who carried his arms to the very tes of the city, and besieged it with a great my. He was repulsed by the united forces Germany, and then, during the sixteenth d seventeenth centuries, great efforts were ade to convert Vienna into an invincible rtress, as the Turk yet eyed it with greedy sire. In 1683 a Turkish army, 200,000 rong, again laid siege to Vienna, and it was ly saved from surrender by the timely rival of the Polish king, John Sobieski, ho defeated the besiegers, with great slaughr, under the very walls of the city.

The visitor to Vienna is struck with the culiar arrangement of the city, with a oad, open circle round the compact centre, e Stadt, or old city, and the suburbs lying nd it like a wide ring. It is interesting learn that this arrangement was a measure of precaution taken after the last repulse of the Turks. Vienna was at that time environed with a strong wall and a moat, and it was found that the perils of the siege were greatly increased by the nearness of the houses of the suburbs to the walls. Then it was ordained that in the future no one who settled in the suburbs should build his house within 300 feet of the moat. This was the origin of the broad, open ring which is now the distinctive beauty of Vienna.

In 1857 the present emperor, Francis Joseph I, ordered the removing of the ancient walls, and the filling up of the moat, thus augmenting the open space of the ring very greatly. Very extensive plans for the improvement and enlargement of the city were adopted and carried out. The new rings, or boulevards, now occupy the place of the old ramparts and glacis, and it is bordered by fine houses, gardens and palaces, forming one of the most magnificent avenues in the world. The central part within the ring contains the imperial residence and the palaces of many of the nobility, and is the most fashionable portion of the city; the spire of the noble Gothic cathedral of St. Stephen, rising to a height of 443 feet, in the midst, a miracle of architectural art.

Our first walk in Vienna was directed to this central edifice, the most notable in the city, being distinguished by its size as well as its magnificence. It is 333 feet long, 220 feet wide, and 85 feet high, and the decorations are of artistic excellence. It stands in the midst of an open place, and the business of the crowded city circles round it continually, while its doors are always open, either to the curious stranger or to the devout citizen. I sat awhile in the dim, religious light, after receiving the accumulation of letters and papers which had awaited my coming, and read them while soft and solemn anthems resounded from the lofty arches, and interwove their harmonies with the words of dear friends afar. Here I opened the *Friends' Intelligencer*, and in the midst of mediæval glories read the sublime musings of Augustine and the golden words of Chrysostum, and then journeyed again in thought through the poetic Engadine.

The people come in just as they like. The poor, toil-worn, laboring woman, coarsely clad, and bearing a heavy bundle, enters, lays down her burden, drops on her knees a little while, and then takes up her load again and goes on her way. Firm is her faith that God will hear the petitions she breathes in this beautiful consecrated temple, rich with the relics of martyrs, and the ashes of saints and of princes. It is a glorious palace, a splendid repository of precious works of art,

and into it the poorest beggar may come, at all hours of the day, and none may deny him entrance to the most venerable and magnificent place in the city of the Kaisers.

There is something in this ecclesiastical hospitality—this liberty, equality and fraternity in the consecrated temple, which Protestant Christianity would do well to emulate, as it has no necessary connection with the old idolatries and errors of Catholicism, which are slowly but surely dying of themselves. Passing out of Stephen's Platz (as the open space round the cathedral is called), the attention is directed to the stump of a tree all filled with nails, which stands in a nich of one of the houses. This, we are told, marked the furthest outpost of the Vienna Forest in ancient days, and that all horse-shoers who came into the town were required, by custom, to drive a nail into the venerable land mark; so that now it is only a mass of nails. It is said that the celebrated botanist, Unger, made a microscopic examination of this tree in 1870, and convinced himself that it was the reversed stump or root of a *Pinus largo*, which was, according to the opinion of the investigator, a holy tree, stuck with nails, in accordance with an antique custom. The stock is encircled with iron bands and a lock, upon which is the date 1575, and the monogram H. B.

And now we enter the Graben, the broadest and finest street in the city. In the 12th century, this avenue was a moat parallel with the city wall, and, at the beginning of the 13th century, it was filled up and brought into the town district, and became the ch ef market-place of Vienna, the centre point of intercourse, and the spot on which all public demonstrations were celebrated, and through which all festal processions passed. It is now an elegant promenade, lined with fine buildings, and is a fashionable resort of the gay world. A curious spiral column, that rises in the midst, requires some study before it can be made out. After looking a little while, it becomes evident that this is a sculptured semblance of a pillar of cloud, and we read that it was erected in commemoration of the cessation of the plague in 1674. It is a confused work of doubtful beauty, and greatly resembles a column in Linz, which was raised to commemorate a similar deliverance. A little walk to the left leads us to the court chapel, the beautiful Augustine church, a gothic edifice of the 14th century. Here is the celebrated monument to the memory of Archduchess Marie Christine by Canova, as well as many other masterly sculptures. It is considered the masterpiece of the great sculptor, and is certainly a noble and beautiful work. It consists of a pyramid of white marble 30 feet high, in the centre of which is an opening which seems to be the entrance to the vault. The pyramid rests on two broad marble steps, and Virtue, bearing an urn containing the ashes of the deceased, is in the act of ascending. Two little maidens, bearing torches, attend her, and behind them is a figure of Benevolence supporting an aged man who seems bowed down with sorrow. By his side is a child, also a mourner. On the other side of the portal of the tomb is a beautiful figure of a genius of mourning, with a lion crouching at his feet. The church is now undergoing a thorough renovation, so that it is needful to protect this tomb by a screen which obscures it somewhat; and we could not get so good a view of it as would have been desirable, but mystery ever heightens beauty—and enough was revealed to convince us of the admirable character of the work. How wonderful is the skill of the artist who can give to the dull, cold marble such eloquent expression!

One of the greatest, if not the very greatest glory of Vienna, is the Imperial Royal Picture Gallery. The Belvidere Palace, which contains this grand collection, is an Italian edifice, built for the Austrian general, Eugene of Savoy, in 1724. In the reign of Maria Theresa, it came into the possession of the government, and her son, Joseph II, appropriated it to its present purpose. The palace is situated on an eminence to the south of the city, and is surrounded with beautiful and extensive grounds, and, from its second story, a view of the city and its environs is obtained.

In the many halls of this palace is garnered a vast wealth of the gems of art, illustrating the genius of all ages and nations, the accumulation of many monarchs. The visitor is overwhelmed with the vastness of the collection, and a day spent in the contemplation of the works of special interest in a few of the rooms seems ridiculously inadequate. Here are the very best works of Albert Durer, the "Evangelist of Art," who lived and labored in the old city of Nuremberg. Our own Longfellow has told us how

"Here in silence and in sorrow, toiling with a bus hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Bet ter Land.
Emigravit, is the inscription on the tombstone wher he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist neve dies."

The painter and the sculptor do indeed enjo a kind of earthly immortality, appealing t the hearts of mankind from age to age, an speaking even more eloquently to-day tha in the twilight time of the early dawn o modern civilization.

I was greatly interested in the two rooms appropriated to the works of Rubens. The pieces here preserved seemed to have more variety and richness than those of any other of the galleries we have visited. His noble pictures in the cathedral at Antwerp are generally accounted his masterpieces, but his St. Ambrose, refusing Theodosius entrance into the church, is a grand and expressive work. The painter has caught the spirit of the supreme moment in the life of the heroic archbishop, and of the repentant monarch, and the observer who reads the story and then looks upon the wonderful picture, will have the scene impressed upon the mind forever. His other pictures, delineating the deeds of mediæval saints and heroes, are also full of power and significance. The picture of Xavier, preaching the Gospel in India, is exceedingly beautiful and interesting in all its details. St. Francis stands, in his graceful priestly robes, on an elevated place in the midst of a thronging multitude, who are pressing near to hear the glad evangel of deliverance from the old idolatries, which he brings. But I must forbear any attempt to enumerate or describe the treasures of the Belvidere. It is intended for the use and study of all the people, not for one day or month or year, but for all time.

So we walked, mused and gazed in the numerous halls of the palace of art till our eyes were wearied with looking, and minds crowded with images of tragedy, comedy, mythology, history and beauty, and turned away with somewhat of the same feeling that moved the little boy of nursery fame, who wept because he had devoted so much attention to the turkey that he had no heart left for the plum-pudding. Thanks, oh great Maria Theresa! to thee and to thy illustrious son, for this glorious collection of art-treasures, which all the world may come and enjoy without money and without price! As we depart, we pause awhile in the grand marble saloon which forms the entrance, to admire its frescoes, and also the portraits of Maria Theresa and Joseph II, which adorn it. They were painted by Maron, 1775, and are accounted the best existing likenesses of these monarchs. Then we pass out and stroll down the long garden, laid out in the formal French style, with straightly-cut avenues of box, with lakes, cascades and fountains. The most marked feature of the ornamentation was the profusion of marble sphynxes which adorned the terraces and avenues. They are marvellous devices, having the head of a beautiful woman (a classic Greek head), the body of a lion and the wings of an eagle. The mysterious creatures appeared to regard me with the utmost serenity, but it seemed to me their calmness, never to be disturbed till they crumble to dust by the slow processes of the endless ages, was a sort of rebuke to the restless spirit which prompts the children of men to wander round the earth in search of adventures.

Among the many pleasure-grounds within the limits of Vienna is the Augarten, and, with the exception of the Prater, it is perhaps the largest, having an area of 560,000 square yards. It is a grand park of lofty, ancient trees, trimmed in perpendicular avenues. It is more than 200 years old, having originated in the first half of the 17th century, when the Emperor Ferdinand III, attracted by the woody shades of the northern part of the Danube Island, built there a small palace, where he loved to spend a little time every year. He caused a part of the ground to be transformed into a pleasure-garden, provided with walks through thick trees and shrubberies. It became a favorite resort of the Imperial court during the reigns of Leopold I and Joseph I, until the later-constructed pleasure-palaces threw the Augarten into the background. The Emperor Joseph II often lived here in great simplicity, and in the year 1775 he caused the Augarten to be thrown open to the public, placing over the principal avenue the inscription, "A place of amusement, dedicated to all men from their appreciator." Till within the last fifty years, this was the popular and fashionable resort of the Viennese, but now these grand, shadowy avenues are thought too dull by the gay people, and the Augarten is almost lonely in its antique grandeur. The Lord high Steward of the present Emperor, the Prince of Hohenlohe, has a residence in part of the grounds, and many royal and imperial personages have dwelt here from time to time.

The Prater, too extensive to be visited without a carriage, lies southeast of the Augarten, also on the island formed by the Danube canal. This park, for 600 years the property of the Imperial family, was kept for their exclusive use till 1766, when Joseph II threw it open for the enjoyment of the people. It is very extensive, varied and beautiful, with ample drives and shaded promenades, enlivened on pleasant days by crowds of the cheery, merry-looking people, and by troops of pretty and polite children. Here is the Industrial Palace, built for the Exposition of 1873, the grandest building of the kind in the world. We made a pilgrimage to the mighty banquet hall, now deserted, where the nations of the earth held their peaceful tourney, each striving to show what great things were being done for civilization, and what triumphs were being achieved over the darkness of the past.

It stands northeast of the city in the Prater, which is accounted the largest and handsomest park in Europe, and is a substantial and noble structure, of wonderful vastness. It is said to be twelve times as large as the London exhibition-building, and to have been the combined work of several architects and engineers. It is built in what is called the "fish-bone" form, having one principal gallery the whole length of the building (over 3,000 feet), with fourteen cross galleries, less than one-fourth as long. In the centre of the Palace rises the Rotunda, which, from its mighty dimensions and elegant adornment, is very imposing. Its diameter is 340 feet, and its height 320 feet. The frescoing is skilfully devised to give the great roof the appearance of a vast tent, and this rests on fifty-two iron columns, which are fifty-six feet in height, and are hidden by wooden decorations. The architecture is carried out in the Italian renaissance style, and its greatest beauty is the principal entrance, which is richly adorned with sculptures, and has a large semicircular window of painted glass over the portal.

The contributions to the Exhibition from the Orient have been purchased by a company here, and are permanently located in the building, giving a little idea of what the pilgrim to Vienna had the pleasure of looking at last year. But the emptiness of most parts of the vast and costly building is saddening, and we compare its forsaken desolation with the wonderful display of world wonders which adorns the long corridors of the noble glass structure in London. But we are reminded that the Palace is not without its uses, and that when a sudden shower descends on the gay crowd who throng the Prater of a summer's day, the doors of the forsaken halls are opened, and the multitude find safety and a sheltered promenade-ground within its walls.

A beautiful and spacious building near at hand contains the fine aquarium, where we see the fish of the Danube, and the sea-creatures from the Mediterranean and other seas. There were crocodiles from the Nile, one of whom, being roused from his meditations, gave us a vocal salute, sad and unmelodious; a soft-eyed, human-looking seal from the Polar waters, and familiar-looking king crabs from our own Atlantic shores; while the display of sea-anemones and the other charming flower animals of the ocean caves was full and beautiful, and there seemed plenty of room in the building for other of the wonders of the world of waters.

But this splendid capital is so rich in places and objects of interest, that one feels almost hopeless of doing any more than give a superficial glance at its points of greatest importance, and then to pass onward. It is pleasant to see that the spirit of substantial improvement is at work here. New streets are being laid out in every direction, new houses are being erected by the hundreds, new schools, sufficient, it is said, to provide for the educational wants of the people, have been built, and the drainage and water-supply have secured for Vienna the two great essentials of healthy living—pure air and pure water. No wonder the people are proud of their dwelling-place, and that they bear cheerfully the additional burdens that all this outlay imposes. So far as such superficial observation can reveal, it would seem that the rulers of this land are really striving to benefit the people. I would like to give a word of appreciation to the numerous and excellent coffee-houses, where a really good cup of coffee can be obtained at all hours at trifling cost. The price of the coffee-berry is much higher (one-third) than with us, but the glass of coffee is sold for only about half what we would give in Philadelphia. I observed among a market-woman's stores, one day, a quantity of acorns from the forest. We stopped to inquire as to what sweet uses this ancient and honorable nut was to be applied, when we were told that they were good to put in the coffee. Can it be the addition of the homely acorn which gives Vienna coffee its wonderful goodness? I saw in a late number of the *Intelligencer* that the establishment of good and inexpensive coffee-houses was to be attempted in Philadelphia which, it is hoped, will take the place of the present liquor shops. Surely, if the coffee were made so perfectly delicious as it is here these houses would become very popular and a very great blessing.

In Austria, it is said that in every village and city over half the population are, on summer evenings, to be seen at the café tables in the pleasant pavilions and gardens, along the quays and in all cool places, enjoying their evening refreshment and enlivening it with merry conversation. This is not, I am sure, only the custom of the "lower orders," but gentlemen and ladies, persons of true refinement and culture, do not disdain to enjoy the evening hour in this way. Friends gather thus according to their affinities, and have happy times together for an hour or two, and then every one goes home betimes, and by nine or ten o'clock the cafés are deserted, and all is quiet in the tea-garden. This is a pleasant national custom which Europeans must miss sadly when they come among us. The best feature is that both men and women patronize the café and the tea-garden.

S. R.

Tenth month 22d, 1874.

UNSEEN.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowerets know the day,
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech:
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride:
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all, who is eyes for the mole;
All motion goes to the rightful goal,
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

—*Exchange.*

A LESSON.

Last night I weighed, quite wearied out,
The question that perplexes still;
And that sad spirit we call doubt
Made the good nought beside the ill.

This morning, when with rested minds
I try again the self-same theme,
The whole is altered, and I find
The balance turned, the good supreme.

A little sleep, a brief night's rest,
Has changed the look of all that is!
Sure any creed I hold at best
Needs humble holding after this.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LITTLE THINGS.

Our life is made up of little things
To which we give little thought,
But joined together as links of a chain,
The work of our life is wrought.

But if each little link is good of its kind,
It will make a golden band,
Which by and by we shall bear away,
And place in the Father's hand.

Then let us give heed to the little things,
Little duties and cares while we may;
And let us not leave till the night comes on
The work to be done in the day.

For the Lord shall say, when our work is done,
And we meet on the heavenly shore,
"Over little things thou hast faithful been,
Be thou ruler over more."

THE distinction between sensible qualities
d the substance to which they belong, and
tween thought and the mind that thinks,
not the invention of philosophers; it is found
the structure of all languages, and there-
e must be common to all men who speak
th understanding. And I believe no man,
wever skeptical he may be in speculation,
n talk on the common affairs of life for half
hour without saying things that imply his
lief of the reality of these distinctions.—
mes Walker.

RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

The first right of every child is to be well born; and by this I mean that it has a right to the best conditions, physical, mental and moral, that it is in the power of the parents to secure. Without this the child is defrauded of his rights at the outset, and his life can hardly fail of being a pitiful protest against broken laws. Centuries of preparation fitted the earth for man's occupancy, hinting thus the grandeur of his destiny, and suggesting that in an event of such magnitude as the incarnating of a soul, prevision should be exercised, and all the best conditions secured in aid of a harmonious and happy result. Good health, good habits, sound mentality and reverent love should form the basis of every new life that is invoked. The mother who gives herself up to morbid fancies, who considers her health an excuse for petulance and non-exercise of self-control, proves herself unworthy of the holy office of mother, and ought not to be surprised if she reap at a later day the bitter harvest of her unwise sowing.

Second in importance to none, as a means of securing the happiness and best good of childhood and youth, is the right to be taught obedience. It is easy to submit to what we know is inevitable, and to the little child the requirement of the parent should be law without appeal. The tender, immature being, shut in by the unknown, where every relation is a mystery and every advance an experiment, has a right to find itself everywhere sustained and directed by the parent. It should not be tempted to resistance by laws that are imperfectly enforced, nor subjected to the injurious friction of discussion by having a long list of reasons given for every requirement. The habit of obedience to the parents may be formed before the child is two years old, and this is a necessary precedent of obedience to law, the next stage of a true development.

The child has a right to employment and the free use of its faculties. "What shall I do?" is the plaintive wail of many a little one imprisoned in rooms where every thing is too nice to be played with, and among grown-up people who cannot endure noise. "Sit down and keep quiet," is too often the impatient answer—an answer which I never hear without an indignant mental protest. I admonish you, father, mother, guardian, into whose hands God has committed the sacred trust of a child's life, be careful how you betray it! Beware how you hinder a soul's development by a selfish seeking of your own convenience!

Absolute reliance on the love of the parents, faith in their wisdom that forbids doubt,

are indispensable conditions of a healthy and happy development. They constitute a fertile soil and genial atmosphere in which all beautiful human affections bud and blossom. "Father does what is right," "Mother knows better than I," are the instinctive utterances of a child whose life and education have been rightly begun. That these utterances are not oftener heard is a severe commentary upon our methods, a sad indication how much the rights of children have been neglected.

The child has a right to ask questions and to be fairly answered; not to be snubbed as if he were guilty of an impertinence, nor ignored as though his desire for information were of no consequence, nor misled as if it did not signify whether true or false impressions were made upon his mind. He has a right to be taught everything which he desires to learn, and to be made certain, when any asked for information is withheld, that it is only deferred till he is older and better prepared to receive it. Answering a child's questions is sowing the seeds of its future character. The slight impression of to-day may become a rule of life twenty years hence. A youth in crossing the fields dropped cherry-stones from his mouth, and in old age retraced his steps by the trees laden with luscious fruit. But many a parent whose heart is lacerated by a child's ingratitude might say,

"The thorns I bleed withal are of the tree I planted."

To answer rightly a child's questions would give scope for the wisdom of all the ancients; and to illustrate needed precept by example would require the exercise of every Christian virtue.—*Victoria Magazine.*

It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

On earth we have nothing to do with success or with its results, but only being true to God and for God; for it is sincerity and not success which is the sweet savor before God. —*Robertson.*

NOTICES.

SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE LECTURES.

Such Friends as have been in the practice for several years past of attending the Lectures given at the N. E. corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets, will probably be gratified to learn they are about to re-commence for the season. The opening will be given on Third-day evening, the 29th instant, by Anthony M. Kimber.

Subject: "William Penn."

Tickets can be procured *gratuitously* of any of the managers, or at Friends' Book-store, No. 706 Arch Street, or Jacob M. Ellis, 606 North Seventh, or 325 Walnut.

WESTERN FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

Next meeting will be held at Kennett Square Meeting-house on Seventh-day, First month 2d, 1875, at 10 A. M.

That the recess at noon be as short as possible. Friends will bring eatables with them. It is expected that children will be present, prepared to take part in some exercises; but, while as many as can come are desired to do so, it is hoped that all exercises that cannot be heard distinctly over the house will be avoided.

It is requested that all the schools and Bible classes in the Union will report the whole attendance during the summer, the average attendance, the number of books in the libraries, and the number taken out during the season, with such remarks or incidental information as a season's work in the meetings and First-day schools may suggest.

THOS. F. SEAL, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

EZRA CORNELL died at Ithica, New York, on the 7th inst. In speaking of him the New York *Post* says:

"His name will always be most intimately associated with the university which he founded, but he will also long be remembered as a prominent citizen and an old member of the State Senate.

"On the 2d of July, 1862, Congress passed an act granting public lands to the several States and Territories which might provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Under this act thirty thousand acres for each of its Senators and Representatives in Congress were appropriated to every State, and, under this provision, the share of the State of New York was in land scrip representing nine hundred and ninety thousand acres. From the first, the State of New York determined to cease the policy of scattering its resources for advanced education, and to concentrate this fund in a single institution worthy of the Commonwealth. Acting upon this idea, the Legislature first conditionally appropriated the whole amount of land scrip to another institution. The stipulations of the contract not having been fulfilled, the two Houses, in 1865, following the same policy of concentration, transferred the entire proceeds of the land grant to the Cornell University upon its compliance with certain conditions, of which the most important were that Ezra Cornell should give to the institution five hundred thousand dollars, and that provision should be made for the education, free of charge for tuition, of one student from each Assembly district of the State. At the first meeting of the trustees thereafter, Mr. Cornell fulfilled the requirements of the charter. He then made the addition gift of over two hundred acres of land, with buildings, as a farm to be attached to the College of Agriculture, and of the Jewett Collection in Geology and Palæontology—a collection which had cost him ten thousand dollars; and he has given, since that time, other gifts to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. Besides this, he has expended about two hundred thousand dollars in purchasing the land scrip and locating the lands for the University. The munificence of Mr. Cornell enabled the trustees to create, in addition to the Colleges of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, founded in accordance with the provisions of the Congressional act, eight other departments."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 2, 1875. No. 45.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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LETTER AND SPIRIT.

In a late number of the *Christian Register*, we find the substance of a discourse delivered in Westminster Abbey, by Dean Stanley, in eighth month last. The views advanced by this eminent churchman, in the main, so nearly accord with the teachings of our religious body, that we give the article a place in our columns, believing it will interest many of our readers. He began with the text that follows:

"God has made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and dwelt on the contrast between the letter and the spirit forming, as he argued at the outset, a truth of almost equal importance to that taught by the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. First, defining the apostle's words, the Dean said that in their original sense their letter meant the ancient Hebrew characters of the ten commandments, the unchangeable letters of the law, which could not speak, the commands which could not be altered, and which said, "An eye for an eye," "A tooth for a tooth." This was the letter that killed. And what was the spirit? The spirit was the Divine Spirit, working softly to waken music wherever it passed over the chords of the human heart, the spirit with which God worked invisibly, the spirit not of outward forms, but of inward freedom. Following the manifestations of the letter and the spirit, the preacher first spoke of them as they appear in the external world. We hear much to-day, and we shall, he added, hear more and more of the importance of matter in the external universe, of its indestructibility and other properties, and I admit all this; but then I say that but for something in it all would be dead, but for something within, which the apostle calls "spirit." The matter by itself, the mere flesh and bones, would be a burden, the everlasting mountains, the sun, the moon and the stars would be unintelligible unless the spirit was in man to admire and understand them; nay, they would not only be dead, but they would have weighed on man. What was said of our great astronomer is true generally:

> "Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,
> God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light!"

In ancient times, when astronomy and knowledge of all sorts was slight, not only had the lakes, the mountains and the valleys no attraction for men, but they were even repulsive until the spirits of poets like Gray and Wordsworth breathed into them beauty and grace. The letter of nature indeed killeth, but the spirit of philosophy, of poetry, of religion, animates and transfigures. But

let us look not only at nature, but at human life. If we take a hard, prosaic view of human life, and of the customs and habits of our neighbors, then, indeed, is it true that the letter killeth—it kills the warm affections, it kills the generous actions, it kills the just appreciation of persons; but if we take a large and sympathetic view of the characters and intentions of those around us, immediately all is life. It is as when in a photograph we have the exact picture, the face without the countenance, without expression—the letter without the spirit. Or, again, if we read a book without knowing the author, and then read it again when we know the author, what a contrast is there. The whole book becomes full of the living person; we hear his voice, and see his face, and feel his spirit. Oh, how many of our harsh judgments, our misapprehensions, would be removed if we could thus see that it is the dry fact, the mere bone and skeleton of life that kills! it is the life, and the spirit, and the atmosphere which make alive. Again, in the business of life how often men think only of general rules, and not of the spirit which governs all rules. As long as the child is taught his letters mechanically, and without an intelligent interest, the letter kills; but directly his interest is enlisted the dead flesh is lighted up. It is, indeed, a great misfortune to take life, as the French say, "at the foot of the letter"—it crushes and kills. But if, on the contrary, we look at life on all its sides, and try to determine the purpose breathed into it from its heavenly Source, then we see that death becomes life, weakness is transformed into strength, and out of darkness comes forth light. Or, if we look at the great examples of ancient times, we are not able to imitate them in all, but in the wise scope of their actions—not in what they actually did, but in what they would have done if they had been with us now—in the spirit, not in the letter. The letter, indeed, killeth, but the spirit is vast, comprehensive, elevating, and lifts us above the cares and vexations of life, and makes us one with the great and good of the past.

Further, the Dean applied the words to the fixed laws of national government, which, he said, must occasionally give way, or the extremity of justice would become the extremity of injustice. There are times when the letter of the law must be broken, when the free spirit must have play, when we see that it is true indeed that the law was made for man, and not man for the law. Turning to religious institutions, the preacher instanced the laws, the rules, the rubrics of public worship. Some laws, he said, there must be in all churches, even in those which have no fixed form of government; but how impracticable how absurd, it would be if all these laws were administered without an elasticity to meet the ever changing circumstances of life Then, indeed, the letter would kill the peace and life of the strongest church. . . .

Look at the Old Testament, how unedifying, how misleading is the letter of many of the precepts in the Levitical law, of many of the accounts of battles and slaughters in Joshua and the two books of Judges and the two books of Kings! Yet at the bottom of all is a lesson of faith and wisdom full of meaning, though hard to find out. Or again, if we take the Bible letter by letter and word by word, as if all its parts were of equal importance, we shall find many things which may try the faith of weak brethren But if instead of this we do not trouble ourselves with the literal prosaic exactness of the Bible words, then we shall find the spirit breathed into them. Each passage must not be taken by itself, but we must judge all by the spirit which runs from end to end of the Scripture. It is as a whole that the pre-eminent excellence of the Bible is seen and felt because then it vindicates itself, and we need have no fears respecting it. Half, and more than half, the attacks on the Bible are attacks on its letter. Every defence of the Bible is and must be, a defence of its spirit. The letter of the Bible has changed in its passage through the hands of men and from one language to another; but the spirit within makes itself felt above all forms, above the varied readings with which it has been entangled, above the hundred translations in which it is read. The letter is important as the vehicle of the spirit, for the Bible contains within it a solid, immutable well, in which the water of life has been drawn up from age to age, and kept clear and undefiled. But still as the actions and words of a man are not the man himself, so also the words and actions and letters of the Bible are not the mind and spirit of God. The spirit of the Bible is that which animates the whole not any one phrase; it is not the seen, but the unseen; it is not the temporal, but the eternal. Here, then, it might be thought that the letter and the spirit were the same but here again it is true that the letter killeth the spirit giveth life.

Having noticed the words of Christ to the woman of Samaria, His declaration that He gave His flesh to His disciples to eat, and His command that when His disciples were smitten on one cheek they should turn the other also, as instances in which the literal interpretation could not be adhered to, the Dean said that if it were insisted on then the letter would kill, neutralize, formalize and

le the spirit. He further proceeded to ply the same line of thought in regard to rist's life and example, which, he said, st not be copied as a child copies its text, oke by stroke. We must not wash the feet the disciples as He did, or else we might l be unlike Him; but if we try to athe the atmosphere of thought which He athed, and not to do every single act ich He did, if we try to do all in His spirit, n, though we may be rich while He was r, though we may never be called on to ch while He was always teaching, yet we ll be like Him. One great reason why was taken from us was, that we should cling to His footsteps, but follow in His it.—*Christian Register.*

From the Bucks County Gazette (by request).

ANTHONY BURTON.

The sudden death of Anthony Burton has asioned a deep consciousness of loss through- the community, such as always attends departure of a worthy and useful man. the sphere of his activities he filled a large important space. Not only in the social ain, where his hospitality was conspicu- nor in the religious Society of Friends, which he was a devoted and prominent nber, will his absence be sincerely felt, also in the business walks of life, where stability of character, unblemished reputa-, and thorough integrity have long been recognized.

He was President of the Farmers' National k of Bucks County twenty-four years, ceeding the venerable John Paxson, who in the autumn of 1850. He was also sident of the Delaware River Steamboat pany, and filled other stations that com- ded his usefulness. In these several acities his personal worth was felt and reciated, and he enjoyed in a rare degree regard and confidence of the community. h him the sense of right was a governing ciple, steadfast and perennial, grounded is nature as the central pivot of his creed fe. It is to the credit of human nature such men are put forward into places of and responsibility, not only because it lves a recognition of solid character as a rity for the success of an undertaking, likewise because it points to that sensi- ness in the public mind concerning pro- honor and excellence, which demands the best man shall be foremost.

nthony Burton was esteemed by all who v him. He was helpful and kind, as y a tongue can testify. He lived in an sphere of good will. Efforts made in lf of reform, for the welfare of society or the good of mankind, received his quiet aid. He possessed those amiable virtues which are the most in request for daily use, which wear the best and last the longest. It is much to say of a man's life that it is "centred in the sphere of common duties." In morals he knew no path but the path of rectitude.

He was a man of industry, provident and frugal, yet generous. . . . He was blessed with a serene disposition, and if he erred it was on the side of charity and in the spirit of conciliation. Many win a wider fame; but few leave a worthier record. J. K. W.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

I noticed in your last issue a criticism over the signature of E. M., on my essay on the doctrine of Eternal punishment and I wish to say in explanation of the words he has italicized, that they were used as an introduction (though perhaps not as appropriately or fitly, as a different phraseology might have been, particularly *if to be taken without the context*) to set forth the error of the view that future punishment or suffering, when inevitably following as a necessary result the abuse of the priceless boon of free agency, necessarily implies vindictiveness or a desire to punish on the part of our Creator, and I think my dear friend E. M., if he again carefully reads *the whole* of the essay, will not fail to understand my meaning, and will, I hope, agree with me, and justify me in my concern to warn my fellow-men against imbibing the dangerous and sin-pleasing doctrine that those who die hardened sinners may confidently depend on a state of probation beyond the grave, and a final restoration to Divine favor.

A. J. P.

Clarksboro', N. J., 12th mo. 18th, 1874.

From the Public Ledger.

INTELLIGENCE AND VIRTUE.

Not only in the discussions of philosophers, but in the minds of all thoughtful persons, has the question at times arisen, whether intelligence was based upon virtue, or virtue upon intelligence; whether the mind's clear insight into truth and duty will infuse them into the heart and life, or whether the sincere love of goodness and its habitual practice will ensure true opinions and just judgments. On the one hand, it is urged that all sin is only folly—only a mistaken means of following the same end that righteousness pursues—that is, happiness; and, that if we could but convince men of their mistakes and show them the direct road to what they seek, we should at once establish a pure morality. According to this system, charac-

ter should always conform to intellect. The man with the clearest head, the strongest reasoning powers, the best faculty of discrimination and judgment, and the highest culture, would always possess the purest impulses and exhibit the most upright life, while the most ignorant man in the community would ever be its greatest villain. To convince the understanding would be equivalent to reforming the life, and the only foes for man to resist would be ignorance and error.

Facts, however, do not seem to confirm this theory. Virtue does not always follow knowledge, nor vice always attend upon ignorance. Some who lead a sincere and pure life are yet the victims of gross errors, while some with intelligent and highly cultured minds sink into degrading vice or crimes. It is patent to all that the mind and the heart do not always travel the same road or arrive at the same goal. Whoever has tried to reform the evil habits of men by simple appeals to their reason has felt that there is something which baffles their efforts. They may show the miser clearly the folly of avarice, without making him generous; they may convince the sensualist of the imbecility of his course, without making him temperate. Indeed, the tyranny of evil passions far oftener blinds and perverts the reason and warps the judgment into an attempted defence of its practices than yields to the conclusions of calm and deliberate thought.

On the other hand, the opposite extreme is no less erroneous. If virtue does not always spring from intelligence, neither is intelligence always the fruit of virtue. If knowledge cannot of itself produce excellence of life, neither can righteousness alone produce knowledge. It is a great mistake to suppose that to control the desires and to reform the habits will alone give sufficient mental vigor and intelligence,—that if we only *do* right, it is no matter what we think or how we reason. If, as we have seen, to *know*, does not always imply to *do*, neither does doing always include knowing. The truth would seem to embrace both these theories in their essence, but neither in their extremes, and certainly neither to the exclusion of the other. Intelligence and virtue are not distinctively cause and effect. The former is not built upon the latter, nor is the latter the simple outcome of the former. Still they are dependent each upon the other, if not for their existence, yet for their perfection. They are twin sisters, who droop when separated. The mind needs the heart to inspire it, the heart needs the mind to enlighten it, and the life will be the spoken language of both. Wisdom can only be truly wise as it seeks the companionship of virtue, and virtue can only be truly excellent as it assimilates with wisdom.

There is a common feeling that if we *d* as well as we *know*, no more can be expecte of us. There is a certain sense in which thi is true, and it is doubtless a point which few if any, of us attain. At the same time, ther is a duty of *knowing*, which is too little em phasized among us. How often do we plea as a sufficient excuse for all sorts of short-com ings, "I did not *know*." Possibly so, bu might I not have known? Have I improve my opportunities for knowing? Have I ex erted my mind to discover? Have I earnestl sought for light while groping in darkness If not, how can I justly exonerate myself In this land of opportunities, ignorance in a its forms may generally be called a crim and it certainly is one which nature visi with heavy penalties.

Nothing can be more beautifully harmo ious than the concurrent operation of inte ligence and virtue. They blend into eac other so perfectly that, where they are bot active, the development of each tends the advancement of both. He who is ev faithful to the call of duty cannot rema long unenlightened, and each fresh investig tion into truth will involve new calls of dut to which he will gladly respond. But the i telligence that despises virtue will soon l obscured, and the virtue that is content wit out intelligence will soon lose its identity.

FRANÇOIS P. G. GUIZOT.

Since the name of this distinguished m was stricken from the roll of living statesm and authors, the prominent place he filled the history of the century, has been the su ject of comment wherever his public servic are known and acknowledged.

He spent the later years of his life in co parative retirement at his quiet country hom Val Richer, to which he retired when t Revolution of 1848 closed his political care and where he died at the advanced age eighty-seven years.

His family had been Huguenots for ge erations. His father was an advocate Nismes, and it was his lot to be frowned up by authority prior to the Reign of Terr during which he perished on the scaffol when his son was only six years old; th over young François' childhood was cast t shadow of the guillotine.

From a London paper we add the follo ing :—Eds.

"Ere he was twelve, in addition to t learned languages, he had gained a thorou knowledge of German; before he was fifte he was a perfect Italian and English schol

ıe First Empire was in its first year of pomp, ide and power when the young scholar, or and almost friendless, came to Paris to ek his fortune. He intended to adopt the ofession of his father; but, probably rough lack of pecuniary means, he was not lled to the Bar, and drifted into his ap- inted and natural avocation—that of letters. . . . . "When only twenty-five years old became the most distinguished Professor the Sorbonne, and he had done as much by e age of thirty as many vigorous men do in ife-time. Pamphlets, essays, histories, lec- es, newspaper articles had flowed from his n in such numbers as to show that he was narvel of industry. Nor did his literary l flag when he entered the Ministry of the terior as the Principal Secretary. Not only s he the chief power in the office, but he ote as many State documents as would form lumes, and he wrote them so well that they nd boldly out from the dreary level of of- al papers. When his friends left office, iizot composed political pamphlets, essays the history of France, and books on the volution which cost Charles I his life, and ich was ended by the restoration of his . His studies on that period of our history estalled the researches of Mr. Carlyle and . Forster, and they do not lose their value en when they are measured by the fuller ults of native investigation. But M. izot made perhaps his highest mark as a n of letters when, after three years of ban- ment from his chair at the Sorbonne, he in began his course of lectures on history. at was a long time ago, for it was in 1828; l yet he was even then in his forty-first ır. Crowds came to the old College to hear brilliant Professor who had already made nself famous, and who was so much of a itical power as to have incurred the special nity of a hated Government. Guizot re- d the tribute of admiration by delivering eral courses of lectures which promise to d a permanent place in literature. They e so full of philosophical thought, and y displayed so profound a knowledge of subtle links between the old world and new, that, in France at least, they began resh epoch of historical research. During intervening period of nearly fifty years, subjects have engaged more attention n the philosophy of history, and yet izot's works on that subject still merit e and anxious study. Perhaps they are ong the few books of this century that terity will care to read. . . . .

'On going back to political life, Guizot s forced to give his pen a rest. The Am- sador to England, the Prime Minister of ance, the foremost and most restless states- man in Europe could not find time to be a man of letters. But he returned to his old work the moment that Revolution gave him leisure. In the quietude of Val Richer he continued to pour out books of lasting merit for five-and-twenty years. Histories, essays, meditations on religion, moral studies, biographies of the political friends whom he had lost, were produced in such abundance that they would have been an adequate result for a lifetime of labor. His attention was devoted more and more to the themes of religion, and to those historical subjects which first engaged his pen. A profound believer in the Protestant form of Christianity, he specially busied himself, nevertheless, with meditations on those spiritual truths which find a place in all systems of Christianity rather than with the themes of controversy. He wrote like an aged Father of the Church rather than a great Minister when he touched such themes as the immortality of the soul, and indeed it is rather startling to remember that the same pen wrote the despatches which prepared the way for the Spanish marriages. Guizot's last work was like some of his earliest, for it was a history of France. Addressed to the grandchildren who were his daily companions, and whom he fervently loved, it is a simple story rather than a philosophic narrative. Perhaps the idea was suggested by Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and it is so far like that historical masterpiece as to be full of anecdote, although it lacks the simplicity and the brevity of Scott.

"Thus Guizot could afford to be judged by the light of his writings alone. Perhaps, indeed, it were better for him that his political career could be forgotten, since it is marred by the cynical way in which he sacrificed the happiness of the Spanish Queen, and the infatuation with which he dragged the French Monarchy to ruin. His literary career, at least, is stainless and noble. His pen will give him a place among the very first writers of this century. He is not, indeed, one of the first half dozen, because his thoughts were not sufficiently original, nor his emotions of such burning heat, nor his style of such artistic excellence as to make his books great fountains of refreshment. . . . .

"But there never was a time in the literature of any country when Guizot could not have justly claimed a place in the Academy among the first Forty, and such praise is so high that even his ambition could scarcely have sought a more lofty tribute. His was not, indeed, that genius which produces a few masterpieces to be the delight of all time. He was too little of an artist to achieve such perfection. But he was, nevertheless, a foremost teacher of his age, and he has left some

books which will make the future think with gratitude of the great man who now sleeps in the simple churchyard of a Norman village.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SLEEP.

The amount of sleep necessary to maintain sound health, other conditions of the body being normal, has been the subject of much diversity of opinion, and numerous theories respecting it have been advanced; some have claimed that six hours of the twenty-four are sufficient for any but idlers and sluggards, and in support of this view, have cited cases of individuals who have held prominent positions, and who enjoyed good health on four hours' sleep.

All agree that sleep is as necessary to existence as food, and it is safe to leave every one to decide the amount required in each individual case.

Very young children should sleep a large portion of the time. Those attending school ought not to study before retiring. If the mother would see to it, that these have an early and light supper, and are in their beds in good season, there is little doubt that health and cheerfulness would be promoted, and there would be fewer complaints of bad lessons. The morning hour, if a long night of undisturbed repose has been enjoyed, is the child's best time to prepare for class exercises; the perceptions are quickened, and the mind grasps with refreshed and animated energy the intricate thought that baffled the weary brain the evening before.

A contributor to the New York *Observer*, over the signature of "Irenæus," gives his own experience on this subject, with the thoughts it suggests, which are so worthy of consideration that I append nearly the entire article. L.

The writer says:

"It was in Casa Guidi, in the city of Florence, that I was first led, by a singular experience to study the phenomena of sleep, or rather of no sleep.

"It was Sunday night; after a day unmarked by any special excitement, I retired, expecting to sleep soundly as usual. Midnight came, and the small hours grew larger, and I was still wide awake. The associations of the room and the house thronged me. Mrs. Jameson had written some of her delightful works on the very table near my bed. Mrs. Browning had made the house classic and memorable by giving its name to her most famous poem, for in this palace she wrote and died; and, over the door, the Florentines have placed a tablet to her memory. Just across the way is the gate of the Pitti Palace, and there are shrined the loveli works of art. And so, with the thoughts what had been going on here, and with oth thoughts that crossed the sea, the night wo away and morning came, but not a wink sleep. Monday was spent as usual, visiti the galleries and churches, and when nig came, I retired again, and arose the ne morning without a moment of sleep. A now I hied me to Dr. Wilson and told hi my simple story, that I was quite well, b had forgotten how to get asleep! Under l care, the third night brought a little slee but it was six months before normal sleep came my habitual enjoyment. Since, and that Florence experience, I have learned th food and exercise and physic are not mo important for life and health than sleep. is a religious duty to sleep, and to sleep enoug and he who does not, may be sure that he breaking the sixth commandment, which quireth all lawful endeavors to preserve o own life, as well as the lives of others.

"There is scarcely a better health-me for men who think much than this. Ha mental work is beginning to kill when it terferes with sleep, and he who plies his br with ever so much energy eight or ten ho a day, prays and plays five or six and slee seven or eight, will never die of overwo Brain-work, food, exercise in the open a culture of the soul, social relaxation and sle —these are the constituents of good livi and they will be attended by health, weal usefulness and happiness. If anything e is wanting, it will be added thereunto.

The old theory was, that sleep is induc by the pressure of blood on the brain. I cause the stupor of apoplexy follows cong tion of the brain, it was held that sleep v somewhat like an incipient disease; a ve stupid theory, for sleep, so far from bei like diseases, is "the sweet restorer" of waste that brain-work makes. Congestion imminent when the brain is pressed h with blood, and it is doing more than duty. But when the brain has been l bare by removing a portion of the skull o living animal, it is obvious to the eye that sleep comes, the brain occupies less sp than before, and as the animal awakes, brain expands and fills the cavity aga Sometimes, on rising suddenly in bed fro sound sleep, one is dizzy or light-headed, a that is because the blood has not had time regain its circulation in the upper sto And it is not well to spring up quickly waking; take things moderately then, as all times.

Thus we see the necessity of sleep, that waste of the whole nervous system, occasio by the wear and tear of mental and physi

abor through the day, may be repaired. You annot make machinery of the hardest steel nd of the most polished surface that will not ear out or break down. And all the machinery on earth combined, would not show orkmanship so delicate, and finished, and tted for such exquisite service as the body nd the mind of a man. Even the muscular ystem of a horse or an ox gives out when est is denied. It has been publicly stated, hat ten bank presidents in New York city ere killed by the commercial crash of 1857. ot one of them would have died of that isaster had he given ten hours a day to usiness and eight to sleep. I do not know hat Shakspeare meant when he wrote that sleep knits up the ravelled *sleeve* of care;" ut I well know, by long experience, that hen care has wasted and unravelled the web f life, so that the man is falling into xes and sevens, like an old stocking or nitted sleeve, then kind sleep comes to his id, knits it all up again, and makes him as ood as new. The victims of no sleep from ir banks and stores, go wandering over urope like spirits in the gospel, seeking rest nd finding none, because they hasted to be ch, and would not, and then could not, eep.

Prince Albert, that model prince consort, orth any dozen kings of the common herd, ave a written certificate to the value of a cipe for going to sleep, of which a man aimed to be the discoverer. But it was in e long before "His Royal Highness" was eamed of, and is of no great value. The ly directions worth repeating are to "stop inking," and in order to do that most fficult of all things for a thinking man to , head work and hand work must be susnded at an early hour, the mind relieved such light employment as will divert ought from the serious business of the day, d the nervous system will thus be calmed d soothed so as to induce that peace which retells sleep. The devices are many and rious to win this boon. But they all nount to the same thing—the diversion of ought from any subject that is calculated to cite mental effort. Hunger and cold are nfavorable to sleep. It is not so unwholeme as many suppose, to go to bed after a od supper. The sleep of infancy always llows it. All dumb animals eat and then eep. Reason forbids gluttony, and reason so forbids going to bed with a stomach aving food. Keep the body warm and e head uncovered, so that the blood may tempted away from the brain and not to it.

Daniel Webster said he had a great talent r sleeping. Mr. Pierce, when he was President of the United States, said that distracting business often engaged him until midnight, but when he laid his head on his pillow he went instantly to sleep, and did not wake until roused by the servant at eight in the morning. John Quincy Adams never went to sleep at night without first repeating the child's prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c. And no rational being ought to close his eyes in sleep without it, or something like it. A good digestion, peace of conscience and a cheerful mind, make a better night-cap than pills or toddy.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

It is a blessed privilege to hear Gospel truths elucidated by the Spirit and by the understanding also. I believe in a sanctified effort of the will, bringing into exercise intellectual as well as spiritual gifts, all our crowns being laid at the Master's feet for His use, without willing anything ourselves. I never more feebly felt the emptiness of worldly gratifications than I do now—*new house and all.* These things are great conveniences, and we should be thankful for them. This is about all I can say in their praise.

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There is something very congenial to my best feelings in keeping old friendships alive, by now and then sending a line or two to the absent, or any other little thing by way of remembrance, so that we may *know* we are not forgotten. And when it is well with us, and we come before our Heavenly Father, and His sceptre of love is extended, how good it is to remember one another with desires for mutual preservation. My abiding is often in solitary places, inwardly and outwardly, but my thoughts visit my distant friends, and I feel that I love them, and in this there is great comfort; but dearer by far is communion with our loving Father, who condescends to visit all His children with the influences of His restraining, and chastening, and sustaining presence. He knows our secret motives and judges us by the integrity of the heart; so that, however poor we may sometimes feel, if the heart is right toward Him, we need not faint by the way, but remember the blessed assurance, "The Lord knoweth them who are His."

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Amid all my physical sufferings there are seasons when faith is renewed, and the Good Hand is felt to raise me above all, even to my own humbling admiration. I am sensible of many favors.—Our children are affectionate

and cheerful; we continued to be remembered by kind and loving friends; are blessed with an abundance of the good things of this life, and at times we are sensible of the presence of heavenly good. This is the crown of all —a sustaining influence, without which all else is as nothing.

I have found that one of the disadvantages of a prolonged sickness, is its tendency to make us too much absorbed in self and not enough interested in and for others. I try to keep a watch at this door, but *I* will come in, and be of too much account.

I feel the loss of not mingling more with minds that have attained a higher condition —a more perfect resignation to the dispensations of Him who doeth all things right, and who live in a fuller obedience to His will— His law revealed within. I fear sometimes that I shall have but little to offer when called to the final settlement, not even as much as was received. I fear I cannot say, Here are thy 2 or thy 5; they have gained other 2 or 5.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 2, 1875.

THE NEW YEAR.—Standing at the threshold of a new year, with all its possibilities in the future, we do well to take a retrospect of the one that has just closed, that we may individually understand its relation to that upon which we now enter. Though marking a new era in our lives, it takes shape and color from that which preceded it, and bears the impress of its retreating footsteps.

Few of us can look back with entire satisfaction, but if it has been our chief concern to grow in best things, we need not feel discouraged. If we have endeavored to be "witnesses" for the truth, not in the narrow sense that sets bounds to thought, and shuns investigation, accepting what is offered and calling it truth, without inquiry; if we have been earnest in proving all things, that we may not be found holding fast to that which has no foundation, then we may look forward with hopeful anticipations to the unfoldings that are to come.

The freedom that the truth gives is worthy of being sought after, as a man searches for hidden treasure and its reward is more enduring; for while one who has expended no toil in bringing forth the riches of the mine, may by fraud and violence usurp the right of possession, it is not possible to dispossess of the smallest grain of truth the man that has once made it his own.

The vital question with us at this time of reckoning is not the balance that stands to our credit on the ledger, but how stands the account in those hidden springs of action that flow out from the recesses of the soul, and water and refresh its desert places. It is just where no human eye may penetrate that this examination must begin, and it is divinely ordered that "secret things belong to God," for He only is an impartial Judge: the balances are in His hands, and to each shall be meted out his exact dues, independent of all misunderstandings of the motives of one another.

If we are conscious of integrity in mind and heart, there is no need of fear.

Growth is from within; the germ must be animated by a living principle, or there is no outward development. The surroundings may be most favorable, yet if it lack the power of assimilation and the perception of its needs, all these only hasten the process of decay. It is this lesson that Jesus meant to convey, when He said, "Not that which entereth into the man defileth;" and it is for our highest good that this should be the condition of advancement. With the standard set up in each soul, to which the best within us responds, we are fortified by the purity, candor and discrimination it imparts, to protect ourselves from what is hurtful, and to grasp and assimilate whatever tends to the health and vigor of the inner life. This is corroborated by the experience of many witnesses. The man or woman "blest beyond compare," is not dependent upon outward circumstances for the peace enjoyed. It comes from the harmony that exists between the Divine life and the germinal development of thought and affection. There must be this unity, and in proportion to the efforts made to establish a closer union with the Divine life or Guide will the growth be maintained.

It will not do for us to fall back upon the plea, that we cannot help ourselves; that some outward manifestation must be made in our behalf, before we can be *at one* with this Guide. The kingdom of heaven is within

ou, said Jesus. On the other hand, we may ot claim to be "sufficient" for these things, except a man be born of the Spirit," he can- ot enter—except the soul lays hold of and ppropriates the gifts of this Divine indwell- g, it cannot grow into the stature of Chris- an perfection.

Whatever may be our creed, or however idely we may differ in our outward condi- ons, we can all agree in this, that if we would perience this growth in all pure and holy ings, we must be rooted and grounded in ith in the innermost recesses of the soul, d our outward lives must be the mirror at reflects the inward working. To be ayed on God, what a defence! To be at ace with God, what a sufficiency! To be e with Him, what a priceless privilege—so ecious that all the treasures of the earth ay not purchase it: so cheap, that the poor- beggar may be its recipient!

What have we been doing in the year that s just measured its last hours to foster this ine growth? Have we been seeking by ne other channel to come into nearness h the Father of Spirits? Now is the time examination. Let us be candid with our- ves. Let us open the secret chamber of heart to the most searching scrutiny, re- mbering that He who sits as the refiner l purifier will gather unto Himself the e gold. Will we fear to have that which have treasured pass into His crucible? e we willing that He shall winnow the eat that we have garnered? These are questions that meet us at the threshold of s new year. The answer will be recorded our lives, and is in our own keeping. Let be faithful, remembering this promise ich stands among the eternal verities "I l never leave thee, nor *forsake* thee."

LECTURES.—Dr. Joseph Thomas, LL.D., poses to give a course of Parlor lectures 16 North Eleventh Street, on the Eng- Language and Literature, beginning with thirteenth century. Particular attention be given to writers of the present cen- y. The Lectures will be twelve in num- commencing on Third-day, First month , 1875, at 11 A. M., and are given weekly.

The Dr. is so familiar with the subject that the information to be gained by attending this course will be especially useful to the young. Tickets for the whole, $5; single tickets fifty cents, to be had at the door.

MARRIED.

McDOWELL—STONE —Ninth month 24th, 1874, at the house of the bride's parents, Sandy Spring, Md., with the approbation of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, Joseph T. McDowell, of New York, and Annie L., daughter of James H. Stone.

DIED.

HORTON.—On the 10th of Twelfth month, 1874, at the residence of his father, Thomas Horton, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, Joseph Horton, in the 23d year of his age. His pure and dignified life, and the serenity with which he contemplated the final change, are lessons of deep instruction to all who knew, or were present with him.

PALMER.—At West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Eleventh month 20th, 1874, of consumption, George Palmer, aged 37 years; a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting.

RAKESTRAW.—At his residence in Colerain Township, Lancaster Co., on the 9th of Twelfth month, 1874, Abraham Rakestraw, in the 76th year of his age; a member of Pennsgrove Monthly Meeting. He was a man extensively known in this section of country, and much respected. His funeral was largely attended. His remains were taken into the Meeting-house at Homeville, where a short prayer was uttered, and some brief remarks were made. Much solemnity prevailed.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN AND AROUND VIENNA AND ONWARD TO PESTH.

No. 29.

(Continued from page 702.)

One of our pleasantest Austrian days was the one spent tranquilly and restfully on the hill of Kahlenburg, on the left bank of the Danube, a little distance north of Vienna. A kind friend, a German lady, for some time resident in Philadelphia, has invited us to take advantage of the last trip of the steamer which during the summer runs to the pleasant places on the river in the vicinity of the city, and make a little pic-nic excursion to the Kallenburg, where she has her summer home. And so we embark at the very door of our hotel, and enjoy a morning ride out of the canal, and a little distance up the Danube to the landing at the foot of the mountain. Here a car stands ready to receive us, and we are drawn up a very steep railway by wire cables, as at Mauch Chunk, and then find ourselves on the wooded heights, 1,360 feet above the level of the sea. A little walk

of ten minutes, through a fine grove, and we are in the midst of a village of most substantial buildings, which once served as homes for a monastic community. The convent was suppressed by the emperor, Joseph II, and the monastery building is now the property of Prince Lichtenstein. Our friend's house was once a conventual dwelling, and is situated on a plateau on the mountain top, whence we could see far away over the pleasant Austrian land. There is a misty Indian summer light to-day, and we sit long on the lofty shadowed height, and gaze with eyes unwearied over the land, which had received us so kindly, feeling a kind of new delight in the strange beneficence of Nature, which provides this endless variety and beauty. The fair and stately city, the fertile, cultivated plain, the glittering river, like a line of light, and the near and distant hills, putting on their autumn robes of varied tint, are spread before us in a gracious panorama.

We do not have to hurry away, but may spend the whole long day on the peaceful and silent place, hearing no sound but the dropping of nuts, the gentle stirring of the green leaves above us, the quiet rustling of the fallen ones at our feet, and the kind voices of friends. What a rest is this from the toil of sight-seeing, and from the roar of the intricate city; and how refreshing is this little taste of German hospitality to the heart of the wanderer?

When the evening shadows begin to lengthen, we bid adieu to this land of silence, and our friends conduct us by a charming forest-path to the other side of the mountain, where we find a car, which descends by a longer route through vineyards and green fields to the river. The grapes are ripe and luscious, and the vintage is now about to take place, but the gatherers wait a little, hoping for a rain, which would, they tell us, tender the skin of the grapes, and make them yet better. The dry weather is said to be almost unprecedented, and the moon fills her horns, waxes and wanes without disturbing the equilibrium of the elements. We ask how we can see for ourselves the process of the vintage and the wine-making, and are told that the Augustine monastry of Klosterneuberg, which we could see from our elevation on the Kahlenberg, is the best place to visit. Accordingly, two or three days later, we find our way to the stately old monastry. We wander up the long village street to the door of the priestly dwelling place, and ask to be allowed to see the process of wine making. We are kindly directed to the wine-press, but find only the dry pomice of the grapes, as the first pressing had taken place some days ago. This is a disappointment, but we see that everything is done by machinery—quite common-place, modern-looking machinery, and one is quickly disabused of all preconceived notions, in regard to the treading of the wine press. There was a general flavor of the juice of the grape everywhere around us, and sundry huge casks by the side of the press may reasonably be supposed to contain the sweet, delicious liquid destined to be transformed into the acid wine. Then we are attracted to a building close at hand, where, they tell us, is a kind of school of wine-making. We enter the gateway, and find many vines planted in deep tubs of different kinds of earth, and all with ripened fruit upon them. The fruit was very various in size, showing experimentally, I suppose how the soil which is to produce the grape should be fertilized. Within, the testing and proving of wines is being explained, I think, and visitors are evidently not expected. Then we seek admittance to the great cellar where are garnered the vintages of long generations.

We are taken through three deep stories of vaulted cellars, and past miles, as it seemed, of great casks, some of which held from 7000 to 8000 gallons, and were of great age. A few have the heads curiously carved with likenesses of the Emperor Leopold I. and his wife the Margravine Agnes, both reputed saints and the founders of the monastery. When we have reached the last corridor of the deepest vault our guide tells us that we are as deep as the bottom of the Danube, and takes a little piece of candle from his pocket lights it, and leaves it burning on the pavement, and we turn to ascend to the daylight again. He insists, however, that we must taste the celebrated monastery wine, and getting a ladder, a tumbler, and a lifting tube, he clambers up a great cask, bearing a very ancient mark and draws up from the bung-hole a great, large glass of wine, pure sparkling, amber-tinted, which he offers. We taste it, but, though it is accounted excellent we do not fancy it much, and decline to drink the draught. Then our guide, to prove its quality, drinks a full glass himself evidently with great satisfaction. Then up, and up, and up we go, till we reach the day again, and the guide takes us to a grating in the pavement whence we look down in the far depths to see our poor little candle gleaming piteously, dispairingly, in its dungeon. The cellar-master is dispatching sparkling flasks of the wine for the refreshment of the holy fathers who are now dining, and we are directed to a pavilion at a little distance where we can find refreshment and taste the "must" as the fresh juice of the grapes is called. It is *very* good, something like the apple juice fresh from the press, but far be

ter—and we were told that it could be kept in this condition for several months. Was it not probably some such innocent and healthful beverage as this that the Great Teacher drank with His friends, rather than the intoxicating fermented wines?

Owing to the absence of one of the officials, we may not see the rich library, nor the stores of historic and artistic relics preserved in the treasury of the convent. The ancient *Archducal hat* of Austria is one of the most interesting and most precious of all the treasures, but we shall never see it now, I think.

The Old Hoffburg (Imperial Palace) in Vienna has, however, the costliest and most venerable treasures of Austria, and visitors are very kindly admitted to a sight of them on presenting a passport, or even a visiting card to the officer in charge. The collection was arranged in its present admirable order by command of Maria Theresa, and further modified by Joseph II. We pass lightly by the gorgeous vestments of the heralds, and the richly-wrought silver caskets which contain the coffin keys of Imperial remains, and pass on to see the curious antique watches, among which are the oval time-pieces called Nuremberg eggs; and to take note of the rich and beautiful vases, ornaments and articles of table service made from mountain crystal, and to the case of rich jewelry, containing an enormous pearl—a pearl of great price, doubtless—being over an inch long.

But the most striking of all the treasures are in this large, well-lighted and guarded case, which contains the private jewels of the Imperial house. Two magnificent crowns, sparkling all over with diamonds, with the sceptre and ball, take the highest place, and around them are arranged a bewildering profusion of diadems, necklaces and crosses. We were desired to note the great diamond, weighing 133¾ carats, the fourth largest in the world, once the property of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, and brought into the imperial treasury by Francis Stephen, husband of Maria Theresa.

"Great princes have great playthings."

The splendid insignia of Napoleon I as King of Italy, and the rich cradle of his little son, who, he fondly hoped was to succeed to all the glories of his empire, stand very near the interesting emblems and relics of the old German Empire—the crown, sceptre and coronation robes, and the sabre of Charlemagne. As we stand meditating and dreaming among these relics of the past, a guard reminds us that the hour for closing the precious collection is come, and that we must come again if we wish to see more. Truly we have seen enough, though the vast display of coins and precious minerals is yet unexplored. But I should have been interested to see the two great crystals, one 260 and the other 140 pounds in weight, and the meteoric collection which contains some of the most notable of the fragments of world matter that our earth has drawn to her bosom in her swift career.

In the Burg-place outside, is shown the ceremonial or knight's hall, and the large corridor in which the Emperor Joseph II. gave every one who wished to speak to him an audience, thus striving to imitate in this later age the example of the pious and gracious rulers of the elder time, who strove to administer righteously the laws of Moses.

And now we must seek admission to the vaults of the Church of the Capuchins where are to be seen the caskets which contain the remains of many of the rulers of Austria. We enter the corridor of the church, but find no one to appeal to for a permit. We ring the bell modestly, and wait meekly, but no one comes; and then another visitor to aid us gives the rope such a fierce pull that the clang of the great bell must assuredly make itself heard. Sure enough, a door opens and here comes an angry looking monk who desires to know what we want. He shakes his head sternly when we make our petition, and says it is very dirty down there. We eagerly reply that we are willing to risk it; but he is much displeased to have his holy meditations broken in upon, and scolds as he unlocks the door, about the persistence of ladies, and tells us he does not wish to soil *his* dress if we do ours. But he leads the way to the vault and here we stand among mortal remains of departed kaisers. The burial cases are very richly wrought, and are of a kind of white metal that shines like silver. Far more glorious than the rest is the one of the great Maria Theresa, and plainest and simplest of all is the unadorned coffin of her son and successor, Joseph II. As we manifested a strong interest in the dust of the imperial dead our priestly conductor grew amiable and even condescended to speak English to us, explaining in sonorous tones the relationships between these buried potentates. All are memorable for some important deed or for some connection with important historic events, and he loves to recount the the glories of the house of Hapsburg, and when we part he does not scorn to accept the inevitable "trink geld."

We are told that the hearts of the emperors are contained in silver urns in the Augustine Church, and that the bowels are placed in yet another sanctuary; but why the imperial dust is so separated I could not learn. It has been said that death levels all. The

remains of these kaisers are just equal now to those of the humblest serfs who toiled, suffered and died, while they sat enthroned, lived softly, and gave laws to men. Among those of his maternal ancestors is the little coffin of the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I and Maria Louisa. It is said he was an amiable and promising youth, much beloved by those who knew him, and very dear to his grandfather, the emperor.

It is a matter of real regret to me that we did not find time during our stay in Vienna to visit the summer palace of the emperor at Schönbrunn. Maria Theresa built the present structure, and it has been used as a summer dwelling place for all her successors, and here the Duke of Reichstadt lived after the dethronement of his father.

A more ancient seat of the Austrian princes is the Castle of Luxenburg, having been in their possession since the fourteenth century. We take a railway ride to this beautiful place on a perfect, sunshiny day, and spend several hours in leisurely sauntering through the large park of 500 acres, where the emperors have delighted to linger. Various guides, who seemed to possess great physical activity, we sadly reject, fearing they will not appreciate that some travellers want to see the world very leisurely, and will be satisfied without hunting out every nook in the pleasure grounds of departed princes. But here comes a little old man, hunchbacked and rather feeble, and him we engage to conduct us through the grounds and to the choice places.

The castle itself is quite a modest country-seat for royal dwellers, and we pass by it without seeking admission, desiring rather to make a visit to the "Franzensburg," a modern imitation of a mediæval fortress, situated on an island in a large pond on the grounds. We have a pleasant walk of a quarter of an hour along shaded avenues among the ancient trees, when we arrive on the borders of the lake, and find a boat which promptly conveys us to the isle. The place is strikingly beautiful—pure, still waters reflecting stately trees and picturesque pavilions—and a little smoky haze dimming and spiritualizing all, as we enter what we would suppose was a perfectly well preserved castle of the middle ages. But this ancient looking Franzensburg is only a clever imitation of how antiquity built at the beginning of this century and furnished with old works of art from all parts of the empire. We pass through a massive door to the "page's court," and sit down to await the coming of the warder, who will show us what is within the ancient looking walls. There are tournament saddles, armory and armor of the various periods; and there is the statue of the peasant leader Stephen Fadinger; but the beautiful Hapsburg room, containing marble statues of all the princes of that line from the great Rudolph to Maria Theresa has far more interest for me. They were an imposing company, and a curious family likeness was, I thought, traceable through the many generations. The very heavy under lip is not a beautiful feature, and ones is pleased to see it almost entirely disappear in the semblance of the great empress—the loftiest Hapsburg of them all.

It were long to tell of all the curiosities here garnered, but I must mention a picture of the Emperor Maximilian, entrapped in the lofty cavern on the Martinswand, with the priest and people in the valley below him, striving to comfort him with their religious rites. The delivering angel is not shown, but the picture was so strikingly true to nature, that we could recognize it in a moment, without appealing to the catalogue. Then we were shown a tower, in the base of which was a fearsome place, a dungeon and a torture-chamber, and sitting on a low step in the darkest corner, we could dimly see a forlorn, wasted semblance of a prisoner chained both by the hands and feet.

At our entrance he raised his head drearily, and shook his chained hands in agony of despair; but we are now too deeply experienced in shams to be scared even by this apparition. The present lord of the Austrian realm, we trust, is a more judicious ruler than to allow chained captives, expiating their crimes, to be gazed upon idly by visitors from other lands. It is only a clever mechanical device. Then we ascend several stairways till we reach the summit of the tower, from which a fine and extensive view of all the country round amply repays the climber. Returning from Franzensburg, our guide leads us to a pretty grotto, with a waterfall, and then we cross a bridge to the Turnier platz (place of Tournaments), where everything was arranged as if the mimic war was to take place to-morrow. There was the wide field, the galleries for spectators, the pavilions for princes and ladies of high degree, the portals of entry and of egress for the contending knights; but we smile to think how picturesque and stately as the tourney must have been, that the days of chivalry are gone. A better chivalry is coming—has already come—a chivalry that seeks to right wrongs and defend the state by just and equal law, and by wisely instructing the people in all the precious lore, which once only the favored few could enjoy. It is not yet bright day but the morning is breaking with wondrous promise.

The numerous Jewish population is a striking feature of Vienna. We walked many times through the narrow and crowded streets which are called the Jewish quarter, though in these better days the sons of Israel dwell where they will in Vienna. Still they cling together, and the street called Judengasse is thronged with Jews, always distinguishable from other people by their physiognomy, and here, also by their dress. Very many of them wear the long overcoat reaching almost to the ground, and have the hair curled at the side in a single lock, which makes their thin, care-worn faces look yet narrower. Then too, they have a humble, bowed, deprecating manner. I imagine, strikingly unlike the cheerful, gay Viennese, who seem to extract all possible sweetness from the curious flower of human life. They tell us that these Jews are mostly from Poland, but I should judge by the names on the doors, they were also many of them from Spain and Portugal. They are a very wealthy people, but oh! so dirty and squalid-looking. I think they need converting to cleanliness as much as to Christianity.

The American Street Railways, as they are called, are now extensively used in Vienna, and afford an inexpensive means of reaching many parts of the city. But the cars are not so well fitted up as ours, and the universal smoking habits of the people, not to mention a sad attendant evil, make them less desirable than we find them at home. They do not stop at random just anywhere along the street, but have regular stations called "halt-tellas" about one-eighth of a mile apart, where they take in and land passengers. It is needful to be very quick in getting out, or the car moves on without pity and takes you to the next station, unless one has the courage to imitate the agile brethren who conquer fate by stepping from the car in motion. Perhaps when the good-humored people of Vienna come to see us in 1876, they will see our pleasant, obliging ways in regard to street-car travel, and will generously emulate us—and in future pick up the weary wanderer wherever he is found.

And now (Tenth month 21st) we take a lingering, regretful leave of the city of Vienna. We go onward to Pesth by rail, as the river is so low, the steamers have ceased running further up the Danube than that point.

The railway station is a place of great beauty, adorned with polished pillars, fitting sculptures and painted windows, and in the bright morning hour, we roll out of the fair city towards Hungary. We pass a wide bed of gravel, which a fellow-traveller tells us was formerly the bed of the Danube, the needs of navigation having obliged the deepening and narrowing of the channel.

We take a last look at the friendly heights of Leopoldsburg and Kahlenburg, which keep guard over Vienna, and suggest days of enjoyment. Around us are broad and fertile lands, green with the young wheat in different stages of advancement. Soon the country becomes almost entirely level, as if it had been the bed of a vast lake in some far away time. We pass the battle-field of Wagram, where France and Austria met in fierce and useless battle, and soon after a dark, luxuriant young foreet of pines—beautiful, sturdy, little trees, standing shoulder to shoulder, and giving great promise of future grandeur. The extreme scarcity of population is noticeable, and when dwellings do occur, they look desolate and devoid of ornament. We see a lonely, though a well-cultivated and fertile land.

In two hours we cross the boundary which divides Hungary from Austria, and pass unchallenged into the realm of the fiery children of Attila. The land is now a vast, rolling plain, rising to the south in hills of moderate elevation. Now and then we get a glimpse of little villages nestled between the hills—poor, miserable, little town enough, consisting of mere huts, thatched with straw or grass, and giving very little evidence of comfort or thrift.

Very soon we enter a rather sterile looking hill country, and while I am gazing earnestly, trying to get an idea of the land and of those who dwell therein, we dart into a tunnel that seems interminable. It is only four minutes till we emerge again into daylight, but I should have guessed that it had been ten. We have penetrated a southern spur of the Carpathian mountains, and now are in sight of the city of Pressburg, the former capital of Hungary, where her kings were crowned. Pressburg is beautifully situated on the Danube, on a moderately elevated valley, with vine-clad hills rising all around it, giving promise of beautiful views, if we could take time to explore them.

Below Pressburg the banks of the Danube again become flat, and we traverse a wide, lonely plain, with broad wheat-fields and corn-fields, and with very few inhabitants. The dwellings when they do occur are of one story and mostly with thatched roofs, and the soil in some places is quite black and has the appearance of great fertility, and a very long-horned light colored kind of cattle are feeding in great herds on the grass land. Numerous flocks of sheep also occur very frequently, and as there are no fences or hedges for boundaries, picturesque shepherds

with white sheep-skin coats are seen keeping silent watch and ward.

As the day declines, we get a view of the huge dome of the modern cathedral at Gran, which rises on a hill to the southward. It resembles that of St. Peters at Rome, and was begun in 1821, at the cost of the Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Rudnay.

And now the valley contracts, and we follow the course of the river. The banks are of picturesque limestone and porphyry. High up, on a conical mountain, stand the great and extensive ruins of castle Wissegrad, formerly inhabited by the Kings of Hungary. This historic stronghold was built by the Sclaves before the conquest of the land by the Magyars, and was greatly embellished by the king Mathew Corvinus who converted the bare rock into pleasant gardens. Then, we read, did fountains play in the gardens, while costly pictures and rare books furnished the libraries, and the saloons and halls were decorated with ornaments worthy of a royal court.

It was destroyed, once by the Moslem, and then again dismantled by the Emperor Leopold I. Its glory is gone but how startlingly does it remind the wanderer of the dim days of the semi-fabulous middle ages.

And now the sun has gone down, and we can see no more with any distinctness as we draw near the city which is the fair modern capital of the Magyar land. S. R.

Tenth month 25th, 1874.

Selected.

CONCERNING SHOES.

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" sang Solomon, describing the beauties of the church three thousand years ago.

The rough sandals spoken of so contemptuously in Abraham's days, had given place to sandallums, consisiting of a sole, a strap passing from the heel of the sole to fasten on the instep, and a toe-piece. Gleaming was the gold-embroidered strap of velvet with sapphires, rubies, amethyst, and beryl, and fair were the white feet of the Hebrew ladies then, innocent of the yellow hose now in favor with the Orientals. Stately, too, was their step; for the wide loose soles and the absence of heels enabled the wearer to move so majestically that some translators of the "Canticles" affirm that Solomon exclaimed, "How beautiful is thy walking!"

We know not where these shoes were procured, but on the walls of Thebes are curious Egyptian figures of men with their knees drawn to their chins, plying an instrument like an awl, drawing long threads, which might have been waxed-ends, through soles and similar devices, while history relates that sandal-making formed a separate trade in Egypt in the fifteenth century B. C.

There is an odd custom of Bible times referred to in the Book of Ruth, which then answered for a testimony in Israel—a legal binding of a bargain when property is redeemed or passed from one party to another—"a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor."

Perhaps the form common among the early Saxons in the transfer of authority was a corruption of this. During the festivities following a wedding, the bride's father presented his son-in-law with his daughter's slipper, with which the bridegroom thrice rapped the head of his bride to show her that she was no longer under parental rule, but must thenceforth obey her chosen lord.

In the days of the Cæsars, the "gentle craft" won a patron saint. St. Crispin, a native of Rome and a convert to Christianity, befriended shoemakers and supplied the oppressed poor with shoes made from leather which angel-hands, brought him from heavenly tanneries. So says one version of the legend; but another—alas for the Crispin!—says he stole his materials. Be this as it may, he suffered martyrdom for his faith.

Among the early Romans, different classes donned different styles of foot gear. Chief magistrates were conspicuous in red shoes on high days of ceremony. Ladies, too, wore red, and coxcombs, purple shoes of costly textures. With the poor, plain black and cheap leathers were the rule. Neat's leather was much in use, if we may judge from the first scene of "Julius Cæsar," where the cobbler says his business is one he may use with a safe conscience; "he is a surgeon to old shoes; as proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon his handiwork."

It is said that the Roman ladies wore sandals, "with soles of cork at least a finger in thickness." We are sure they were saved on their rainy-day saunterings from wearing the odious and odorous "rubbers," or, as the Pennsylvanians say, "gums," of our day.

While the Chinese obeyed their pinching boots, the Dutch, their pattens, and the North American Indian, moccasin-shod, stealthily trod over the mountains and prairies unknown to Christendom, England and France vied with one another in the inventing of new styles of shoes. The earlier Anglo-Saxons wore sandals; but with the Norman conquest "cracorres" (shoes with immense toe-points) were introduced. A certain Earl of Anjou is said to have exercised the privileges which many persons of rank exercise, and to have originated the fashion to hide some deformity of his toes.

There flourished in the time of William ufus, a famous gentleman, Robert by name, ho wore points two feet in length to his oes; they were stuffed with tow and twisted ke ram's horns. With these appendages, this ediæval Beau Brummel played the gallant fair ladies, and was considered eminently egant by them.

In Chaucer's time the turned-up toes were t in imitation of windows, and fastened with ld chains to the knee. In these strode the nglishmen, while Frenchmen *pirouetted* in ird-shoes." In these the toe projected like beak, while the heel was elongated into a w. Such ridiculous articles of wear excited e wrath of popes and kings; yet in vain re bulls and edicts issued, or councils lled which decreed against them—they con- ued in vogue for three centuries.

When that English Bluebeard, Henry II, ascended the throne, the fashion chan- d. His gouty toes required a more gener- s width of sole than the steepled points owed, and soon the court and nobility sub- ssively shuffled about in huge, platter- aped brogans of velvet and silk.

After Charles the Second passed from view, mania for fashioning new styles subsided, l we soon find in England the shoe of our y, which, barring high heels, is very sen- le.

The shoe plays its part in numerous ancient verbs, one of the most antique of which is saying, "The shoe pinches somewhere." s as old as the time of Plutarch. Then, as story goes, a certain man of rank put y his wife, without good cause his friends ught, so they questioned him concerning act. He held out his foot, and inquired hey could find fault with the fit of his es. They replied that there was no fault them. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "but I w best where they pinch me." They stioned him no more.

HE same pride that makes us condemn faults we imagine ourselves exempt from, ines us to despise the good qualities we not possessed of.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

midnight's holy hour—and silence now,
ooding like a gentle spirit, o'er
still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
ie departing year. No funeral train
eeping past—yet, on yon stream and wood,
melancholy light the moonbeams rest,
a pale, spotless shroud: the air is stirred,
a mourner's sigh—and on yon cloud
floats so still and placidly through heaven,
pirits of the seasons seem to stand.
g Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks, all breathe
In mournful cadences that come abroad,
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever!

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That sceptre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and Joy and Love
Are bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scattering dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The Year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shouts resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a mist at eve—
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He passes, and forever. The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest, upon his mountain crag. But Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness:
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions on the breast
Of dreaming sorrow. Cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water—fiery Isles
Spring blazing from the ocean and go back
To their mysterious caverns. Mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackest cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plains. New Empires rise
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations . . . . and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazoury of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Plead, loveliest of her train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void. Yet Time—
Time, the Tomb-Builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the thousand wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

PRENTICE.

HOME SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES.

We have been requested by one of our subscribers to insert the following extracts from a letter recently received from a parent of one of the pupils of "Whipple's Home School for Deaf Mutes, Mystic River, Conn."—EDS.

"We feel as if a new life had been given to us, when we see that after a few months' attendance at a school where articulation and lip-reading were taught, our dear M. came home able to ask in a most agreeable, pleasant tone of voice for any article she wished."

. . . . . .

"Mutes can as readily and surely be taught articulation, and learn to read the lips understandingly, as they can the *sign-language*. If my grown up children can be taught to speak and read the lips, the next generation of deaf mutes all over the land ought surely to be a speaking people."

H. E. LAWRENCE.

Bashear City, St. Mary's, La.

WE are like children, who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let, the words go; for at any time, they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—*Emerson.*

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

1st mo. 3, Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " Plymouth, Pa., 3 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION meets at Girard Avenue Meeting House First month 8th, at 8 o'clock P. M.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM meets at Race Street Library Room on the evening of First month 7th.

BURLINGTON QUARTERLY FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION will be hald at Mount Holly on Seventh-day, First month 9th, 1875, at 10 A. M

All interested are cordially invited to attend.

MARY J. GARWOOD, } *Clerks.*
MARTHA C. DE COU, }

ITEMS.

THE committee of investigation Jón Olafsson Olaf Olafsson and M. Björnson sent to the Pacifi coast by the Icelander settlers in Wisconsin hav given preference for Kodiak Island, which lies sout of the Alaska peninsula. In their report the say: "Kodiak Island is excellently fitted for stoc raising, the fisheries are abundant all the yea round, and there is plenty of timber for fire-woo or house-building and for boat-building, every where east of the 153d meridian, and it is only little distance to the Kenai peninsula, where tin ber suitable for building large ships grows. Th island has in nearly every respect advantages ov Iceland, and the climate especially is milder in th winter time without being warmer in summer, ar summer is a great deal longer than in Iceland.

"We will mention here that the Icelanders cu fish better than other people in Europe. And Jón Olafsson, have in Norway heard merchants wh had traded in Spain with Icelandic and Norwegia fish say that they could not sell the Norwegian a ticle in the market until the Icelandic fish had be sold out. Many persons in Iceland also well un derstand the art of smoking salmon and preservin it in tin cans.

"We therefore do not hesitate to recommen those of our countrymen who are minded to em igrate that they come hither if they can, and we this after a minute and concientious deliberatio in the firm belief that it will be for their advan age, as the land seems in every respect well adapt to them and answers completely all our expect tions."

WE wish to call the attention of all consume of kerosene oil to the pernicious and unhealth practice of using lamps filled with that article wi the wicks *turned down*. The gas which should consumed by the flame is by this means left heav in the air, while the cost of the oil thus saved the present prices would be scarcely one dolla year for the lamps of a household. A large fam of children in the country were taken ill one nig and going to the nursery the mother found t whole room nearly suffocating with a lamp turn nearly out, whereupon the doctor forbade the u of a lamp at night unless burned at full head *Boston Transcript.*

THE famous telescope of the Paris Observatc commenced in 1865, by the lamented Leon Fouca the originator of the beautiful experiment by wh the fact of the earth's motion was practically a palpably demonstrated to the eye by a gigantic p dulum suspended under the dome of the Panthe is now rapidly approaching completion, and attra much attention in the astronomical world. T dimensions of the instrument are very large, an is asserted that its power will exceed anything t has been yet effected in that direction. The t will be fifteen metres long, with a diameter of metres. The constructors are now employed u the reflector, which will be made of glass cove with a metallic coating, either of gold or sil The mould alone for the casting of the glass of disk, at the St. Gobain manufactory, requi six months for its completion, and when another month will be requisite to give it its pro shape and polish before going to the Observat to receive its metallic coating. A movable stair for mounting to the telescope is also in proces construction, and is said to be almost as wonde a piece of mechanism as the instrument itsel *Paris Letter of Phila. Ev. Bulletin.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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eport of the Board of Managers, presented it the Eleventh Annual Meeting of Swarthnore College.

Six years ago it was our painful duty to ord, in our Annual Report to the Stockders, the loss by death of "one of the est and best friends of Swarthmore Colge," in the person of Samuel J. Underhill, Jericho, L. I. Since that time no death occurred among the Managers until with- he last four months, but within this brief iod three of our number, who were with one year ago, have been called away by th: our beloved friends Anna M. Hop, Wm. Dorsey and S. B. Worth.

Anna M. Hopper was not actively engaged he work of the College at its commence- it, but she entered into its management in e to render important service in organiz- and arranging its various departments, from that time forward the institution no more zealous and efficient worker. strong, clear intellect, united with great ctical ability, qualified her for a wide field sefulness in the active government of the lege, and the trusts committed to her were harged with the conscientious fidelity ch so strongly marked her character.

Her calm, deliberate judgment was so just s decisions that its influence was felt to f great importance in deciding difficult tions, while she ever commended her own s by a courteous respect for the opinions of others. From her first appointment as Manager, she has been an active member of the Executive Committee, ministering to the various needs of the College with a zeal and energy that never flagged, while her advanced ideas and just views upon educational subjects made her counsels of great value in the Department of Instruction.

She was rarely absent from our meetings, even during the last year of her life, when her failing health was painfully noticed by all. Her quiet, unobtrusive nature shrank from notice, but the powerful influence of her character and example was felt and appreciated by those who had the privilege of knowing its intrinsic dignity and excellence, and leaves with us a sorrowful consciousness of the loss which we have sustained.

One among the first to feel the necessity of a higher education among us, and to advocate the establishment of an institution to secure that end, Wm. Dorsey was, from the beginning, an active worker for Swarthmore College. In our early conferences his voice was very frequently heard, and his clear, distinct utterances of the important principles underlying the work, carrying irresistible conviction to doubtful minds, will long be remembered by many whose interest in Swarthmore was first awakened by his impressive words. After the necessary funds had been obtained, and the College building was completed, and opened to students, his interest

continued unabated, and few members of the Board of Managers visited the institution more frequently than he. During the critical period of the organization of the College, he watched over its progress with jealous care. He was especially concerned that, while a high intellectual standard should be maintained, the great fundamental principles of Truth, as professed by our religious Society, should be taught, both by precept and example. Many earnest conversations of his upon this subject are remembered by those in authority within the College, and have had their weight in moulding and directing the internal management of the institution.

During the last few years of his life his health was in a very critical condition, yet his interest in Swarthmore was such that he was rarely absent from a meeting of the Managers; and few measures of importance have been adopted, in originating and introducing which he did not have a full share. For years, in times of especial difficulty or trial, it has been the practice of the Faculty to seek his valuable aid and advice, and they have always found him a ready and sympathetic listener and sage counsellor in all the affairs of the College. So deeply, indeed, do they feel the great loss which they have sustained, that, although there are other able and willing hands to take up the burden which he has laid down, they are almost involuntarily inclined to say:

> "Vainly look we for another
> In his place to stand."

S. B. Worth was not connected with the management of Swarthmore during the earlier years of its history, before it was prepared for the admission of students; but at the first annual meeting of the stockholders held after the opening of the College, in Twelfth month, 1869, he was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of our late highly esteemed and valued friend, T. Clarkson Taylor. He was placed at once both upon the Executive and the Building Committees, positions which he has constantly filled since that time, and in which he has performed most valuable service. He has contributed largely to the material interests of the institution by the various improvements which he has suggested, and by direct contributions to its treasury. He was one of those upon whom we felt that we could always call in cases of real need, and feel sure of a liberal response.

He was thoroughly enlisted in the great work of advancing, in every possible way, the interests of Swarthmore. The very last improvement now decided upon, and likely to be made at an early day, the introduction of new gas works, was suggested and strong urged by him; and his last act, before beco ing unconscious, was signing a check for contribution toward the purchase of the W Dale property. We feel that in him we ha lost one of our most efficient Managers a warmest friends.

The whole number of students in the C lege for the present year, exclusive of th in the Preparatory School, is 99, being an crease of 10 over the number of any pre ous year. They are classified as follows:

Seniors,	13
Juniors,	16
Sophomores,	23
Freshmen,	47

These classes are divided into departme as follows: Seniors—Classical, 8; Scienti 5; Irregular, 0. Juniors—Classical, 1 Scientific, 4; Irregular, 1. Sophomores Classical, 11; Scientific, 5; Irregular, Freshmen—Classical, 19; Scientific, 23; regular, 5. Total—Classical, 49; Scienti 37; Irregular, 13.

Great care is taken to encourage all s dents, as far as possible, to pursue one or t other of the regular courses of study p vided. It will be perceived that a ve large proportion have entered upon one or t other of these courses. Of the few who irregular some are preparing to enter the r ular course next year; others, having bu short time to remain with us, are devoti that time to special branches in which th are most deficient, or which they expect find most useful in the pursuits in which th are soon to be engaged. Our views expres last year are still unchanged, that, even those intending to take a short course, regular work of the class to which they long, is, upon the whole, the most advanta ous. The three full courses of study n open to our students, the Classical, and two branches of the Scientific course, Mechanical and the Chemical, furnishing the electives that can, with advantage, chosen, or that could reasonably be desire

The Preparatory School numbers 162 s dents, who are divided into three classes, B and C. In accordance with our announ ment of last year, the third or lowest sect of Class C has been dropped. This, toget with the corresponding increase in the nu ber of students in the College classes, s their increased average age and attainme over those of previous years, is a source much encouragement, and gives good grou for hope that, in a few years, our stude will be limited to the College classes, and classes in the Preparatory School. This the better enable the institution to do work for which it was originally intend

secure this end most effectually, Friends' hools throughout the country are earnestly quested to adopt, as far as practicable, our eparatory course of study, and thus send idents to us properly fitted to enter our gher classes. Of the teachers whom we id out, among our graduates, we may ex- ct good work for the College in this direc- n. Of our first six graduates, four are al- dy successful teachers in our College, and the seven graduates of the past year, ir have engaged in teaching, all among iends.

Most of the departments of study remain der the same charge as last year, but little ange having been made in our corps of in- uctors. The stability indicated by the very v changes made from year to year thus rly in the history of the College, is a source much encouragement, and an earnest of cess that has been very gratifying to the nagers.

Four regular courses of lectures, besides asional evening lectures, are provided for present year. These are, of course, ex- sive of regular class work, much of which sists of lectures and recitations combined. ese four courses are as follows:

A course upon Natural History, by Dr. eph Leidy, is delivered, as heretofore, to Sophomore and Freshman classes, and n to all of the students, both of the Col- e and the Preparatory School.

A course upon English Literature, by Dr. eph Thomas, was opened last year, and is ivered to all the students in Literature, to such other members of the College ses as desire to attend.

A course upon Physics, and one upon Chem- y, have been opened this year for the first e, and are delivered weekly to Class A. se two courses are open to any members he Preparatory School. They are very erally attended, and are of such a char- r as to be readily understood and appre- ed, even by our younger classes. They n a valuable addition to the course of ly of our Preparatory students, and fill a t which has been seriously felt since the ning of the College. We are, however, cient in the means of illustration, espe- ly in the department of Physics. It is known that in order to keep pace with truly wonderful discoveries in modern nce, and present them clearly to students, rge amount of costly apparatus is abso- ly necessary. The interest and value of ses of lectures upon these subjects depend largely upon our means of illustration. upply the most pressing needs in this de- ment during the present year, the Library has been drawn upon, but this is limited, and is all needed for Library purposes, and a separate fund should be established for the department of Physics without delay.

The study of Uranography has been intro- duced since the last report, and is now re- quired of all the students of Class A. Phys- ical Astronomy having also been introduced in the Senior Class, Astronomy is now taught both in the College and the Preparatory School. An Observatory is one of the future needs of the College, but one which we had better not attempt to supply until the means to build and equip it properly are at our command.

(To be concluded.)

CHANG LAIZUN, the Chinese Commissioner of Education, says: "Chinese women can read and write, and when a husband wishes to do anything, he consults with his wife, and when the son comes home, although he may be Prime Minister, he shows his respect to his mother by bending his knee. I claim that the Chinese institutions and system of educa- tion, both with regard to men and women, are far superior to those of any of the neigh- boring nations for a great many centuries, and that it is only within this century that China, after having been defeated by so many reverses in her arms, has turned to a foreign country—to the United States—for example and instruction."

THE VIRTUE OF FORGETTING.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY.

The liability to forget is generally regarded as a mournful and unalleviated evil. We are continually sighing that so many things *will* slip from our minds into the fathomless depths of oblivion. We enviously long for one of those memories which, as the biog- rapher of its possessor tells us, never forgot anything. How much might we now know, we think, if we only remembered all that we have at various times learned or read. Our pleasure in the acquisition of new knowledge is dashed by the thought that it will, likely, be purchased by the crowding out of just so much old knowledge. What gives sadness to the wings of Time is the obliterating shadow that falls therefrom upon so many memories of the past.

This is natural, and in certain respects right. The faculty of recollection is essential to knowledge and progress. The liability to forget is in many ways a great disadvantage. But we ought to see also that in many cases it is a great advantage. We ought to see that the laxity of memory is as much essen- tial to intellectual progress as its retentive- ness. In the bodily organism we know that the loss of old substance is no less a neces-

sary condition of growth than the acquisition of new substance. So it is with the mind. If we remembered all the mental impressions we ever received since the beginning of our mental life, we should be overwhelmed by their multitude. If the sound of every word were to recall to memory every time that we had heard it pronounced, or the sight of every face were to bring back every time we had ever seen it—if all details, in short—the most insignificant as well as the most important—were to come crowding into our mind whenever we desired to think of any object or event, the mind would, as it were, have no room to move in, and thought would be impossible. But such a result is prevented by that constitution of the memory in virtue of which we retain, generally and on the average, the important and interesting particulars of any object or event, and forget the rest.

It has been noticed that almost all new inventions and discoveries owe their origin or spread to young men. When Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood, not a doctor over fifty could be made to accept his view. The trouble with old men is their memories are too good. They have their minds already filled with a set of prepossessions and prejudices, which by half a century's tenancy have grown immovable. They have no room for a new thought which will throw the work of their whole lifetime into confusion, and demand an entire rearrangement of their mental furniture. As a general thing, it is only the unplanted field of the youthful mind that is ready for the seed of new truth. The young man is naturally and properly a radical. Were it not so, little chance for growth. When the sapling is dry and seasoned, the woodman counts on no big tree from that root. "Light marching order," "No baggage of the past carried here," are the standing commands in the army of Progress. If the veteran soldier would keep up with his younger comrades he must empty out memory's knapsack of half that it holds, and be ready at any moment to free it from still more. Unfortunately it is commonly the interests and events of the present that old age first drops, while it lugs along the lumber of a century back. . . . . .

"Forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth towards the things that are before," says the noble Apostle to the Gentiles, "I press toward the mark." If we hope ourselves to reach anything higher, if we hope for others any brighter future, let us learn the secret of judicious forgetting. Let us not fling at a man all his life through the errors that he long ago repented of. Who would remember against a child all the stumbles he made in learning to walk? Cease play the sentinel where there is no longer a treasure to guard, any booty to gain, and take ourselves to the positions now menac Clean off from the slate the old scores, and st afresh. Then we can attend to living qu tions and present duties. The great questi of the past were so great in their age p cisely because they palpitated with its fre est life. The great men of ancient days w so eminent, because in their time they led advance of thought into domains then at le new, however familiar since. "He who re many tombstone inscriptions," says an proverb, "loses his mind." Man's eyes w made to look forward, not backward.

We stand already on a higher stage th any past; we behold before us the promis something better than any present. Furt and higher still progress is ever pressing. man, or institution, or church, that thinks memory of ancient standard to stop the pr ress of modern thought, that imagines it sible to tie the young giant of the ninetee century to any first-century apron-string- dress him in monkish gown or mediæval pi fores, and feed him only on Aristotle Augustine, or Calvin and Edwards, n even confine him to a diet of Paley and Ch ning—will find that it is an attempt as possible of success as the Knight of La M cha's famous tilt with the wind-mills.

MUCH of our early gladness vanishes utt from our memory; we can never recall joy with which we laid our heads on mother's bosom, or rode our father's bac childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought into our nature as the sunlight of long mornings is wrought up in the soft mel ness of the apricot.—*George Eliot.*

NOT SO DARK AS IT SEEMS.

Not infrequently do we hear it said the present is an exceptionally wicked ge ation, that society is becoming rapidly de alized, and that the prospect in regard to future is very dark and discouraging. A indeed, it is not to be denied that corrupt both in private and public life, is lament frequent, that crime of every grade abou and that men in all the relations of life hibit a degree of selfishness which shows the millennium is yet afar off. In vie these facts, not a few good men have fa into a state of discouragement that bids to become chronic, and that greatly im their power of usefulness; for the world be saved by hope, not by despair. The cro is, of all men, the most useless, if not the pernicious.

Do we, then, it may be asked, deny

s is an exceptionally wicked period of the rld's history? Yes, in the face of all the pearances which are assumed to prove this position, we deny its truth, and, on the ntrary, affirm that the world is growing ter instead of worse. If the croakers uld read history, sacred as well as profane, y would see that sin and crime, whether in d or degree, are nothing new under the . Moreover, if they would reflect, they uld perceive that the present age is not so ch distinguished over others by the amount l quality of its corruption as by the thor- ghness with which it is exposed to the olic gaze. Formerly, crimes of the black- dye attracted attention only in the local- s where they were perpetrated; now they proclaimed from one end of the land to other, and even to the ends of the earth. thing abnormal escapes the vigilance of press. The magnetic telegraph searches ry nook and corner of the world every , dragging into light not only every crime t is committed, but every disagreeable fea- e of human society; and the pictures pre- ted to us at our breakfast tables by the wspapers are calculated to make a very oneous impression upon our minds. Of rse, the murders, robberies, burglaries, ts, defalcations and frauds committed in own country, to say nothing of others, in ngle day, must seem very large in the regate; but we should remember the t extent of our territory and the vastness our population, and that the telegraph es almost nothing of a criminal character ivulged. The evil things whispered in et are proclaimed upon the housetops, le virtue and disinterestedness have but a le trumpeting. Suppose, now, that the spapers, for a single month, should change his, and instead of searching the whole ld for evidences of human depravity, to set forth under stunning head-lines and ked into a black and revolting picture by arts of the reporter, should make inquisi- only for deeds of justice, mercy and rity, illustrating the character of the vast ority of the people, and showing how they ll together in quietness, order, peace and ual helpfulness. How different the im- sion which in that case they would make us in their daily and weekly visitations, pared with that which we now receive! may save ourselves from false impressions, nce discouraging and hurtful, by reflect- that, for every family invaded by the derer or the thief, there are tens of thou- s of others dwelling in security and peace; every act of injustice, oppression and ence is to be contrasted with tens of thou- ls of acts of kindness and good-will that are never mentioned in the newspapers, for the very reason that they are so common. An eclipse of the sun that lasts but a few minutes is carefully watched and minutely reported, while weeks and months of blessed sunshine often pass without attracting the attention of the newspapers.

It is no doubt for the interest of society that crime and its concomitants should be exposed; but the manner of the exposure presents some very grave and interesting questions for the moralist. There is a class of newspapers which habitually seeks to invest its reports of crime with a dramatic fascination that is demoralizing; but it is doubtless better to endure this evil than to subject the press to restrictions incompatible with the principles of republican government. The remedy must be sought only in an enlightened and Christian public sentiment. It will be a happy day for our country when not a single newspaper can be found to minister to the morbid feelings with which crime is too often regarded, and when great criminals, instead of being treated as great heroes, to be held up to the public gaze as objects of dramatic interest and entertainment, shall be consigned to a swift and merited oblivion. Already there are signs of improvement in this regard in the American press, which we hope may be rapidly extended and multiplied.

No believer in Christianity should ever allow himself to become a croaker. The dove, not the raven, symbolizes the Spirit of Christ. All the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles are characterized by hopefulness and faith in human progress. Not one despairing word did they ever utter. They were not blind to the prevalence of sin; but they felt an undoubted assurance that the Gospel would triumph over every form of evil and eventually purify the world. We dishonor Christ when we doubt that He is to have all hearts and all nations for His inheritance.—*Christian Union.*

THE TONGUE.—Nothing but the proboscis of an elephant compares in muscular flexibility with the tongue. It varies in length and size in reptiles, birds and mammalia, according to the peculiar organic circumstances of each. A giraffe's tongue has the functions of a finger. It is hooked over a high branch, its strength being equal to breaking off large, strong branches of trees, from which tender leaves are then stripped. An ant bear's tongue is long and round, like a whiplash. The animal tears open dry clay walls of ant-hills, thrusts in his tongue, which sweeps round the apartments, and by its adhesive saliva brings out a yard of ants at a swoop. The mechanism by which it is protruded so far is

both complicated and beautiful. A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by a mere act of volition that cannot be imitated by an ingenious mechanician. The human tongue in the articulation of language surpasses in variety of motions the wildest imagination of a poet. Even in swallowing food its office is so extraordinary that physiologists cannot explain the phenomena of deglutition without employing the aid of several sciences.

THE FITNESS OF CHRISTIANITY FOR MANKIND.

Supposing Christianity had committed itself to any scientific statements or to any scientific method, it could never have been fitted to expand with the expansion of knowledge, to be a religion for a race which is continually advancing in scientific knowledge. If it had bound itself up with the knowledge of its time, it would naturally be subject now to repeated and ruinous blows. If it had anticipated the final discoveries of science and revealed them, nobody would have believed it then, and nobody would probably believe it now. Christianity committed itself to nothing. "Yours is not my province," it said to Science. "Do your best in your own sphere with a single eye to truth. I will do my best in mine. Let us not throw barriers in each other's way. The less we obstruct each other, the more chance there is of our finding in the end union in the main ideas which regulate both our worlds in the mind of God."

Foolish men have mixed it up with science, and endeavored to bind each down upon the bed of the other; to make science Christian and Christianity scientific; but the result has always been a just rebellion on both sides. The worst evil has been the unhallowed and forced alliance of the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Bible, or of the infallibility of the church to Christianity. The moment science was truly born, war to the death arose against a form of Christianity which violated the original neutrality of Christianity towards the pure intellect and its pursuit of its own truths. But get rid of this alliance, and how is Christianity in opposition to science? What is to prevent its being a religion fit for man in that future when the youngest child will know more than the philosopher of today? It is no more in actual opposition to science than poetry is.

"The river glideth at his own sweet will;"

I suppose no scientific man would run a tilt at that. Its thought, its feeling, the impression it is intended to convey, are all out of the sphere of science. Nevertheless, the natural philosopher recognizes that it appeals to his imagination. He receives pleasure fro it; he accepts it as true in his own sphere.

But if he were told that the writer claim infallibility for his expression, said that it e pressed not only a certain touch of hum feeling about the river, but also the very phy ical truth about the movement of the riv he would naturally be indignant. "Y have left your own ground," he would say the poet, "where you were supreme, and y have come into mine, where, by the ve hypothesis of your art, you are a strang You claim my obedience here in my ov kingdom; the absolute surrender of my re son in a realm where reason is the rightf lord. You may be a poet, but you are den ing the first principles of your art."

Precisely the same might be said to thc who are ill-informed enough to connect t spirit and life of Christianity with efforts suppress physical science or historical cr icism as tending to infidelity, or as weake ing Christian truth. It might be said them by a wise scholar, "You may be Chr tians, but you are doing all the harm you c to Christianity. You are endeavoring to bi an elastic and expanding spirit into a rig mould in which it will be suffocated. Y are fettering your living truth to physical a historical theories which have been proved be false and dead, and your Christianity w suffer as the living man suffered when t cruel king bound him to the corpse. Yo special form of Christianity will grow c rupt and die, for it attacks truth." But some Christian people have gone out of th sphere, there are not wanting philosophers do the same. "I know nothing of God a immortality," says Science, and with an as if that settled the question. "I shou think you did not," Christianity would grave answer; "no one ever imagined that y could; but I do; I do know a great de about those wonderful realities, and I ha given my knowledge of them to millions the human race, who have received it, prov it through toil and pain, and found it pow ful to give life in the hour of deatl "Proved it," answers Science, "not in my w the only way worth having, the way whi makes a thing clear to the understandin But there are hundreds of things which not, and cannot be, submitted to such a pro We cannot subject the action of any of t passions to the explanations of the und standing. By reasoning alone we cannot s what an envious, jealous, self-sacrificing joyful man may do next, nor explain previous actions. One might far more eas predict the actions of a madman.

We cannot give any reason for love at fi sight, or, what is less rare but as real, frie

ip at first sight. We cannot divide into mpartments the heart and soul of any one rson in the world, saying, This is the bound- y of that feeling; so far this quality will rry the man in life. For the understanding but a secondary power in man. It can mul- ply distinctions. It cannot see the springs of e where the things are born about which makes distinctions.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

hat tells us that is poetry? The voice of e understanding? "Night's candles are rnt out," it says; "it is a ridiculous state- nt of the fact that the stars have ceased shine. Day never stands tiptoe on the sty mountain-tops. Is that poetry? It is nsense." But the understanding rarely ts alone in this way; a higher power in n proves to him, he cannot tell how, that e lines are magnificent poetry—nay, that the etry is in the very passages which the un- rstanding despises.

Let each keep to their own spheres, and do ir work therein. Christianity has no apons in her original armory which can be elded against Science, and Science cannot ack spiritual truths with purely intellectual apons. No one asks for a spiritual proof t the earth goes round the sun; it is ially absurd to ask for a purely intellectual oof of the existence of an all-loving Father. d it would be wiser if Science kept her nds off Christianity. Mankind will bear reat deal; but it will not long bear the ial of a God of love, the attempt to thieve ay the hope of being perfect and our di- e faith in immortality. These things are re precious than all physical discoveries. e efforts made to rob us of them, when y are made, and they are but rarely made, not to be patiently endured. They are less tolerable than the ill advised attempts Christian men to dominate over science. ese latter efforts are absurd, but the former degrading to human nature.

It really does not make much matter to race in general whether the whole science geology were proved to-morrow to have n proceeding on a wrong basis, or whether present theory of force be true or not; it would make the most serious matter to nkind if they knew for certain to-morrow t there was no God of justice and love, or t immortality was a fond invention. The ount of suppressed and latent belief in se truths, which we should then discover men who now deny them, would be per- s the strangest thing we should observe; it hath not entered into the heart of man imagine the awfulness of the revolution which, following on this denial, would penetrate into every corner of human nature and human life.

Both Science and Christianity have vital and precious truths of their own to give to men, and they can develop together without interfering with each other. Should Science increase its present knowledge tenfold, there is nothing it can discover which will enable it to close up that region in man where the spirit communes in prayer and praise with its Father, where the longing for rest is content in the peace of forgiveness, where the desire of being perfect in unselfishness is satisfied by union with the activity of the unselfish God, where sorrow feels its burden lightened by Divine sympathy, where strength is given to overcome evil, where, as decay and death grow upon the outward frame, the inner spirit begins to put forth its wings, and to realize more nearly the eternal summer of His presence, in whom there is fulness of life in fulness of love. No; as Christianity can expand to fit into the progress of politics, and to adapt itself to the demands of art, so it can also throw away, without losing one feature of its original form, rather by returning to its purer type, all the elements opposed to the advance of science which men have added to its first simplicity.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

God demands greatness of us all, and not goodness merely. There is not a person so humble or so feebly gifted that the call is not to him or her. If we have few qualities that can influence, and but a narrow sphere to fill, still we have ourselves to develop and ourselves to rule.—*Starr King.*

A VORACIOUS PLANT.

A family of plants, known as the "sundews," or by the scientific name of *Drosera*, have curious fly-catching leaves, which entrap the insects which the plant appears to require for its nourishment. Appleton's Journal says: "An esteemed correspondent describes this plant as consisting of a tuft of diminutive orbicular leaves, from the centre of which there shoots up, in midsummer, a slender stem of inconspicuous flowers. As in the case of the *Dionœa*, the leaves of this plant are its distinguishing feature. These are covered with shining scarlet hairs, which secrete at their tips drops of a clear, viscid fluid, resembling dew, which increases in size and number with the heat of the sun, while real dew, under the same conditions is speedily dried up. It is from this circumstance that the plant derives its popular name of sundew. But the design of this novel secretion is more curious than the fact of its elaboration. It attracts, by its sweetness, tiny

insects—gnats, flies and midges—which no sooner touch and taste the fatal liquid than they are lost, its adhesive quality serving to hold them fast, while the delicate hairs, moving slowly but surely upon the victim, fix their little points like fangs, and suck its juices, leaving only a dry carcass. This accomplished, they leisurely relax their hold, return to their natural position, and there await the approach of fresh prey. It has been demonstrated that any attempt to sustain these curious plants, except by favoring their carnivorous habits, invariably proves futile. When these sensitive fibres are touched with a straw or bit of paper, they refuse to respond, and it is only when approached by their natural food that the hairs show signs of life. The sundews are native to the temperate parts of both hemispheres, and are found in sandy and marshy places."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 9, 1875.

ERRATUM.—On page 682, No. 43, in the obituary notices, read "Steer" for "Star," and "Back" for "Buck Creek."

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.—We continue to receive communications on this subject, which we think are not calculated to throw light upon it. If any one desires a correct knowledge of what is called "Universalism," it would be well to consult the works of those who have written most ably upon it. By so doing they will avoid the risk of *condemning unheard* not only a whole sect, but the many scattered perhaps through every religious denomination, who in their secret hearts adopt the language of the poet:

"For oh, my hands are all too weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads."

In the communications received, we observe what appears to us a lack of the knowledge above alluded to, and also a tendency to wander from the point in question, to wit, that punishment, or the consequences of sin, must necessarily be *eternal.*

If the belief in eternal punishment is, like some others that were imbibed in the childhood of religious thought, destined to be *outgrown*, we may safely wait the effect of time upon it; in the meanwhile leaving to eac one to form such a theory of the future lif as accords with his highest and purest idea We think it an encouraging indication tha the hope of reward, or the fear of punishmen are less urged now as motives to goodnes than they formerly were. "Virtue is its ow reward, and vice its own punishment;" thi is taught us by experience and observatio But in regard to the unknown future worl we may rest confidently in the faith that it governed by consummate wisdom and gooc ness.

YOUNG FRIENDS' AID ASSOCIATION.—W have received the First Annual Report of th Young Friends' Aid Association, of Ne York City, which was organized in the latt part of the summer of 1873. Attention called to the subjoined notice:

"This Organization, composed mainly of th younger members of the Society of Friends, is in tended to administer to the wants of those who ar really deserving; care being taken to investiga all cases before aid is furnished. Feeling that man charitably-disposed persons would willingly con tribute of their means to relieve the suffering of the fellow-creatures if they felt satisfied that those o whom it was bestowed were actually worthy help; they offer themselves as a medium whereb so important an object can be effected.

"For the purpose of raising additional funds carry on their work, as well as supplying an inte lectual want, they have provided a course of s lectures, the lecturers in all cases giving their se vices without compensation.

"*LECTURE COURSE.*

"Twelfth month 21st, 1874.—DR. J. V. C. SMIT Subject: 'Pyramids of Egypt, The Mummy Pit and the Tombs of the Royal Pharaohs.'

"First month, 4th, 1875.—A. S. MARSHALL. Su ject: 'A Vagabond's Trip Through Northern Europ

"First month 18th.—WM. D. FOULKE. Subjec 'Laws and Costumes of the Hebrews.'

"Second month 1st.—DR. TRIMBALL. Subjec 'Entomology.'

"Second month 15th.—AARON M. POWELL. Su ject: 'The Prison Question.'

"Third month 1st.—THOMAS FOULKE. Subjec 'Trip Through California and Oregon and the P cific Slope.'

"At Friends' Meeting-house, 27th street ne 6th Avenue, at 8 o'clock P. M. Course Ticke $1.50. Single Tickets, 35 cents.

"Tickets for the Lectures may be obtained fr any of the members of the Association, or at t

ollowing-named places: J. Arnold's, 264 6th Ave.; . W. Onderdonk & Son, 529 6th Ave.; Newman & apron's, 1172 Broadway."

WORKING HOME FOR BLIND MEN.—We ave been requested to remind our readers hat this institution is greatly in need of nds to carry out the benevolent designs of s originators. It is desirable that an addiional payment be made on the property at nce, and the house put in order to receive hose who are to reside on the premises.

Workshops are needed, and the various achinery and implements of labor, with upplies of raw material, are all to be proided, and it will require a considerable outay to put the institution in working order.

In an appeal that lies before us, we are inormed that "it is not designed to support lleness. All inmates must be industrious aborers, and each will receive compensation proportion to his diligence and capacity.

"The advantages will not be limited to the sidents of the Home. Others living with eir families will be employed upon the same rms as the inmates of the Home and in the me shops; or material and implements will furnished them at their own residences, d the products of their labor paid for at ch prices as the demand for the goods will stify.

"It is not for a moment to be supposed that ch an establishment can be self-sustaining. supply the defect of the objects of our care, gents must be employed and supported, to rchase supplies, to dispose of the goods anufactured, to superintend the various instries, to provide for the comfort and supt of the beneficiaries, and to collect the nds necessary to supply deficiencies.

"It is a great and important enterprise, reiring liberal assistance. It is for this an peal is now made to the sympathy and coeration of our fellow-citizens. We are not augurating an asylum for paupers to sit in eerless darkness, brooding over their own lamity, and murmuring at the assistance udgingly doled out to them. We ask you step forward to help those who are desirous do all in their own power for honorable f-support, nor that only, but for those o are dependent on them. We know it can be done, for it has been achieved in other places. Our blind are not less intelligent, less industrious, less enterprising and persevering than those of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool or London, in each of which places there are similar institutions in successful operation. We are confident our fellow-citizens are not less humane in spirit, or less wisely discriminating in their charity. It is, therefore, with confidence we address to them our appeal on behalf of a class of our fellow-creatures so helpless and necessitous. . . . . .

"Signed by

"B. B. COMEGYS, *President*, and others."

Contributions will be received by H. L. Hall, Superintendent and Financial Agent, 3518 Lancaster Avenue, or Levi Knowles, Treasurer, 1218 Market street.

DIED.

ELDRIDGE.—At his residence at Union Springs, Cayuga county, New York, on the 2d of Eleventh month, 1874, Elihu Eldridge, in the 98th year of his age; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting. The deceased was among the early settlers of western New York, and was a worthy and upright citizen.

FROST.—At his resldence in Henrietta, Monroe county, New York, on the 3d of Eleventh month, 1874, Prior Frost, in the 57th year of his age, formerly of Westchester county, New York; a member of Rochester Monthly Meeting.

TRIPP.—At his residence in Deruyter, Madison county, New York, on the 31st of Tenth month, 1874, Jonathan Tripp, in the 88th year of his age; an Elder of Deruyter Monthly Meeting.

WILLIAMS.—In Willistown, Chester County, Twefth month 22d, 1874, Hannah, wife of Ellis Williams, in the 73d year of her age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

WILLIAMS.—At his late residence, Willistown, Chester County, on the 28th of Twelfth month, 1874, Ellis Williams, in the 78th year of his age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

COX.—In Willistown, Chester County, Twelfth month 24th, 1874, Mary W., wife of Thomas S. Cox, and daughter of Jesse Williams, deceased, in the 53d year of her age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

LEWIS.—In Willistown, Chester County, Twelfth month 24th, 1874, Asenath, wife of Sharpless Lewis, in the 61st year of her age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

WHEN the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.—Isaiah xli, 17.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN PESTH AND ONWARD TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

No. 30.

(Continued from page 718.)

On the evening of the 24th of Tenth mo. we arrive in the city of Pesth, the capital of the Hungarian kingdom. It is dark night, and we seek refuge in the hotel, hoping to look at the city of the Magyars to-morrow. In the meantime we read that we are in a town of from 200,000 to 300,000 inhabitants, chiefly Magyars, and that it lies in a sandy plain on the left bank of the Danube, opposite Buda, the seat of the ancient Hungarian monarchs. The town, founded by the Romans, was a place of importance during the early part of the middle ages, but fell to decay during the Turkish wars in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and has only regained its prosperity in recent times.

The morning breaks clear and glorious, and we sally forth on the quay to see Buda-Pesth, as the elder and younger sister cities are called. The old town is imposing and antique on its elevated site, and looks down gravely on its larger sister on the other side. A grand suspension bridge, built by an English engineer (Clark), connects the past with the present—the old with the new. The chains are supported by two pillars, 150 feet high. It has a total length of 1,254 feet, and a breadth of 39 feet, and is elevated 42 feet above the mean level of the water. Two granite lions, rampant, holding spears, stand or sit guard, and the whole appearance of the bridge is massive and elegant. A fortress and handsome royal chateau crown the summit of the hill around which the town is built. Sultan Soliman conquered the town in 1511, garrisoned it with 12,000 janizaries, and it remained 150 years in the hands of the Turks, when they were expelled by the allied Germans, 1686.

In the royal palace is kept the Hungarian regalia, consisting of the crown of St. Stephen, sceptre, sword and coronation robes, and the opening of the Hungarian diet takes place in the throne-room.

We are very curious about a purposeless-looking mound on the quay, enclosed with a railing, and having steps ascending it in various directions. On inquiry, we find that it is called the Kronungshugel, and is composed of earth brought from different parts of Hungary. Here the Emperor Francis Joseph was crowned King of Hungary, while all the former monarchs were crowned at Presburg. After the coronation, the King rides round the hill, and brandishes the sword of Stephen towards each point of the compass, in token of his intent to defend his realm against every enemy.

The promenade of Franz Joseph's Platz, which is elevated several feet above the quay, is an admirable place of observation, and we take seats and watch the multitude pass and repass before us. The Hungarians are a dark, stately, handsome people, picturesque and elegant in dress. Fur linings and trimmings to their large, graceful-looking coats, give a richness to their attire which is very striking. But what are these curious-looking creatures, with dwarfed forms and great white cloaks of coarse woolen stuff? They wear full linen pantaloons reaching only a little below the knee, and their feet are wrapped in sheep-skin instead of shoes, and they have a strangely barbaric look, hardly better than Esquimaux. They are the Hungarian peasant people of the humblest rank, and are more barbaric in appearance than any other people I have ever seen. These are the lineal descendants of the savage hoard who followed King Attila in his fierce ravages of the Roman world, and it seems as if they were almost as savage now as in that distant day. I think I never saw such strong contrasts in physical qualities among any people.

Palatial buildings line the beautiful river front of Pesth, but we think it a very superficial view of the city we are having, and so turn our footsteps toward the interior of the city, and follow with a throng of people who seem to be all tending in one direction. We enter the street called the Tabaksgasse and find we are approaching a Jewish synagogue a modern Moorish building, in brick, with red marble substructure. We hesitate a little at the entrance, for the guards at the door are in the act of sternly driving back some miserable-looking peasants who seek entrance but they see us in a moment, and courteously welcome us into the temple. We walk forward in the oriental-looking building, till we stand among the throng who are witnessing a marriage ceremony. The couple are standing beneath a crimson canopy in front of the altar, and their friends are with them on either hand. A little priest is addressing words of counsel to them in a fatherly friendly tone, and now he reaches up and places a hand, as if in blessing, on either head. He wishes them all good—"love in the heart—peace in the home"—and dismisses them for their life-career together. The young wife turns to the right hand, and the husband to the left; and, smiling and happy, they descend among the multitude, shaking hands cordially with all who salute them, and join each other in the main aisle, walking out of the synagogue together to the carriage waiting. We follow, and then wander awh

in the drear Jewish quarter, so strangely unattractive and squalid.

We loiter by the extensive Invalid Hospital, erected by the Emperor Charles VI, which is now used as a barrack, and find our way into the Joseph's Platz, in the centre of which stands the bronze statue of Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary from 1796 to 1847. We have neither time nor will to explore further the city of Pesth, for the day is drawing near a close, and the steamer for Constantinople starts to-morrow morning early, it is promised. If time admitted, a day or two at Pesth might be spent most profitably and pleasantly. It is, next to Vienna, the most commercial place in the Austrian realm, being especially the mart of the grain trade, while its academy renders it the scientific capital of Hungary. As in Vienna, the spirit of improvement is awake here, and stately and noble buildings are arising on every hand.

It seems most unwise to neglect making a visit to the celebrated Esterhazy-gallery of paintings, which was transferred to Pesth from Vienna in 1865, being purchased by the State; but we fear to linger even to look at masterpieces or gems of art. The navigation of the river becomes every day more precarious, and we know not how soon it may be found impassible, and the mysterious orient lies just beyond.

We leave Pesth in the misty morning, taking leave of the pleasant Austrian land, where we would gladly tarry many days. But we must go. The winter cometh, and we do not wish to furnish ourselves with the great fur coats in which the Hungarians have begun to invest themselves. The Danube is so low as to be hardly navigable, and how do we know it will not quite disappear. And so onward we go again. We find a pleasant company of many nationalities on the boat, and very nice accommodations, and start with every prospect of enjoyment.

Below Pesth the Danube traverses the vast Hungarian plain, and the scenery is quite monotonous, few habitations, and towns mean looking and far apart. I am amazed to see such a lonely land where civilized people have dwelt so many ages. The river is very wide, perhaps a mile and a half, and looks pure and sparkling. A number of floating mills are anchored along the bank, and they yield in the rapid movement of the noble river an all-sufficient motive power. Queer-looking little arks they are! quite characteristic of this river. As we pass a group of them, the notes of a bugle salute us, and as the large wheels revolve the warm sunbeams glisten through the flying drops and give a curious charm to the river scenery. The day grows warm and bright and the upper deck becomes very enjoyable, though the scenery has very little interest—reminding me of the lower part of the Delaware, but more lonely and sterile. Sometimes we see great herds of whitish cattle on the bank, who look at us with large, gentle eyes, tossing their long, slender horns in bovine salutation.

It is really wonderful that we see so few of the people, but here is a curious sight. We pass near the shore, and observe a troop of women standing in the cold water washing clothes, pounding and pounding them till the great boat waves come dashing up and disturb them at their work. A little farther on there is a high sandbank, and in its base are excavated dwellings, in which people are living like swallows. I would gladly look more curiously into these miserable cave-dwellings, but a glimpse as we dash by in our swift career is all that is possible to us. Comfortless and drear must be such abodes, but perhaps well defended from the winter's cold and summer's heat, and then, perhaps, these poor, semi-civilized people have no idea of all the glorious possibilities of human life, and are not troubled with the restless aspirations which keep us ever striving for statelier mansions and wider ranges of vision.

Great flocks of crows darken the air at times, and settle now and then upon the brown fields, or on the sandy bar which the river has left bare, and seem to consult in regard to their future movements. They know how rich in blessing a loving, helpful brotherhood may be, if their wisdom extends no further. A great company of ducks now salute us as we dash past them, and we note the exceeding flexibility of their wings, and the soldier-like regularity with which they follow their leader in their instinctive search for a better land. Well we know the winter is coming now, for the power that has impelled your emigration never errs, O ye wisely-trusting birds. You do not need to argue the matter.

As we near the evening we pass another great fleet of anchored mills, which indicates that we are passing through an extensive wheat-producing country. Great forests clothe both banks of the river, and occasionally most desolate-looking dwellings are to be seen on either bank.

The air is almost filled with the curious webs of the gossamer spider, who also seems to be migrating to-day. A fellow-traveller catches one of the wanderers for us, a little red fellow, of very lively turn of mind, quite averse to being caged for our edification. The web is very strong and light, and clings to the ropes of the vessel and to the clothing of the gentlemen, and was in such abundant supply that we might have gathered it by

handfuls. I never before saw the gossamer webs in such profusion.

The day declines in brightness and grows chill. The little wanderers of the air have all gone, and we go too, seeking in the bright saloon the warmth which will compensate for the withdrawal of the sunbeams.

Many nationalities are represented in the companies that gather round the tables. There are English and Scottish Britons; French and Germans meeting on neutral waters; Viennese and Hungarians, peaceful and fraternal; and Americans seeking to glean instruction from all the nations. It is most refreshing to hear the English tongue spoken by so many of the people, and pleasant, too, to hear so many inquiries in regard to our country. The dinner is soon served, and the good and abundant meal promotes sociability. About eight o clock in the evening we reach station Mohàcs, an important market-town, memorable in history as the scene of a disastrous overthrow of the Hungarians by the Turks, in 1526, in consequence of which Hungary fell under the yoke of the Moslem. Another battle, almost on the same field, in 1687, delivered the land from the Turk.

We ascend to the promenade-deck, and find our vessel anchored in front of a very long town of low, thatched houses; but a heavy mist is gathering, and the hunter's moon is quite veiled, so that we can get no very distinct vision. But we do not start again, and soon it is announced that we have anchored for the night opposite this historic town, the river being so much obscured by mist as to make navigation unsafe!

We awake next morning to find the mist yet more dense, and it is after nine o'clock before we again move on towards the Euxine. Another warm and lovely day makes it a delight to sit on the deck in the sunshine, and improve the acquaintance of our follow-travellers. The kindly Scot joins the group of Americans, to talk about our country and tell us about a long journey he has made across the eastern part of the American continent. He offers many criticisms of our institutions, and good-humoredly recommends a monarchy as a cure for all the imperfections of the young nation beyond the Atlantic wave, suggesting the Duke of Edinburgh as a very proper sovereign for us. He wants to talk, and likes to rouse up his hearers to enthusiastic contradiction. The shores are most monotonous, but the day passes merrily, and about noonday we pass the influx of the Drave. But the Danube seems hardly larger after accepting the waters of its strong tributary. The sandy shore is very monotonous, but the day is so radiant that we do not weary of it, and feel the hours not long during which we glide onward toward the mysterious realm of the Turk. About nine o'clock in the evening, we are called on deck to see the large town of Neusatz, on the north bank; also the strong fortress of Peterwardein on the opposite promontory. The great, bright moon illuminated the frowning stronghold, and Neusatz nestled lowly on the other side. We have a perfectly clear atmosphere, and we move on our way rejoicing, and dash past the fortress in fine style. In the arsenal of Peterwardein is a collection of Turkish weapons, and in the Franciscan church is the tomb of John Capistranus, the noted preacher of the crusades. We also read that here Prince Eugene defeated the Turks in 1716, thus chastising them for their violation of the Peace of Carlowitz.

And now it is announced that we shall pass the historic city of Belgrade about midnight, and we have a splendid moon and a remarkably pure atmosphere. Several of us resolve to remain awake to pay our respects to the fortress town, which has so long been a stronghold of the Turk. The hours pass quickly by, and we note the position of Belgrade on the map, and learn that it lies at the junction of the Save with the Danube, on a picturesque promontory. Behind the city rises a high limestone rock, crowned by the dilapidated fortress. During the wars with the Ottoman power this was a place of the utmost importance In 1522 it was captured by Soliman II, and 166 years later it was retaken by Maximilian of Bavaria, in 1717 by Prince Eugene, and in 1789 by Laudon; being after every successive peace restored to the Turks. A Turkish garrison occupied the fortress till the year 1867, but it is now free from that yoke, and the evidences of the Turkish period are fast disappearing. Near twelve o'clock our Austrian friend tells us that we are nearing Semlin, the last Austrian town on the Danube, and that from here we can see the lights of Belgrade glimmering in the distance. The night is perfectly radiant, and all that the host of heaven can do to illuminate this border land between the Christian and the Moslem is done. We cannot make much of Semlin, but the Austrian points out on an eminence the remains of the castle of John Hunyadi, the celebrated Hungarian hero. But we are thinking of Belgrade, and reserve all enthusiasm till a quarter of an hour later we touch at the landing of this city, now the capital of the independent State of Servia. On our left, we see in the pale moonlight an oriental looking pavilion, standing all alone on the island at the junction of the rivers, and on our right rise the extensive fortress, towers and town of old Belgrade. We cannot distinguish much except the general out-

line, but it is a strange, impressive scene, and we stand long on the deck, recalling the dread days when this walled frontier town was a foot-ball between the Moslem and the Christian. The Ottoman power has slowly declined, and now the Danubian lands need fear no more the approach of the banner of the Turk. So we wish continuous peace and progressive prosperity to the antique city, and seek our own renewal in the happy realm of sleep. We retire, and soon the throbbing of the engine ceases, and the ship slumbers, and we slumber till broad day. A mist has gathered, and we must wait its dispersion, and so are delayed several hours. But it disappears at length, and we proceed, passing about eleven o'clock the great Turkish fortress of Semendria, now a Servian town, still surrounded by the well-preserved pinnacled walls. Soon after, the Danube receives the Servian river Morawa, and here we have a large island, and ere long we see in the far horizon the blue outlines of the Carpathians.

S. R.

Eleventh month 1st, 1874.

ONE of the Swiss cantons, it is said, compels every newly-married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child.

From "Old and New for January."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY A "MINISTER AT LARGE."

The fire was out; the room was cold;
The things about were poor and old;
The floor was bare, though neat and clean;
The hand of care was plainly seen,
Making the best of the meagre store
Left unsold from days of yore.

Over the mantle a picture hung;
The central figure was fair and young—
A mother, holding upon her knee
A darling baby, that turned to see
A manly face, blue-eyed and mild,
Looking down in love on mother and child.

That baby is now a child of seven,
  She is fast asleep in the old arm-chair;
The father for years has been in Heaven;
  And the mother's brown and glossy hair
Is streaked with the gray of early sorrow;
  She is out in the snow, and facing the wind,
Hoping some bit of work to find,
  To earn the bread for the coming morrow.

The frost on the panes is gathering fast;
The windows clatter beneath the blast;
The twilight darkens the chilly room,
But still the mother does not come.

The child in the chair still quietly sleeps;
And over her face a sweet smile creeps
As the Christmas bell from a neighboring steeple
Rings out its call to the waiting people,
To come and keep the Christmas Eve,
And gifts from the Christmas-tree receive.

Each note of that sweet-toned Christmas bell
Comes to the ear of little Nell
Like an angel's voice, and seems to sing,
"Coming, coming, on golden wing,
A gift from the Christmas-tree to bring."

  Just then she woke, for her mother's tread,
Heavy and slow, she heard on the stair:
  With bounding feet, and cheek aglow,
She sprang from her dreamy cradle chair,
  And opened the door, where covered with snow,
Pale and chilled, with despairing look,
As if of earth and heaven forsook,
The mother stood, and could only say,
"Dear Nell, after trying so hard all day,
I have neither work nor bread."

"But mother, dear mother," cried little Nell,
"Somebody's coming, I know full well;
For just as the Christmas bell was ringing,
I heard an angel sweetly singing,
'Coming, coming, on golden wing,
A gift from the Christmas-tree to bring;'
And, mother, the angel's face so fair,
Looked just like papa hanging there:
  Do you think that he
  The angel can be,
Coming to bring from Christmas-tree
Something for you and something for me?"

"Poor child, your father is dead and gone;
And we are left in the world *alone*
Nobody cares for the perishing poor,
Though the wolf of hunger be at the door.
The bell that calls to the Christmas-tree
Rings not for you, rings not for me;
We have not a crumb in the house to eat;
I've fed all day on hope and sleet;
  But my hope has fled:
  I wish we were dead."

"But an *angel*, mother, the truth must tell,
And would he have said to little Nell,
And told it, too, with the Christmas bell,
That he was coming to you and me,
With a real gift from the Christmas-tree,
If he didn't mean to come right here,
And bring us something, mother dear?"

No answer to this the mother gave;
For hunger and cold and weariness
Had struck to her heart a chill of the grave:
Her soul was in frozen dreariness.

She threw her water-proof into a chair;
She shook the snow from her matted hair.
Under the stove, in an old tin bowl,
Was the last of her little stock of coal.

She lighted her fire, and bit by bit,
With paper and chips she tended it;
But, though it blazed, the terrible chill
Which had struck to her heart remained there still—
The chill of soul, which nought can move
But the glow and warmth of human love.

"Get warm, my child, and go to bed,"
In dreary tones the mother said.
"But somebody's coming, mother dear,
Somebody's coming: hark! don't you hear?"
And holy joy her pulses stirred
As a step upon the stair was heard.

A tap at the door. "I told you so!"
Cried Nell, as from the street below
A woman entered—"I told you so!
The angel said so; and angels know."

The stranger shook from her dress the snow,
And gaily said to the little one, "No!

"For angels, you know, have wings; but I
Have to go on my feet, and cannot fly,
Although I am sure it would be very nice
To fly with wings on a night like this."

Then to the mother the angel said,
"Let me tell you how my feet were led
On a night so wild
To you and your child.
A little while since, an hour or more,
As I went to my home, I passed your door.
I saw you enter. I know not why,
I turned to look: your face so pale,
Of such deep anguish told the tale,
As if to hope you had said 'Good-by!'
Still I passed on; but when the bell
Rang out, its peals of Christ to tell,
A voice spoke out which I had to hear:
'Bear to the needy help and cheer,
Herald the advent of the holy
By caring for the poor and lowly.'"

On the table white and neat,
For little Nell lay bread and meat,
Toothsome cake, and comfit sweet;
For the mother's thirsting soul
Words that bade the hot tears roll
Down the white and shrunken cheek—
Such angel words as women speak,
When a message from above
Sends them on a work of love.

Then, as arose the angel guest,
Into the mother's hand she pressed
A present, with a look which told
Of something richer far than gold.
She said, 'Good night! be of good cheer;
Trust in the Lord, and never fear;
Remembering it is the night
Reveals the stars in glory bright.'"

A holy light in Nell's face shone:
Soon as the messenger was gone,
She sprang upon her mother's knee,
And clapsed her neck in ecstasy.
"Mother, we are not left alone,"
She said in sweet and tender tone:
"Oh! don't you think it was father dear?
Or may be it was the Christ-child good,
Who told the lady to seek us here,
And bring us help and food."

"God knows, my child, I cannot tell.
But when on the stair that footstep fell,
I thought of father coming home,
As he was wont, when work was done;
And when she looked on you and smiled,
I thought of Mary and her child;
Then, when she turned and spoke to me,
It seemed like Jesus on the sea,
Hushing the stormy waves of ill,
Saying to me, 'Peace be still!'
O Nell! how could I ever have said,
'I wish that you and I were dead!'
But in that dark of blank despair
I had no heart for hope or prayer.
Not till the human angel came
Did faith and hope revive again.
Surely the Comforter draws nigh
Through tender human sympathy
And never again shall thought of mine
Distrust the Providence divine."

Female Association of Philadelphia for the Relief of the Sick and Infirm Poor with Clothing, etc.

This Association held its first meeting of this season, and commenced its duties on the 2d inst., at Fifteenth and Race streets. The Forty-fourth Annual Report, drawn up at the close of its labors last winter, states that, by the receipt of liberal donations and annual contributions, the members were enabled in limited measure to supply the great demand for sewing and clothing. During last season 2507 garments were prepared, and $414.73 were expended in paying poor women for the making of most of them, which were distributed among others still more needy than they, and unable to make them for themselves. These recipients were either visited by the members or were well known to them.

Subscriptions and donations in money are solicited, and may be sent to any of the members, or forwarded directly to the Treasurer.

Donations in goods, trimmings, shoes, etc., may be addressed to the "Female Association," etc., care of Samuel Pine, No. 152 North Fifteenth street.

ANNE M. NEEDLES,
President, S. W. cor. 12th & Race sts.
ELIZABETH J. FERRIS,
Treasurer, 937 *Franklin st.*
PATIENCE J. NEEDLES,
Secretary, 1501 *Green street.*

THE moods and thoughts of man are revolving just as steadily and incessantly as nature's. Nothing must be postponed; take time by the forelock, now or never. You must live in the present, launch yourself on any wave, find your eternity in each moment. —*Thoreau.*

THE SONOROUS SAND OF KAUAI.

W. B. Frink, of Honolulu, has sent some of this strange sand, taken from a bank on the Island of Kauai, to the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco. In his letter he thus describes its peculiarity: The bank which is composed of this sand commences at a perpendicular bluff at the southwest end of the island, and extends one and a half miles almost due south, parallel with the beach, which is about one hundred yards distant from the base of the sand-bank. This sand-bank is about sixty feet high, and at the extreme south end the angle preserves it as steep as the nature of the sand will permit. The bank is constantly extending to the south. It is said by the natives that at the bluff and along the middle of the bank the sand is not sonorous. But at the extreme

south end and for half a mile north if you slap two handfuls together, there is a sound produced like the low hooting of an owl—more or less sharp, according as the motion is quick or slow. Sit down upon the sand and give one hand a quick, circular motion, and the sound is like the heavy base of a melodeon. Kneel upon the steep incline, extend the two hands and clasp as much sand as possible, slide rapidly down, carrying all the sand you can, and the sound accumulates as you descend until it is like distant thunder. In this experiment the sound was sufficient to frighten our horses, fastened a short distance from the base of the drift. But the greatest sound we produced was by having one native lie upon his belly and another taking him by the feet and dragging him rapidly down the incline, carrying as much sand as possible with them. With this experiment the sound was terrific, and could have been heard many hundred yards distant. With all the experiments that were made, it seemed the sound was in proportion to the amount of sand put in motion with a proportionate velocity. Another consideration seems requisite—that is, its perfect dryness. The dry sand would sound on the surface, where six inches beneath it was wet; but if any of the wet sand became mingled with the dry, its property of sounding ceased at once. The sand appears to the eye like ordinary beach sand, but ordinary beach-sand will not produce the sounds. It has been said that it lost its sonorous properties when taken away from the bank. But I can discover no diminishing of its sonorous qualities, even with the bottle uncorked, and we have had rain frequently, and an atmosphere more than ordinarily moist for this time of year. Perhaps if exposed to a very damp atmosphere it might absorb moisture enough to prevent its sounding.—*Alta California.*

THE SEVEN LAWS OF TEACHING.

Dr. J. M. Gregory gives, in the *National Sunday School Teacher*, the following as the fundamental principles to be observed by teachers:

1. Know thoroughly and familiarly whatever you would teach.
2. Gain and keep the attention of your pupils, and excite their interest in the subject.
3. Use language which your pupils fully understand, and clearly explain every new word required.
4. Begin with the *known*, and proceed to the unknown by easy and natural steps.
5. Excite the self-activities of the pupils, and lead them to discover the truth for themselves.
6. Require pupils to restate fully and correctly, in their own language, and with their own proofs and illustrations, the truth taught them.
7. Review, review, review—carefully, thoroughly, repeatedly—with fresh consideration and thought.

THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.—Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side of heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it? If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR TWELFTH MONTH.

	1873	1874
	Days.	Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	4	11
Rain all or nearly all day	2	0
Snow, including very light falls	5	3
Cloudy, without storms	11	7
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9	10
Total	31	31

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1873	1874
	Deg.	Deg.
Mean temperature of Twelfth mo., per Penna. Hospital	38.37	36.00
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	67.50	55.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital	19.50	14.00
	Inches	Inches
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital	1.75	2.24
Total rain-fall entire year	38.088	
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year		1030
Deaths in Philadelphia from Jan. 1 to Dec. 28, 1874, 15,393—a decrease of 1,343 from the same period last year.		

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Twelfth month for the past 85 years	32.66
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848	45.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1832	25.00

While it has been in almost everybody's mouth that we were passing through very unusually mild weather for the season, if we examine the above figures we find that the month for last year was warmer in all its phases, while it will be seen that

1848 far exceeded it as well as 1857, when it reached 40.25 degrees.

The mild weather in this locality has not been the experience everywhere, as our "clippings" will show.

We commence with the following prediction:

"The Wisconsin Indians predict that there will not be much snow this winter. This prediction will save Old Probs a good deal of work."

While for the first day of the month we find that —"A dispatch from Boston says, the thermometer ranged from three degrees below zero to seven above;" "while venturesome foot-passengers crossed the river on the ice at Dubuque, Iowa, on the same day."

"MANCHESTER, Dec. 15.—At sunrise the thermometer in many parts of this city, varied from ten and twelve to twenty degrees below zero. Reports from different parts of the State say that the cold is intense, the thermometer varying from twenty to thirty degrees below zero."

On the 15th of the month *this locality* experienced a very "cold snap," fifteen, sixteen and seventeen degrees being freely reported, while at Roxborough at 7.40 A. M. it was said to have dropped to five degrees. At Reading, on the 21st, snow fell to the depth of *twelve inches*, while at Harrisburg, on the same day it reached *fourteen inches*.

We give another clipping having no bearing on *temperature*, but as showing the general interest taken in astronomy: "The cost of the expeditions for observing the transit of Venus is estimated at $1,500,000.

From various official sources a number of interesting items are usually compiled about the close of each year, not the least of which may be found the following statistics: "There have been 4,309 new dwellings erected in Philadelphia in the year 1874. According to the census of 1870, the whole number of dwellings in the city was 112,366. Since then 23,075 have been erected, making the whole number at this time 135,441. The number of persons to a dwelling, according to the census, was 6.01, or call it six, for the sake of round numbers. This would make the actual population, at the close of the present year, just 812,646.

"New York city, in 1870, had 64,044 dwellings, or but little more than half the number in Philadelphia, the rate of persons to a dwelling being 14.72, or say fifteen. The present number of dwellings in New York is believed not to exceed 72,000, and at the rate of fifteen persons to a dwelling, the population is about 1,080,000.

It is believed the above figures are reliable, and when we pursue the subject further by making a comparison with the tables of mortality, the great advantages this "*City of homes*" present for residence over our sister city must be apparent to all—for instance:

In New York during the year 1874 (the last twelve days being estimated) the whole number of deaths has been 28,638, while in Philadelphia the whole number has been only 15,393, or but little over one-half. A more accurate comparison is presented in the following brief statement:

1874.	Population.	Deaths.	Ratio of Deaths.
New York,	1,080,000	28,638	1 to 37.71
Philadelphia,	812,646	15,393	1 to 52.79

Which may be simply illustrated by stating that for the year just closed only about *one in every fifty-three* have died in Philadelphia, while in New York it has reached about *one in every thirty-eight*.

J. M. E.

Philada., First mo. 1st, 1875.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETING.

A CIRCULAR MEETING will be held at Kenne Square, on First-day, the 10th instant, at 2 o'clo P. M.

ITEMS.

GERRIT SMITH, the well-known abolitionist, di in New York City on the 28th ult.

A TELEGRAM has been received at the Smiths nian Institution stating that the observations of tl transit of Venus made by Professor Peters, one the American observers in New Zealand, were ve successful. Two hundred and thirty-seven phot graphs of the first contact were made.

THE emigrant steamship Cospatrick, bound fro London for Auckland, New Zealand, was burnt sea on the 17th of Eleventh month, in latitude degrees north, longitude 12 degrees west. It is e timated that 465 lives were lost by the disaster.

The fire broke out at midnight, and within a h hour enveloped the vessel nearly its entire lengt The scene was one of wildest confusion. Only tw boats succeeded in getting away, each of whi contained thirty persons. These remained alon side the ship until the 19th, when the hull was co pletely burned out, and she sank.

The two boats then started for land. They ke together for two days, when a gale arose, and th became separated. One of them has not since be heard of. The other was met by the British sh Sceptre. At that time it contained five living pe sons, two of whom died before the Sceptre reach the island of St. Helena.

Of all on board the ill-fated emigrant steam Cospatrick, only three persons are at present know to survive, namely, the second mate and two se men. These were picked up by the British sh Sceptre.

THE French Academy of Sciences, it is annou ced, is about to consider the propriety of adopti the meridian of Greenwich, which is already re ognized by the other nations of the Continent, lieu of that of Paris. The meridian would tou the French soil at Trouville.

THE distribution of plants by human agency discussed by Dr. Robert Brown in the last numb of the *Geographical Magazine*. He calls particul attention to the transportation of seeds in wo The presence of foreign plants in wool-dryi grounds was noticed many years ago by the em nent botanist De Candolle, near Montpellier, in t south of France. An account has been kept of t foreign plants which have appeared in that vicin since his observations, and it now includes 4 species, principally natives of the Mediterrane countries whence the wool comes. Similarly, in t neighborhood of the extensive wool-washing a drying works at Galashiels, are found forty spec of plants foreign to Scotland, some of which ha never previously been met with in any part of Gr Britain. To show how slight an accident may d termine the introduction of a plant, the auth states that the Canada thistle is said to have spru up in Europe from a seed dropped, two hundr years ago, from the stuffed skin of a bird.—*Bos Transcript.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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port of the Board of Managers, presented ut the Eleventh Annual Meeting of Swarthmore College.

(Concluded from page 723.)

Since our last report a change has been de in the Department of Free-hand Draw-. A teacher has been employed who has roduced the modern system of studying ly the laws of perspective in a practical y, copying at once from models and from ural objects, instead of from pictures, and h the most gratifying results. This imtant branch is now required of the young- class, and of the Scientific division of ss A, and it is in contemplation to require ereafter of all of the students in the Preatory School. To those intending to pura scientific course of study it is absolutely ntial, and to all it must prove, if propt taught, only second in practical useful- to the art of writing itself. Its great ortance in every well arranged course of y is daily becoming better understood.

he Museum of Natural History is gradu- increasing, and is now becoming a very factory working collection, which is of ient service, and, indeed, indispensable in trating the course of lectures in this dement. The cases for shells referred to year are completed, and the shells on l, which have been considerably increased ifts during the year, are properly ar- ed. A work-room for the Museum has recently been fitted up, furnished with shelves and drawers, and supplied with water and other conveniences for preparing the specimens in Natural History. All additions have been made in conformity with the general plan of the Museum Committee, presented two years ago; and in accordance with the suggestion of this committee, no gifts have been kept in separate collections, but all have been properly classified and arranged. The stockholders may rest assured that this interesting department will continue to receive the attention which its great importance deserves.

A course of instruction in Light Gymnastics has been established for the girls, who have regular exercises in the gymnasium, under an instructor, upon alternate days. These exercises are required of all who are physically able to take them, and their good effect must make itself apparent in the improved health of our girls. It may be proper to mention in this connection that there has been no serious sickness whatever, either among the girls or boys, since the last report, and that the infirmaries in both ends of the college have been absolutely without occupants during the greater part of the time since the opening of the present college year. We feel that among the most important means taken to secure this result are the excellent provision for the ventilation of the building, and the regular exercise in the

open air required of all at a certain hour every day.

The Library has been steadily increased during the present year as the needs of the different departments have required. A small fund has been established for this purpose and for supplying the Reading-Room with papers and periodicals. Among the present prominent needs of the college is a large increase of this library fund.

"Friends' Historical Library of Swarthmore," founded by Anson Lapham, has been somewhat increased during the past year, but the accommodations are yet ample, and a more rapid increase would be desirable. The interest and value of this collection, if properly made, will be greatly enhanced by the lapse of time. Friends should see to it that everything which is appropriate to a complete Friends' Historical Library, is deposited here as fast as the means contributed will allow. All are accredited to the donors and properly catalogued as received.

The Reference Library has been and will continue to be supplied by the library fund.

In every report since the opening of the college some allusion has been made to our experiment of the co-education of the sexes. It would now seem to be time to pass it by as a question fully settled, and no longer within the domain of controversy, and we should do so were it not for the fact that objections to the system have recently been raised anew in different quarters, especially on the ground of its supposed effect upon the health of young women. We therefore deem it our duty to make so much allusion to the subject again in this report as to say that nothing which has been said or written has in the slightest degree changed our well-grounded conviction based upon five years' experience, that "identical co-education" is the true method. We would recommend all who are in doubt upon this point, or who still feel objections to the system, to visit some of those institutions in which it is being fully and fairly tried, and stay long enough to witness their methods of instruction and discipline, and thus judge from observation of their own rather than decide from hearsay evidence, as is too frequently done, or upon purely theoretical grounds. Those who have thus visited Swarthmore, coming in many cases strongly prejudiced against our system, have gone away thoroughly convinced that under the guarded supervision, combined with confidence, there maintained, co-education is highly beneficial in its effects, both upon discipline and scholarship, that the health of the young women does not suffer from competition with young men, and that the general moral effects of the system are such as to commend it to all who are engaged in the instruction of the young.

In the general management of the college, more care has been taken to provide for the accommodation of the college classes separately from the students of the Preparatory School. Sophomore and Freshman study rooms have been furnished for several years, the Seniors and Juniors studying in their own private rooms for two years past. During the present year two class rooms have been fitted up as study rooms for the Senior and Junior classes. The management of these rooms is left, as far as practicable, to the students themselves, of course under the general oversight and direction of the Faculty. Instead of imposing upon the students a set of "Rules and Regulations," they are informed what ends it is desirable to attain, and why, and encouraged to attain them, if possible, in their own way, seeking the advice and co-operation of the Faculty in all cases of doubt or difficulty. The general harmony and kindly relations thus promoted, and the remarkable degree of absence of antagonism between the authorities and the students thereby produced, have been sources of much gratification to the Managers; and the reflex influence of this very desirable state of things, upon the younger students in the Preparatory School has been very marked, thus securing, in an unusual degree, that family relation so often aimed at, but so seldom fully attained. Our success in this, as in many other directions, is, we are well convinced, largely owing to the favorable influence of the sexes upon each other.

In this connection we would refer to the testimony of Professor Warren, now of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In his "Notes on Scientific Schools," written several years before the opening of Swarthmore, he uses this language: "The writer for two years, attended a private free school of high order, in which no code, if it existed was ever posted or heard of, and in which the grounds were laid out, and well kept by the pupils, and the building was treated as a home by them, and all the relations of teachers and pupils were those of a polite company, bound together, and to duty, by unwritten laws of social decorum and kindness. But it should be added, in partial explanation of this elevated character of student life that this school embraced pupils of both sexes, who associated freely, under the fewest guiding restraints, not only in daily classes but in Musical and Horticultural Associations, and in Editorial and Anniversary Managing Committees, all of which were active organizations. Rational faith in young humanity thus put on a fair footing, her

ad its perfect reward, in the absence, nay ıore, the practically impossible occurrence of ny indecorum."

The value of this testimony is greatly enanced by the fact that it is a purely inciental allusion, introduced in a work upon an ıtirely different subject.

We are again able to refer to numerous ıd important material improvements since e issue of our last Annual Report. The rm house, referred to last year, has been ıished, and is now occupied by our farmer. house for the President was commenced in e summer, and is now nearly completed. ıis will give room for several more students the west end of the college.

The proposition made at a recent meeting the Stockholders, called in accordance th the Charter, to purchase the Westdale ıct of 93 acres, adjoining the College ounds, will be considered at the present eeting, and it is hoped that the vote of the ockholders will secure to the College this ry desirable property. The great advanges of our owning this tract, and thus conlling the neighborhood of our station on e Railroad, are too obvious to need to be larged upon in this Report.

For a full statement of the financial conion of the College the Managers would re- the Stockholders to the Treasurer's Re-rt. We may, however, here state the fact ıt the College continues, as heretofore, to self-supporting. The financial crisis, ich has produced so marked an effect upon hionable and expensive schools throughout country has but slightly affected the curt receipts of Swarthmore. The Stockders are doubtless well aware that when say that the institution is self-supporting, mean that the receipts from the students et the current expenses, but that the varimprovements of a permanent nature are, l must continue to be made, as heretofore, liberal private subscriptions. Although institution has been self-supporting in sense, the end has been secured by the ıt careful management on the part of the ance Committee, and there has been but e surplus left for repairs and other unidable contingencies. A partial subscrip- has been made toward the purchase and rovement of the Westdale farm, should Stockholders decide upon that purchase he present meeting. A few other subptions have been received during the year ch have been expended in making the ssary improvements in the Museum, insing our supply of apparatus and books, ishing a part of the courses of lectures rred to in this Report, and in aiding e deserving students whose limited means would otherwise have prevented them from continuing their course of study with us.

Allusion was made last year to the necessity of establishing, at an early day, a permanent endowment fund to aid in the education of students in limited circumstances. Every year since the opening of the College, several of our best students have been unable to continue their studies without pecuniary aid. There is no better way of advancing the permanent interests of the institution itself, as well as of the individual students who need the assistance, than by establishing an Educational Endowment Fund. Many thus aided, should circumstances in later life permit, would gladly return to the College what had thus been advanced, by aiding in the increase of this fund, so that generation after generation would be benefited thereby, and its blessings thus be made perpetual. It is sincerely hoped that subscriptions for this purpose, as well as for the general needs of the College, will be largely increased during the coming year. Friends are beginning to learn the lesson of giving liberally of their substance to advance the cause of education among us, and some of them have already learned that lesson well. It costs large sums of money to build and equip a college, and still larger sums to endow it in such a manner that all its departments may be thoroughly organized, its various professorships properly filled, and that it may answer fully the highest ends for which it was designed. We would again remind the Stockholders that one essential difference between our College and many large private schools is that *they* were established to make money, *Swarthmore* to advance the interests of higher education, and that we cannot be expected to accumulate wealth, or meet with great pecuniary success, for the plain reason that we hope always to continue to give to the public more than we receive from the public in return. This must ever be the worthy aim of all higher institutions of learning.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE WEEK OF PRAYER."

In the last number of the *Independent* I find an article on this subject by Ray Palmer, D. D., which seems worthy of some notice. He says:

"With the opening of the New Year comes the concert of Christian supplication, continued through successive days, in every part of Evangelical Christendom." . . . . "How blessed this grand fellowship of so vast a number of holy souls in Christian faith, and love, and sympathy, while they gather around their living Lord to claim the fulfilment of His promise, that He would send the Comforter to perform His appropriate work."

There is no reason to doubt that "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James v, 16), or, as Jude has it, "praying in the Holy Ghost" (verse 20). Jesus Himself declared to His followers, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe and ye shall have them."—(Mark xi, 24.) This, again, is qualified by the Apostle Paul, when he says, "We know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered."—(Rom. viii, 26.) Such I understand to be "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man which availeth much"—in contradistinction to formal, conventional and pharisaical prayer.

But, while there is so much diversity of sentiment, so much rivalry and jealousy, so much bickering and contention, so much disposition to exalt and magnify self, not only between the several churches, but within the borders of each and every church, it seems rather premature for a portion of them to arrogate to themselves the title of *Evangelical—Evangelical churches, Evangelical Christendom*—to the exclusion of others who, for aught that appears, may be equally pious, equally zealous in good works, equally fitted by the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit to labor acceptably in the vineyard of their Heavenly Father, and therefore equally Evangelical. Hence, it may be too bold an assumption—for the writer seems to assume—that the *Evangelical churches, Evangelical Christendom,* constitute a grand and blessed fellowship of holy souls, in Christian faith, and love, and sympathy, around their living Lord.

In view of the acknowledged degeneracy of the Christian church, and of the terrible denunciations of the prophets, and of Jesus Himself, against the formal and traditional observances and hypocritical prayers of other churches, there may be cause to fear that too much of the service of the present week, in *Evangelical Christendom,* may be of the same selfish and unsanctified character.

"When ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear."—(Isaiah i, 15.)

"Thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." . . . . "But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—(Matt. vi, 5, 6.)

It is refreshing to find that our author is not unconscious of this danger, and it is hoped that his *solemn admonition* may not fall upon deaf or unheeding ears, when he says:

"How momentous beyond all words, and even beyond all thought, the present benefits and the eternal results, if the spirit of these services shall be such as the nature of the case required. It is greatly to be desired that each disciple, for himself, should seriously consider all that is involved in this world-wide unanimity of Christian people, in supplication for the coming of the Holy Ghost; that each should fully comprehend the sublime significance and interest of the season, and so kindle his own affections to a corresponding fervor. Unless there be this personal preparation—this elevation and largeness of view, and glow of devout enthusiasm among the members of the churches when they meet to pray, or pray at home, that Christ's kingdom may be mightily set forward in the world, it cannot be expected that prayer will reach its highest power, and call down abundant blessings. *The mere conventional observance of special days of prayer, on however large a scale, will not bring the desired result.*"

Again: "Christian people well understand that a regenerative power can come only from heaven. The Holy Ghost revealed in pentecostal energy, and producing the legitimate results of His peculiar mission—the power of the Spirit of God—this alone is equal to the need so deeply felt."

President C. G. Finney, of Oberlin, has reached similar conclusions, in the same journal:

"The Bible reveals the fact, and human consciousness attests the truth, that a sinner will never attain to such a view of the claims of God, as will induce him to renounce selfishness, and sympathize with God, without the illuminations of the Holy Spirit. A sinner attains to righteousness only through the teachings and illuminations of the Holy Spirit."

Now the inquiry presents itself, Have these writers kicked out of the *Evangelical* harness or has ignorance and prejudice drawn the lines of *Evangelicalism* so closely as to exclude other churches as Evangelical as those within its enclosure? Even George Fox (regarded as a fanatic) would probably have endorsed their conclusions. The only obvious difference lies between these three phrases:

Ray Palmer.—"The power of the Spirit of God."

Charles G. Finney.—"The illumination of the Holy Spirit."

George Fox.—"The Light of Christ in the soul."

The idea which has gone forth, that there is a convergence of the dogmas of *Congregationalism* and *Unitarianism,* has occasioned

some stir in the camp, and will probably lead to increased vigilance over their proximate out-posts. How much greater must be the consternation when *Evangelicalism* begins to manifest a convergence to *Quakerism?*

It must, I think, be obvious to the intelligent observer, that the better class of Christians, everywhere, are coming more and more to realize the important, practical truth, that religion belongs more to the *heart* than the *head*. That Divine worship is a *spiritual act*; and, *that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."*—(John iv, 23, 24.)

E. MICHENER.

Toughkenamon, First mo. 6th, 1875.

RECREATION (says Bishop Hall) is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing—his grass may grow and his steed may starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreats, is ever mowing, never whetting—laboring much to little purpose.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS.

I was pleased to observe in a recent number of the *Intelligencer* an editorial on quotations from the Scriptures, setting forth the obvious duty of making them accurate whenever they are used as Scripture sayings. I have no doubt all our teachers will admit the truth of this principle, since, in any in accuracy or unfaithfulness to the text, it is not Scripture that is employed.

Some particulars of quite common inaccuracy in quotation, on the part of many teachers in the religious assemblies of our Society, having been observed by me for several years, and conversation with, at least, one of those who misquoted having shown that his mistake was one of ignorance, I desire now to call the attention of the Society to them.

I would premise the notice of them by the suggestion of a principle of interpretation, which I hope will be evident and acceptable to all. It is to be observed that all the Epistles of the Apostles have, by their own terms, a limited address; and that all which bear the name of Paul, save that to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, the First of Peter and the Third of John have, in the language of their opening sentences, a specific address. The specification is in the names of the individuals or churches addressed; the limitation is in the spiritual character of the people to whom they were written. That character is generally expressly designated, and always necessarily implied, to be that of having become members of the church of Christ in the receiving of the Holy Spirit, through faith in Jesus Christ as he had been preached to them. The practical consideration arising from this fact is that the applicability, to people of our own time, of Scripture having a limited address will depend upon the present existence of such spiritual conditions as fall within the original limitation. The occasion of this remark is that I have frequently heard passages from the Apostles' writings used as if applicable to the whole human race. That the perception of the writers of the Epistles was, that the doctrines contained in them were limited to the church, appears from the fact that they imply a characteristic difference between their hearers and those to whom the same writers preached to make conversions. In those sermons, preached by the Apostles Peter and Paul for the conversion of both Jews and Gentiles, I have failed to discover any assertion of the existence of a light within their hearers. When, however, they come to write to those whom they had converted by the preaching of Jesus as the Lord and Christ, and of the remission of sins through faith in His name, they address them as having received the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and become the temples of the Holy Ghost.

Some common misquotations will, now be given: 1. "That which may be known of God is manifest in man." The text is "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them." Rom. i, 19. A perusal of the chapter in which the words occur will show that the last word "them," refers to a specified class of those who, having known the truth, had turned to unrighteousness, and that the substitution of the word "man" for "them" changes the saying to one of world-wide meaning.

2. In quoting the eighth verse of the tenth chapter of the same Epistle, a general inaccuracy consists in an omission of the ninth verse, which entirely suppresses the sense of the eighth. It is very evident that the ninth verse defines and embodies the substance of "the word of faith" which is proclaimed in the eighth; and this fact makes it improper, in quoting the Apostle Paul, ever to use the eighth verse alone.

3. "The gospel is preached in every creature." This saying is probably a corruption of Colossians i, 23. That the preaching spoken of in this verse is not synonymous with that which is implied in the saying I have quoted, but means the Apostle's preach-

ing, will appear from the fact that the Apostle speaks of the gospel which was preached to every creature as that which his hearers had heard; "whereof," he says "I, Paul am made a minister." In the book of Acts is a record of Paul's repeated ministry; and the knowledge of the doctrines of that ministry being to this day co-extensive only with the history of it, we are compelled to accept the words, "preached to every creature," as expressive of the wide extent of the apostolic labor and, probably, of the adaptation of the gospel to all human needs.

4. "Christ within, the hope of glory." The Scripture says, addressing the Colossians, that the riches of the glory among the Gentiles of the long-hidden mystery now made manifest to the saints "is Christ in you, the hope of glory." Col. i, 26, 27. The Apostle says that Christ is in them the hope of glory only "to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse." Only to those of the same experience can the words be applicable now; but the substitution of the word "within" for "in you" takes away its expressly limited sense and suggests its intentional application to all mankind.

I know full well that there is an intellectual faith concerning the kingdom of God and man's relation to it, which, admitting the terms in which it is held to be those of absolute truth, can yet make us to be only as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and that there is another faith, received through the revelation of Jesus Christ within us, which overcometh the world. It is only in aiding such use of the Scriptures as may advance us in knowledge of the latter faith that my purpose in this paper will be realized.

EDWARD RUSHMORE.

Rochester, N. Y., 1st mo. 3d, 1875.

From the Public Ledger.

THE HOME.

There is no institution of civilized humanity that has been so impervious to all assaults as the home. All efforts to destroy its sacredness, or to impair its efficacy, and all attempts to supersede it by complicated schemes of communism, have signally failed. From the time of Plato—who contended that the domestic affections were adverse to patriotism, and that, therefore, children should be brought up by the State, instead of by their parents—down to the present time, when some are depreciating the home as being inadequate to fulfil our affectional and social needs, it has bravely and steadfastly withstood all the storms that have threatened it, and has triumphed in its simplicity over every intricate scheme that has set up rival claims. If the reason of this be sought, it may readily be found in the perfect adaptation that exi between the nature of man and the instituti of the home. It is no labored system of ganization, no complex or artificial arran ment, but a simple, natural and unprem itated union, having its foundation in t needs of the heart and life. So simple a so natural does it appear, that even the cruing benefits do not seem to have been t first cause of its establishment; yet, as eve thing which is founded on the true instin of humanity as a whole proves eventually be the most effectual in its benefactions, so find the family home to be at once the si plest expression of man's need, and the gra est instrument in his development.

Of course, we here speak of *real* and g uine homes, founded, as such ever are, up sympathy and affection. That there artificial homes, where the inmates are dra together by convenience, popular opini the love of show, and similar objects, nc can deny. But the presence of the count feit by no means implies the absence of t genuine; it rather strengthens and confir it. A true and honest affection between m and woman, founded upon mutual respect a sympathy, is the only proper basis of m riage. From this union arises the vari relations of father, mother, son, daught brother and sister. Of all the circles of soc life, formed for the various purposes of bu ness and pleasure, none is at once so natu in its origin, or so rich in its possibilities; love, which is the foundation stone of ev true family, is all potent in its influence. is two-fold in its nature, comprising both emotion of pleasure in contemplating its ject, and the desire of securing some good that object. And although there are m modified degrees of this affection outside family, there is no other sphere that affo such unlimited opportunities for its exerc It is not only that the circumstance of be thrown continually together produces i macy and sympathy; but, besides this, th is a bond between the members of one fam which cannot be strictly defined, but wh all who have tasted domestic joys fully unc stand. It is different in nature from all otl and should be superior in degree. Only implanted principle could enable parents undergo the labor, care and anxiety that endured without a murmur, and even gla welcomed, if offering any hope of the chil benefit. Nothing in the whole range of hun experience equals this affection in inten and disinterestedness. Surely it should the nucleus around which ought to gather closest ties and the fondest associations. ial love, if less strong, is equally natural implanted, and paternal affection has its o

peculiar nature, unshared by that of any other relation.

Not only in the nature of the domestic relations, but even more in their influence upon the world, do we discover their supreme importance, and the folly of those who would treat them lightly, or abrogate them. As a means of happiness, the home has no equal. Not that all homes are happy, unfortunately there are too many that are otherwise; but this is because the foundation is weak, and the sympathy and love which should support them are lacking. Nowhere else can be found the calm content, the restful peace, the solid and enduring joy that spring, not fitfully and spasmodically, but in continual streams of freshness and purity over that family whose members are bound together in ties of affection. The interest of each becomes near to all, every joy is heightened by communicating it, every sorrow is soothed by the sympathy it receives. This happiness is not confined alone to the family itself. It spreads like a magnetic influence. Whoever enters that home shares in it; the cheerful feeling of the inmates is readily diffused over those they meet, and the warm rays of affection that animate them shed a reviving influence upon many a heavy and drooping heart.

Happiness, however, is not the only good that emanates from the true home. We can never estimate our indebtedness to our homes for all we possess of character and worth. To how many has the memory of a father's hopes and a mother's love been the rock which has supported them through a life of temptation and trial? How many can look back to the home of their youth as the starting point from which they have pursued with integrity and honor a life of usefulness? How many have been rescued from sin and sorrow by the ever-welcoming arms of a home once forsaken, but now prized as the only refuge of the wanderer? This home life is not limited in its influence to private and individual benefit; it is the cradle of the nation, the prop of public welfare, the hope of the world. As the child is, so will be the man, and as the family is, so will be the State. If the one be pure, healthful and enlightened, the other will be truly prosperous. The best citizen, the most upright statesman, the most conscientious preserver of public order and upholder of public integrity will be he who most faithfully fulfils his domestic relations, who gives and receives the sympathy of his kindred, and who carries with him into public life the patient devotion to principle which he has learned from the wise discipline of a true home. Let nothing then tempt us for a moment to depreciate or spurn this most momentous influence. Let no rude touch render less sacred the homes of our youth, or the firesides of our riper years. Let us rather bend all our efforts to cherish, purify and brighten these homes, that they may fulfil their rich possibilities, developing the powers, strengthening the virtues, and promoting the happiness of both individual and national life.

KEEPING THE TONGUE.

Keep it from frivolity. There is so much call for the wise use of God-given speech that it is a great pity and a great evil when its high powers for good are made empty and vain. Frivolous speech will react on character. One who habitually uses lightness in conversation will tend to become empty in character, incapable of those deeper motives and holier aspirations that mark the good man.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused. How many heartaches, how much bitterness, how many enstrangements, how much deep and utter misery, has unkind speech caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring, to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of truth, that we need to be on our guard. Truth is an essential in the dealings of man with man. Without it society goes down. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie, who yet suffer themselves in such inaccurate or exaggerated or one sided statements that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. It is a cause of sorrow in the whole community when a man's good name is aspersed. Sins should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method: "Go and tell him his fault betwixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious.—*American Messenger.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Before my few lines reach their destination, the New Year will have fairly started on its

course and, with steady tread, will have marked weeks as gone, no more to return. But, it may not yet be too late to bring to mind what appears to me to be a most fitting inquiry for all who claim the possession of a heart capable of appreciating the many blessings bestowed by the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift. "What shall I render unto Thee, O Lord, for all Thy benefits?" To this inquiry, comes a response that surely must be acknowledged as suiting every condition of life, "My son, give Me thy heart;" and may we not receive this language as implying a contract between the Heavenly Parent and His child, that *if the heart be surrendered, its guardianship will be accepted?* And here is another mercy; for what would we be without this guardianship, this heavenly care?

Then, having entered upon the New Year, and assuming, as it were, afresh, all the responsibilities of life, let us give place to the inquiry, "What shall I render unto Thee, O Lord, for all Thy benefits?" and accept the given answer, "My son, give Me thy heart" by a renewed dedication of all our powers to the service of the Great Giver.

My good wishes are many and warm for your health and happiness and comfort during the year 1875. These landmarks are always impressive and suggestive, and none are more so than the last day of the old and the first day of the New Year, with all the backward memories of mercies and deliverances and fatherly care; and, in my case at least, of how many errors of judgment and conduct. And then comes the fresh sense of responsibility and resolve, in looking forward into the unknown days of the year just beginning. If we could only keep the good resolutions which we cannot help making! It is so discouraging to go on stumbling and shuffling through life, with such a cloud of good intentions unfulfilled. What could we do without the boundless forgiveness of Heaven? Let us prove our thankful remembrance of this mercy to us extended, by laying hold, in fulness of faith, on that arm of power that is extended for our help, and which can keep us in the straight and narrow way that leads to peace.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 16, 1875.

Explanation.—Dissatisfaction has been expressed with the closing paragraph of our editorial remarks on "Kidnapping" in No. 44. We can only say, by way of explanation, and with a wish to relieve any honest cor cern, that our meaning has been misappr hended. However we may have failed to us fitting words, we must not be understood a asserting that any sin, however great, ma not be forgiven on repentance.

Household Economy.—The financi embarrassment that at present paralyzes th industrial and commercial interests of ou nation, makes retrenchment in family ex penses an absolute necessity with a larg number in every community, who have bee in easy circumstances, and accustomed t spend freely. All classes of society measu ably share in this general prostration of bus ness, but on those who live from the proceed of their daily toil it falls with the most crush ing weight, and for such our sympathies ar feelingly awakened.

The tendencies of the age in which we liv are to *enlarge* the list of our wants, and it i difficult to make up our minds to self-denia There are many things in our items of every day expenditure that we might well do with out, the aggregate of which amounts to a con siderable sum when the annual reckoning made; they are simply indulgences which w have come to regard as almost essential to comfortable existence.

It is very important that we curtail in th right place, and that we dispense with notl ing the loss of which would interfere with th genuine comfort of any member of the family The plan of keeping a detailed account o house expenditures regularly footed up ever month, is a good practice, which we especiall recommend to young housekeepers.

There is much said respecting the ignoranc of women two centuries ago, and it is tru that the mass of common people, both me and women, were ignorant to a lamentab degree, but the wives and daughters of trade men and the gentry are not deserving th wholesale charge; from among these cam many of the mothers of our Israel, and th examples of their prudence in the manag ment of the affairs that properly belonged t them, that are handed down to us in fra ments of diaries and account books, are worth of being imitated by their successors. The is no place in which the true wife and moth

o shines, with a halo of her own, as when at he head of a *well ordered* household. "The eart of her husband doth safely trust in her," aid the wise man. Not only the heart but he purse too is safe in the keeping of such a ife.

We believe that Friends, generally, are areful to live within the bounds of their in- omes, and are not given to what might be ermed extravagant expenditures; yet, with ie broadening views which a higher degree f intellectual culture is spreading through- it the Society, there is introduced an ap- reciation of the beautiful in art, as applied personal and home decoration that was most unknown in the self-denying, simple id earnest lives of our predecessors. This ste finds its gratification in numberless ings that add materially to the cost of use-keeping, and it is in these accessories, d in our acknowledged luxuries that we ould economise.

A grave mistake is made, we apprehend, by minishing the working force in our employ. we found it necessary to engage one or re persons to do the work of the family d maintain neatness and order in the house, en everything was prosperous, it is quite essential that the same conditions be ob- ved now. Besides, we owe something to class that serves us, and it were more in ping with the precepts of our profession, l the instincts of our best nature, which y represent, to make the most heroic efforts self-denial in other things rather than turn se off to wander up and down in search of ployment, and, in the end, perhaps, to fall disgrace and shame. This is the narrow- and most unproductive economy that we attempt, and yet it is being practiced tinually, oftentimes with results that are y unsatisfactory.

ll such efforts fall heavily upon the head he establishment. She must take her share hose duties, or, perhaps, the whole burthen hem, that was easily borne by the ser- t who has been dispensed with, and who no higher obligations than to perform fully the round of labor that fell to her while the wife and mother, by the very irements of her position, finds the added burthen becoming every day more and more onerous. If retrenchment of this character is absolutely necessary, it were better to give up the establishment that entails such cost, and occupy less expensive quarters. There is true dignity in being candid with oneself, and before the world, that commands respect. Any change in the mode of living, which is the result of financial embarrassment, ought to be accepted among the possibilities that lurk in every pathway. In these times of speculation and extravagance, the most careful business man may be cramped, by the failure of others, to fulfill their obligations, and brought into difficulties from which there is no escape without great sacrifice. A wise and prudent economy, in times of prosperity, is the best safeguard against the fluctuations of business; and if we do but discover this as a nation and as individuals, now that we are passing through the crisis that has brought poverty and humiliation into so many costly mansions, the results will be worth all that we have given in exchange.

DIED.

AMBLER.—At her residence in Philadelphia, Fifth month 26th, 1874, Rachel W., wife of Lewis J. Ambler, in the 35th year of her age. We are seldom called upon to record the death of one who will be more missed in the family circle. Her illness was somewhat protracted, and borne with a remarkable degree of patience.

HILLBORN.—On the 30th of Eleventh month, 1874, in the Township of Uxbridge, Ontario Co., Province of Ontario, Stephen Hillborn, in the 90th year of his age; an Elder of Pickering Monthly Meeting.

In 1805, he removed, in company with his father, Thomas Hillborn, from Catawissa, Pa, into Canada, then nearly an unbroken wilderness, and upon his marriage in 1811, he settled in Uxbridge, where he continued to reside the remainder of his long and exemplary life, having lived in much affection with his companion (who survives him), the unusual period of nearly 64 years. He continued to attend meeting and pursued his accustomed mechanical labor, until within two weeks of his decease. He passed away with little suffering, retaining consciousness to the last, leaving evidence of an assured faith and a well-grounded hope, that there was a mansion prepared for him, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN PESTH AND ONWARD TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

No. 31.

(Continued from page 733.)

And now we leave the vast, monotonous Hungarian plain and enter the hill country

again. How lonely and wild it is! We make a long rest at Baziasch, take on many new passengers, and then onward we go again for about an hour and reach Moldova, where the Danube enters a narrow defile, about sunset. The pointed Babakaj rock rises lofty and black in the middle of the stream, as if to say, "Beware! thus far have ye come, but venture no farther."

We now are informed that we must disembark here and take a three hours' ride along the river bank in the evening light to Orsova. Nothing daunted, we gather up our movable property and follow the crowd of travellers to the army of carriages which await us. But there are only a very few of the vehicles provided which ought to be dignified with the name of carriage. Miserable hay carts, without springs, receive the astonished guests of the Danube Steam Nav. Co., and we must seat ourselves on boards thinly covered with hay for a hard fast ride of three hours and a half. Those of us who are perfectly well and strong may laugh at the rude experience, but it is a sorry joke for the invalid, the aged, and the little child, and we have all these in our large company. A rough looking crowd of Wallachian people throng round us—a picturesque and varied multitude. They are clad in woolly sheepskin clothing, with sheepskin sandals bound on their feet with thongs, and they are dark, proud, fierce and wild. Some of them are tall, erect and very handsome notwithstanding their barbaric dress and swarthy faces, and none are at all uncivil. We select a cart of very humble pretensions, and accept the inevitable with as good a grace as possible, and then, with a fierce cracking of whips, off we go along the Danube bank. It is a perfectly good road with the roaring river on the right, and stern mountain heights on the left, and as our shaggy little horses plunge rapidly along, lighted by the Hunter's moon, we get many fine views of caverned mountains, lofty, pinnacled heights, ruined strongholds, and troubled rapids. The river is *very* low, in one place falling over ledges of rock covered with less than eighteen inches of water, it is said. But in other places the stream is crowded between rocks into a contracted channel, and is very narrow and very deep. Weary and way-worn, but unharmed by our moonlight ride through this savage looking land, we reach Tiszovicza, and find a smaller steamer, well lighted up, awaiting us. Most willingly we clamber out of our cart and descend to the deck, where we find everything very comfortable. A dinner awaits us, and as we eat it the steamer moves on again and we are amazed with the startling intelligence that in one hour, when we reach Orsova, we must again disembark for another long j
"In hay carts?" we sadly inquire. "N
says our informant, "in good carriages
time." There is no alternative, and sc
gather up our energies for this struggle
fate, find seats in a substantial coach,
onward we go through grand, wild scen
moonlight beauty, too weary and sleep
get up much enthusiasm, and about half-
one we are once more in a most comfort
steamer, which is pledged to take us all
way to Rustzuk.

The next morning our engine begir
throb at dawn of day, but in a little tir
stops and we are stationery again. We
encountered a sand-bar, and the vessel, ir
frantic efforts, has broken one of the wh
but energetic action is taken and in thr
four hours we are off again—quite triump
—with only one wheel to propel us. Anc
sunshiny day is granted us, and we mur
not that we are delayed in our journey d
this long, long river. We have a most
fortable abiding place, very merry com
and good fare, and we enjoy thoroughly
restful days, when we may sit tranquill
the sunshine and be wafted along thr
these new and strange regions.

To-day we enter Turkey, but we ca
no difference in the country. It is
thinly peopled, and has not an appearan
much fertility, but it is said to be an e
lent grain-producing region. Little low
tages, and occasionally a few of the in
tants are visible, but the scenery is nc
engrossing as to prevent conversation o
manner of subjects, and the soft, mild da
the lower Danube passes very happily.
continually reminded of the intense cor
between the southeast and the northwe
Europe; between the wisely directed ind
of the Netherlands, and the drear des
neglect which marks this land of the
"Alla il alla." All things are in the or
otent hand and even the most stupid, benig
and bigoted of the sons of men may b
known to themselves, working out the
and intricate problem of the elevation of
kind to the divinely-erected standard.
after nightfall we touch at the first Tu
city of Widdin. Daylight is quite gone
the stars are all ablaze; the river has lc
energy and is placid as a lake, not a b
of air stirs its surface as we mount the
to take a first look at a veritable Ori
town. The many minarets are all bri
illuminated, each tall column being gi
about half-way up by a broad band of
This is an indication, we are told, th
Mohammedans are celebrating their a
fast of Rammazan. The city, which ex
a long distance along the bank, shows

a torch to-night, and the calm smooth river reflects and doubles every light. Our steamer pauses in her career, but cannot quite reach the town, and a little boat comes out and receives whatever we may have to give, and then glides silently back. We will learn more anon about the minarets and domes of the Moslem—but here we have only a mysterious indefiniteness—a vague suggestion of splendors to be revealed in the future. The next morning we awake to find that the fifth day of our voyage on the Danube is quite as beautiful as any that have preceded it. We pass by almost desert shores, showing evidence of the frequent inundations which make them undesirable as a human dwelling place. Great flocks of aquatic birds are noted from time to time, and their condition of life seems far more desirable than that of the miserable looking people of whom we get glimpses occasionally. Will the inspiration of energetic, wide-eyed search after truth, of progressive modern civilization, ever reach this almost forgotten, fossilized Danubian land? The mighty Roman once bore rule here, and in the days of the later or Greek Empire, these were favored regions, but no great traditions of the past appear to be stirring the sleepy souls of these slaves of the Moslem to-day.

Yet another day we float onward down the broadening, silent flood, between sleepy shores which suggest lazy dreams. We sit upon the decks enjoying the pleasant sunshine, noting the squalid Turkish towns which we passed, and watching the southward flight of many flocks of birds. It is dark night when we approach Ruschuk, and we are happy in the expectations of another pleasant evening and night's rest on board, when the word is passed round that a telegram has been received from Varna, that the Austrian Lloyd steamer Vulcan is awaiting us at that port, and that we must go right on to-night, thus losing all sight of the Turkish land through which we pass.

Dismayed, we bundle up our wraps, and about nine o'clock take seats in the cars for an all night riding by rail. It is bright starlight, and after a time the moon rises, so that it is discernable, we pass a country of many ruins, of mean houses and at the stations we could see an ugly, wild looking people. But a mist soon obscures the Moslem land, and sleep presses down the eyelids, and then our ride becomes a blank. About three o'clock in the morning, the guard opens the door of the car and announces Varna. We are taken up hastily, and get out in the misty night and follow the crowd down a long devious pathway to a wharf and then climb down the ladder into a row boat which takes us out into the mysterious misty deep in search of the ship which is to take us to the queen city of the Moslem. How damp and chill and drear it is, as our boatmen row and row and row and no ship appears. Then they cry aloud several times, when a signal bell rings from the ship and on we grope. But there is a light and we push on, and sure enough, there is the ship. Our boat is soon beside her, and we climb the ladder to her deck and smile to think ourselves safe. The accommodations of the good ship are over-crowded, but we sink down wherever a sofa, an easy-chair, a berth, or a mattress is to be had, and slumber till the break of day. Then we hear that we shall lie in Varna bay till three in the afternoon, and then make our voyage to Constantinople in the night, entering the Bosphorous at break of day on the first of the 11th month. We thus have several hours during which we may contemplate the fine bay of Varna, and admire the city which lies upon its shores. The captain offers us a chance to go on shore and have a walk about Varna, but the heat is great and I decline to go—trusting to get enough of Turkish town-life on our arrival at Constantinople. Our ship has many Turkish passengers. One Pasha, a man of distinguished appearance, and grave, courteous manners, sits among the first-class passengers, and a squalid, ferocious looking crowd of Moslems inhabit the forward part of the deck. We step forward to see them. Some are yet asleep on couches on the deck, with their heads well wrapped up and their feet uncovered, and some are lazily rousing themselves up and moving about in their unspeakably hideous garments, which seem specially designated to degrade the beautiful human form. A tent on the deck among the first-class passengers contains the harem of a Turkish Pasha, who are supposed to be invisible to common eyes and who are zealously guarded by a gray haired eunuch. The little children come out among us, led by a Turkish gentleman, but they seem timid and rather shrink from attention. After a time the curtain of the tent is raised partially, and some of the ladies venture to look in upon the women of the Turk. Really they are a cheerful looking household. The mother is handsome and intelligent looking, and by her side is a really beautiful daughter with fine features, and eyes like a gazelle and they recline on a comfortable couch while the slave women and children are lounging around them. My friend addressed some remarks to them in French, which they understand and politely respond to, and they take an interest too in her maps and pictures though they cannot read. What a strange life is theirs—how idle and listless we would think. But they

have the continual oversight of their little ones, and I am forced to confess, that they looked neither abused nor discontented—and their children seemed obedient and intelligent. But this was very superficial observation. And now we go, and soon are bounding over the billows of the Black Sea. The day is calm, the sea is smooth, the sun is bright, but there is a mysterious influence which blights happiness on the sea, and poor suffering humanity sinks down appalled before it. But I draw a veil over the battle-field, neither will I tell who were overthrown. Suffice it to say that in the fair morning we entered the Bosphorous, and the beautiful elevated shores were visible on either hand. Rich green hills, cities, ruins, towers, palaces, everything to give interest and beauty to the scene, borders the famous strait through which the dark blue waters of the Black Sea flow outward forevermore.

Too soon, it seems, when the minarets and domes of the ancient city of Constantine come in view, and our steamer drops her anchor opposite. The morning sun is shining gloriously, a gentle breeze is blowing, and the city which lies on yonder heights looks more magnificent, it seems to me, than any of the old world capitals I have visited. A crowd of hotel porters and commissionaires come on board, and in fierce earnestness assail the passengers, entreating them to try how very good are their respective hostelries, but our choice is made, and we have agreed on an alliance with a Scottish party, who have Cook's coupons. Our luggage and ourselves are promptly landed at the Custom House, where our trunks must be inspected before they can be admitted to the city of the Sultan. I had heard much of the harshness of Turkish officials, and so was agreeably surprised, when my turn came, to have the solemn looking Turk who was conducting the search, bring me a seat on the wharf, and then satisfy his scruples by a most superficial glance at my goods. We have met with more careless officials, but have experienced greater courtesy from none of the Custom House officers through whose hands we have passed in our devious and lingering journey through Europe. And thus we enter this splendid outpost of the Orient.

S. R.

Eleventh Month 1*st*, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MENTAL CULTURE.

In the Twelfth month number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, the "Physiological Basis of Mental Culture" is discussed by Nathan Allen, M. D., LL. D., with that force and clearness which must be convincing to the mind of every thoughtful reader.

The subject of education is engaging the earnest attention of the best minds, at present time, and claiming special car the several Yearly Meetings of our relig Society. Whatever may be said that thr additional light on so important a matte worthy of consideration by every one, more especially those to whose care is c mitted the training of our children. own matured convictions, the result of m years' experience in teaching and the n agement of schools, fully accord with views expressed by Dr. Allen. While I was quite young I was entrusted with the prim instruction of a considerable number of c dren, of both sexes, and of ages vary from four to sixteen years; and though imperfectly understanding the hygienic l that relate to ventilation and physical e cise, which are so familiar to the studen to-day, I was early impressed with the g wrong inflicted upon children by long sions in crowded school-rooms. As I re my first experience as a teacher, there comfort in the remembrance that my and sympathy for the young and depen saved me from a rigorous discipline in school-room: the child that became dull listless was sent into the open air to fres up its weary spirits, and various little dev were resorted to, to make the school att tive, which under the independent actio those earlier days might be properly allo The competition and the painful strain u the vital forces that mark the present sys of education, had not then been introdu possibly they are mainly the outgrowtl our public school organization.

While the old, exploded system had palpable disadvantages, it was benefici one respect—it recognized (perhaps un sciously) the unequal distribution of b force; studies were pursued in accord with the capacity of the scholar—no c was required to do more than his me ability enabled him to perform, nor was slow, plodding student expected to com with the rapid thinker, without ample for preparation.

The ground upon which Dr. Allen s is, "that all mental culture should be b upon the brain; that education should pursued in harmony with the laws of life health, and that when these are violated advantages of the former afford poor c pensation. Formerly no attention, or scar any, was paid by school boards and teacl in the matter of education, to the cond of the body or the development of the b and even at the present day very litt paid to them compared with what shoul given to those great physical laws whicl derlie all mental culture."

"The lives of a multitude of children and
ıth are sacrificed every year in this com-
ınwealth by violating the laws of phys-
ogy and hygiene, through mistaken or
ong methods of mental training; besides,
constitution and health of a multitude of
ers are thus impaired or broken down for
. No where else in society is a radical
orm needed more than in our educational
ems. Inasmuch as the laws of the body
at the foundation of all proper culture,
y should receive the first consideration.
, in educating the boy or girl from the age
ive to fifteen, how little attention is given
he growth and physical changes which
essarily occur at this most important pe-
of life! The age of the child should be
sidered, the place of schooling, the hours
onfinement and recreation, the number
kinds of studies, together with the modes
eaching, should all harmonize with phys-
laws, especially those of the brain."
he present modes of education, which
e no allowance for diversity of organiza-
, are false and injurious, and inflict wrongs
he sensitive, susceptible minds of young
lren that are marked and lasting. Un-
there is a radical change in the whole
tment of the child from the first entrance
ı school life, and especially in the ar-
ement of classes, and a discrimination in
selection of studies that are best suited to
capacity, there will continue the un-
lesome results that we now witness, and
number of nervous, excitable men and
en will rapidly increase.
the mechanical arts and in mercantile
t is not expected that the novice is to be-
e acquainted with every separate division.
ıowledge of general laws in mechanics or
ade is essential, and no artisan or sales-
can expect to succeed without such at-
nents. It is to the special department
h he selects as best adapted to his indi-
al resources that the entire bent and force
s intellect must be devoted, and this
be the one controlling idea, the work of
fe, if success is achieved; for the let up
e relaxation or amusement—which is
lly essential to a harmonious develop-
, there are numberless avenues in art,
ce and literature, in any of which he
find healthful exercise for brain and
le.
e earliest efforts in the education of the
for the after duties of life, should pro-
on the same ground. A general knowl-
of language and its uses is the primary
and underlies all brain development.
ıow how to clothe the thought, that seeks
ession in vocal utterance, in the drapery
nguage that most befits it, is of incalcu-
lable importance, and becomes in mature life the door of entrance to friendship and social intimacy with the best minds of the age.

This underlying basis should be thoroughly pursued, and no efforts spared to bring it to the perfection that is attainable. Then follow the various branches of mathematics and the physical sciences that start out from this focus as do the rays from a central sun. It is at this divergence that our faulty system is most to be deplored. The young students are pushed forward like a line of soldiers, and expected to keep step in the advancing column. Without any regard to temperament or mental qualification, the same studies are pursued and the same requisitions exacted. It is no unusual occurrence to see little boys and girls scarcely out of the nursery, lugging along a weight of books that taxes the strength of the fragile limbs, and the contents of which must overload the not yet fully developed structure of the brain. If these survive, alas! how many do not; it is to find the way grow more and more difficult for the many. The examinations and competitions that necessarily must be endured bear heavily on the physical energies. The disappointments of failure and the mortification that follows, create rivalries that the best natures are scarcely able to withstand, while the pride and self-confidence engendered too often by success, are even more damaging to the character.

All these things are worthy of grave consideration, and must be taken into account when investigating this subject. Under this head the writer says:

"The more this whole subject is investigated, the more reason we shall find for making allowances or some distinction in scholastic discipline with reference to the differences in organization of children, and for adapting the hours of confinement and recreation, the ventilation and temperature of school-rooms, the number and kinds of studies, the modes of teaching, etc., to the laws of the physical system. But another and still more important change must take place. Sometime—may that time be not far distant!—there will be a correct and established system of *mental science*, based upon physiological laws; and, until this era arrives, the modes and methods of education must remain incomplete and unsatisfactory. The principles of this science, in the very nature of things, must rest upon a correct knowledge of the laws and functions of the brain; and, until these are correctly understood and reduced to a general system, all education must be more or less *partial, imperfect* and *empirical*. While the old theories of metaphysicians are very generally discarded, they still have practi-

cally a powerful influence in directing and shaping our educational systems and institutions. In the selection and arrangement of studies very little attention is paid to the peculiar nature or operations of the various faculties of the mind, or the distinct laws that govern their development and uses. For illustration, instead of educing, drawing out and training all the mental faculties in their natural order and in harmony, each in proportion to its nature or importance, the memory is almost the only faculty appealed to in every stage of education; and this is so crammed and so stuffed that frequently but little of the knowledge obtained can be used advantageously. Instead of developing the observing faculties by "object-teaching," appealing to the senses of sight and hearing, those two great avenues of knowledge, or giving much instruction *orally*, we require the the scholar to spend most of his time in studying and pouring over *books*, mere *books*.' The mind is treated as a kind of general receptacle into which knowledge almost indiscriminately must be poured, yes, forced, without making that knowledge one's own, or creating that self-reliance which is indispensable to its proper use. In this way the brain does not work so naturally or healthily as it ought, and a vast amount of time, labor and expense is wasted—nay, worse than wasted. From this forced and unnatural process there often results not only a want of harmony and complete development of all parts of the brain, but an excessive development of the nervous temperament, and not unfrequently an irritability and morbidness which are hard to bear and difficult to overcome. And not unfrequently it ends in a permanent disease of the brain, or confinement in a lunatic asylum.

"When we take a careful survey of the various discussions and diverse theories on this subject, considered metaphysically, and then compare them with the great improvements and discoveries in the physical sciences of the last fifty years bearing upon the same subject, the change or progress looks mainly in one direction, viz., that all true mental science must ultimately be based upon physiology. Here is a great work to be performed, and when accomplished it will constitute one of the greatest, most valuable, and most important achievements that was ever wrought in the history of science. A vast amount of positive knowledge has already been accumulated on this subject, by various writers, but a great work, by way of analysis, observation and induction, and of further discoveries as to the functions of the brain, remains to be completed. This work must be performed, in a great measure, by persons profoundly versed in the physical sciences; and no small proportion of it must come from the observations labors and contributions of medical men."

L. J. R

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Hebrews iv, 16.

The "time of need." Ah! little know'st thou now
Thou of the laughing lip and sunny brow;
In the first freshness of thy morning hours,
In the first conscious glow of untried powers,
When need shall be,
No want, no wish, but, soon as felt fulfilled,
No bright hope crushed, no young aspiring chilled
No trace of tears upon that mantling cheek—
Thou wonderest that the sacred page should speal
Of need to *thee!*
Yet will it come, thou know'st not whence or when
O! seek betimes the Grace that can sustain the
then.

For unto all it cometh, soon or late,
Slow creeping change, or sudden stroke of fate.
The wakening from sweet childhood's rainbow
trance—
The bounding spirits quelled as years advance,
By toil and care;
The sundering of affection's sacred ties;
The tempest shock when passion's surges rise;
The syren-voice of pleasure, or the maze
Of folly, with its thousand winding ways;
Each step a snare;
These will o'ertake, thou know'st not how or when
O! seek betimes the Grace that can sustain the
then.

In thine own spirit, in the world around,
By day, by night, thy "time of need" is found;
Perchance when all combine their aid to lend,
Perchance when e'en thy bosom's dearest friend
Suspects it not;
The heart hath joys and sorrows all its own,
By human sympathy unfelt, unknown;
And oft the sense of need is heavier *there*,
Than when with outward ills thou seem'st to shar
The common lot.
Then lift thy young heart in its strength and gle
To seek that grace Divine which *then* can succ
thee.

So shalt thou find, in sorrow's darkest hour,
A guiding Light, a sheltering Arm of power.
In pain and sickness on a Hand unseen
Thine aching head in sweet repose shall lean;
And in the vigil by the loved one's bed,
A viewless presence from His wings shall shed
The healing balm.
So through each changeful scene of life below,
One place of sure retreat thine heart shall know;
So shall thy faith be steadfast, on the day
When the death-angel on thy brow shall lay
His icy palm.
So in that last and sorest "time of need,"
That Rock shall fail thee not—that Grace thy caus
shall plead.

H. Bowden.

'Tis not to cry God mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
He that bewails and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.

Quarles.

TINY TOKEN.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall;
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule,
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word:
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

rances Ridley Havergal, in Good Words.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

correspondent of the Boston *Daily Ad-er* says, in describing the college for built at Wellesley, near Natick, eighteen from Boston, by Mr. and Mrs. H. F. nt, at an outlay of a million dollars:

'his college has been built by one man her, by one man and his wife, and who present it to the young women of our ry, to be used in promoting their social, l, and religious culture. It is a magnifi-ift, and with rare modesty and good the doners have refrained from giving own name to it—a fact which of itself poses one in their favor. It is a regu-organized and endowed college, and ontrol is vested in a board of trus-f which Mr. Durant is a member, and be opened to students in September,

The expense to the pupils is to be noderate—$250 per year—covering, as lerstand, board and tuition, without of any kind.

ne building is architecturally one of the in the State. It is five stories in height and of brick, which by some means has been subdued to a reddish brown tint; and, though nearly five hundred feet in length, it is so relieved by projections and ornamental devices as to give an impression of wonderful symmetry and beauty. Every detail has been looked after, I am told, by Mr. Durant's own keen, vigilant eye, and the whole finished in the most thorough and satisfactory manner. The inside work is not yet completed, and, with the scaffolding still standing about, it is not so easy to judge of it as a whole; but enough can be seen to show that everything is on a magnificent scale and admirably executed. The entrance hall, running from side to side, is particularly imposing. It is open to the roof and ornamented with pillars of Maine granite, a material new to me. It is beautifully mottled, brown in tint, and takes an exquisite polish, much resembling the Scotch or Aberdeen marble in general appearance. A unique feature of this hall is an enclosure of earth near its centre, in which palm trees are to be set. These are expected to live and flourish, and if so they will add an oriental charm to vaulted roof and marble column. The library, the art gallery, and the chapel are each admirable, both in plan and finish.

"They are two features which will strikingly distinguish Wellesley from all other colleges. One is that a portion of the domestic work—exactly how much I did not clearly understand—is to be done by the pupils, under the superintendence of skilled matrons The public will watch this new experiment with a deep interest, for the best mode of combining the intellectual with the practical in the education of women is one of the great questions to be solved. The other novel feature is that at Wellesley College ever officer and teacher in the building, from the president and professors downward, is to be a woman.

"My little sketch of what Wellesley College is expected to be would be incomplete if I did not add that its founder intends it to be a religious institution, believing that a controlling religious faith lies at the foundation of all intellectual growth and culture. What his religious views are is well known to the community, as he has often appeared before it as a public speaker on religious topics."—*From the "Independent."*

SIMPLE TEST.

Dr. McCulloch gives the following test, which perhaps may be innocently tried by all who are at all skeptical as to the prejudical effects of alcoholic drinks on the constitution:

Hold a mouthful of spirits—whiskey, for instance—in your mouth for five minutes, and you will find it burn severely; inspect the

mouth, you will observe that it is inflamed. Hold it ten or fifteen minutes, you will find that various parts of the mouth have become blistered; then tie a handkerchief over the eyes, and taste, for instance, water, vinegar, milk or senna; you will find that you are incapable of distinguishing the one from the other. This simple and easy experiment proves to a certainty that alcohol is not only a violent irritant but also a narcotic; for in this experiment you have objective evidence that it has inflamed and blistered the mouth, and for the time being paralyzed the nerves of taste, and to a certain extent, those also of common sensation. Now this is not an experiment or fact upon which any doubt has ever been or ever can be thrown; and I ask you, can you believe that the still more important internal organs of the body can be less injuriously affected than the mouth?

"Even the moderate use," says Dr. Wilson, "of such liquors, if long continued, and grown habitual, cannot fail to have ultimately a prejudicial effect upon the health, while it may be confidently asserted, that there are no circumstances, of ordinary character, under which it can be justified as beneficial or necessary."

HUMAN UNDERSTANDING LIMITED.

Man's faculties, exquisitely adapted to the sphere in which he moves, were never intended to enable him to comprehend all the truth. The mind is, in this respect, constituted like the eye, and can understand certain subjects and to a certain distance; but as they reach away farther, they look more and more confused, and if the human spirit attempts to mount higher than its proper elevation, it will find all its flights useless. God has given us light in the midst of darkness; let us rejoice in it. As you do so, you will find, as you follow that light through what may at first be a dark and dim passage, that you reach more light. In that light we shall clearly see light. The view which you at last reach may be like that which we have had from the mountain top on a sunshiny and bracing day; not, indeed, an unlimited view, for this would leave us nothing more to discover and behold, but still a clear view between us and a distant horizon, which when we reach, in our explorations in this world or the next, we hope to discover more, without limit and without end, as we know more of God and of a boundless universe.—*Dr. McCosh.*

NOTICES.

The Friends' Social Lyceum will meet at Girard Avenue Meeting-house, Fifth-day, First month 14th, at 8 o'clock P. M. precisely. Friends are cordially invited to attend.

ITEMS.

Prince Alfonzo (son of the ex queen Isabell has been proclaimed King of Spain, and all t Great Powers of Europe have authorized their re resentatives at Madrid to enter into semi-offici relations with the new government.

The following circular letter was issued in Was ington, on the 30th ult.:

"*To Postmasters:*

"On and after the first of January, 1875, printed matter of the second class destined for Ca ada will be treated as though it were destined f the United States, the arrangement with the Ca adian postal authorities being that it shall be d livered there free of charge. All matter of th class coming into our offices from Canada will delivered by this Department free of charge. Th same rule also applies to transient newspapers a postal cards. On and after February 1st, 1875, t single letter rate to Canada will be three cents prepayment obligatory—and all letters receiv from Canada will be delivered free of charge.

"Marshall Jewell,
"*Postmaster-General.*"

Since the famine set in in Asia Minor 50,000 pe sons have migrated from various parts of the cou try to the city of Adana, half of whom have sin succumbed to disease. The strange climate, di tress, and extreme repaciousness of tax-gathere aggravate the mortality.

In Paris, the contractors pay the city authoriti $120,000 yearly for the privilege of cleaning t streets. The mud and dust, when manufactur into fertilizers, is said to be worth $600,000.

The construction of the Panama Railroad co 81,000 human lives, destroyed by malaria. Th death-rate is equal to one man per yard of t track.—*Pop. Science Monthly.*

A department of wood carving has been profi ably added to the Cincinnati University. The d partment has made rapid progress both in work a numbers. When it closed recently the class nun bered one hundred and twenty. During the la year there were three hundred and twenty-eig pupils in the regular drawing design department.— *Moravian.*

Professor Tyndall's experiments with fog si nals show that neither snow, rain, fog nor wi necessarily obstruct the passage of sound, but th sounds of different degrees of shrillness are va iously affected by them. His conclusions are, th sound signals may be used without any fear of the proving useless on the occasions when they are mo needed. He believes that the "Siren" used in t experiments may certainly be relied on to transm sound a distance of two miles; in the great majo ity of cases, it may be relied on for a distance three miles, and in the majority of cases for a di tance greater than three miles.

Among the most interesting developments grow ing out of his experiments were those which showe that it sometimes happens that sound travels to greater distance, and even against the wind, in haz or foggy weather, than it does when the air is pe fectly clear to the eye. Tracing this unexpecte phenomenon back to its cause, Professor Tynda found that on some clear days, when the sun heating rays fall upon the water, columns of invi ible vapor rise, making a great difference in the a mediums transmitting the sound, sometimes sto ping the sound waves and reflecting them back the shore in echoes.—*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ME THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE RELATION OF MAN TO THE SUPREME BEING.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

I have for some time felt a concern to ess, through the *Intelligencer*, some views convictions that impress my mind on the ation of man, the *creature*, to his *Creator*, d some subjects connected therewith; and e present, when the close of the year invites individual reflection, appears to be a proper ne to attempt it.

I have been much instructed by a remark Augustus Jones, of Lynn, Massachusetts, his late "Discourse on the Principles, thods and History of the Society of iends." "There is," he says, "nothing in rch history more attractive than the steps which George Fox, unaided by human dom, solved for himself the *problem presented to us all*—'Given *self* to find God.'" s is the great problem which every indiual must solve in order to know peace.

he blessed Jesus says: "The light of the y is the eye" (Matt. vi, 22); so, the soul he light of the spirit. Now, the sun may t, and the eye may exist, and the body be enlightened. There needs a commuation between them. When the *light ams* down from the sun, it renders that y, and, by reflection, all others upon which light falls, *luminous* and *visible.*

o, the "Father of Lights" may exist, and the soul may exist, and the spiritual body not be enlightened, for want of a communication between them. But the *streams from* the *Good Father*—the "Breath of Life" received by the soul—enlighteneth the whole spiritual body. As the outward light is of the same nature as the sun from which it proceeds, so the streams of spiritual light which the soul receives—love, truth, justice, mercy, purity and holiness—and all the communicable attributes of Deity must be of the same nature as the Father, and these are the *Spirit* of *God* in *man;* and when man is obedient to their dictates, he is led by the Spirit of God. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Job xxxii, 8.

There is, therefore, God the Creator, man the creature, and the Spirit of God in man, the Mediator, Redeemer, Guide, Help, Light and Strength, whose office it is, and to which end it is continually striving, to bring the *creature* into *harmony* with the *Creator*, that thus they may be "at one," by man coming into the "image of God," when all is peace.

There is no conceivable object in the creation of man but man's happiness. Deity needed nothing. "He never gave life but for enjoyment. He never created but to bless." He designed that every intelligent soul should enjoy Him, ultimately, and be happy. Deity, being infinite in wisdom, goodness and power, never fails in any of His purposes. This is

impossible. He knew what He was doing when He created man, and He knew just what man was and would be. He never created a being that He could not manage. This Spirit of God in man permits man to have no rest when in a state of alienation from God, and the work of this Spirit will never be finished until it has brought *every soul* to be "at one" with the Father.

The office of the Spirit does not cease with corporeal death. Death is only a passing on to another state or stage of existence, and neither *it* nor *anything else* can separate the soul from the love, mercy, light and help of the Heavenly Father. The Spirit of God never leaves the soul. It goes with it beyond the grave, and continues its benign office, to bring the soul nearer and nearer to God, by greater degrees of perfection and purity.

What a great privilege it is to have such a companion, with whom we can become acquainted and familiar in this life, and who will go with us through what is called the "valley of the shadow of death," and show it to be the bright avenue leading to the mansions of eternal rest and peace!

The earlier in the period of existence that any one submits to be obedient to this Spirit of God in his soul, the greater will be his peace and joy. If he does not submit, he cannot have peace. The Spirit will be as a gnawing canker at his heart. He is in a state of rebellion, and must suffer. This suffering is never vindictive or retaliatory, but always reformatory and corrective, and by a just, wise and merciful being, suffering can never be continued longer than a means of improvement is extended, with power to use the proffered means. And this suffering is always in love and mercy, inviting the sufferer to turn away from those things that afflict him. It is "the voice behind him saying, *This* is the way; walk in *it*, when he would turn to the right hand or to the left." It is "the reproof of instruction which is the way of life."

Infinite suffering for a *finite* offence is wholly irreconcilable with Divine justice, love, mercy, and Omnipotence; nor is it reconcilable with these attributes, that suffering should continue longer than the means, and the power to use them are furnished to the sufferer for his improvement.

When we reflect how much of the wickedness of the world springs from ignorance, neglect and bad example, for which the evil-doers are in no way responsible, and could not have avoided, and what the best of us would in all probability have been had we had their pedigree, and been exposed to their environments, it is a great joy to believe that a just, good and merciful God will not permit them to suffer, spiritually, for these, to them, unavoidable results; but that He will through the good angel, with which He has furnished every one, continue the training in the onward stage of existence, and ultimately bring them into His own image, and the enjoyment of happiness, in accordance with His design in conferring existence upon them. The aspiration in regard to those in this condition in this life, may truly be, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

And the wickedness that accompanies ignorance, neglect and bad example, may, in the Divine economy, be instrumental in inducing the learned and wealthy or more favored of our race, to adopt efficient measures to remove the *poverty*, by having them instructed and employed in some useful and industrial avocation, and the *ignorance*, by having them properly educated and trained, as a *means of self preservation*, as well as a *lasting charity* for the benefit of humanity (all classes)—an idea which is worthy of being enlarged upon further than I am now able to do.

Whenever, in any stage or period of existence, a human soul that has strayed from the Father's house "begins to be in want," and humbly desires to return, *repenting*, like the Prodigal (Luke xv, 11–21), the good Father, when he is yet a great way off, and before he has *expressed* his repentance, "sees him, and has compassion on him, and embraces him, and welcomes him home," which is a beautiful and deeply interesting illustration of the dealings of the merciful Father with *those who are willing to return* THROUGH ALL TIME.

This Spirit of God in man, giving him love, peace and joy when he submits to its teachings, and producing unrest, discomfort, darkness, distress and misery, darker and deeper, as there is greater departure from the right way, is the great means by which God teaches and instructs the human family, and has taught and instructed them in all ages. And it has been by a close observation of these influences, through a long series of years, one hundred thousand or more which man has been on the earth, that men in different parts of the world have accumulated those advanced truths that are called revelations or prophesies.

For a long period, human language was regarded as a Divine gift, or a special revelation from heaven, it having been thought that human powers were unequal to the accomplishment of so great a result.* But it is now conceded by all intelligent minds, that language is the product of human intelligence and invention, long continued, by the use

*See Edinburgh Encyclopedia, vol. xi, Article Language, page 718.

powers with which man has been Divinely furnished. It is the same with the Scriptures. The powers of the human soul and understanding, which are both illuminated by the same glorious effulgence from God, and act harmoniously, are abundantly competent to their production. They are all the work of man, written by men under the influence of his Spirit of God in man, for the improvement of man through the enlightening influence of this same Spirit. The same elevated truths and Divine ideas were taught years before the "Christian Epoch" by Manou, Minos, Brahma, Moses, Zoroaster and Hillel, and by persons in all the great centres of civilization and enlightenment in the world, showing to a demonstration that the *same Spirit* of *God in man* was teaching the *same* truths to *all mankind*, as they became prepared to receive them.

These individuals of advanced enlightenment, or prophets, as they were called, were the embodiments of the deepest and noblest thoughts and convictions of the age and country in which they individually lived. They must not be considered as having received any *special* revelation from God. By no means. God is a Spirit, and He speaks to man not in a voice of words, but by the language of impression upon the soul, conveying the truth to be taught *unmistakably*, as we are prepared to receive it, by the illuminations of his Spirit in the soul, the recipient organ or "eye" of spiritual communication; and these truths are more elevated and pure as we are more obedient and devoted, and thus brought nearer to Him, so that a constant advance is known.

Outward objects were never revealed to man in any other way than they now are, by the light of the outward sun: So, spiritual truths and realities have always been revealed in the same manner they are at present. God is unchangeable. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." "With him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." If He says "no," to-day, it is "no," for all time. If He says "yes," to-day, it is "yes," eternally. If He does anything in one way, to-day, it is *His promise* that He will do it in that same way *through all time*. His promises are Yea and Amen [*be it*] *forever*. This *invariableness* of action is what is meant by *law*—a *law* of nature, or a *law* of God. *Law* possesses in itself *no power*. But, "with God, is *one eternal now*," and *He is in every law*, to enforce the accomplishment of its purposes.

Further: As the sun is the primary source of all the forces and motions in the organic world, vegetable and animal, so is this great spiritual Centre we call God, the source of all the movements and powers—spirit forces—and of *every blessing, favor* and *good*, that devolves on humanity, physically, intellectually, or spiritually.

There is abundance of Scripture testimony borne by those who had experienced the teachings of this Spirit, and had learned to know it was the voice of God, and could *therefore* say, "Thus saith the Lord," to the view I have expressed, of God the *Creator*, *man the creature*, and the *Spirit of God* in man, the Mediator, Redeemer, Guide and Help, Light and Strength. This was the angel of which Moses speaks in the name of the Lord: "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him, and obey his voice, provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions: for My name is in him. But, if thou wilt indeed *obey his voice, and do all that I command thee;* then will I be an enemy to thy [spiritual] enemies, and an adversary to thy [spiritual] adversaries." Ex. xxiii, 20–22.

The Psalmist refers figuratively to the same thing when he exclaims: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors [let all outward hindrances be removed]; and the *King of glory shall come in.* Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory." Psalm xxiv, 7 and 10.

The Prophet Isaiah poetically refers to the same inward principle: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulders: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the INCREASE OF HIS GOVERNMENT AND PEACE THERE SHALL BE NO END." Isaiah ix, 6 and 7.

And again [Isaiah xlviii, 17]: "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God *which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go.*"

In reading the Scriptures, the interest is greatly increased by regarding them to be, as they are, the *condensation and exposition* of all the greatest truths and most elevated ideas known to their authors at the time they were written. Yet, there is a danger of thinking that some of the ancients, as Abraham and Moses, were *spontaneously evolved*, so to speak, with the great ideas they possessed. But, it is an acknowledged fact, that every individual is the *product of the age that preceded him, and of his own environments*, and I feel it to be right to show that these illustrious personages were no exceptions.

We read in Genesis: "And Terah took Abram, his son, and Sarah, his daughter-in-

law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran and dwelt there. And Abram was 75 years old when he departed out of Haran." Gen. xi, 31, and xii, 4.

Ur, of the Chaldees, was in India, that portion of the country lying on the river Jumna, and now called Uri, or Ur. The Hindoos, in their earliest times, had no images. They worshipped the *One* God as Divinity in duality—Father and Mother. Abraham refused to worship the female principle in the God head. He became a Protestant Hindoo, a wandering pilgrim, and accordingly emigrated from Ur in India, to Haran in Assyria, from thence to Phœnicia, and finally into Egypt, nearly 2,000 years B. C.*

Now, Abram or Abraham, having been married before he left Ur of the Chaldees, and having left that country, as it would appear, from religious convictions, because he could not conform to the beliefs of the Brahmins, among whom he lived, we must believe he was well acquainted with the religion of the Brahmins, and their many advanced views; also, that he already possessed independence of thought and strong character.

"And Abraham went down into Egpyt to sojourn there" (Ex. xii, 4 and 10), "when he was 75 years old." "And Sarah was taken into Pharaoh's house, and he (Pharaoh) entreated Abraham well, for her sake." Gen. xii, 15 and 16.

Hence, from Abraham's age and his opportunities, by the favor of those high in authority in Egypt, together with the bent of his mind to religious subjects, from his Brahminical education, he was well prepared to gather and appropriate to his thought much that was valuable from the learning and experiences of this then centre of civilization and enlightenment.

When they left Egypt, it would appear that Sarah took a maid with her. For (Gen. xvi, 1) "Sarah had a hand-maid, an Egyptian, whose name was Hagar," "and when Sarah dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face." "And the Angel of the Lord [the same good angel that attends in every soul] found her by a fountain of water *in the wilderness.*" "And the Angel of the Lord said unto her, return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, '*Thou God seest me.*'" Gen. xvi, 6, 7, 9 and 13.

What a suggestive prayer is this! The sublimest I have ever met with; and for which, no doubt, her education in Abraham's house, where the *One God* was worshipped, had prepared her! Sarah may deal hardly with her, and Abraham permit Sarah to do with Hagar as she pleases (verse 6) but the good angel inspired her to feel and exclaim: "Thou God seest me, and *therefore I am safe!*" What faith—what trust!

This universal "Eye," that continually beholds every one, became an important element of Brahminical belief, and was adopted as an Eastern symbol or myth of great significance, and is still placed in the ceilings of some associations, or brotherhoods, as a *remembrancer.*

Could that *one idea* of the "*Egyptian maid*" be practically impressed upon every heart in early life—that *in every place*, and *under all circumstances*, that "Eye" is open upon every one, so that he can, in sincerity, say, "Thou God seest me," what a preservative and strengthening influence it would have!

We may in all the foregoing see that the character of Abraham was gradually formed as the product of the age that preceded, and his own environments in a long and wandering life, no doubt attended with hardship and privations, all tending to form, under the guidance and help of the good angel, the illustrious character we behold in history.

The reference to the oriental myth (the "eye") reminds me of another in ancient mythology, that has long been of deep instruction to me, and it is so appropriate to the present period, when another epoch is about to close, that it seems proper to mention it, that is the personification of *Time.* They represented him with *wings*, forever on *forward flight* with an hour-glass in one hand, to measure the different epochs, a scythe in the other, to mow down and lay waste; and how many have been "cut down" in the year about to close! On the *front* of his head is a bunch of hair, or "forelock," and all the other part of his head is round and smooth, intimating that if we will "take time by the forelock" as he approaches, he can readily be guided for the accomplishment of all our purposes; but if we *once let him get past*, there is nothing but his smooth head, which cannot be grasped, and he is gone forever! What an instructive representation! It is a *painted statuary allegory* of great significance!

To return from this digression: Moses was taken as "the son of Pharaoh's daughter" (Ex. ii, 10), and became instructed in all the arts and mysteries of the Egyptians. "He remained there till he was grown" (Ex. ii, 11). Then he dwelt with the priest of Midian, who gave him his daughter Zipporah to wife. Under this Egyptian priest, there can be no doubt, Moses continued his education in the learning and mysteries of the Egyptians, and with the enlightenment of the good an-

* Peeble's "Seers of the Ages," page 28.

that attends every soul, and assists every one that will obey its voice, he became gradually prepared by the age that had preceded, and the environments of his own eventful life, for the important office he performed, of leading the children of Israel, out of bondage in Egypt, to the promised land.

"Moses led the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, which he kept, to the *back part* of *the desert*, and *came to the Mountain of God*" (Ex. iii, 1). How significant! "And the angel of the Lord [the same good angel] appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush" (Ex. iii, 2). This appears to have been the first introduction of Moses to the *true God*, and he was introduced by his good angel, who had led him to the *Mount of God*, at the back part of the desert, away from Egyptian and all priestly influences; and here he received command by the "angel of the Lord," what he was to do.

Moses was obedient to his interpretation of that the "angel of the Lord" commanded, and began his labors for the deliverance of his people; and in many of his proceedings, laws, etc., are evidences of his Egyptian training, which are very conspicuous in his introduction of the order of priests, with the immense power and important privileges he conferred upon them.

Moses was four score years old, and Aaron four score and three years old, when they spake unto Pharaoh; so that Moses had had a long period for his environment to act upon him and evolve his character, which was strongly marked by such features as the training he had experienced under the guidance and help of the good angel might be expected to produce.

Sandy Spring, Md., 12th mo. 29th, 1874.

A GOOD man may seek, by fair industry, to render his circumstances easy and plentiful; he may bestow a considerable portion of his time and attention on the successful management of his worldly interests; all this is within the limits of that allowable use of the world to which religion gives its sanction. But, to a wise and good man, the world is only a secondary object; he remembers there is an eternity beyond it; his care is, not merely to amass and possess, but to use his possessions well, as one who is an accountable being—he is not a slave, either to the hopes or the fears of the world—he would rather forfeit any present advantage, than obtain it at the expense of violating the Divine law, or neglecting his duty. This is using the world like a good man; this is living in it as the object of the Almighty, a member of the great community of mankind. To such a man riches are a blessing; he may enjoy them, but he will use them with liberality. They open a wide field to the exercise of his virtue, and allow it to shine with diffusive lustre.

A Testimony from Gwynedd Monthly Meeting in Pennsylvania, concerning ELLEN EVANS; *an Elder of said Meeting.*

She was the daughter of Rowland and Margaret Ellis, born near Dollegelle, in the principality of Wales, in the year 1685. She was favored with a good understanding, which being improved by a religious education and strict attention to the dictates of Divine grace, soon distinguished her as one seeking after heavenly treasure, which made her in riper years an honorable member of society.

She married our worthy and much esteemed friend John Evans, of this place, to whom she was truly a helpmeet, more especially in public religious services; for whenever she discovered the least inclination in him to visit the meetings of Friends, whether far or near, she did all in her power to cherish and encourage the motion; she was also a great support and comfort to him under his spiritual conflicts about the time of his appearing first in a public testimony.

In her family, she was an example of piety and industry, rising early in the morning, and encouraging others so to do, often observing that those who lay late lost the youthful beauty of the day and wasted the most precious part of their time; that the sun was the candle of the world, which called upon us to arise and apply to our several duties. When the affairs of the morning were transacted, it was almost her invariable practice, except on meeting days, to retire about noon, with the Bible or some religious book, where a portion of her time was spent alone, from which retirement she often returned with evident tokens that her eyes had been bathed in tears.

She was remarkably well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, as also the writings and characters of our ancient worthy Friends, together with those of her own time, frequently expressing, "The many advantages she reaped from often conversing with the dead and absent; endeavoring to cultivate the same disposition in her family, by often calling them together in the winter evenings, and requiring one of her children to read audibly in the Bible or some other religious book;" repeatedly observing to them, "the benefit which attended preserving the characters of those faithful ministers and elders in the church, whose pious lives and happy dissolution, if held up to the view of posterity, might be a likely means of kindling the same holy zeal, and resolution to tread in

their footsteps." And as ministering friends (whom she truly loved from her infancy as brethren and sisters in gospel fellowship) in the course of their visits came this way, generally lodged at their house, at which times she seldom missed to prepare her family, and inform the neighborhood of an intention to sit awhile together in the evening; which select opportunities, many can yet remember, were often singularly blessed with Divine comfort and edification.

Her diligence in attending meetings for religious worship was no less manifest than her steady zeal for supporting our Christian discipline and that we might adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things: Yet was her zeal mixed with charity, for having long experienced how few were qualified to lay justice precisely to the line and righteousness to the plumb-line, she thought it safest rather to incline to the merciful side; firmly believing that the grace of God which bringeth salvation had appeared unto all men; delighting to converse with our uninstructed Indians about their sentiments of the Supreme Being; and often said, "she discovered evident traces of Divine goodness in their uncultivated minds."

In her friendships she was warm and steady, and on her death bed earnestly pressed her children "not to forget the friends of their father and mother;" and the sensibility of her heart made her very attentive to the wants of the poor in her neighborhood.

Some years before her decease she lost, in the husband of her youth, a bosom friend, and the great support of her age, which proved so great a trial, she said, "that if God, whom she loved all her life long, had not enabled her to sustain it, she must have sunk under it." This dispensation of Providence weaned her from all temporal enjoyments. She continued attending meetings, and frequently visited the sick and afflicted while her strength permitted, and when that failed, much of her time was spent in reading the Holy Scriptures and in meditation.

The early state of religion in this province was a grateful subject of conversation to her in the evening of her day, but upon turning her eye to the present time, she would say with a deep sigh, "Oh! what has become of the morning dew and celestial rain that used to fall and rest upon our assemblies." For herself, she often prayed, "that she might possess a lively relish of truth to the last, and retain the greenness of youth in old age," which God was graciously pleased to favor her with.

Her last illness began about a year before her decease, in the forepart thereof she felt a lowness and depression of mind, that caused her to cry, "Tell me, O! Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flocks to rest at noon." But after some time, this cloud was removed, and she was enabled to say, "He brought me to the banqeting house, and His banner over me was love."

And thus, by remembering her Creator in the days of her youth, and a steady perseverance therein, she was enabled to meet the king of terrors with a serene countenance, and resigned her breath without a sigh or groan, the 29th day of the Fourth month, and was buried at Gwynedd, the 2d of the Fifth month, 1765; being, we trust, admitted to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS ON PREACHING.

"Keep silence, O ye Islands, and let the people renew their strength!"

I have long been impressed that there is *too* much preaching in our meetings, and that it is often undertaken by those who have *no gift*, and *sometimes* by those who have, but who do not properly distinguish at times, between the operations of the Spirit of Truth and the workings of their own imagination.

A good sermon from the *right* source, is often very encouraging and strengthening and awakens the dormant faculties of thought and touches the sensibilities as with a "live coal." But beware! oh, beware! ye who occupy those stations, how ye open your mouths in the congregation of the people! The Spirit of Truth is in the hearers, as well as in the preachers, and if you do not speak in accordance with it, or *iterate* and *reiterate* from day to day, and year to year, that which is *dry* and *uninteresting*, you will not gather, but *scatter*.

I have often been pained during deeply interesting thoughts and reflections, by communications of this kind, and wished myself in some lonely place, where I could be uninterrupted in the presence of Nature and Nature's God!

In this I am not singular, many with whom I have exchanged views are similarly affected.

I know it is a *strong temptation* to stay away from meetings when there is reason to believe the communications will be of the kind referred to; and I am sure many do, particularly among the young. What is the remedy?

Many who are deeply interested in society have labored to suppress the evil by well timed remarks, such as "when a dollar comes from the mint it is passable and current, but may be *beaten out so thin* as to lose its currency!" "And young birds when they lea

their nests should make *short* flights!" What has it availed? N. H.

Baltimore, First month 11th, 1875.

GERRIT SMITH.

As the uncompromising friend of freedom and the slave, Gerrit Smith of Peterboro', N. Y., should receive a more extended notice than the mere announcement of his death as given in the "items" of the 9th instant. He was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1797, and was graduated at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; subsequently he studied law. After being connected for a short time with the American Colonization Society, he withdrew from it in 1835, and became an active member of the Anti-Slavery Society. He was also an earnest advocate of temperance and other reforms. In the true sense of the word he was a philanthropist. Having inherited one of the largest landed estates in the county, he distributed nearly two hundred thousand acres of it among the poor without distinction of color. He was elected to Congress in 1852. Speaking of him in this connection the *Public Ledger* of this city remarks:

"It was his fortune to stand in high esteem with most of the prominent men in the South who were in Congress at the same time with himself. He held the most kindly relations with them and they with him, and this, to a degree, that it may be said with truth that he was popular with them. He was as thorough an abolitionist as William Lloyd Garrison, and gave as clear an expression of his views as the sturdiest of his school, yet when he spoke in the House of Representatives he was always listened to by the Southern members with the most marked attention and respect. Gerrit Smith was a prepossessing man in his personal appearance—a fine type of physical manhood in full health. His style of speaking was clear and deliberate—and very impressive—characterized always by argument and reasoning, rather than by the strong denunciation that was indulged in by his colleagues among the politionists of that day. He was an earnest and sincere friend and champion of wronged humanity wherever he found it, without regard to religion, country, race, color or condition, and his sincerity, proved by his practice, his courteous bearing to his opponents and his appeals to their reason, won him the respect of all parties in the Congress in which he served."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The Annual Meeting of the Board of Indian Commissioners was held on the 13th instant, at Washington City.

Invitations were extended to the various religious Societies to whom have been assigned the care of Indian tribes, and delegates from these met with the Commission, and made reports of the Agencies under their care. For the most part, the evidences of improvement were very encouraging, and the efforts in some of the Agencies to instruct the Indians in the arts of civilization and in a Christian life, have been attended with marked success. In the evening a general Conference on Indian matters was held, and those interested were encouraged to make suggestions and present the difficulties which they had found to interfere in the progress of the work. A free discussion of some of these difficulties elicited much interest. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who has a general supervision of the Agencies, attended the general Conference, and while admitting the impediments in the way of civilization, yet expressed himself much encouraged with the progress which has been made in the work, especially during the past year. He dwelt earnestly on the fact that the President having confided the care of the Indian tribes to the religious Societies of the country, a solemn responsibility rested upon those who had assumed the trust; and he regarded it as of vital importance that Agents and employés should be appointed who were competent and reliable, and who entered upon the work because their hearts were interested in the improvement and elevation of their fellow-men. Although the meeting was composed of various elements, a feeling of harmony and Christian fellowship prevailed, and all present appeared to be animated by a desire to renew their diligence in this field of labor. At the close of the Conference a resolution was unanimously adopted that in a review of the labors of the past year there had been a great advance in the civilization and Christianization of the Indians, and that unabated confidence was felt in the humane policy towards them adopted by the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

Twelfth month 15th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

APPEAL FOR THE CHILDREN.

Fathers, mothers and elders of the church, where are the lambs of the fold? Do you go in search of the straying, wandering ones, who step by step are going farther into the wilderness, where there will be no sustenance for their immortal souls? Are you faithful stewards over these while they are passing through the difficulties of childhood and youth?—while their spirits are exultant with hope and joy, and the vicissitudes of life have not shown them the difference between gold and glitter. Are they drawn toward you by that language all can understand and speak? These little ones need your sympathy and support, that they may be enabled to escape the snares of the enemy laying in wait to captivate and lure them from the true place of safety.

Oh! that you, through the power of the

Spirit of God, may be able to aid them in becoming strong enough to follow whithersoever He may lead them, and that you may feel an increasing concern to extend an assurance of sympathy to these who can scarcely discern the true voice from the voice of the stranger, and, like little Samuel, know not whence the true voice cometh.

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Forbid them not by your cold reserve, that they may not be like the children of Israel when their judges were dead, when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

How many of these opportunities are lost forever! "In the morning, because we sowed not the seed. In the evening, because we withheld the hand."

"Then, whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, no device, no knowledge nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goeth." L.

Salem, First mo. 4th, 1875.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 23, 1875

JUVENILE MONTHLIES.—We find among our exchanges "The Children's Friend" and "Scattered Seeds," for First month, both so neat in appearance and so prettily illustrated that we wish to recommend them to the favorable notice of all our readers who desire to see the children supplied with pure literature suited to the wants of their juvenile years.

These little papers have special claims on the support of Friends, they being the first successful efforts of the kind that have been undertaken within our branch of the Christian church. Both have gained a foothold, and for several years have been winning their way in the confidence of all who receive them. We ask for them a still larger circulation, feeling that each child within the limits of our religious organization, old enough to read the instructive stories or appreciate the beautiful pictures that embellish each number, ought to be the recipient of one or the other.

What more appropriate present, at this gift season, to the little child than a year's subscription to "Scattered Seeds"? or, for the older brother or sister, "The Children's Friend"? We know of grandparents and other friends who are in this way brought very near the hearts of the young; and there is no present that can be made a chi that so directly influences its thought a action as the book or paper it receives, it important that these be well selected.

PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF DESIGN FO WOMEN.—This institution, located at t northwest corner of Penn Square and Filbe streets, was thrown open for the reception visitors during the recess of the school ju past. A fine display of drawings by the p pils was on exhibition. The art gallery co tains plaster copies of many of the famo masterpieces of Grecian statuary, used models by the students. There were ma very fine specimens of flowers and fruits, th reflect great credit on the young artists whom they were executed. In going throu this well-lighted and well-appointed art-buil ing one feels the desire arise to be a chi again, that the advantages here afforded, a which so very far surpass what were know in our own school days might be enjoye There is in chaste art a very ennobling infl ence. To copy the handiwork of the gre Originator brings the thoughtful mind in more perfect harmony and closer union wi the Divine.

This institution is regulated by a Board Managers. The Principal of the school is Croasdale, a woman graduate of "The Go ernment Art Training School," South Ke sington, London. Lectures are given by we known artists, and instruction in "Oil a Water Colors," in "Figure," and in "Desi in Ornament," and "Engraving," by maste of acknowledged talent and ability.

There are two sessions in the year, of fi months each, commencing on the first Secon day in Ninth and Second months. The is $20 per session, payable in advance. W are thus particular because we think the i portance of schools of design for wom should be more widely felt, as they open field of profitable employment which befo their establishment was almost entirely in t hands of the other sex. Whether art studied as a means of profit, or from a lo of the beautiful, this institution offers decid advantages for a thorough training in its se eral branches.

While on this subject we wish to acknowledge the receipt of a ticket of admission to the Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad street, above Arch. There is now on exhibition a very fine collection of engravings, etchings and mezzotints, the property of one of our citizens—James L. Claghorn.

The progress of these arts is shown from as early a date as 1420, down to the present time, and the collection, which consists of over 800 pictures, affords an unusual opportunity for lovers of the beautiful in art to make themselves familiar with many of the objects of the most noted painters. The exhibition is a loan on the part of the owner, and is made in the interest of the Academy. It will continue for over two months.

DIED.

PRICE.—On the 10th of Twelfth month, 1874, at the residence of his son-in-law, Enos L. Tennis, of Neosha county, Kansas, David W. Price, in the 72d year of his age; a member of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting.

ZELL.—At her residence in Germantown, on the evening of the 10th inst., Jane Meng Zell, daughter of the late Thomas Zell.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE CITY OF THE TURK.

No. 32.

(Continued from page 748.)

Our five days' sojourn in Constantinople was all too short for the many objects and points of interest which that city affords—the Byzantium of the ancients, the Constantinople of the Eastern Roman Empire, the Stamboul of the Turks—what mighty events, what dread tragedies have these time-worn streets, ruined walls and mighty temples witnessed!

In the harbor are anchored hundreds of steamers and ships of all nations. The Turkish crescent flag floats from many of them, but they are principally Austrian, Italian, French and English, and these nations seem to have control of the commerce of the Mediterranean. At the western end of the Bosphorus is the Golden Horn, an inlet which divides Stamboul from Galata and Pera, and over which there are two bridges. This is the harbor proper, and I think no city ever had a nobler. Even the inexpressible uncleanness of the Turkish metropolis cannot defile the pure, bright, blue waters which roll perpetually past her walls, never resting, never flowing back with reverse tidal impulse. The force of the current is variable, however, being stronger or weaker according to the force of the wind, and to the mass of waters poured down by the vast rivers which discharge their flood into the Euxine.

It is written, that 658 B. C., Byzas, King of Megara, founded the city of Byzantium, choosing a point of land on the borders of two continents, commanding the channel between two great seas, and flanked by natural fortifications. The first Roman Emperor who professed adherence to the Christian faith, saw that this was the choice spot in all his vast empire for a great world metropolis, which should overlook both continents over which he swayed the sceptre. He gave his name to the already ancient city of Byzantium, and made it his residence, and Constantinople became the powerful capital of the Eastern Empire of the Romans for more than a thousand years, when it fell under the dominion of the Ottoman power, and became the head of the empire of the adherents of the Arab prophet. It is situated in latitude 41° N., and longitude 29° E., and has a climate perhaps the most temperate and delightful in the world, enjoying a pure, soft air, which is never excessively hot or cold, it is said. As we look upon the imposing city of minarets and domes from the Bosphorus, it seems as if it must be a veritable city of delights, bathed by pure waters, fanned by fragrant sea breezes, regaled by all the luxuries that the rich tropical realm of the Sultan yields in such abundance, and beautified by architectural wonders of both Christian and Moslem origin. But a closer acquaintance strangely dispels many illusions.

Our first excursion after our arrival was to the tall watch-tower in Galata, not very far from our hotel at Pera. I know not how high it is, but we had to climb many dark, broken stairs, and needed the frequent encouraging assurance of our guide that the view from the top was "magnifique," to encourage us to persevere in the ascent. At length we reach the highest chamber, a circular room, with broad windows looking towards every point of the compass, and containing everything needful for the daily life of the watchman who abides in this lofty place to watch for fires, and to give timely alarm by beating a great drum, and shouting, "There is a fire!" ("Yangen var!") the moment smoke is perceived. A little old man, with a white beard, and in unmodified Turkish attire, welcomes the panting Giaours to the high place, and kindly escorts us to window seats, from which we survey the whole city and surrounding seas to great advantage. Some of the deep window recesses are furnished with couches, on which the guardians of the city may lie

at length, and yet keep a watchful eye on the town. A whole colony of little singing-birds are snugly housed in wire cages in the lofty tower-room, and a furnace fire in the central column prepares the inevitable coffee for the refreshment of the watch.

But what shall I say of the wondrous revelation from this central column as we gaze north, south, east and west, on the mirroring waters, the swelling domes, the airy, graceful minarets, the numberless habitations, the misty hills, and the crested heights that make up Constantinople? Three distinct cities constitute the grand whole—Scutari, on the Asiatic side, Pera and Galata, on one side of the broad European arm of the Bosphorus, called the Golden Horn, and Stamboul, the city proper of the Turk, and the ancient city of the Greek Emperors. We are impatient to commence our exploration of these historic temples and gorgeous palaces, but the guide reminds us that a firman or permit from the Sublime Porte is needful, before we may enter a mosque or a palace. Accordingly, the next day we take a carriage for a day's ride around Stamboul. We first make a visit to the walls which cut off the promontory on which the city is built from the landward side. The ride over the bridge and through the rough and intricate streets, thronged and crowded with grotesque peoples of all kinds, and clad in attire adapted to every nation, was a rich experience. It must ever remain a mystery why the Turk chooses to clothe himself in such hideous garments, which seem specially adapted to degrade the beautiful human form, and to gather and retain all the unutterable filth of these terrible streets. The only redeeming feature of this costume is the fez, a crimson felt cap, with a long, black silk tassel, which all classes wear on their heads. It is neat and very becoming to their swarthy faces, being more desirable every way than the stiff hat of the civilized European. I believe it is only the laboring classes who now retain the Turkish dress, most of those who seemed to be "persons of quality," being attired as other Europeans. The street-dress of the women is rather handsome, I think, and the thin, white veils (*yashmac*) which cover and yet reveal the features, leaving only the eyes unshadowed, hide defects, while they reveal much wonderful beauty. The *feridjee*, or cloak, is a simple and graceful mantle, covering the entire person, and allowing great freedom of movement. It is generally of silk or some other rich material, and the color is green, dark-red, or a soft, yellowish-brown. I thought their whole outfit very neat, cleanly and becoming, and I am obliged to acknowledge that I never saw happier-looking women than these Moslem ladies. It being the time of the fast of Ramazan, they were out in holiday attire, and so, doubtless, present their very best appearance to our inquiri eyes. O, Christian world! women are r burden-bearers and scavengers in this l nighted realm of the Turk!

I will not recount all the strange labors which I have seen women subjected duri our journey through Europe, but here not c woman is to be seen working in the stree though many were walking daintly throu them, bargaining at the shops, and givi orders to the fruit and provision dealers. W find, on inquiry, that very few Moslems ha more than one wife, and indeed no more allowed by law, unless the husband can sh that he is able to keep separate homes for multiple household. Divorce, too, with storation of dowry is readily obtained by t wife in case of neglect or abuse by her h band. But we have reached the walls a drive out one of the ancient gates into t open country. A fertile, though neglect land it would seem to be, but not, as I ha heard it stated, quite uncultivated; even t moat, which yet exists, being transformed fr a broad watery ditch into a luxuriant marl garden. The length of the wall from t Seven Towers on the side of the Sea of M mora to the Golden Horn, is four miles, a in the days of old, before the cannon h learned to launch its thunderbolts against t defences of cities, they must have been prodigious strength. We read that they w originally built by the great Constantine, a that they are composed of alternate cour of brick and stone, with foundations of treme solidity. They must have been oft repaired and rebuilt, as there is yet a cons erable proportion of the triple barrier whi has not fallen into ruins. We drive alo the outside for a long distance and admire t healing beneficence of nature which spread mantle of ivy over the fallen bastion, a gives "beauty for ashes." At intervals about one hundred and fifty yards, there or has been, a tower in which the hapless fenders of the capital of the Greek Emp toiled and fought in vain to repel the dread host of the Crescent. To the left is the drea crowded cemetery of the Turk, as much n lected and fallen to ruin as the abandon walls. The turban-crowned stones, which dicate to the initiated the rank and occu tion of the sleeper down beneath, are leani in every direction, and the mighty old presses which stand solemnly among the mourn forevermore over the departed d ciples of the Prophet. We re enter Stambo by another gate, near which our guide ca our attention to a manufacturing shop, est lished by the good mother of the pres

ıltan, for the employment and instruction of tle girls. Out of consideration for the wishes Turkish parents, gentlemen are not allowed enter the long, low, well-lighted buildings, here little black-eyed maidens are learning make ornamental fringes, and to embroider silken and golden designs to suit the gor-ous fancy of the Orient. Two very gentle-anly Turkish overseers in European dress, e walking round among them, stopping oc-sionally to encourage or perhaps instruct the tle workers, and everything was going on liberately and pleasantly. The wares that e little hand-looms were producing, were at and very strong, and our walk through is cheerful house of industry left a pleasant pression on the mind.

Another curious and somewhat interesting cident of the day was our visit to an ancient reek chapel, where we are shown a dark oking tank containing some fish, which are nnected with an astounding legend. We e gravely told that, when the Turks were undering at the trembling walls of the city, e last Constantine was having some fish ed for his refreshment. They were only lf done, when a messenger brought the word at the gate had yielded and the conquering ny was entering. The Emperor believed s impossible, and said he would as soon lieve these half-cooked fishes could leap out the pan into the water and live again, when ! they did indeed leap from the pan into ank, and the Emperor knew that his city d fallen. The miraculously restored fishes e yet here, and we are assured that the story quite true! We do not obtrude our in-dulity upon the narrator, and so are polite-shown into the body of the church, where e baptism of a little infant is about being formed. A priest was reading the appro-ate ritual as we entered, and we joined the le group who stood round the silver vase. attendant soon brought wax tapers and nded one to each of us, as well as to the er spectators, the little babe was quite pped and anointed profusely with oil, and n oil and water were poured into the vase l the priest dipped the little struggling, eaming creature three times quite under the ter, murmuring the magical words which supposed to be effective in conferring ristianity on the little one. Then the tiny atha was restored to the hands of her lmother, and swathed up so tight in her ddling clothes that she could kick no re, and the ceremony was over. Our tapers re almost burned out now, and the atten-nt who took the remnants from us, gave us h a little medal as a memorial that we had isted at the baptism of an infant according he ritual of the Greek Church.

Our driver now has directions to take us to the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom we must apply for a firman to visit some of the choice places of the capital. It is granted without hesitation on the payment of a good round sum, and we are allowed entrance to three Mosques, the Seraglio, and National Museum. One of our party invites the courteous official to visit the United States, where he will be quite at liberty to see any or all of our public buildings without money and without price; but the grave Turk makes no rash promises, though he politely expresses a wish to visit America. The day is now too far spent to allow us time to use our firman and so we drive homeward to our hotel on the heights of Pera, thinking to try what we can accomplish in a walk to-morrow.

S. R.

Eleventh month 5th, 1874.

AGRICULTURE IN JAPAN.

BY HON. HORACE CAPRON,
Formerly U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture.

The great antiquity of agriculture in Japan, the rigid adherence to the most ancient modes of cultivation, the incomparable cheapness of labor, the thorough character of the tillage, the economy and application of fertilizers, the extent and completeness of the system of irrigation, (which utilizes the whole water-system of the empire), and the high and continued fertility of the soil after thousands of years of successive croppings, are all of the highest interest to the agriculturist in America. A general knowledge of the character of the soil and climate of any country is a condition precedent to an intelligent comprehension of its agriculture.

Those islands of the Japanese group which are settled are situated between the parallels of 32° and 42° north latitude. Agriculture in Japan, therefore, occupies the same parallels of latitude that it does in the United States, that is, from the latitude of the capes of Florida on the south to the latitude of the British boundary on the north. The largest and most central island—Niphon—of which this article will treat mostly, has a latitude which would give it a mild, temperate climate, but there are other influences which are perhaps even more powerful than that of mere latitude.

The modifying effects of surrounding bodies of water upon the climate of islands and narrow peninsulas is well understood. It renders the winters comparatively warmer and the summers cooler, as, for example, the islands of Great Britain, and the State of Michigan in the United States. So, here, from the narrowness of these islands, the surrounding bodies of water equalize the tem-

perature of every part of them. As in the case of Great Britain, there is the additional and more powerful influence of streams of thermal waters, like the Gulf stream, which wash both the eastern and western shores of the Japanese group. This warm "river in the ocean" takes its rise under the tropical sun, far south, and runs north along both the east and west shores to their northern junction. From whatever direction the currents of air come inland, they bear the warm breath of these thousand streams fresh from the spice islands of the Indian Ocean, through the inland valleys, over the hills and high up the mountain sides, moderating the heat of summer and tempering the cold of winter, till all the seasons become almost one perennial spring.

The bluffs, hills and mountains in every part of the islands are covered with forests of pine, cedar, fir, cypress, beech, birch, maple, oak, bamboo, palm, and in fact with every variety of tree or shrub known in the temperate and tropical climates, which meet and blend so perfectly here that their influence upon the climate and rain-fall must not be overlooked. In this connection it may be proper to say that these uncivilized people, as they are called, have adopted a policy the very converse of that followed in America and Europe in relation to these protecting coverings of nature. The Japanese government has preserved their forests, and in fact, insured their increase. No license to cut down a tree is granted, except upon the condition that three more shall be planted and grown in its stead.

The utmost range of the mercury during the year 1873 at Yedo (latitude of Raleigh, N. C.,) was 65° F. The hottest day of the summer was 91°, and the coldest night in winter was 26° above zero. Only two or three times did the mercury touch 32°, the point of frost. The mean temperature for the winter months is 45°, of the spring months 56°, of the summer months 75°·50, and of the autumn months 64°. The mean annual temperature, therefore, is 60°. This is a remarkable mean, when we consider that in the heat of midsummer the mercury only rises to 90°, and in the winter seldom goes as low as the freezing point. December shows the highest temperature of the winter months, having a mean of 48°·75. January and February have had the same temperature for the past ten years, the mean of both having been 42°. The climate for these three months has, in addition to its mildness, the advantage of being dry, as the reader will see when I come to speak of the rain-fall. March is 4° warmer than February, having a mean temperature of 46°. April is the first real spring month, being 12° warmer than March, and having a mean of 58°. June has a mean of 68°, a July of 78°. August maintains her univers reputation of being the hottest month having a temperature of 81°. The extre mildness of the winter months is best ill trated by the fact that the tillage and grow of a great variety of vegetation goes on t same as in summer, and the fields are green as during spring. Thus comes t universal practice, unknown to our agric ture, of following the harvesting of one ki of crop immediately by the planting of a other kind on the same ground. Agricultu has no winter of rest and inactivity he The husbandman sows, and tills, and rea through all the seasons year after year, of l life. Every month has its planting-time f some kind of vegetation, and its harvest f others, generally of the simplest kinds food-products.

It is these climatic influences, together wi a perfect system of irrigation, high cultiv tion of the soil, augmented by the applicati of every available material which will i crease its fertility, gathered with scrupulo care and applied with a lavish hand, th enable the farmers of Japan, without forei aid, and with half its agricultural capabiliti untouched, to supply its dense population over 33,000,000 of people.

Japan has a rain-fall as great, and some localities greater, than in Oregon a Alabama (which have by far the gre est precipitation of moisture in the Unit States). In Japan the annual rain-fa along the sea-shore is 58 inches. In t interior, at the foot of the mountain range the fall is much greater, in some plac amounting to 75 inches. The warm mont are the rainy ones. The winter has litt rain, less than 2 inches per month; the spri from 10 to 15 inches of rain; the summ months from 20 to 25 inches; and the a tumn months from 18 to 20 inches. Suc a mild temperature through the whole yea with such a great amount of moisture, giv every portion of the empire a luxuria growth of vegetation, unknown in the Unite States except, perhaps, in the cane-brak of Louisiana and Florida. All the valle bluffs, hills and mountain-sides are covere with a dense growth of tall coarse gras There are no barren lands. On the Hako range of mountains—the highest range i Japan—at an elevation of nearly 9,000 fe above the sea-level, the highest peaks grow coarse grass, from 3 to 4 feet high.

Such an amount of vegetation, growing a nually and going to decay, has formed black vegetable soil from 4 to 8 feet dee The whole surface of the country is uneven

ere are high hills and bluffs everywhere; d lying between them there are deep and ten narrow valleys. The whole country is volcanic origin; and, underlying this black getable mold, and more or less mixed with the whole geological formation is rich in those saline and alkaline materials with nich volcanic formations abound. The hills d bluffs are volcanic upheavals, and the ep, narrow valleys were once merely arms the sea; but in time the *debris* from the tpourings of the volcanoes, and the weathing of the formation of the upheaved bluffs d hills, gradually filled up these intervenspaces, and the waters retiring, these valys were formed. Since that unknown time, rough silent centuries, the disintegrating of e rocks and the luxuriant vegetation on the ls and bluffs have been carried into these lleys, till now the soil is in many, if not ost of them, 20 to 30, and in some even 40 et deep.

From the main mountain ranges, some of nich have an average elevation of 8,000 et, large rivers take their rise, often so wide d deep as to be navigable for miles from their ouths. The lower hills and bluffs give rise smaller streams, which thoroughly water e whole country. Springs abound everyere, and wells with pure cold water can be d by digging from 6 to 18 feet from the face. With their great rain-fall, three nes as great as the average of the United tes, and with their abundance of living eams and springs, these agricultural people ve found irrigation so useful and beneficial t they have constructed a vast and univer- system of irrigation by immense labor. servoirs have been built everywhere on higher grounds, from which a perfect netrk of great and small canals radiates to the tilled land. The system of irrigation own to us as practiced by the Moors in ain, by the Aztecs in Mexico and Peru, d by the ancients in Egypt and India, was nfined to limited districts; here it is in ery valley and on every hill-side, and is as as their occupation of the islands.

What a lesson is there here for us in nerica! With only one-third of their rain, h a country comparatively easy to irrigate, d with such an inland water system as is known elsewhere, we allow immeasurable umes of water to be carried to the ocean used year after year, while our crops fall h season far short of the possiblities of the l, and fail almost entirely often as every enth year.

As faulty as the Japanese land system is, many respects it insures thorough tillage. e title to the soil is retained by the governnt, and the land is leased for a term of ten years, with a privilege of renewing perpetually, on the condition of thorough cultivation; failing in these conditions, the lease is canceled and a good farmer sought for.

FARMERS,

as a class, in feudal Japan were next in rank to the "men at arms." They were the second class in the empire, the manfacturers, artisans and merchants being socially far below them. Although this high rank imposed many onerous duties, it was of the greatest benefit to them. As landed gentry, they had important privileges, and they were universally educated. They were able to employ the best talent to teach their children. Promotion from their class to that of the men of arms was not frequent but it was possible. The high rank of the farmers under this system had much to do with the high character of agriculture, which grew up under the feudal rule.

Labor is cheap and abundant in all parts of the empire. Since the opening of the ports to foreign trade, and the commencement of exportation, prices of agricultural products have been enhanced and labor has risen in proportion; especially is this true around the open ports, where the native labor has come into competition with foreign. Notwithstanding this, a first-class farm-hand receives only from $40 to $45 per year, and he boards and clothes himself. All other labor brings proportionate prices. Women who work in the home, either as house-servants, spinners, or weavers, or at other manufactures, or in field-service, receive much less. The average price of women's wages in Japan is less than $30 per year, and they furnish their own board and lodging.

The farm laborer's food is of the simplest kind, and is proportionately cheap. They eat boiled rice, boiled wheat, boiled barley, and a variety of vegetables, generally turnips, boiled and mixed with the rice, barley or wheat.

They may be able to afford fish once or twice a month for a holiday-feast. but if so, it is of a cheap, poor kind. It may be said that their diet is exclusively vegetable; they never eat animal food, or fowls or eggs—yet they are always fat, stout and hearty. They labor at all times of the year in the field, men and women together, almost if not quite as naked as they were born. They are muscular, active, and skilful, and quiet, honest and faithful.

As little as the compensation of these laborers is, and simple and even meagre as their diet may seem, they are not the overworked and poverty-stricken class that may be found in some parts of Europe.

The eight-hour system has been practiced

in Japan for centuries. There is an endless number of holidays also. The 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st and 26th of each month are invariably holidays. Then the more important of food crops have their harvest holiday or days, and there are religious holidays and Government holidays. All these are celebrated by gatherings in towns and villages, temples and groves. There is music, and there are brilliant decorations of flags and lanterns, and there is singing and dancing, and these laborers are jolly and happy. They sing as they dig, sow and hoe; they sing going to to l, and they sing returning from it.

Such is the soil, such the climate, and such the natural advantages of Japan for agriculture. No wonder, then, that without a foreign market for their surplus products, even without the stimulus of competitive intercourse with the world, agriculture has flourished and become the leading industry.

It could not be otherwise, for nowhere on the green earth under the sun had Mother Nature been so prodigal of her choicest gifts to the husbandman. There are about 30,000,000 acres under tillage in the empire. Every inch of these 30,000,000 acres is under the most complete and thorough tillage. If the reader has ever seen the cultivation of the gardens in the neighborhood of great cities, he can have a just conception of the appearance of the farm-land in Japan. The whole cultivated portion is a garden. Two-thirds of the entire area cultivated grows both summer and winter crops.

The implement that stirs the soil is either a spade or hoe, which loosens it to a depth of from 12 to 15 inches. A rude plow is sometimes used, but it is mostly drawn by hand. The implements are the same as were in use a thousand years ago, and the modes of cultivation have remained the same through all that time.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Because I'm blind I somehow am not sad:
One has a pleasant time without one's eyes,
Provided one has never truly had
The joy of looking on green fields and skies.

And I was born without that power, you know,
And therefore cannot deeply mourn its loss:
We only miss what we've enjoyed: and so
I seldom have hard feelings or get cross.

It isn't nice to think that people bring
Long faces where I am, shake heads and sigh;
So many poor souls need that sort of thing
So very much more bitterly than I!

On a soft sunny day as warm as this,
While I crouch here beside the door and knit,
If I should say I lived in perfect bliss
Perhaps you'd greatly feel like doubting it.

No matter; doubt and doubt; I do not care!
I'm very happy every sunny day,
And that is more than many folks would dare
(Though they *can* see so splendidly) to say!

Port Chester, N. Y.

A MORNING SONG.

I wake this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear,
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be,
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass
That turns my foot aside,
In each uncurling fern I pass,
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that naught my thoughts recall
But life of *every day;*

Yet, if each step in shine or shower
Be *with Thee* humbly trod,
Then blessed be every passing hour
That leads me nearer God.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

PAY-DAY.—So simple a matter as fixi one day or another for "pay-day" seems first thought not to be of much importan and employers generally have fallen int habit of paying off workmen on Saturd night. But attention having been called the subject in England, some time ago, experiment was tried of making Monday stead of Saturday the day for settlement, a the change has been found to produce i portant results. When men received th wages at the close of the week, those who w addicted to drink naturally choose the ti when they have ready money and a day of id ness before them to have their sprees. So may return to work on Monday, but the wo of them not until a day or two later. But making Monday pay-day the particul temptation is removed. The followi day is one of work rather than idleness, a the unwillingness to lose time will often de a man from beginning a revel, though might not be a strong enough influence drag him out of it when once begun. As matter of fact, this slight change in the ti of payment, proves so useful that Engli

ıployers who have tried it express great tisfaction with the result.—*Independent.*

From the Popular Science Monthly.

THE EARLY STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.*

BY —— WILSON.

Before concluding this portion of my ad- ess, I would draw your attention to the pliances used in the minor schools of this untry for teaching geography, as they ıuld seem to need some improvement. The pliances to which I allude are models or lief maps, wall maps, atlases and globes. ıe use of models as a means of conveying ographical instruction has been too much glected in our schools. If any one con- lers the difficulty a pupil has in under- ınding the drawing of a steam engine, and e ease with which he grasps the meaning of e working model, and how, from studying e model and comparing it with the drawing, gradually learns to comprehend the latter, will see that a model of ground may be ed in a similar manner to teach the reading a map of the same area. Relief maps of rge areas on a small scale have their uses, t they are unsuitable for educational pur- ses on account of the manner in which ights must be exaggerated to make them pear at all; this objection, however, does t apply to models of limited areas on a suf- ient scale, which always give a truthful d effective representation of the ground. ıe reason why models have not been more ed has been their cost, but the means of ınstructing them with ease, rapidity and at ght expense, are quickly accumulating as e six-inch contoured sheets of the Ordnance rvey are published. Instruction in geog- phy should begin at home; and I would ggest that, as the six-inch survey progresses, ch decent school throughout the country ıuld be provided with a model and a map the district in which it is situated. If this re done, the pupils would soon learn to ıd the model, and, having once succeeded, doing this, it would not be long before they re able to understand the conventional ınner in which topographical features are resented on a plane surface, and acquire power of reading not only the map of ir own neighborhood, but any map which s placed before them. In our wall maps hink we have been too much inclined to attention to the boundaries of countries, l to neglect the general features of the ınd. It is difficult to say whether the ps have followed the teachers or the teach- the maps, but I fear instruction in phys- ical geography too often comes after that in political geography, instead of a knowledge of the latter being based on a knowledge of the physical features of the earth. My meaning may perhaps be explained by reference to a wall map probably well known to every one, that of Palestine, which frequently disfigures rather than ornaments the walls of our school-rooms. In this map there are usually deep shades of red, yellow and green, to distinguish the districts of Judea, Samaria and Galilee, and perhaps another color for the Trans-Jordanic region, with a number of Bible names inserted on the surface, while the natural features are quite subordinate, and sometimes not even indicated. There is perhaps no book that bears the impress of the country in which it was written so strongly as the Bible; but it is quite impossible for a teacher to enable his pupils to realize what that country is with the maps at present at his disposal. The first object of a wall map should be to show the geographical features of countries, not their boundaries, and for this purpose details should be omitted, and the grander features have special attention paid to them. In school atlases the same fault may be traced, physical features being too often made subordinate to political divisions; and there is also, in many cases, a tendency to overcrowd the maps with a multitude of names which only serve to confuse the pupil and divert his attention from the main points. The use of globes in our schools should be encouraged as much as possible, as there are many physical phenomena which cannot well be explained without them, and they offer far better means of conveying a knowledge of the relative positions of the various countries, seas, etc., than any maps. The great expense of globes has hitherto prevented their very general use, but some experiments are at present being made with a view to lessening the cost of the construction, which it is hoped may be successful. I cannot pass from this subject without alluding to that class of maps which gives life to the large volume of statistics which are accumulating with such rapidity. On the Continent these maps are employed to an extent unknown in this country, both for purposes of reference and education, and they convey their information in a simple and effective manner.

* From the Opening Address of the President of Geographical Section of the British Association.

REFRESH THAT PART OF THYSELF WHICH IS MOST WEARIED.—If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of cozening thy mind, in setting it to a double task, under pretence of giving it a play-day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.—*Thomas Fuller.*

PARAFFINE

This substance, which twenty years ago was merely a chemical curiosity, has now become an article of extensive use in the art, and is manufactured annually by the thousands of tons. When pure, it is perfectly colorless and transparent, resembling spermaceti in appearance. It is tasteless, and is but little affected by most chemical substances; from this indifference to chemical action it obtains its name of paraffine, derived from two Latin words signifying of equal affinity. It has been made on a large scale by distilling Irish peat, certain varieties of bituminous coal and petroleum. It is used in the manufacture of candles, and as a substitute for wax in certain processes; and has also been applied to different fabrics to render them water repellent, and as a coating to the inside of casks and barrels. It has been employed to some extent to retard the explosive force of gunpowder in certain cases. By immersing the grains in melted paraffine for a short time, the gunpowder becomes coated with this insoluble substance, and may thus also be preserved under water for some time without much injury. On account of its non-conducting character, it has been used extensively as an insultor in telegraphic operations. It has also been employed, when dissolved in naphtha, as a preservative of stone and brick work. When melted with India rubber it makes a good waterproof compound which can be applied to wearing apparel. The horticulturist has found that paraffine when mixed with bees wax, can be usefully applied in the budding of roses, and the grafting of fruit trees; and the laundress has discovered that by the aid of a warm flat iron, a beautiful gloss is imparted to linen by paraffine, upon which it leaves no greasy stain.—*From "The Friend."*

NOTICES.

The Friends' Social Lyceum, of Philadelphia, will meet in the Library Room at Race St., on the 1st and 3d Fifth-days of each month, and at Girard Avenue Meeting-house on the 2d and 4th Fifth-day evenings, at 8 o'clock precisely. All are invited to attend.

ITEMS.

THE President has signed the bill "for the resumption of specie payments."

THE Postmaster of Philadelphia, George W. Fairman, in his report of the operations of the Philadelphia Post-offices during the year 1874, states that 207 carriers were employed in the distribution of 16,728,490 mail letters, 8,796,943 local letters and 6,883,714 newspapers; in the same period, there were collected 20,668,012 mail and local letters, 3,620,924 newspapers and, during six months o 2,649,043 mail and local Postal Cards.

The operations of the Money Order system du the past seven years are thus shown:

	Domestic Money Orders Issued.		*Domestic Money Orders Pa*	
Year.	Number.	Amount.	Number.	Amount
1868...	13,896	$316,032 42	59,430	$972 133
1869...	17.598	382,950 83	76,200	1,209,472
1870...	22,216	469,269 89	91,855	1,409,763
1871...	25.065	529,656 28	103.585	1.602.310
1872...	28,234	577,796 81	116,455	1,699 126
1873...	34,601	720,347 13	148,304	2,094 563
1874...	38,333	761.079 58	172.555	2,259,379

The annexed statement shows the number amount of British, German and Swiss internati money orders issued during the past three years

	Orders Issued.		*Orders Paid.*	
Years.	No.	Amount.	No.	Amoun
1872.	3,071	$53,543 12	608	$11.137
1873.	4.029	79,990 98	1,299	27,142
1874.	4,326	89,428 23	1,895	42,024

The statement of the weight of mail matter i follows:

Weight and number of pieces of the three cla of mail matter deposited, or originating in the Ph delphia Post-office, during 1874, for transmis through the mails, estimated from weighing counting for one month.

	No. of Pieces.	Weight Pound
First-class Letters	32,199,960	488,
Second-class—Periodicals addressed to subscribers	7,081,344	1,580,
Third-class — Printed matter, samples of merchandise, &c	15,846,900	2,019,

The above is exclusive of all mail matter ceived at the Post-office in transit for distribut and does not include the weight of mail pouc bags or cases.

The foreign mail service during the past year as follows:

Sent from Philadelphia during 1874—To G Britain direct, 365,993 letters, weight 29,325 l to Germany direct, 81,024 letters, weight 5,046 l to France direct, from January 1st to August 1874, when Philadelphia was discontinued as an change office for French mails, 2,058 letters, we 1,932 lbs.; Havana direct, 1,130 letters, weigh lbs.; all foreign countries for which Philadel is not an exchange, 123,767 letters, weight 3 lbs. Total, 574,974 letters, weight 40,028 lbs.

Received at Philadelphia during 1874:

Countries.	No. Letters.	Weight of pr matter—l
Great Britain direct	340,548	42,080
Germany direct	57,290	1,809
France direct	855	20
Havana direct	9,772	43
All foreign countries	113,512	1,300
Total	521,977	45,312

At the close of the report, the Postmaster s "The wagon service in connection with the delivery has, after a fair trial, proved a succe expediting the delivery and collection of mail m ter."

A DEPUTY constable appointed to look into condition of factory children in Massachusetts made a report to the Governor. He says there 60,000 children in that State growing up in ig ance, in consequence of their employment at early an age and too exclusively in the factori

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN RELATION TO PEACE AND WAR.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

In the editorial notice (No. 42 of *Friends' Intelligencer*) of Dr. Miles' Report of the Conference held at Geneva, Switzerland, in Jh month last, in the interests of Universal Peace, the Editors say: "We believe there no subject of equal magnitude now claiming the attention of the civilized world, and trust every member of the Society of Friends will do his part to help bring about desirable a result as is contemplated by is organization."

These remarks, together with the following the "Scrap Column" of the same number: There surely is a tendency with some to grasp whatever of good *they may have*, or that *may come to them*, and, in so doing, they impoverish themselves. Let us be stimulated examine our storehouses, whether of the memory or of the desk, peradventure we will find there that which is of value *in danger becoming mouldy.* Let us bring it forth," took strong hold of my mind, and induces to "bring forth" the following, which was lain in my "Letter Book" since 1871.

At our late Yearly Meeting (1871) I was one of a committee to embody the exercises of the meeting in a suitable minute, and I note the following paragraph on the subject of War:

"This advancement of the cause of peace will not be effected by aiming at impracticable ideals, but by recognizing existing facts, and, under the influence of Divine wisdom, endeavoring, by the unchanging principles and laws that govern the heart of humanity, to shape and direct the course of events in such manner that *peace shall be evolved as a natural and harmonious result. Then* will peace be permanent. *Then* will man hold sacred not only the *life*, but the *rights, interests* and *happiness* of his fellow-man everywhere." Extracts of Baltimore Yearly Meeting for 1871, page 18.

In the original draft of the minute was this sentiment: "Bad as war is,* it is not the *worst* of evils. Anarchy, riot and mob violence, in which innocent women and children indiscriminately suffer, are even worse. Hence the necessity in our large cities of a *police, sustained by military force,* to check these in their early stages, to which arrangement the inhabitants are indebted for their quiet and security."

This passed the committee, but, on being read in the Yearly Meeting, it was objected to by some Friends, and I, having written it,

* Regarding war as defined by Webster to be "a contest between nations or States, carried on by force," and "it always implies that such contest is authorized by the monarch, or the sovereign power of the Nation," and therefore subject to the "laws of nations."

proposed that it should be omitted, which was accordingly done.

Believing the sentiment to be a correct one, however, I am encouraged, by the extracts I have quoted at the commencement of this article, to revive it at this time, and express something further on the subject.

It is not by legislation, or any external means, that war, intemperance and such like corruptions of human nature are to be healed, but by an action or power *from within*—"making clean and pure the inside of the vessel." Then, the *spirit of man* being purified and peaceful, *man's spirit* will *co-operate* with the *spirit* of *God in man*, which is always striving to bring man into a closer union and oneness with God.

The value of peace and harmony, when they proceed from the *spirit of peace*, or the *Spirit* of *God* in *man*, without which no peace can be permanent, cannot be computed, and therefore it is worthy of every effort, and of all needed sacrifices to obtain them. Virtue and intelligence are their true foundation.

But when the *spirit of war*, or the *spirit* of strife, contention and *fight exists*, a practical experience of the hurtful consequences to which this evil spirit leads, may be a means, in the Divine economy, of correcting and purifying the spirit, and teaching its possessor wisdom by what it causes him to suffer.

I had a lesson once that has been of great value to me on this point. In Seventh month, 1849, my wife, our two oldest children, and two of our relatives, went with me on an excursion, for recreation and improvement, and, in passing from Niagara to Montreal, we took passage in the "British Line," in order that we might stop at the Canadian landings and towns, and thus see more that was new to us.

The boat was much crowded, having on board many foreign excursionists of the upper classes of Irish and Scotch. Before we reached the outlet of Lake Ontario a difficulty arose between two Irish gentlemen, and it was evident that a fight would ensue unless there was some intervention. They were fine, large, noble-looking specimens of humanity, with benevolent countenances, gold rings on their fingers, and jewels set in gold in their shirt bosoms, and my sympathies were all aroused to prevent the abuse they were both in danger of receiving. I went hastily to the captain, told him there was a fight brewing between two of his passengers, and asked his assistance in an effort to prevent it, with which request, he promptly and cheerfully complied. He invited one of the party, kindly and politely, to walk with him to the after part of the boat; and I asked the other to go with me to the upper deck, which he did. It was a most beautiful evening, and we were just passin among the "Thousand Islands" of the St Lawrence, so noted for the grandeur of th scenery, and I found my companion to be ver intelligent and appreciative of the beauties o nature, and we spent an hour or so in agree able conversation.

When all seemed calm, and reason entirel enthroned, we gradually separated. He wen down to the lower deck, I following at little distance, and being pretty tall, I wa able to keep my eye on him in the crowd. A length, his eyes and those of the one wit whom he had had the difficulty, met, and i less time than I can write it, they had thei coats, cravats and vests off, and began to bea each other in such manner as I had never be fore seen or imagined! I felt sick at hear Neither seemed to gain any advantage ove the other. At length, they straightened them selves up, and looked each other sternly in th face. Then, at it they went again, with th same result, and a pause, as before. After little while, they had the third round, mo severe and lasting than either of the other but with a similar result; by which time eac found he had a worthy antagonist, and o straightening up, and looking squarely at eac other, both stepped backward simultaneousl then retired, washed off, and fixed up. The soon returned. Never, probably, were two me more changed in appearance in so short time! I would not have known them to l the same! One had an eye sadly bruise and entirely closed from the swelling. Th other had a large piece gouged out of h cheek, and both were scarred and bruised b yond description, their shirt-bosoms and cloth badly torn, till they appeared to be me wrecks of the persons they were a half ho before.

But the change in their outward appea ance was not all. Owing to a very den smoke that prevailed, the captain had to st frequently, so that we were two days on boa all the passengers mingling together; a there were not two more *calm, polite* and *gen men on board*, and they were *particularly ki* and *respectful* to *each other*. They had e dently been benefited by what they had e perienced, and learned wisdom by what th had suffered; so that, when the *bitter spirit mains*, such practical results may be a mea of pacifying and purifying it. "Great a marvelous are Thy works; just and true a Thy ways!"

An appeal to the *reason of men in a passi* is simply futile; because, by the rise of p sion, reason is disenthroned, and can only restored to authority by some check fr circumstances—by some pressure of envir ments.

For the peaceful adjustment of differences etween nations, as we must hope, there will e a sufficiently large number possessed of heir reason to direct the counsels of the State n a course so obviously to its interest as ould be the preservation of peace and good- ill with other nations with which it has in- ercourse, there is every reason to believe hat a mode will be found.

A few months before the Yearly Meeting eferred to (1871), the subject had weighed eavily on my mind, that our government ight embrace the favorable opportunity then xisting to advance the interests of peace, and hus of humanity, and I wrote a private letter o President Grant, with the view of deliver- ng it in person and explaining my views to im. Before this was done, there were com- unications on the same subject in the *Intelli- encer*, and a meeting of the Representative ommittee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting was alled, which decided to memorialize the resident on the subject, and into this my con- ern became merged. In accordance with he suggestion in the *Intelligencer*, I have ex- mined the storehouse of my desk, and now roduce the letter I wrote to President Grant, nd the *memorandum* I made to read to him, ontaining a *mode* of *proceeding*, in order to ave a true and permanent peace between ations, *without looking to a resort* to *forcible* r *warlike measures* in *any contingency*.

It will be remembered that this subject laimed the solemn and active attention of hat great apostle of peace, Wm. Penn, and n 1695, he wrote what he entitled "An essay owards the present and future peace of Eu- ope, by the establishment of a European yet, parliament or estate,"* from which I will uote the entire fourth section, as showing ie views on the subject of that great states- an and philanthropist.

"SECTION IV. *On a general peace or the eace of Europe, and the means of it.*—In y first section, I showed the *desirableness* of eace; in my next, the truest means of it, z., *justice, not war*. And in my last, that is justice was the fruit of government, as overnment itself was the result of *society;* hich first came from a reasonable design of en of peace. Now, if the sovereign *princes Europe*, † who represent that *society* or dependant state of man that was *previous* the obligations of society, would, for the me reason that engaged men first in society, z., *love* of *peace* and *order*, agree to meet, by their stated *deputies*, in a general dyet, estates or parliament, and there establish rules of justice for sovereign princes to observe, one to another, and thus to meet yearly, or once in two or three years at farthest, or, as they shall see cause, and to be styled, *The Sovereign or Imperial Dyet, Parliament or State*, of Europe; before which sovereign assembly should be brought all differences depending between one sovereign and another, that cannot be made up by private embassies be- fore the session begins; and that, [if any of the sovereignties that constitute these im- perial states shall refuse to submit their claim or pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the judgment thereof, and seek their remedy by *arms*, or delay their compliance beyond the time prefixed in their resolutions, all the other sovereignties, united as one strength, shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence, with damages to the suffering party, and charges to the sovereignties that obliged their submission.] To be sure, Europe would quietly obtain the so much desired and needed peace to her harassed inhabitants; no sovereignty in Eu- rope having the power, and therefore cannot show the will, to dispute the conclusion; and consequently peace would be procured and continued in Europe."

It is clearly to be seen, by the part enclosed in brackets, "*if they refused*, all the other sovereignties, united as one strength, *shall compel* the submission"—the plan proposed by Wm. Penn contemplated the *possibility* of an ultimate resort to force.

Since the time Wm. Penn wrote, now well nigh two centuries ago, a *new power* has arisen, as *an aid* to *induce* and *regulate* peace- ful relations between nations — that is, the financial one, or the benefits of trade and commerce, as I endeavor to show, in the fol- lowing "memorandum," which I prepared to read to President Grant after he had read my letter.*

(To be continued.)

THE vocation of the Christian scholar is, in our day, indefinitely noble; but demand- ing gifts and graces of no common kind for its adequate fulfilment, and imposing a bur- den which none but those who are strength- ened from within and from above can long support. But he who is conscious of any measure of such strength, and knows how it may be increased according to his need, will never attempt to get rid of responsibility by turning aside from duty, or hope for peace by avoiding light.—*Myers*.

* Folio edition of the works of Wm. Penn, second ., London edition 1726, page 838 to 848. The ok is in the Anson Lapham Repository of Swarth- re College.

† The capital letters and italics are those of the hor.

* The letter and memorandum will appear in our next number.

A Testimony from the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, concerning THOMAS BROWN.

He was born in Barking, in the county of Essex, Great Britain, on the first of the Ninth month, 1696, came whilst young with his parents into this province, and lived some time in this city, from whence he removed with them to Plumstead in Bucks county, where he first appeared in the ministry; some years after which, he settled in this city. His gift in the ministry was living, deep, and very edifying; and in the exercise thereof, he was remarkable for an awful care not to appear without clear and renewed evidence of the motion of life for that service. And though not a man of literature, was often led into sublime matter, which was convincing and persuasive, in setting forth the dignity and excellence of the Christian religion, yet was very attentive that those heights should not detain him beyond his proper gift, but to close in and with the life, which made his ministry always acceptable to the living and judicious. Although he was not led to visit the churches in distant parts, yet was sometimes concerned to attend some of the neighboring meetings, of two of which he has preserved some minutes, which, being a lively description of his concern of mind for the promotion of the cause of truth, it is thought well to subjoin them here in his own words:

"1756, Eighth month 9th, I went to Concord Quarterly Meeting, but found no cause to espouse the cause of God in a public manner that day. The next day went to the Youth's Meeting at Kennet, which was to great satisfaction; my soul was so bended towards the people that I could scarcely leave them, being engaged in a stream of the ministry, to extol the divinity of that religion that is breathed from heaven, and which arrays the soul of its possessor with degrees of the divinity of Christ, and entitles them to an eternal inheritance; also introduces a language intelligible only to the converted souls which have access to a celestial fountain, which is no less than a foretaste of eternal joy, to support them in their journey towards the regions above, where religion has room to breathe in its divine excellencies in the soul; here it is instructed in the melody of that harmonious song of the redeemed, where the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.

"1756, the 29th of the Eighth month, I visited Gwynedd meeting, where in waiting in nothingness before God, without seeking or striving to awake my beloved before the time, by degrees my soul became invested with that concern that the gospel introduces, with an opening in these words: 'I think it may conduce to my peace, to stand up, and engage in a cause dignified with immortality and crowned with eternal life.' The subject raised higher and brighter until my soul was transported on the mount of God in degree, and beheld His glory; where I was favored to treat on the exalted station of the redeemed church, which stands in the election of grace where my soul rejoiced with transcendent joy and adored God. Returned home in peace."

His conduct and conversation was innocent and edifying, being much weaned from the world and the spirit of it. He was careful not to engage in worldly concerns so as to encumber his mind and draw it off from that religious contemplation in which was his chief delight, which happy state of mind he maintained to the last, as evidently appeared to those friends who were with him towards his conclusion; to some of whom he expressed himself in the following manner, viz.,

"I am fine and easy, and don't know but what I may recover; but if I should, I expect to see many a gloomy day, but nevertheless I am willing to live longer, if I might be a means of exalting religion, that the gift bestowed on me might shine brighter than it hath ever yet done, or else I had abundance better go now, for I think I have shone but glimmeringly to what I might have done had I been still more faithful. Though I cannot charge myself with a presumptuous temper, nor wilful disobedience, but I can say, it has often happened with me, as with the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, whilst I was making ready another has stepped in. I am sensible that my gift has been different from some of my brethren; I have not been led so much into little things, but I am far from judging them.

"I have often to pass through the valley of the shadow of death and have experienced the possibility of a soul's subsisting the full space of forty days without receiving anything, only living by faith and not by sight provided they keep upon the foundation of convincement and conviction, and not turn aside to take a prospect of the world, and desire to draw their comfort from visibles they will be supported by an invisible yet invincible power, for He will be sure to appear, and when He doth appear at times doth rend the vail from the top to the bottom, with an invitation, as Samuel used to say (meaning Samuel Fothergill) 'Come up hither, and behold the bride the lamb's wife;' then the soul will have to enjoy and see things beyond expressing; my tongue can do little or nothing at setting it forth. The soul will be filled with holy admiration, and say, 'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners.'

"Although the soul has at times to behold the glory, splendor and magnitude of the true church or spouse of Christ, yet those extraordinary sights are but seldom, not often. Though I have had at times cause to espouse the cause of God, yet there are times that the soul is so veiled, and surrounded with temptations and fiery trials, and all out of sight, that I have wondered that I was made choice of; but I have experienced that they that would reign with Christ must suffer with Him; I never expect to get beyond it while I am clothed with this clog of mortality.

"People may have a regular outside, and be diligent in attending meetings, and yet know little or nothing of it; for formality and externals are nothing; religion is an internal subject subsisting between Christ and the soul. I don't confine it to our name, but amongst the different names there are, that my soul is nearly united to, who are in a good degree, I do believe, in possession of that religion which is revealed from heaven. And I am in the faith that there will be them raised up that will shine as bright stars, and religion will grow and prosper, and the holy flame rise to a greater height than it hath ever yet done. I can say with the holy apostle, 'I have nothing to boast of save my infirmities,' yet thus much I venture to say, that if I die now, I die a lover of God and religion." And after expressing a compassionate sympathy with the poor afflicted churches up and down, concluded with this saying, "Be of good cheer, little flock, for greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world."

In the sixty-first year of his age, he was seized with an apoplectic disorder, which gradually increasing, deprived him of life on the 21st of the Sixth month, 1757, and was interred in this city the next day.

NEVER will there be peace until Christians agree to differ, and agree to look for the evidences of Christian character in the temper and the life.—*Channing.*

REST IN RELIGION.

One cause of the unrest which pervades the religious life of America is the prevalent conviction that it is the duty of every man to have his mind fully made up in regard to some of the most intricate problems of philosophy and theology. God, duty, immortality—concerning these great subjects of thought there must be no doubt. Hesitation is labelled skepticism and contemned. A willingness to wait till the truth has time to reveal itself is called suspense of faith, a state to be avoided. As they are related to life these objects of thought are weighty with momentous consequences. Right thinking about them is essential: wrong thinking is perilous. But the stress of necessity is not on a speedy settlement, but a right one.

The supposed need of coming to a quick and complete conclusion drives men into error which is pushed with energy to its grievous consequences; or, if the mind is too well balanced to submit to such over-hasty driving, one is doomed to the sadness which has been affixed, as a penalty, to him who has "no opinions."

Now there is an attitude of the devout mind before a great fact, or power, or presence which is not that of unquestioning faith nor unqualified assent, but which is not, therefore, to be classed with doubt, indifference, skepticism, or any other obnoxious form of religious or irreligious experience. One may reverently bow before a mystery which he cannot yet explain, and feel the power of an influence he cannot comprehend. Even after, in some hours of devout contemplation, the truth has seemed to shine clearly upon him, some slight change of position, the movement of his mind or times may bring before him another aspect of the same truth in which he recognizes no familiar feature of his former experience.

To such a man it would be conducive to quiet if he could know that the changing aspects of truth are not due to his lack of faith or poverty of soul, but are signs of the gracious influences of truth upon a receptive mind.

Right thinking and correct belief are essential to the proper conduct of life. It is, therefore, the more necessary that the processes of thought and the growth of belief shall not be disturbed by haste, fretting, or over-work.

Rest in religion depends upon the conviction that enough may be known to order the life aright, together with a willingness to be content with known truth until more light comes. This rest can be attained to, but only by him who is determined at all hazards to obey whatever portion of the law of right is clearly revealed to him.

In the popular preaching life is represented as a voyage. There are rocks ahead! Death and destruction are inevitable unless you have correct chart and compass! and sometimes, under the warning notes of the impassioned speaker, one can almost hear the advertisement of the shop where charts and compasses are vended. We need not deny the dangers or forget the difficulties. But in cloud and storm, amid strong tides and bewildering currents, we can wait, not bound to proceed until the sun has shone and a celestial observation has been taken and our terrestrial

latitude and longitude ascertained. In navigation the wrecks occur most frequently not to those who wait, and hold judgment in suspense, and refuse to act until the way is clear, but to those who think that, no matter what happens, it is necessary to decide quickly and act promptly.

An Arctic explorer may wait months in the mist, before he can get his reckoning, but he knows that if he will wait long enough he will get it at last. If each failure were accounted a sin what man would have courage to face the perils of the Arctic world? In the religious life we needlessly complicate matters and bear a superfluous weight of blame for inability and failure which should be clearly recognized as conditions imposed by the difficulties of the problems, and not the result of low-bred spiritual instincts or perverse intellectual powers.

One may know enough of duty to lead a manly or womanly life, and yet have no theory of the absolute ground of morality nor any explanation of the origin of the moral sentiment in man. He may know enough of the Infinite to fill him with reverence, though he be able to give no account of the relations between that life and his own. But if, with his honest purpose and growing knowledge, he is content, there may be great satisfaction and complete rest in the conviction that time and patience and honest thought will unlock all problems at last.—*The Liberal Christian.*

THAT is a spurious goodness which is good for the sake of reward. The child that speaks the truth for the sake of the praise of truth is not truthful. The man who is honest because honesty is the best policy has not integrity in his heart. He who endeavors to be humble, and holy, and perfect, in order to win heaven, has only a counterfeit religion. God for His own sake, goodness because it is good, truth because it is lovely—this is the Christian's aim. The prize is only an incentive, inseparable from success, but not the aim itself.—*F. W. Robertson.*

ONE GOSPEL IN MANY DIALECTS.

. . . . . .

One Gospel in many dialects, that is the great Pentecost lesson, construe the miracle as we may. And there are dialects of *thought* as well as speech — natural differences of temperament and character—to which the Gospel, still without prejudice to its unity, adapts itself with the same divine flexibility. What private observer—still more what student of history—can doubt that we are not all made in the same mould, that the proportions of our humanity are variously mixed, that not only do we individually differ in moral susceptibility and spiritual depth, but fall into permanent groups marked by distinct and ineradicable characters, and reproducing the same religious tendencies from age to age? Transpose the souls of Plato and Pascal into the right place and time, and do you suppose they would turn up as *latitudinarian divines?* Deal as you will with the lot of Priestly and Belsham, and could you ever enroll them among the *Christian mystics?* Close in the fires of Augustine's nature with what damps you may, and could you ever find him peace in a Gospel of *good works?* No; we touch here on differences deeper than accident, and irremovable by culture,—differences that vindicate their reality by crossing the lines of dissimilar religions, and reappearing in all times. They necessarily give us differing wants and experiences; they set into differing shapes of faith; and on souls equally faithful they fix very differing expressions. They are so many *vernacular idioms of the inner mind:* all have divine right to be; no one of them is entitled to call itself the sacred language alone intelligible between man and God; and the pretensions of any to supersede the rest and reign alone is not less vain than the complaints of ignorance against foreign dialects, and the ambition to exchange the many running waters of local literature into the huge tank of a universal language. They may not be able to understand each other, or even with the key of outward comparison always bear translation into idioms other than their own. But let them speak in their own way, and pray their own prayer. Not only are they all clear to Him that readeth the heart; there will thus be *more heart for Him to read:* for faith and love, large as they may be, are ever deepest in their special tones; and the prayer, the hymn, which is touched with the spirit's local coloring, comes to us like the aroma of native fields, and assuages our thirst like the sweet waters of some well given to our fathers, and made sacred by a Saviour's noonday rest.

On this principle—that different types of natural genius in men cannot but throw their Christianity into different forms—we may not only justify the divisions of Christendom but even cease to wish that they should disappear. Unity no doubt there must be: God is one; truth is one; the Gospel is one; and a mind that could take in the whole, and spread its insight and affections in all dimensions at once, would reach the Divine equilibrium in which nothing partial preponderates. But from our watch-tower we can look through only one window at once; the blind walls of our mental chamber shut out all the rest; and as we kneel, like Daniel, at the

open light, the breeze upon our face seems sacred, because it comes from our Jerusalem. The question is not whether there is such a thing as truth, rounded off, self-balanced and complete; in the mind of God—the final seat of reality—of course there is. Nor is it a question whether each individual man can attain a faith consistent in its parts, agreeable to fact, and adequate to his nature. This also is possible. But when he has attained it, on what terms is it to coexist with other faiths presenting parallel pretensions? Is he in his heart to identify his own with the absolute truth, sufficient for *all* as for himself? Is he to expect them to come round to it, and altogether throw away their own? Or is he to confess to himself his own limitations, to suspect that he may have his blind sides, and reverently to seek something he has missed in that which others persist in seeing? In which direction is he to seek unity? By antipathy to all beliefs save one? or by inviting all of them to live their life and show their place in human nature? It is the genius of Romanism to seek unity by *suppression;* of Protestantism by free *development;* of the former to protect the consistency it has; of the latter to press forward to one that it has not. Are we taunted with our "Protestant variations"? Why, the more they are the richer is our field of experience, the finer our points of comparison; provided, however, that we hold fast to the noble trust in a Gospel of identity at bottom, and seek it rather in the religious heart of all the churches, than in the theologic wisdom of our own. No man can proclaim the principle of "*One Gospel in many dialects,*" unless he is prepared to admit that his own faith is *one of the dialects, and nothing more;* to presume a meaning in the others, however hid from him; and while they remain to him a mere inarticulate jargon, to ascribe it sooner to his own incapacity than to their insignificance. When God's truth, refracted on its entrance into our nature, shall emerge into the white light again, not one of these tinted beams can be spared.—*James Martineau.*

WAR.

Who has ever told the evils, and the curses and the crimes of war? Who can describe the horrors of the carnage of battle? Who can portray the fiendish passions which reign there? Who can tell the amount of the treasures wasted and the blood that has flowed, and of the tears that have been shed over the slain? Who can register the crimes which war has originated and sustained? If there is anything in which earth, more than in any other, resembles *hell,* it is in its *wars.* And who with the heart of a man—of a lover of human happiness—of a hater of carnage and crime—can look but with pity, who can repress his *contempt* in looking on all the trappings of war—the tinsel—the nodding plumes—even the animated music—designed to cover over the reality of the contemplated murder of fathers, and husbands, and sons?—*Albert Barnes.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Very often, my dear ——, has my mind reverted to the interview alluded to by thee, when our hearts reached forth to each other, and mine to thy estimable cousin, whom I felt to be so far in advance of me in rich possessions of mind and spirit.

I could hardly understand how anything in me of a kindred nature could be recognized, but have since learned that the seed of the spiritual life, in its struggles for development, is taken cognizance of by that of the same Divine origin of different degrees of growth in others, as the Father recognizes and owns that which is of Himself.

Surely there is a love of goodness, as there is a love of the beautiful, implanted in the human mind, else why, even with those who widely depart from the path of rectitude, is there so much respect paid to it as is frequently seen? Hence, how lamentable that there is not apparent a keener sense of loss sustained by not nurturing every germ of it in one's self to the exclusion of that which is destructive to it, and leads from its inherent peacefulness into degradation and wretchedness. But, with all the waywardness and criminality that abounds, were we acquainted with the constitutional tendencies, the temptations, the conflicts, the trials and physical conditions, tending to mental and moral decrepitude, it appears to me we would feel it incumbent upon us to enlarge our mantle of charity, and to let commiseration and sympathy take the place of censure. . . . .

When there is implicit faith and confidence in Divine Power, and an humble dependence upon it, can we believe that it will fail in any emergency?

———

To hear again from thee, was very pleasant. Such evidences of kind remembrance are as brooks by the way, for there are seasons of thirst known in the course of our pilgrimage, when a cup of water from a fellow-pilgrim is truly refreshing. I often feel the want of partaking, in company *with others,* of the good things which the Master has blessed; but I cannot see ahead, and know not where

my lot is to be cast during the little time that may yet be allotted me in this life.

The *Intelligencer* comes to us as a welcome visitor. We sometimes receive encouragement, through its contents, to persevere and press on in the path of obedience, trusting in our Heavenly Father, who careth for the least of His children and forgetteth not that we are but as dust. Truly His compassions fail not, and His mercies are new every morning; yea, they are from everlasting to everlasting. It is encouraging to see that others have trodden the same path we are now treading, and to find they have been sustained under dispensations even more afflictive than those through which we are now wading, with the head sometimes hardly above the billows, and we are thereby stimulated afresh to trust in that Arm that never faileth.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 30, 1875.

Religious Controversy.—A short article, querying whether "any controversy respecting religious belief is not a great evil," has been sent us for publication. If we understand the writer, the intention is to discourage all investigation, which view we cannot endorse.

While we acknowledge that "The truths which the wise and just Creator of man intended to be his guides to virtue and happiness, are not wrapped up in mystery but are as accessible to all the human race as the air they breathe, the sun which shines on all alike, and the food and water which refresh them; and that the conscience, under the controlling influence of Divine intelligence, with 'charity one towards another, endeavoring to discharge the duties which Providence has assigned us according to the clear and undisputed light He has given, is a sure safeguard at all times,'" we are not ignorant of the fact, that this liberty to decide for ourselves in all matters of conscience, has been won through persecution, growing out of the expressed differences of opinions respecting our relation to the Divine Being.

Famine.—This terrible scourge takes rank with war and pestilence, but is less subject to human control than either, being a result of causes that it is rarely within the scope of either governments or individuals to avei It has been a remorseless destroyer in eve age of the world, and without doubt has do much towards spreading the human fami over the vast areas of the globe.

With the greater facilities for interco munication that have been increasing f several centuries, these migrations do not, any extent, at present influence populatio The want in one section has been compensate by the surplus in another, the laws of d mand and supply recognizing no distinctic of color or nationality.

The white wings wafting commerce ov all waters are gathering into one brotherhoc the whole family of man; and, mercenary may have been the motives that first raise the "anchor and spread the sail," in th rulings and overrulings of a Power mo potent than wind or tide and infinitely abo the selfish aims of human wisdom, they hav resulted in blessings to all peoples. Whe divine charity becomes the ruling spirit Christian nations, we may hope to see an en of the present heartless system of inflation i prices that blots the pages of commerci journals, and closes the heart of trade to th tender emotions of sympathy for the di tressed.

But it is not our present purpose to ent into detail respecting the famines of past age In our own times, we have seen ship aft ship leave our wharves, freighted with th gifts of a generous people to the starvir multitudes of Ireland; later, we read of En land's prompt response to the cry of hung coming up from the heart of India, and of phi anthropic men and women everywhere, wh hearing the call from famishing Persia, a sending food and money to mitigate the di tresses of that impoverished land.

While all this is calling forth the best an noblest feelings of humanity, *we* must not fo get the duty we owe to the thousands of star ing families in our newly-settled Wester States, who, stripped of nearly everythin that supports life, are without food, and i most cases without ready means to procure i

To the blasting effects of early summe drought, which cut off nearly the entire whe crop, were added the ravages of the migr tory grasshopper, which, in clouds that sh

t the light of the sun, settled upon every
een thing left and consumed all, even to
e succulent roots in the earth. The man
no, in the "sweat of his face" fulfilling the
ivine order, looked forward to the gather-
g time, when he might eat of his own bread,
w it devoured before his eyes with no power
interefere, and himself and his family re-
uced to abject want. This scourge has de-
stated whole counties in the above-men-
ned States; multitudes of the sufferers have
mfortable homes, but having invested all
eir capital in these and farm implements,
oking to the coming harvest to meet all
ntingent expenses, are not only without
od, but have not the means wherewith to
rchase. We know that much has already
en done by State authorities and individ-
ls for their temporary relief, but we fear
at due consideration has not been given to
e length of time that must of necessity
pse before these stripped and suffering peo-
e can help themselves and thus become self-
staining.

Some of the families so reduced are of our
n household of faith, to whom the *Intelli-
ncer* is a weekly visitant, we want to be able
assure these that *our* ears are open to their
, and our hearts and hands respond to
eir necessity. We extend the word of en-
uragement to a patient, steadfast confidence
d trust. No trial to our human lives is
hout its lesson; some of these are hard to
rn, but they bring a full reward.

There is bread enough, and to spare, in this
oad fertile land of ours, and a generous,
arty pouring out of the abundance that has
ed our garners in more favored sections,
l be thrice blessed—blest to him who re-
ves and doubly blest to him who gives—
l the crown of all is the bringing us into
rer union and communion with the Divine
fection, and, in ways that are not hidden
n the earnest seeker, pointing out the com-
sations that wisely adjust human relations
enable us to more fully realize our de-
dence upon each other.

DIED.

RIGGS.—At his late residence, near Frankford,
mo. 2d, 1874, Yardley Briggs, aged 67 years;
mber of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

COLES.—At his residence, Glen Cove, Long Island, on the 13th inst., Isaac C. Coles, son of Henry and Martha Coles, in the 49th year of his age; a member of Matinacock Preparative and Westbury Monthly Meeting. Upright in all his dealings, liberal and kind hearted, he commanded the respect and esteem of the members of the community in which he resided.

ROBERTS.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Richardson L. Wright, in Frankford, Ninth mo. 21st, 1874, Tacy Roberts, aged 76 years; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

REGESTER.—Ninth mo. 24th, 1874, Elizabeth, widow of the late Samuel Regester, in the 97th year of her age.

THOMAS.—At his residence, in Fulton township, Lancaster county, Pa., on the 7th of First month, 1875, Joseph Thomas, aged 72 years; a valued friend, and for twenty-seven years an elder of Little Britain Monthly Meeting.

HAINES.—At Bristol, Pa., on 13th of First mo., 1875, of diphtheria, while on a visit at his grandfather's, Emmor Comly, Robbie L., only remaining son of Clayton E. and Caroline C. Haines, of Philadelphia; aged four years and nearly four months.

TAYLOR.—On the morning of First mo. 2d, 1875, Joseph Taylor; an exemplary member of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio, aged nearly seventy-six years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE CITY OF THE TURK.

No. 33.

(Continued from page 748.)

It matters not how we went to the office of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, nor how we took a little boat and went out with our Scottish friends to the steamer Aurora that lay in the harbor, nor how much we admired the stately vessel in which we had a wavering inclination to take passage for Alexandria on the fifth. But from the Aurora our boatmen rowed us to the landing nearest the ancient Mosque of Saint Sophia, once a Christian temple dedicated to the Eternal Wisdom. Our guide brings us to the cellar-like portal and we are led into a dark, stone-paved passage, which wound round and round in a sort of inclined plain, toward some far distant summit. The guide murmurs some words of encouragement and on we go and go—in faith—till at length we emerge into the upper gallery of the venerable temple. We mount a platform covered with thick matting, whence we look down on the vast interior of the mosque. It was noonday and the whole floor was filled with a kneeling multitude, who were chaunting prayers in perfect unison, ever and anon bowing their heads till they touched the matting, and then, at a signal, rising again into a sitting or standing position. Their faces are all turned toward the southeast, in which direction lies the holy house of the Cooba at Mecca, instead of towards the central

point, where once stood the high altar of the Greek. They were engaged in

"The worship of the Lord, whose will
Created and sustains us still,
And honor to the Prophet's name,
By whom the saving message came.
Believers meet together here,
And hold this precinct very dear.
The floor is spread with matting neat,
Unstained by touch of shodden feet,
A decent and delightful seat!
Where, after due devotions paid,
And legal ordinance obeyed,
Men may in happy parlance join,
And gay with serious thought combine."

We saw these simple verses of the English Lord Houghton fully illustrated, when in a few moments the devotions of the hour were ended, and general converse and greetings became the order of the day. Then, we are told, we may descend, and in slippered feet enter on the floor of the Mosque and walk about among the faithful, taking note of the vast and majestic temple erected for the worship of the Eternal Wisdom. Neither pictures nor images are needful, it seems to assist the Moslem at his devotions, neither do any lines of seats mar the simple grandeur of the mosque.

During the reign of the first Constantine, in the same year in which the Council of Nice was opened, A. D. 325, first rose the church of St. Sophia, and here, a quarter of a century later, the great Chrysostom, the golden mouthed, delivered his faithful exhortations, and eloquently denounced the sinful lives of those who sat enthroned as rulers of the world. Twice it was burned during popular tumults, and twice rebuilt, the last time by Justinian, when it was made yet more durable and splendid than before. Every species of marble, granite and porphyry was used in the construction of the many pillars. Among the most beautiful of these were the eight porphyry columns which Aurelius had taken from the temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and the eight green coulmns from the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and those which were brought from Athens, from Troas and from the isles of Greece. Thus the Christian house for divine worship was builded out of the splendid ruins of the ancient heathen temples, and with such exceeding solidity, that it is said Justinian believed it would endure forever. And here, after the lapse of long ages, it yet stands in all its durability.

The verse, "God is the Light of the Heavens and the Earth," on the top of the cupola, is illuminated during the nights of the Ramazan by a sea of rays from some thousands of lamps, which, suspended in a triple circle above each other, trace out the vault of the dome.

We next visit the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, distinguished as being the only one the whole Ottomon Empire which has minarets. The most astonishing feature the interior is the enormous dimensions of four great pillars which support the do They are each thirty-six yards in circum ence, and rise outside at its four sides like many small towers. It is the principal m que of the city—the one used for all St solemnities –corresponding with the cathed in Roman Catholic cities. As we enter, noonday prayers of the men are ended, s several groups of women are sitting on floor around the low reading desks wh teachers are expounding to them their d from their sacred books. The soft, cl matting looked attractive, and we sit do among them in the outer row and listen w them to this preaching in a tongue all known to us. We are interested in curious group, and they evidently find curious studies also, and give us a part the attention which before our coming riveted on the priest. Soon there is a ru of silken garments behind us, and a ge hand on my shoulder prompts me to rise inquiry. It is only two richly-dressed Tu ish ladies, who are trying to welcome us their religious home, and sign us to be sea again. They wished to show hospitality the Christian strangers within their gate and I much regretted that we could understand a word of the dialect in wh they spoke to us so kindly.

We found walking about Stamboul v fatiguing, and the next day took an o carriage again for a visit to some of the ot wonders of the city. Our guide, in his z takes us first to a surprisingly ugly collect of Turkish figures in their characteristic tume, called the Museum of the Janiza We walked patiently round the long leries of hideous effigies and then warned little Greek that we must have something higher character than this to suit our ci ized tastes. Then we are shown the Natio Museum of Turkey, which contains a var of arms and armor of all nations and ages well as other curiosities of rather inferior terest, arranged without order. Nothing is worthy the attention of a traveler, has only a few days in Constantinople. Th are poor broken-nosed marbles, pillaged fi the stores of Greece; a few ugly relics f the ruins of Egypt, and a fine Assyrian relief which lies on the floor amid the bish, in the case in which it was proba brought from the banks of the Euphrates

And now we turn our attention to the famed old Palace of the Sultans on the seaward point of the promontory of Stamb called the Seraglio. The enclosures of

al residence of other days are three miles circuit and occupy the space of the ient Byzantium, and for beauty of situa- it is hard to conceive how it could be passed. We enter the old arched gateway, ch is called the Gate of Salvation, and e quite a long walk through courtyards passages, when we come to the buildings re the great princes of the Moslem dwelt oyal state, and where their large house- ds found a home. Handsome, comfortable des are these, but not more magnificent those of private individuals in many ds. There are fountains, groves of cy- s, columns and charming terraces, all t and in perfect repair, as though the an yet dwelt here, but it is all silent and rted. From the terrace we see Dolma clé Palace, across the harbor, the present dence of the lord of the Turk, and it btless surpasses the Seraglio in magnif- ce, though I cannot conceive that it is e beautiful for situation.

he Treasury, which is within the Seraglio losure, contains a display of precious es and pearls which remind one of the velous stories of the Arabian Nights. royal collection that we have seen at all compare in richness with this bar- an display, and as we walk round among precious things, a sharp eye is kept upon lest perchance we should be rapacious ves in the garb of sheep.

ut we bid adieu to the Seraglio, and re- next to the Mosque of Sultan Sulieman Magnificent, considered the most glorious terpiece of Ottoman architecture. We our slippers and are admitted behind the ain which shades the portal.

is built after the pattern of the St. hia, but was intended to surpass it in ity. There are stately pillars of mighty portions surmounted with delicately cut tals of white marble. There are cut- s windows ornamented with flowers or the name of God, and on the dome is in- ed the same verse as that on the cupola t. Sophia: "God is the Light of heaven earth."

s we walked about the stately temple, ng note of its glories, a group of laughing e girls environed us, and looking up in friend's face said something in Turkish, h we asked the guide to interpret. ey say they like your eyes," he tells us, I say inquiringly, for want of other ish words, "Osmauli (Mohamedans?) in there was a shouting reply from the circlet, which we could not understand he guide interprets, "You are Giaours!" dels). "Alla il alla!" we reply, but nod their heads doubtingly and follow the infidels merrily as they make a tour of the mosque, and then escort us to the door with a laughing salutation. I thought of the English traveler's simple verse:

> "Children are running in and out,
> With silver-sounding laugh and shout;
> No more disturbed in their sweet play,
> No more disturbing those who pray,
> Than the poor birds that fluttering fly
> Among the rafters there on high."

And now we wend our way to the Bazaars, which, we are told, for their variety, richness and extent, surpass all others in the East. These Bazaars are simply intricate covered streets, which are quite occupied with booths, where all manner of goods are exposed for sale, and where all manner of people throng to make their purchases. Much that is offered is of trifling value, mere rubbish in fact, but there are goods of astonishing richness, too, in these little shops. Jewellers and workers in precious stones occupy one quarter, and goldsmiths another, while leather workers are found in a third. Then there are scribes or letter-writers at their work, and coffee-houses on a small scale, where is compounded the delicious beverage which the Turk loves more than the wine-cup. It is wonderfully good, this little cup of mocha, with all the coffee in it. It is not simply an infusion, as we use it, but it is thick, black, and rich—having all the goodness of the berry concentrated in a small space. But our guide, the little Greek Cimon, has paused with us before a shop which seems stocked with rich embroidery. The proprietor speaks English and French glibly, and welcomes us into his little wareroom, which has a sofa and a long table in front of it. We seat ourselves without wanting anything in particular, and the merchant displays his wares. Beautiful things they are, too. Hoods, cloaks, jackets of rich material delicately embroidered with golden and silken threads—finery that would astonish occidentals. My friends make liberal purchases, and the merchant is delighted. Coffee is brought, and the dealer turns his attention to me. "Why does not madame buy something? Does she not like this—and this—and this?" "Oh yes, I think them very beautiful but I do not require them." "Are they too dear for madame?" "No, the price seems low for the quality." "But madame *must* spend two or three napoleons in the Bazaar just to get some mementos. Now this capote is very fine. Would not madame like to take it for a present? See, here is the Sultan's monogram, and here are good words from the Koran embroided in gold—what will madame give?" But madame thinks the money of more value than the rich capote, and so resists the blandishments of the wily Greek, and keeps

the napoleons; while her friends buy the gay goods, mindful of dear ones at home who love such pretty things.

And now our curiosity in regard to the city of the Moslem is in a good degree satisfied, and we are strongly inclined to take passage with our Scottish friends to Alexandria, with a view of accompanying them to Jerusalem, and to give up making a visit to Robert college, a noble institution, six miles out of the city, on a grand site overlooking the Bosphorous. It was founded by Christopher Robert, of New York, for the education of boys of all religious sects, and is said to be doing a good work for the cause of Christian civilization. We regret, too, not to see the paroxysms of the dancing Dervishes, and are sorry to omit the few pretty rides in the environs of Constantinople. But the world is very vast, and as we pass along on our pilgrimage to its most venerable places, much of interest must be passed by with a sigh of regret; and before many more weeks the Syrian rains will begin, and all travel in Palestine must cease for a season. So we sleep once more on the question, whether to go as we had intended, first to Athens, then to Syria, and later to Egypt, or whether to sail away in the fine steamer Aurora, on the morrow, and join Cook's excursion party to Jerusalem at Alexandria.

A heavy rain ushers in the morrow (11th mo. 5th) and we feel decided to leave the now most uncomfortable city with our friends, and try whether traveling in friendly alliance with others will be as satisfactory as our solitary journeyings have been. The rain yet continues and a storm wind has tossed the Bosphorous into billows as we step on board a little boat at the landing, and are rowed out to the Aurora. As we near her side, she seems to be beset by a whole fleet of boats, laden with passengers and with goods, and the boatmen are storming furiously at each other, each seeking to dash aside his competitor. Such a wild torrent of Arabic, Greek, Italian and French is calculated to confuse and appal the stoutest; but our rowers dash boldly into the throng of boats, push aside angry rivals with their oars, skilfully dart aside to escape a heavy sail boat that comes rushing along, and with many fierce words and angry gestures, force our unsteady boat to the foot of the ladder which the friendly steamer reaches down to us. The waves dash, the rain blinds us, the winds whistle through the cordage, but we somehow contrive to seize the rope, to reach the stair, and here we are on the safe strong ship which is pledged to bear us over the classic seas to the land of the Pharaohs. We stand awhile in the storm to see the embarkation of a boat load of horses, which are destined to accompar in our voyage to Egypt. A crane a with pulleys is swung over the boat a rope with a strong hook descends. Th broad canvass band is passed under the of the horse and the great hook is made to its ends, and the animal is gently steadily raised to the level of the deck crane swungs round, and the horse fin floor beneath his astonished feet. The gentle, sleek, creatures, and the men storm so wildly at each other, seem pa and considerate in their treatment of h

And so we bid adieu to the city of Con tinople—glorious in the distance—spl with minarets, domes and spires—but un and hideous in detail. Will she accep blessings of modern civilization, straig and purify her highways, instruct her p in the useful arts, and become as admi within as she is magnificent without?

S.

Eleventh mo. 5th.

THE INDIANS.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF IN COMMISSIONERS.

The Board of Indian Commissioners submitted to the Secretary of the Int their sixth annual report. The follo extracts from this report give the more nificant portion of its contents: The missioners state that the history of the In service during the past year has been ma by more than usual trials and difficultie its conduct, and by more than usual su in the progress which has been made b various tribes of Indians toward a hi civilization and the ultimate completio the peaceful policy inaugurated.

A period in the conduct and history o Indian service of the country has reached, when, in the judgment of the b the Government may safely look forwa the final determination of its relations the Indian tribes as a separate people. perience has demonstrated the wisdom o policy, steadily pursued since the comme ment of the present administration, of lecting the wild Indian tribes upon res tions limited in extent. The rapid settle of the territory occupied by them as hun grounds rendered the adoption of suc policy necessary both for the protectio white settlers against depredations an bring the Indians under the influence control of the Agents for the purpose of ilization. Isolation from the demorali influence of the class of white persons al found upon border settlements has been sidered a condition requisite to the early provement of the savage tribes until a ce

od of advancement shall have been hed; the history of the world, however, onstrates the fact that no community can r reach an advanced stage of civilization out recognition of the right of individ- property, and it is believed that whenever tribe of Indians has reached such a stage advancement in intelligence and good duct as will enable the various members ransact their own business and partici- e in the affairs of the community with ch they are surrounded, the policy of the vernment should be to encourage such per- s to renounce their tribal relations and to blish individual homes for themselves, become invested with all the privileges itizenship; that this process should con- ue from year to year, stimulated by every ncement the Government can properly r, until the entire Indian race shall be- e merged in the community at large, and her intervention by the Government for r special care shall become unnecessary. he report hereto appended of a visit to Indian reservation in the State of New k justifies the recommendation that meas- should at once be taken for the enfran- ement of the Indians located upon reser- ons in that State. The permanent annu- provided by treaty stipulation would d ample means for the endowment of educational and benevolent institutions pon consultation with these tribes, should desirable. The dissolution of their al relations and the division in severalty ands and other property held in common ld become necessary in the execution of a plan, and, with the exercise of reason- wisdom in the negotiation, could be sat- torily accomplished.

large proportion of the Indians west of Cascade and Sierra Nevada Mountains, he Pacific coast, are now quietly engaged arious branches of industry off the reser- ons, and, in sections of country of con- rable extent, are more depended on as rers by farmers, lumbermen, wool grow- and others than any other class of per- .

o apprehension of further hostility by Indians in this section of the country ts, and it is believed that at an early pe- , without injustice to the Indians, and entire safety to the white communities vhich they are surrounded, the Govern- t may cease to make further provision heir support. The same facts are true to eater or less extent in respect to the In- s under the care of the Government in igan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nevada. provision in the legislation of Congress s last session requires that in distributing supplies to the Indians, for whom the same are appropriated, the Agent shall require all able-bodied male Indians to perform service upon the reservation, giving, however, to the Secretary of the Interior the discretionary power to except from such requirement any particular tribe when, in his judgment, proper and expedient.

The question of labor, involving that of self-support by the Indians, was considered by the board as of sufficient importance to justify a full investigation as to what extent it has been practicable to comply with this requirement of law, and in the same connection to obtain an expression of opinion from those best qualified to form an intelligent judgment as to what measures are best calculated to solve the difficult question. Inquiries on this subject were, therefore, directed to all the Agents, and to others in the Indian country whose experience would render their opinions of value.

Responses from a large number of persons have been received, containing much valuable information. It appears that probably not less than 75,000 Indians, of the wilder tribes, are supported by the Government appropriations, without any substantial contribution on their part toward their own sustenance. It is undoubtedly true that up to this time, in the alternative of feeding or fighting these tribes, the expenditure has been an economical one, but its continuance for any considerable period in the future will prove as disastrous to the Indians as costly to the Government. The effect of being well fed without the necessity or incentive for any physical exertion on their part, for the past seven years, is apparent in the condition of a large portion of the Sioux nation in a marked increase of dyspepsia and other diseases of the digestive organs, and decrease of physical energy.

The efforts of agents to induce the Indians of the wild tribes to engage in pursuits of industry have not, as a rule, been successful, partially from the hereditary prejudice against labor as unmanly and degrading, and in part from the fact that the soil in the country they occupy cannot be cultivated to any profitable extent except with irrigation. The requirements of labor on the part of these tribes, without the provision of facilities other than are now furnished, will continue, necessarily, barren of results. The Government is therefore remitted to the alternative of continuing to feed and clothe these people until, from disease and enervation, they shall become extinct, or of providing for them the means of remunerative labor.

The latter may be secured in their present locations by authorizing irrigating works on a large scale, which may be constructed by

Indian labor as a remuneration for subsistence furnished; or the Indians may be required to engage in the raising and care of cattle and sheep, for which their country is well adapted, and for which their previous habits present a less insurmountable obstacle; or, by the two plans combined. In any event, a vigorous enforcement of whatever policy may be determined on, with an increased present expenditure by the Government to provide the necessary means, will be requisite to any successful experiment.

The necessity for prompt and energetic action to accomplish the object sought is so pressing that any reasonable expenditure and any proper measures for enforcing habits of industry on the part of the wild Indians, promising success, are justifiable. The accomplishment of this purpose will relieve the difficulty of greatest magnitude remaining in the solution of the Indian problem.

Consultation with very many who have had large experience in the management of Indians leads to the belief that any policy in this regard determined on by the Government may be enforced without the necessity of resort to military interference.

After speaking of the value of the co-operation of the religious bodies in the civilization of the Indians, the Commissioners go on to speak of various details, such as the gradual disappearance of the tribes in the far Northwest, the condition of the Modocs, and so forth. They recommend a law to authorize the Indians to sell the timber on their reservations. In regard to the Indian Territory, the Commissioners speak of the recent conference with representatives of the Five Nations, who, after a full discussion, "adhered to the previous action of their respective national councils, declining to take the initiative or to participate in any movement leading to a change in their national condition or relations with the United States." The Commissioners, nevertheless, recommend that a territorial government, not inconsistent with existing treaties, be established by the United States, the Governor to be appointed by the President and the legislative body to be elected by the people of the territory. They also recommend the establishment of United States courts within said territory, and the recognition of the right of the people to be represented in Congress by a delegate to be elected by them.

The report is signed by Clinton B. Fisk, St. Louis, Chairman; H. H. Sibley, St. Paul, Minn.; E. A. Hoyt, New York; N. J. Turney, Circleville, Ohio; John D. Lang, Vassalborough, Maine; B. R. Roberts, Sandy Spring, Md.; Chas. G. Hammond, Chicago, Ill.; William Stickney, Washington; F. Smith, Washington, Secretary.

Selected.

TROUBLE.

Trouble, dear friend, I know her not. God sent
His angel Sorrow, on my heart to lay
Her hand in benediction, and to say,
Restore, O child, that which the Father lent
(For He doth now recall it) long ago.
His blessed angel Sorrow, she has walked
For years beside me, and we two have talked
As chosen friends together. Thus I know
Trouble and sorrow are not near of kin.
Trouble distrusteth God, and even wears
Upon her brow the seal of many cares;
But sorrow oft has deepest peace within,
She sits with Patience in perpetual calm,
Waiting till Heaven shall send her healing balm.

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

Father! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

Thou comest not, Thou goest not;
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbeginning light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light;
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight. *Faber*

You seem to consider a lively religio
faith as connected with constitution. I l
lieve the vividness of ideas which have th
foundation in the reason depends very mu
on the moral will. The faith of the ima
nation we cannot command, but that of t
reason and conscience is in our power. T
first I value not at all. The last seems to
the one thing needful, the pearl of gre
price. To *realize* our connection with t
Supreme Being seems to me the great sec
and spring of moral energy, moral victo
and unlimited progress in whatever ennob
our nature. It is for these influences that
value religion. The joys which the fana
boasts of finding in piety, which have lit
or no connection with moral improvement,
hold cheap indeed. But religion, such as

rn it in the words and works of God, is a y different influence. I know nothing to e unfailing moral energy to the mind but iving faith in a Being of infinite perfection, l who is always with us to aid, strengthen, ard, reprove, chasten and guide to im- rtality. I can set no bounds to the force hope, resolution, love and effort which h a principle can communicate; nor uld I for the world lose the aid which the ristian religion gives in sustaining and engthening this principle.—*Dr. Channing's ers to Lucy Aiken.*

PROGRESS OF A BAD HABIT.

In a very witty little volume published ne years ago the degrees of drunkenness re defined to be five: First, fresh; second, phatic; third, glorious; fourth, uproari- ; lastly, insensible. This classification s evidently the work of a writer who con- ered intoxication as rather a subject for nor than for reproof.

A French physician, in a recent number of medical journal, offers a more serious, and, rue, a more alarming theory of the de- es of drunkenness. The common opinion nits that excessive drinking will produce nia-a-potu, delirium tremens, and stupor, only recognizes these effects in extreme es. But the Frenchman holds that in all es of intoxication the effect of liquor is to duce in some degree the three stages— nia, delirium tremens, and stupor. The ery sparkle at the beginning is the be- ning of *mania;* the nervous trembling is forerunner of delirium *tremens;* the dis- tion to be silent and moody, or to sleep, ncipient *stupor.* And the doctor declares ; all these conditions are the distinct cts of *poison.* The very word intoxicate es from the Latin *toxicum,* which means on; and never did word better represent meaning.

ince in every fit of prolonged drinking, or ess, all the three changes, mania, trem- g mania, and stupor, are more or less ibited, it is evident that as the poison, if isted in, has a cumulative power, the sient ill effects of the poison becomes nanent. It is not necessary to repeat t every one who reads is more or less iliar with—the effects of excess upon the an organs.

he French surgeons have been trying ex- ments upon dogs with brandy and with sinthe," a fashionable French and Eng- "tipple." These experiments seem even e cruel than "vivisection," since cutting live dog puts an end more or less sudden is sufferings. The results of the experi- ts are as follows:

Upon the administration of brandy to a dog, the animal at first evinces some excitement, which gradually increases and ends in stupefaction and a comatose sleep, accompanied by a fall in the temperature of the body insensibility and paralysis of the hind legs. This state is transitory; but if the experiment be indefinitely repeated, a peculiar nervous sensitiveness may be remarked at the end of a fortnight. The subject pricks up its ears, watches, then starts at the slighest noise, shows fear and experiences illusions and hallucinations which assume the form of a regular delirium within the space of a month, with fits of trembling. If the brandy be suppressed, death ensues, accompanied by indifference and stupefaction. How awfully like the human experience; except that the liquor is forced upon the dog, while it requires force to keep the intemperate man from it. As there are indications that, with other foreign follies, the use of *absinthe* may be stealing into the United States, the experience of the unlucky dogs with this "cordial" may not be out of place. The experiments go far to refute the opinion of those who consider absinthe to be inert except in so far as it is alcoholic. Given in a weak dose to a dog, a shivering is observed to take place, with muscular twitches and jerks in the neck, and rapid but limited motions of the head, shoulders and back. Administered in heavy doses, convulsive fits are the consequence, but differing materially from paraplegia, or delirium tremens. Hallucinations, moreover, appear at the very first experiments, instead of being nearly the last stage, as in the case of mere brandy. In plain English, "absinthe" would be called "wormwood bitters." The scientific production of this intoxicant would seem to demonstrate that there is even a lower depth than the world had already known in the misery of drunkenness.—*Public Ledger.*

PECTINATELLA MAGNIFICA.

Prof. Leidy exhibited a living specimen of the fresh-water ciliated polyp, formerly described by him under the name of *Pectinatella magnifica.* It was obtained by him this morning from the mill-pond at Kirkwood, N. J., on the Camden and Atlantic R. R. The specimen, about four inches square and three inches thick, is a fragment of a large colony, which enveloped the submerged trunk of a tree. The entire colony was estimated to be about six feet long, and from six to twelve inches in diameter, including that of the tree trunk, which was about four inches. Several branches of the tree were also invested with extensions of the colony from six inches to a foot in length. *Pectinatella* is by far the

largest of all the known fresh-water ciliated polyps, and, indeed, is not surpassed by any of the marine forms known to us. It has not been determined whether the huge *Pectinatella* colonies start each from a single individual, or are the result of the confluence of a number of small colonies. On the approach of winter the colonies die and undergo decomposition, in which process the remarkable winter eggs or statoblasts are liberated. These are provided with anchor-like spines, by which, as in the case of the eggs of skates and sharks, they become attached to various fixed bodies.—*Proc. of Acad. Nat. Sci. of Phila.*

NEVER DESPAIR.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.—*Von Knebel.*

WHEN in conversation you claim no kind of pre-eminence, but instead of pretending to teach, are willing to learn; instead of courting applause are ready to confer it; instead of proudly directing, are content quietly to follow the current of discourse; everybody will be delighted with your deportment, will listen with attention, and even with deference, to one who has thus learned that the noblest improvement of superior knowledge is superior humility.

NOTICES.

THE Central Employment Association furnishes sewing to deserving poor women and distributes the clothing made by them among those most in need of it. The number of persons applying for assistance, many of them in the utmost distress, has been unusually large, and the funds of the Society are exhausted. It appeals to the benevolent for aid, contributions in money, dry goods, groceries or shoes, will be thankfully received, by

E. F. WILLIAMS, President, 617 Franklin Street,
M. S. CONARD, Treasurer, 821 Marshall Street,
L. T. HALLOWELL, Secretary, 2014 Ogden Street,
C. J. LETCHWORTH, 534 N. Fourth Street.

The Friends' Social Lyceum, of Philadelphia, will meet in the Library Room at Race St., on the 1st and 3d Fifth-days of each month, and at Girard Avenue Meeting-house on the 2d and 4th Fifth-day evenings, at 8 o'clock precisely. All are invited to attend.

ITEMS.

THE Compulsory Education act of New Yor which compels the attendance at some school of a children between eight and fourteen years of ag passed last May, went into operation on the 1st ins

THE report of the Reservoir Commission of Mass chusetts shows that no less than twenty-seven u safe reservoirs and dams exist in the State, and th the loss by the breaking away of these structur last year foots up $1,250,000 in Hampshire count and $48,000 in Hampden. The Boston and Alba Railroad lost $100,000 and the New Haven a Northampton, $5,000.

PRINCE BISMARCK has submitted to the Germa Federal Council an ordinance prohibiting the impo tation into Germany of American potatoes, as measure of precaution against the introduction the Colorado beetle and the spread of the pota disease

INSPECTION OF FOOD.—In the report of the inspe tors of food for the city of London, recently prese ted to the corporation, it is stated that, in the ye preceding, there had been condemned nearly 80 to of meat; more than 1,000,000 fish weighing 400 ton 4,000 pounds of eels, and about 2,000 bushels shrimps, sprats, oysters, periwinkles, whelks, musse and cockles. Fruit appears to be as objectionab as fish, for, to say nothing about cocoa-nuts a other delicacies seized in the streets, they were co demned in bonded warehouses, 30 hogsheads, 8 boxes, 600 barrels, 40 bags and 69 cart-loads figs; and, in the same warehouses, boxes and barre of currants underwent the same fate. It is matter f satisfactory reflection, in respect to the public healt that legal inspection prevented this vast mass disease-breeding filth from being offered for sal and that the figs not sold in the streets were al prevented from being converted by dishonest expe into jam or some other "delicacy for invalids —*Del. Co. Republican.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN TELEGRAPHY.—The tendency improvements in telegraphy, as shown by the cu rent business of the Patent Office, is towards chea ness and rapidity of transmitting messages. At recent trial of an instrument which quadruples t capacity of each wire, 302 business messages, av raging ten words each, were transmitted in nine minutes over a single wire, four operators worki at each end thereof. The old instruments sent fr sixty to eighty words per minute. Telegraphy largely used for the protection of railroad trai and has lately been applied to a system of "blo signalling," whereby a train raises and lowers si nals both in front and behind it. These signals a placed one mile apart, as a warning to the enginee of other trains that they must not enter the secti of road on which another is travelling until the fi one has passed into another section.—*Public Ledg*

A RECENT author, treating of physiology for pra tical use, suggests a method for avoiding both impu air and a dangerous draught. A piece of woo three inches high and exactly as long as the bread of the window, is to be prepared. When ventilati is required raise the sash, put the strip of wood the sill and draw the sash down closely upon If the window is well fitted there will be no draug at the lower part of the sash, but between the upp bar and the lower bar of the other sash there w be an opening through which a perpendicular c rent of air may enter or pass out of the room, not be felt as a draught such as would be created simply raising or lowering the sash.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

OL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 6, 1875. No. 50.

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is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at beginning of the volume.*

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ME REFLECTIONS IN RELATION TO PEACE AND WAR.

(Concluded from page 771.)

SANDY SPRINGS, MD., 8 mo. 1871.

sses S Grant, President of the United States:

DEAR FRIEND,—The present is a remarke period in the world's history. Events the highest significance, in some of which u hast been a prominent actor, succeed h other with unprecedented rapidity. This id succession demands coincident and unitted vigilance, lest the opportunity to part that wise direction to these events of ich they are capable, and which the best erests of humanity require, shall be perted to pass unimproved. And every inidual, however humble and limited his ere of action, must be faithful in the pernance of whatever part may be required im in the great work which is manifestly progress, in order that all may proceed that healthful and harmonious regularity ch is beneficial to our people and our .

he successful termination of the convenin Washington City, which thou wast rumental in procuring, by which a mode djusting the pending questions of differ- between the United States and Great ain was amicably agreed upon, by the eaty of Washington," to the satisfaction the governments and peoples of both countries, thus giving the joyous promise of peace and fraternity where the horrors of war were so imminent, has imparted to the friends of humanity additional ground to hope that the same wise, peaceful and Christian mode by which this happy issue was consummated, may be adopted to settle *all difficulties* and *differences* that may, in future, arise between nations.

In view of the existing political condition of Europe, the present time appears eminently propitious for a favorable consideration of such a measure.

In contemplating this momentous subject with deep and reverential feeling, confidently believing that the "Unseen Hand," whose workings have been so marvelously witnessed in the removal of slavery from our beloved country, is now outstretched to lead on to the greater and more wide-spread blessing of permanent peace between the nations, to the saving of a vast number of lives, and amount of misery and treasure which cannot be computed, the undersigned *believes it to be his duty* thus *respectfully* and *privately* to *suggest to thee* the propriety of thy bringing the subject before the Congress of the United States at its next session, either in thy annual message, or in a special communication to that body, in such form as thou mayst think most likely to effect the desirable object, recommending that measures be taken to make a proposition, in suitable terms, by this government to the

governments of other nations, to unite in adopting some measure by which all national difficulties and differences may be peacefully and amicably settled, so that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

If thy mind has already been turned to this subject, with a view to taking action thereon in the direction already indicated, as is most probably the case, then it is earnestly desired that thou mayst be encouraged to proceed in the good work, which, from the great benefit its accomplishment would be to His children, cannot fail to receive the blessing and favor of the good and merciful Father.

With the greatest sincerity, the undersigned feels at liberty to add, that he believes there is no one with whom the inauguration of this important measure could, with as much propriety, originate as thyself: regarded by the people as amongst the greatest of generals the world has ever produced, and at the head of what is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful, prosperous and enlightened nations of the earth, *and yet*, whose continued effort has been, and is, for an amicable settlement of all disputes and difficulties; who recognizes the "golden rule" of measuring our duty to others by what we would desire them to do to us, *as being equally obligatory among nations, whether strong or weak, as among individuals;* and whose *pleading entreaty to all people on all occasions is*, LET US HAVE PEACE.

Very respectfully, thy sincere friend,

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Memorandum to accompany the preceding letter, and to be read to the President.—A great difficulty exists, in devising a *working plan*, by which such a measure as is suggested in the foregoing letter, should it happily be adopted, can be consistently carried out; that is, in devising a mode of proceeding by which the terms that may be agreed upon by a convention or congress of the representatives of the different nations, and adopted by their governments, *shall be enforced or maintained*, without any looking to compulsory or warlike measures, should a party to the peaceful arrangement fail to comply with its provisions or requisitions.

There is, however, good reason to believe that *there is a way*, and a *right way*, to attain *every right object;* and, with the guidance of that "Wisdom which is from above," and which will surely not be withheld from the sincere actors in such a heaven-inspired movement, a *means can certainly be devised* to secure peacefully all that will promote the best welfare of nations and of mankind.

One element of action has been suggested to my mind as being calculated to contribute to this important end: That is, *i regulating the commercial intercourse betwee different countries.* Should peaceful relation be secured between *all civilized nations, a immense* amount of annual expenditure fo the army and navy would *become unnecessar* and thus be *saved*, to be employed in advanc ing the national prosperity, and the interest of peace and enlightened civilization.

Such nations, therefore, as *may fail* to com into the peaceful measures agreed upon b several governments, and any one of thes that might subsequently violate the promise support in the maintenance of them, woul be the *cause* of making it necessary for thos governments which are disposed to preserv peaceful relations with all peoples, to maintai a military and naval power, and *hence the* would be the *cause* of *imposing these war e penditures* upon these governments.

A discrimination, therefore, could ver properly and justly be made in establishin commercial relations between the differen governments, by which the means of payin these war expenditures should be drawn, i whole or in important part, from those gov ernments which render them necessary—th anti-peaceful ones, by laying heavy dutie upon their exports, and high rates for a postal and telegraphic communications, whil between the peaceful nations the fullest fre dom of intercourse and of trade might safel be permitted to exist, such as is now happil in operation among the different States our Union, and the privilege always to b secured to any anti-peaceful State to becom a member of the peaceful fraternity of goverr ments, and partake of all its benefits an immunities.

It may be queried how, under such arrang ment, would the expenses of the national go ernment be paid? To this it is answered In the same manner that those of the Stat of the Union now are. *All the vast expens of the national government are* NOW *paid by ou people.* In the proposed peaceful arrang ment, as the army and navy expenditure including those for fortifications, their mai tenance, etc., which, together, constitute very heavy item in the annual expense would immediately be greatly diminishe and, we trust, in time be removed entirely, s that the amount to be raised annually woul be far less than now. There would also be large diminution in the Custom House e penses. Therefore there would be *much le* national expense than at present, and, course, *less money to be paid by the people direct or in indirect taxes.* The only difficul would be in the *mode of assessment;* and t

wisdom of the national legislature, with such important consequences pending, can certainly make that equitable, just and satisfactory to the mass of the people.

Should any species of manufacture be of sufficient national importance to render it a proper object of government encouragement, in order to bring it up to the full condition of perfection and usefulness of which it is capable, and to become self sustaining, such aid could be furnished by government as now, the aid to terminate when the manufacture shall become self-sustaining, or its relative national importance ceases.

In a civil community, where an unruly person, or a body of lawless people, act in such manner as flagrantly to violate the peace, safety and rights of those around them, such person or people *must be* secured or confined, as a *protective measure*, even though lives are lost on one side or the other, or on both, in obtaining this result. *This must be done* in order to prevent a continuance or spread of the evil, to stay further lawlessness and aggression, and the probable loss of a far greater number of lives, including those of innocent women and children, than would be sacrificed in checking it, as well as to maintain that good order which the *security, happiness and healthy condition of society imperatively demand.*

It is vain to look, on such occasions, to a *special* interposition of Providence for protection, or the removal of the scourge. Deity acts, in human affairs, *only* through instrumental means; and He has already furnished mankind with the means of self-preservation and protection from outward aggression, in the physical power, with which, in His wisdom and goodness, He has endowed them; in the reason He has bestowed to direct these, and to discover and use all His material laws, to protect from wild beasts and from men whose passions have dethroned their reason and made them more dangerous than wild beasts; and also, in the moral power, or spiritual influence, to restrain from *every wrong* action, and *preserve all in harmony* with the eternal principles of *right, justice and love.*

But *all efforts* to secure permanent peaceful relations in communities should be continually and wisely made by increasing *virtue* and *intelligence* among the people; and every renewed opportunity, such as at present exists, to advance the righteous cause of peace among nations should be promptly embraced, in order that the welfare of humanity may be secured, and the noble aspiration, "*Let us have peace,*" be fulfilled.

Ninth month 13*th*, 1871.

FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend.

EXTRACT.

"Touched by the wand of law, the dross of facts become gold, the meanest being raised thereby to brotherhood with the highest. Thus the smoke of an Irish cabin lifts our speculations to the heavenly dome. We look through the cloudless air at the darkness of infinite space, and are met by the azure of the firmament; we look through a long reach of the same atmosphere at the bright sun or moon, and see them orange or red. We look through the peat-smoke at a black rock, or at the dark branches of a yew, and see the smoke blue; we look through the same smoke at a cloud, illuminated to whiteness by the sun, and find the smoke red. The self-same column of smoke may be projected against a bright and a dark portion of the same cloud and thus made to appear blue and red at the same time. The blue belongs to the light *reflected* from the smoke; the red to the light *transmitted* through it. In like manner, the hues of the atmosphere are not due to coloring matter, but to the fact of its being a turbid medium. Through this we look at the blackness of illumined space and see the blue; at the western heaven at sunset, and meet that light which steeps the clouds of evening in orange and crimson dyes."—*Tyndall at Killarney.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"*Secret things belong unto God, but those things which are revealed to us, belong unto us and our children forever.*"

The future is, no doubt, wisely hidden so that we may appreciate and enjoy the present, and that the pleasure of improving and the hope of achieving may be so poised as to inspire a confiding trust in the Supreme controller of events, leaving all in His hands, both in regard to time and eternity.

If our aim be to accomplish the mission assigned us, the surges of outward circumstances will not have power to move the soul from its moorings, its anchorage being in God.

Our motto will be to work in the "daytime," and we will be ready to serve in any capacity intimated by the "still small voice," whether it be to act, to watch or to wait. All will be in harmony with the dove-like spirit which descended upon the blessed Jesus, and remained with Him through His earthly pilgrimage. *He* went about doing good. No power that He possessed was permitted to lie dormant, but was brought into action and controlled by the wisdom and power of God. He set an example for us to follow. The same Spirit now calls in the gentle tones of love upon you, young men, even in the hours devoted to worldly pleasures, saying, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Become obedient, and, by the gift of grace, you will receive power to draw your fellow-men from the haunts of vice and the slough of intemperance; breaking the chains of brass and bars of iron which have fettered them to sensual gratifications. Through the Divine agency of this "unspeakable gift," they will be exalted from their degraded condition into the glorious liberty of the "sons of God." Those whom the Truth makes free, are free indeed.

The young women I entreat also, to lend their aid in the great work, by taking a firm stand in discouraging dissipation in its varied forms. It was said to some of old, "Ye are drunken, but not with wine."

As an indulgence in extravagancies and luxuries has a tendency to weaken our aspirations for the more noble aims of life, and reduce them to the thought of "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" the real duties for which an existence was given are in danger of being lost sight of. We "cannot serve two masters." If our allegiance is given to the great and good Being, His favors will be as balm to the spirit, and His smile of approval as the descendings of gentle dews upon the tender plant and opening flower.

Oh! ye daughters of music, spend not your precious time in creating sweet sounds that float upon the air and leave a void, but rather listen to the choir of innumerable instruments attuned to the praise of Him who made them, and whose gentle touch brings out vibrations no art can equal! The pleasant breeze, the murmuring wave, the branches of the lofty pine as they are moved by atmospheric action, and interlocked with the elm or oak that add their symphony, form a harmonious anthem. Then the voice of thunder, the tornado and roaring cataract, constitute a sublimity and grandeur which strike the mind with an awe and reverence of Him who appoints to these their times and seasons. May man not only see, but own His power, and by doing His bidding, share His blessing.

First month, 1875. SARAH HUNT.

EVERY MAN, or almost every man, has within him a principle of right and truth far above his own practice, and that of his fellow-men. But few of us make this better self the law of our lives. He who will not allow his mind to be lowered to the standard of those around him, who retains his sense of right and wrong unimpaired amid all temptations; who asks himself, not what men will say of him, but what is the will of God, in all his actions, he may be truly said to bear in his life and character the Divine image for our example.—*Professor Jowett.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS."

Accuracy in Scripture quotations having lately been twice commented upon in the *Intelligencer*, see pages 616 and 741, and a caution somewhat similar being contained in the New York Yearly Meeting book of Discipline, I felt a concern to offer a few remarks on the same subject. The advice, the care and the caution given may be needful and profitable in some cases; but I have apprehended that they might be harmful in others, being as a stumbling block in the way of some who strive to walk by the inward light. And if in what I have to say, I can steer between these two rocks, allowing those admonitions to do what good they may, and, at the same time, protect the tender plant of truth from harm, I shall consider myself fortunate.

Believing that the seed of Divine life is implanted in every human soul, and that the first tender blade should have nothing to check its upward growth; and also, that when the Babe Immortal is born within us, we should not unnecessarily shackle or bind it down, but give it liberty that it may grow in grace and in truth, I have feared that some, in heeding this caution, might smother the arisings of the spirit of life, and thereby suffer loss. I have feared those teachings might turn our attention too much to the letter, tending to a dead formalism. And if the inquiring mind ask for right direction, even as Peter, when he asked his Divine Master, "to whom shall we go?" let us not refer him to the Bible, nor to the letter, but to Christ within, for He only "hath the words of eternal life."

I do not wish to underrate the Bible, I hold it in great esteem. I reverence the truths contained in it. I thank God for the precious gift. I commend it and its teachings to all. The language is beautiful and full of meaning, and I regret to have its beauty marred. But what are written or spoken words? They have no life. What is the Bible? It testifies of *Him*. He is the way, the truth and the life. And He complained that the people "would not come to Him that they might have life." Should we not then be careful not to lay too much stress upon the observance of the letter? Friends have always maintained that truth is truth wherever found; that it comes from God, the source of all truth. The truth that is in the Bible came from Him, and that fountain is still open and inexhaustible. In accordance with this doctrine, our Society, and some others have held that it was not necessary that a person should be educated at Oxford, or any other college, in order to be a minister of the Gospel of Christ, but rather that he should

be qualified by the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Christ chose some very illiterate and uneducated men among His disciples to preach the kingdom of God; and the apostle Paul, learned as he was, declared that his "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

There have been interesting cases in our Society of uneducated ministers, even such as could not read or write, who have been acknowledged as powerful instruments in the Lord's hand for spreading the glad tidings of the Gospel of peace. To elucidate my view, I will mention one instance in which the person was known to many of us. A few years since, in the Women's Yearly Meeting of New York, one after another excused herself from acting upon the Committee for drafting epistles, when Katie Ballou rose and said she was willing to dictate the matter, if some one else would write for her—and she did so, to good satisfaction.

In the company of that excellent and eminent man, George Hatton, of Indiana, I remember his saying that, after some meeting where he had spoken, a person came to him and said, "I think you made use of a word that is not to be found in the dictionary." At first he did not know how to answer him, but directly he told him, "seeing other folks had made so many words, he thought he might be excused for making just one." Do we suppose it was his concern to speak the English language correctly? Nay; he only wanted to be understood. His concern was only for the interests of the immortal soul: that man should come to know his God and make his peace with Him.

Let us not stickle for words; they have no life; they are not the reality; they are but the clothing of our thoughts, of our ideas. As we read that "the life is more than meat, and the body, than raiment," so what we want is to get at the substance of things. He to whom is revealed the glory of the *infinite* and the *eternal*, will cast his mantle aside and reach forth his arms to that risen Saviour, whose countenance beams with ineffable love, and who is surrounded by the light of immortality.

In silent waiting, as is our custom in religious meetings, some person may have a Scripture expression, or the sense thereof unexpectedly brought to his mind; and he may feel satisfied that his Master is ready to bless it as food for the multitude. Shall he hesitate to deliver his message for fear, arising from the caution under consideration? If he hear the language from the Shepherd of souls, "feed my sheep," or "feed my lambs," shall he withhold his hand, and say, with Peter, when commanded to "rise, slay and eat," not so Lord? Surely we would not restrain him, but rather say, God, the Allwise, who readeth the thoughts and intents of the heart, knoweth best. Hear thou Him. Fear not then, my honest but questioning friend, as to the precise Scriptural language; but if thou have a living truth given thee to tell, tell it; and trust the Bible to bear the out in thy saying. If thou seest a soul to be saved, and thy heart yearns to help; then, as thou dost hope for mercy thyself, withhold not thy hand from thy brother's need.

Let all who seek spiritual good and everlasting gain, seek them not in those outward things which perish: let us not seek the living among the dead. Inasmuch as He is risen, let us look beyond the things of time for a better hope. And when we worship, let us not tarry in the outer court, but purify ourselves and seek admittance into the inner temple, where true prayer shall ever be heard.

E. D. W.

First month 26th, 1875.

SECTARIANISM.

Sectarianism is the working of sects to an extreme. Sectarianism is an abuse of the proper purpose of a sect; a perversion of the true spirit that should animate it. Sectarianism, therefore, is marked by distinct characteristics. You will find sectarianism always busy crystallizing its convictions. It formulates its ideas, and sets them forth in articles and creeds. The truth thus presented is no longer a living force, a flowing stream, a quickening power; it has become a dry, classified statement, like the catalogue of a library or the herbarium of the botanist. The statement thus made is to be accepted as an authoritative and complete expression of divine truth. Sectarianism, again, is distinguished by its claim of perfected thought. No further advance can be made, no higher reach attained, no more comprehensive grasp secured—thus says sectarianism. But the real statements of a living sect would be made, as one has humorously said, like the check given to the railway passenger; "good for this day only." Each day must bring forth its new issue of truth. Each grasp should lead to a larger, each reach to a loftier, each advance be but a stage insuring other and further progress.

Sectarianism is also distinguished by its perpetually limiting truth to itself. It confines the truth within one denomination, one class of sects, or one religion, Christian or other. For sectarianism may be predicated of a religion as well as of the sects into which it is subdivided. Beyond the sects, outside the religious system, it sees only error. It

claims the possession of all truth within its own body. The more rigid that claim may be the stronger the tendency, you will find, in that body to profitless disputation over empty words and names. No sect or system has any right to say of its opinion, "This is the truth," but only to say, "It is so much of the truth as I can see and show," as no body of men under heaven is justified in the claim of being *the* church, but can only affirm itself *a* church—a fragment or section of the whole. Each and all sects, each and all religions that God has given man, or caused to be evolved or developed out of men's conceptions, are necessary to a full and harmonious utterance of the Divine thought.—*Frederic Hinckley.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I feel sympathy with the editors of *Friends' Intelligencer,* as they receive many articles for insertion which, in their judgment, they must lay aside, although it is no doubt trying to their feelings not to gratify the writers. But many of their friends desire their encouragement to keep closely to the advocacy of the principles of Friends.

Can we not say that Friends have always believed that Jesus Christ came into the world to bear witness to the Truth, as He Himself testified, and that He spake the words that were given Him of His Father? And He again and again bore testimony to the immortality of the soul, and of future reward to the righteous, and punishment to the sinner. The presence of God is joy unspeakable to the righteous, but to the sinner it brings condemnation of conscience, as it did with Adam after he had transgressed; "and the Lord called unto Adam, and said unto him, where art thou? And he said, I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself."

And many have borne the same testimony, that when they have transgressed, the presence of Him who is pure and holy has brought fear and remorse to their souls. Then let us be warned against disobedience to Him, and in all things do His will as He reveals it to us in the secret of our souls, for He is all love, power, wisdom and mercy. When I read articles on "Eternal Punishment," the language has arisen, "Be still, and know that I am God," and "beside Me there is no Saviour," as He testified by His servant the prophet formerly. If we are wise we shall resign ourselves wholly to Him, for we are safe in His power and wisdom, and need not speculate nor desire to search into the future by our reasoning faculties, for he will not withhold any knowledge that is best for us. Job Scott, in his preface to an article he wrote on "Future Rewards and Punishments," says:

"A degree of experience in once entertaining a favorable idea of such a sentiment (Universalism), warrants my conclusion that its tendency in serious minds is relaxation of religious engagement; . . . . . a very great abatement in the ardency of that breathing desire, that hungering and thirsting after righteousness, wherein I had often before panted after the enjoyment of Divine good, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.' Here I met with a loss, and in hopes of eternal salvation to all mankind grew lukewarm, and inwardly sitting down in a degree at ease, though outwardly in a good measure regular and exemplary, I sensibly began to wither, and decay as to the health, strength and firmness of the inward man. . . . . The Divine presence, once my greatest joy, was now very much withdrawn; things which before I clearly saw in the light to be evil, and of a benumbing tendency, of which I had a quick and feeling sense, now began to seem tolerable, and my mind began by degrees to approach towards a familiarity with them, though I had known they were forbidden fruits. . . . . This, at length, through the gracious renewal of Divine visitation, alarmed me, and, as it were, awakened me from a sleep which I can never be too thankful for, that it did not prove the sleep of endless death. . . . . And, I have no doubt, but in the mind of the unreligious it is a powerful engine of Satan, whereby he easily prompts them on to greater enormities than they otherwise would commit, too often to the detriment of others as well as themselves."

Then, let us bear in mind the wise saying of Solomon, "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." R. H.

Westbury, First month 11th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 37.

The last report from our teachers in South Carolina reminds me that I have been somewhat negligent, of latter times, in my compilations for the *Intelligencer.* Said report for the Twelfth month informs that there are 59 names enrolled, with an average attendance of 53. Those between six and sixteen years of age number 53. There are only 4 in the *Primer* class, and 28 studying the *Second Reader*; 55 are learning *Arithmetic,* 27 Geography and 9 Grammar; 33 write on slates, and 26 in copy-books.

Abby D. Monroe, in a letter written about the time the schools were opened for the present season, after referring to the prevalence of the yellow fever in Charleston, rema rked

"The people seem very poor, and money extremely scarce. Those most thrifty, who planted last year, were so almost entirely within the power of the grasping factors they hardly realized anything."

In the last letter received from her, she states: "The school four miles from here is being well taught this season, so that many of the *floating* portion of our schools have been drawn in; but, though smaller than usual, our schools are very interesting, and the attendance good.

"The holidays passed pleasantly. We had our usual entertainment on New Year's day, and the children seemed unusually pleased with their gifts. We are having a great deal of rain, and the roads are unfit for foot travellers. The season of rain has been a very protracted one—seldom as much so. We are all enjoying good health."

Anna M. Stanton writes, in reference to her position, *thus*:

"As the '*Industrial Department*' is now recognized as under the same head as the *Educational*, I will forward *my* report in the same way. During the progress of organizing all the scholars, and the requisite drilling of the new ones, there has been but little *finished* work accomplished. We have had general *repairing* and much *practice* work.

"The boys ply their fingers diligently at basket and mat-making, in which they show some skill and much energy, as well as increasing interest, from the time they come to the room until they leave it. The time never long enough; they do not tire of their work, leave it reluctantly, and are always fresh and bright in resuming it the next time. There is no hour in the day that they appear to look forward to with so much interest, and I feel it a great pleasure to instruct such willing minds.

"Through the kind contributions of some of your friends, a donation of *fifty-seven dollars* has been received, and we are daily reminded by them this winter by the comfort of a nice warm stove and other conveniences in our work-room. It is yet an unfinished room, but it is greatly improved, and enables us to work with a degree of satisfaction that we did not experience last winter."

In another letter from Anna M. Stanton, received the present month, she again comments on their eagerness and anxiety to work, but remarks "that it goes on slowly, as each child has its own peculiar branch of industry, and the short time each day devoted to it does not enable them to complete a garment very soon.

"Besides this, so much of our work is *practice* work—stitching, hemming, working button-holes, darning, cutting, quilt-piecing, etc. They sometimes even take off and mend some of their own clothing, sew on a button or work a button-hole.

"New garments made this season thus far: Pants, 1 pair; aprons, 7; dresses, 2; underwear, 5 pairs; bed mattress, 1; palmetto frames, 1; with other miscellaneous work, including quilt-piecing, carpet-cutting, etc. The work of the boys continues as before mentioned. It is a work of patience to accomplish even a little, as the progress is necessarily slow and the materials difficult to obtain. I try to teach them that a little *done well* is better than a large quantity poorly executed."

From *Cornelia Hancock* I have not received a letter recently, but learn from the other teachers she is at her post, and we all know that wherever she is *she will do her duty*. In closing this compilation, it may not be amiss to remark that *funds are always acceptable*.

J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, First month, 1875.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. *He* shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." Psa. xxiv, 3–5.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I think the proposition for an evening meeting in your city will be attended with beneficial results. It has long been a belief with me that *every effort* to do good, does good, at least to the person or persons that make the effort, and in many instances, as I believe will be the case in this, "the germ will be animated by a living principle, and there will be outward development," to the increased strength, encouragement and refreshment of all concerned in it, and to the honor and glory of the good Father.

Oh! there is an advance among Friends, and with our young people especially, that is delightful and encouraging; and I am like Moses, from the top of Pisgah, rejoiced with the view of the Promised Land to our people, although *I* am not to enter it.

The inquiry thou makes in regard to the propriety of thy regarding any piece of work done, comparing it to folding it up and putting it away as finished, is hard to answer; but I am willing to tell thee what I thought would be right when *I* felt that matters were about closing up with me, from debility and

other causes—to regard myself as being entirely in the good Father's employ, and to work at everything I had strength to begin, as long as I was able, observing the dictates of Prudence, with whom Wisdom dwells, and leave the time when I shall be released from my employment to my Heavenly Father, regarding nothing finished only for the day, and when to-morrow comes, to do what my hands find to do, with the might I have, and to the best of my ability; beginning and keeping on while I *can take one step;* and in this way I have kept along after others have thought I ought to give up, and claim the privileges of the aged. I feel confident I have had more enjoyment by so doing, and have been better able to appreciate the comforts attending the twilight of old age, and trust I have done no harm, believing that using the strength I have is the surest means within my reach of receiving more.

I think thy "check-rein" is well used when it leads to an increased care to perform present duties, and to believe that with the past and the future thou hast little to do.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 6, 1875.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.—This institution having outgrown the building which it now occupies, and which is entirely inadequate to its present wants, a Board of Trustees was organized eight years ago for the purpose of procuring a site and erecting a new building, $100,000 having been subscribed to the building fund.

In the summer of 1872, the construction of the northern wing of the proposed edifice was commenced on a lot of ground opposite Logan Square, on Race street, and it is so far advanced that the roof will soon be completed. The contracts for this will exhaust the treasury. By a clause in the deed of trust, the building can proceed no further until sufficient money is raised to cover the expenses thereby incurred.

Among the subscribers to the building fund we are glad to see the names of several well-known Friends. There are many others among us who have ample means, and we believe there are few objects more worthy their liberality.

From the Eighth Annual Report of th Trustees we subjoin some extracts, which w think will be of interest to a large proportio of our readers:

"The Society was formed for the purpose of ac quiring and diffusing knowledge of the works the Creator. Its foundation is dated March 2 1812. Prominent among the founders was a devo Friend,* who was pleased to believe that the sir fulness of men is ascribable to their ignorance, an that to increase our knowledge of God's works an impart it to them could not fail to make them be ter citizens.

"The institution is described in the preamble the act of the Legislature for its incorporation, ap proved March 24, 1817, as a society for the encou agement and cultivation of the sciences, devote entirely to the advancement of useful learning, ur der the name of 'Academy of Natural Sciences Philadelphia.'

"From the date of its foundation to the preser time the Society has held a stated meeting ever week. Its membership is not limited to any num ber, creed, or class. It embraces clergymen of di ferent sects, lawyers, physicians, merchants, artist tradesmen, mechanics, and a number of ladies; n decent person who is willing to contribute ten do lars a year towards the cultivation and spread the natural sciences is ineligible. The discussio of religious and political topics has never been pe mitted in the Society, because it was conjecture from the beginning that such discussion might b detrimental, if not fatal, to the harmony of mee ings held exclusively in the interest of scientif truth.

"Pursuant of the Academy's purposes, the fo mation of an appropriate library and cabinets natural objects was begun with the foundation the institution.

"The library now contains more than twenty-tw thousand volumes of works in every department the natural sciences, reports of geographical an geological explorations, voyages, travels, and large number of scientific periodicals and serials the several languages of Europe. It is maintaine as a library of reference, and is of such excellen as to be resorted to by students from different par of our country. It is open daily, Sundays excepte from ten o'clock A. M. till ten o'clock P. M., ar may be consulted freely by any respectable perso Its money value has been estimated at more tha two hundred thousand dollars. . . .

"Since the earliest times, the advancement civilization has followed closely every considerab increase of knowledge, and its expansion has bee in proportion to the diffusion of education amor the people. To this fact may be ascribed the encou

* Believed to be Jacob Pierce.

ement which is given to schools and institutions learning of all kinds by the enlightened states- en and philanthropists of every nation. Yet their neficent influence on the progress of civilization a progress we are all pleased to see and should cilitate—is not widely studied or very generally preciated. The value of searches for hitherto known facts, pertaining to the organic and inor- nic matter of the earth, and for the sources of the ergies of forces which rule its forms and existence not easily demonstrated even to highly intelli- nt people. Had Galvani and Volta been asked, ring the concluding decade of the past century, hat good they hoped to derive from making frogs' gs twitch by the application of different metals their nerves, or trying to discover why a peculiar nsation is felt when the point of the tongue is aced between a piece of silver and a piece of cop- r in contact with each other, they could not have swered satisfactorily, even had they known that ey were acquiring facts necessary to the founda- n of the electric telegraph, and the creation of occupation, a career for thousands of people in e future. . . . . .

"It has been well said, 'the reward of the dis verer in natural science is, in all contingencies, eat. To stand, as it were, between God and man, the laboratory, the mine, the study, anywhere, d feel that within the few by-past minutes there s stolen into his mind what has hitherto been own to God alone, to reflect further on the ny born and unborn who are to take this truth o their bosoms as a part of their sense of that mal mystery, is a privilege so high and a pleasure overwhelming as to sink into utter insignificance t only the toils of research, but all the emana- ns of jealousy and prejudice which so often attend first coming of truths before the world.'

'Votaries of abstract science are rarely success- in solitude. They find comfort, and recruit ength in a society, and derive assistance by par- ipating in or listening to the discussions of kin- d spirits, to say nothing of the advantages such owship gives in the use of its library, or labor- ry, or museum. The facilities afforded by the yal Institution to Faraday, for example, were es- tial to those investigations which led to his lliant discoveries. Newton completed his dis- ery of gravitation by hearing Picard read a paper ore the Royal Society." . . . .

To communicate to laborers in the fields of ence, elsewhere, such valuable information may come into the possession of the Society, publication of its *Journal* was commenced Fifth month, 1817, and in Third month, 41, that of the *Proceedings of the Academy Natural Sciences of Philadelphia* was begun. copy of the latter is sent to the editors of the *Intelligencer*, from which frequent extracts are made for our paper. Both these publications are esteemed of such scientific value that they are taken by two hundred kindred societies, at home and abroad, in exchange for their own publications.

Systematic instruction in natural science is given every year, without charge, by officers of the Society, to one or more young men, and monthly contributions are made towards their maintenance from a trust fund bequeathed to the Academy for the purpose by the late A. E. Jessup. At present, two young men and one young woman are beneficiaries.

The Academy encourages original investigations, seeks to acquire knowledge of the works and laws of the Creator, and strives to enlighten ignorance by teaching, by its publications, by opening its library freely for consultation, and its museum to matriculants of medical schools free, and to the public for a trifling fee.

"As a token of its sense of obligation, rather than as a return for favor, the Academy gives to every contributor of one hundred dollars to the building fund, free admission to the museum on public days, the use of the reading-room in the new edifice, the right to attend all public lectures delivered under its auspices, as well as to purchase its publications on the same terms as members, during his life.

"Every member of the Society may participate in all its proceedings, receive its publications on the terms prescribed, attend all lectures which may be delivered under its auspices, use the library and reading-room every day, enjoy all the facilities it affords for study, visit the museum daily, and freely introduce friends who may accompany them.

"Membership, free from all charge during life, is given to every contributor of two hundred and fifty dollars to the building fund, and to contributors of one thousand dollars and upwards, life membership, and, if desired, all the publications of the Society free of charge from the date of contribution during life.

"Small as such manifestations of thankfulness are, the institution has nothing more valuable to offer for the patronage it solicits."

Evening Meetings.—A meeting for worship will be held on Third-day evening of each week, at 7½ o'clock, commencing on the 3d instant, and continuing for three months. The order will be as follows:

Green Street, Girard Avenue, Race Street and Spruce Street. When there is a fifth

Third day in the month, the meeting will be held at the West Philadelphia Meeting-house.

These meetings are under the care of a joint committee appointed by the three Monthly Meetings of Philadelphia, and are organized for the special benefit of those who cannot attend the mid-week sittings. We hope that all such will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded.

DIED.

LAING.—At Newton, Sussex Co., New Jersey, on the 11th of Eighth month, 1874, Aaron G. Laing, of New York city, in the 62d year of his age. He bore a sickness of many months with great calmness and resignation, and during his life was esteemed as a just man and a kind neighbor.

PIKE.—On the 23d of Twelfth month, Mary, wife of Henry Pike, in the eighty-third year of her age; an approved minister of the Monthly Meeting, held on Spruce street, Philadelphia.

Thus another of our aged Friends has passed away—another link of the chain that binds the living present with the past, is removed—another redeemed spirit has welcomed a liberation from the bonds of mortality, and, we trust, is now enjoying the fruition of rest and peace prepared for the faithful. As one by one, our friends and our parents' friends are taken from our view, it is good for us to think upon their virtues, their acts of dedication and obedience, their upright walking, and daily steadfast endeavor to follow the dictates of the Monitor within. Earnestness of purpose, a sincerity of concern and integrity in the fulfilment of apprehended duty, were shown forth conspicuously in the life of our dear, departed friend, and, while they claim our due appreciation, her memory will be cherished with interest and affection.

STOKES.—On the 30th of Twelfth month, 1874, John Stokes, son of William and Mary Stokes, aged 22 months; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting.

From "Public Ledger"—by request.

PHŒBE THOMAS, a well known centenarian of Delaware county, in this State, died January 19th, at her home in Wilmington, Delaware, in the 105th year of her age. The date of her birth and the facts of her life are said to be thoroughly well authenticated by the records of the Friends in Delaware county. She was the daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Mendenhall, and was born in Concord township, Delaware county, July 7th, 1770—"the Seventh-day of the Seventh mo.,seventeen hundred and seventy." Her grandfather was Benjamin Mendenhall who came to this country in 1686, and one of whose daughters married John Bartram, the distinguished botanist. In early life Phœbe Mendenhall lived with her half sister, Mary, in Darby, from which place she was married in Friends' meeting, in 1792, to Gideon Thomas of Newtown, Delaware county, in which latter place she resided until 1865. She had been a widow for more than half a century when the hundreth anniversary of her birthday was celebrated. She had three children, Sarah, Robert and Ann, the latter the widow of Nathaniel Speakmen. In 1870, at the centennial celebration of her birthday, which took place at the residence of Philip Paxson, in East Bradford, Chester county, there were present nearly 200 relatives and connections of Mrs. Thomas. Representatives of four generations of the family were then living in house of Mr. Paxson, her daughter, granddaugh and great grandchildren being with her. In 18 there were fifty great-grandchildren and two gr great-grandchildren living, and Mrs. Thomas ha niece 95 years of age, another 92, one 85 and other 79 years old. The latter and a great-neph aged 83, were present at the centennial celebrati of her birthday. Mrs. Thomas lived in Media some time subsequent to 1870, and more recen with relatives in Wilmington, where she died. S said that she remembered the roar of artillery the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, a that in April, 1789, she saw George Washing passing through Darby on his way from Mount V non to take his seat as the first President of United States.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

A VOYAGE TO THE LAND OF THE PHARAOI

No. 34.

(Continued from page 780.)

We took a rainy leave of Constantinop on the evening of the 5th of Eleventh mont and saw, as we steamed out of the harbor, forest of minarets sparkling through the mi as if to honor our departure. The wi blows fiercely, and we cannot stand on t rain-drenched deck to see the light of Sta boul fade behind us, and night hides from all sight of the Sea of Marmora, and of t Hellespont, which we enter towards mornin Our first stoppage, just before break of da was at Gallipoli, the Callipolis of the ancien As we could not see the town, we quiet awaited the coming of the dawn, and o strong ship passed on steadily down t famous strait. We did not see the poi where Xerxes attached his bridge when crossed the Dardanelles for the invasion Greece, which is also memorable as the pla where the army of the mighty Macedoni passed into Asia, to devastate in turn t Persian realm. Here we are also remind of the mythical love story of Hero and L ander. To swim across the broad, rapid str was deemed an incredible feat till Lord B ron demonstrated its possibility by performi it himself. In the bright morning we ca anchor before the town of Dardanelles, at t entrance of the strait. Here the water rush past us with a fury that reminds me of t current of the upper Danube, and it seer almost impossible that sailing vessels cou be propelled against it. Indeed, we are tol that it is only when the wind is very favo able that they attempt the passage, and th when a north wind blows no ship can ente but when the wind is strong from the sout the waves feel its power, and very little cu rent is perceived.

And now we pass onward toward t Ægean, and note the army of windmills

Sigean promontory, the tiny Rabbit
nds, and sail on between the famed Tene-
of Trojan story and the supposed site of
y, on the mainland.

This rocky island was one of the first con-
sts of Persia from Greece, and it subse-
ntly passed into the hands of the Atheni-
, the Lacedemonians, the Romans, the
ek emperors and, in a later age, the Turks.
would seem to be of little value, a mere
of desolate-looking rocks, but a closer
ection might reveal spots of fertility and
sant valleys even here.

We next pass the more important island of
ylene, the Lesbos of the ancients, situated
ront of the Adramytian Gulf. It is sep-
ted from the continent by a majestic chan-
about nine miles wide, and we have a no-
view of both shores. This island has a
t fertile soil and delightful climate, and
very favorably situated for commerce.
ore the Greek revolution, it had 60,000
bitants, but Mitylene suffered so terribly
n the calamities of that period that her
ulation was reduced one-half. The olive
the vine, as well as the many delicious
ts of these lands, grow here in great abun-
ce. Our ship pauses long enough to re-
e what tribute the isle can give, and then
ass onward into the beautiful night again.
note the exceeding purity of the air, the
blue of the sea, the intense coloring of
sunset sky, and the unutterable glories of
host of heaven. The North Star is sink-
behind us, and the southern constellations
g up more and more as we sail towards
n. Pegasus is mounting to the highest
ens, and our surly arctic Bears sink cor-
ondingly. The phosphorescence of the
eneath is in harmony with the jubilant
res on high; and the mildness of the air
ts us to linger long on the upper deck,
e pleasant talk beguiles the evening
s.

ne next morning we waken in the harbor
myrna, and the "queen of the cities of
tolia" lies before. It is built on the ac-
ty of Mont Pagus, and on the summit of
hill are the ruined walls of a fortress.
city has a charming situation, and pre-
an attractive appearance from the water.
are notified that our ship will lie here till
lock in the afternoon, and that we will
opportunity to land and explore the
. We lose no time then, but engage the
ces of the first boatman who presents
elf, and are soon landed in Smyrna, a
of old renown, which contends for the
r of having given birth to Homer. But
myrna of to-day is not the Smyrna of
uity, called the "Crown of Ionia," and
Ornament of Asia." Ten times has it
been ruined, and ten times has it risen anew in splendor—a circumstance due, no doubt, to its excellent situation and charming climate. We engage the services of a guide, who conducts us into a Greek hospital for the sick and the insane. An amiable-looking ecclesiastic receives us kindly, and asks if we would like to see the insane department. The building is spacious and airy, and pretty clean, and we pass through a locked gateway into a passage, on one side of which are apartments for lunatics. Some idiotic-looking creatures were wandering about, laughing foolishly, and one, who was said to be violent, was chained in the corner of the court-yard. He shook his fetters, and started up on seeing us, and asked what country we were from. The priest told him we were from America, when he exclaimed in Greek, "May God preserve you!" One or two started forward to seize the hands of the priest, and he smiled at their affectionate greeting and did not repulse them. They were clad in the coarsest and scantiest of garments, and seemed to have no comforts except shelter and food, and it was a great contrast in almost every respect to the institutions for the shelter and cure of the insane in more favored lands. The priest apologized for the poverty of the arrangements, and said they had no support whatever from the Turkish government, having to depend entirely on the contributions of the benevolent. We declined making a tour of the sick wards, thinking we might encounter some contagious disease, but we saw evidences of much kind care bestowed on the patients, and the apartments appeared large, cool and quiet.

We next visit a school for Armenian children, and are received by three of the teachers, who speak the French language, and who seem to take pleasure in showing us their school-rooms, and the little dark-browed, black-eyed girls who brightened them. They are instructed both in the Armenian and French languages, and cheerful looks and polite, orderly behaviour were evidences that they were being rationally instructed in the principles of true civilization. One of the teachers was a French Alsatian, and she told us she hoped to go to America before long, desiring us to give her our names and addresses. Our country is the land of hope and promise to all nations, and these Alsatians, who feel as if their country was taken from them, would be a most interesting element among us if they should turn their steps thither.

We did not visit the remains of ancient Smyrna on the hill-top, satisfying ourselves with looking at them from a distance. There is no carriage road up, it is too warm to walk

and the donkeys do look so inadequate. It was here that the Christian faith took such root in the early days, that the beloved disciple of Jesus from his island of refuge could send to the faithful in Smyrna such words of commendation, encouragement and of promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." Somewhere, too, among these ruins, it is said the great Polycarp suffered martyrdom, and in a central position are the remains of an ancient mosque, supposed to have been the primitive church of Smyrna.

We wandered through many of the thoroughfares of modern Smyrna, and admired the comfortable and elegant arrangement of many of the houses in the Frank Quarter. The front doors were often open, and we could see into a broad hall with marble floor, and beyond, through ample windows of colored glass, into a garden of tropical plants and of gushing fountains. Broad divans are placed along the walls, and all looks cool, calm and luxurious. We entered a house which was undergoing repairs, and greatly admired the lofty and spacious rooms, the richly-ornamented walls, and the softly-cushioned window-seats. Great troops of camels, led by Arabs in picturesque gowns, trod softly along the stony streets, and tropical fruits—pomegranates, oranges, lemons, dates, grapes and many kinds of nuts were offered for sale on every hand. It was a matter of great regret that time was not allowed us to visit the ruins of Ephesus by rail, as we had hoped and expected to do, but the steamer is to move onward at 4 o'clock, instead of giving the day and a half, which would be about sufficient for the satisfactory exploration of these two famous places.

At the hour appointed, the steamer starts again, and we pass out of the beautiful spacious gulf and turn our course southward. Night comes, and we are told that the island of Scio will be reached about midnight, and that we should move on before daylight, and so lose all sight of this interesting Greek isle, the ancient Chios, the paradise of the Levant.

The next morning finds us just entering the numerous group of islands which lie at the eastern entrance of the Ægean—the Sporades. We pass between the rock of Patmos, forever memorable to all Christans as the spot where the aged apostle John had his sublime visions of great things to be, and of the final triumph of the kingdom of righteousness over all the powers of darkness. And so we gazed long, this fair, bright Sabbath morning, on the bold mountain isle, where was heard the great Voice, "like the sound of many waters," which spake such thrilling words of warning and of judgment to those that professed the Christian faith in that early day. It solid irregular mass of rock, 28 miles in cuit, bleak aud very barren, and, so far a can see, entirely without trees. On its h est summit, called St. Elijah, we can s great convent, like a fortress in aspect, w is said to have been founded by Alexis C nenes. We read that the supposed abod St. John is a grotto, belonging to the r astery. It is protected by a chapel, w numerous lamps are perpetually kept b ing, and on whose walls are rudely depi the various subjects of the Apocalypse, the monks who guard the grotto point ou visitors the fissures in the roof as those thro which the apostle heard "the voice f heaven, like the sound of many waters."

On the other hand lies the rich and bea ful Samos, celebrated in Greek fable as birth-place of Juno, and still retaining tr of the celebrated Temple of Samian Jun its southern promontory, Cape Colonna. not this a venerable isle—the birth-plac Pythagoras; of Choerilus the poet; of Co the mathamatician; of Timanthes the pain and the place of refuge from persecutio Herodotus the Father of History? It also a place of refuge for the persec Christians of Asia in later times, the pe being distinguished for their bravery and dependent spirit.

At eventide, we pass out into the b sea, now calm as a lake, and deeply, dar beautifully blue. As the evening de into night the troubled waters behind gleam with a fitful phosphorescence; the is soft and mild, and so very pure and c that we hardly recognize our constant fel travellers, the stars, in their unwonted gl

The next day we have no islands as l marks, but dash right on with favoring wi

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

. . . . . .

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath trie
And danced exultant o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening pla
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless wa

S. I

Eleventh month, 14*th*, 1874.

CONTENT is the tranquillity of the he prayer is its aliment. It is satisfied der every dispensation of Providence, takes thankfully its allotted portion; n inquiring whether a little more would no a little better; knowing that if God had judged, it would have been as easy for H to have given the more as the less. Th not true content which does not enjoy, as gift of Infinite Wisdom, what it has; no that true patience which does not su meekly the loss of what it had, because i

His will that it should have it longer.—*nnah More.*

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the boughs' designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O earth! with gladness overfraught,
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the blue-bird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and windflowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
Thy world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful Thy works appear!

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt,
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

FINISHING THE WORK.

BY LORD KINLOCH.

Ever in life is a work to do,
Long enduring and ne'er gone through;
Seeming to end, and begun anew.

Knowledge hath still some more to know;
Wealth had greater to which to grow;
Every race hath farther to go.

Say not, e'en at thy latest date,
Now I have nought but to rest and wait;
Something will take thee without the gate.

What if thine earthly task be o'er,
Still is another for thee in store,
Heavenward walking, and heavenly lore:

Graces to nurture, snares to shun;
Sins to get rid of, one by one;
This is a work which will ne'er be done.

AGRICULTURE IN JAPAN.

BY HON. HORACE CAPRON.
Formerly U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture.

(Continued from page 766.)

RICE.

Rice is the staple crop of Japan. In the present state of the census reports it is impossible to give the exact acreage of rice. The report of 1870 placed the number of acres at 8,000,000. Whether the area devoted to cultivation is increasing or not, it is impossible to tell.

The production has been controlled entirely in the past by the home demand. Now that the imperial edict forbidding its export has been repealed, the production will be stimulated by the world's demand.

The last "Red Book" of the Tycoon gives the total income of the Daimios, which was always paid in rice, at 6,000,000,000 pounds, or 111,000,000 bushels. This did not include the income of the Mikado's court at Kieto, for the support of which the income of the five richest provinces of the empire was set apart. Thus the rice product was able to pay a tax of from seven to eight billion pounds annually.

Ninety five per cent. of the rice of Japan is low-land rice; almost the whole of the valley land is devoted to rice growing, It is the richest soil, and is the best adapted to irrigation. The land is divided into small lots, scarcely any more than an acre in one lot, and often less than one-quarter that amount, and embanked. This is thoroughly leveled, so as to be entirely flooded. All the soil removed in leveling is put on a lesser space adjoining, which is planted in vegetables. The rice ground is thoroughly flooded several times, on different days in April, after which it is dug up with a heavy hoe. This hoe or spud is unlike any civilized implement. The blade is about sixteen inches long and four inches wide, and will weigh from six to eight pounds. The handle is five feet long. With a powerful blow it is sunk the full length of the blade into the soft soil, and with the long leverage of the handle a large amount of earth is lifted up and turned over. This process is slow, but it leaves the soil in a much better condition than can any plow. At twelve and a half cents as the whole cost of a day's labor it does not cost much more to dig up an acre of *tilled land* to this depth than it does to plow an acre with us. In May

the seed-rice, about one and a half bushels, is put upon an acre: it is first sown upon a small piece of ground. The 5th day of June is the national thanksgiving (transplanting) day, when these thickly-sown stalks are pulled up and transplanted in the rice paddy, where it is grown, the soil having been prepared by thorough flooding till it is completely saturated. After the transplanting it is again flooded, and while in this condition 800 pounds of rape-seed oil-cake, or sardine oil-cake thoroughly pulverized, and costing from eight to twelve dollars, is sown to the acre. The water is then turned off, leaving this soaked fertilizer at the root of the rice stalks. After frequent floodings during the summer, it is harvested in October. It is cut with a sickle something like a corn-knife, bound in bundles, and carried to high ground, dried, and threshed at leisure, or rather shelled by drawing the heads of a small handful through a crude hetchel.

The cleaning or winnowing is done by pouring the rice from a basket or bucket upon mats by one person, while another fans it with a large paper fan.

All this work of cutting, binding, shelling, and cleaning is done by women, who, while cutting and binding, stand bare-legged in the water ten to twelve inches deep. The rice is then put into small straw bags, about 130 pounds in each, and sent to the mills on the backs of men or horses, where it is hulled by water power, or by the primitive mortar and pestle worked by the feet. From the interior horses are used to carry the rice, 300 pounds being the average load to a horse. A good horse, with a man to lead him, will earn fifty cents a day, out of which the man is fed and the horse fed and shod.

The average yield is fifty bushels to the acre, and the average weight of lowland rice is 53⅓ pounds to the bushel, making, 2,666⅔ pounds to the acre. It requires eighty days' labor to each acre from the first flooding till the rice is marketed.

The result per acre of rice-raising can be stated as follows: Labor, $18; manure, $8; interest on $100 at 10 per cent., $10; total cost, $36; 2,666⅔ pounds of rice, at 2¾ cents, $66.66⅔; total profit, $30.66⅔.

If the above was a real profit, the farmer could make a favorable showing; but the Government tax is claimed by the farmers to be 50 per cent. of this profit, leaving only $17 to $18 per acre.

As I remarked before, ten acres is a large amount for one proprietor, and many have one acre or less. The upland rice is sown at the same time, and flooded and manured in the same manner; but the yield is far less and the profits proportionably small. The lowlands rest during the winter, but the lands are immediately dug up and fertil with rice-bran or hulls, or horse-manure, straw, or liquid manure from water clo at a cost of about $4 to the acre, and sow wheat or barley.

WHEAT

is sown in November in drills sixteen in apart, and one and a quarter bushel of to the acre. In three or four weeks a ro pease, turnips, onions, cabbage, or some o kind of vegetable, is planted between t drills, and then the wheat is regularly h and irrigated with the vegetables.

In April and May the wheat is read harvest. It has a short, but, compared to straw, heavy head. The stalk seldom gr higher than two feet, and often not more t twenty inches. The Japanese farmers h brought the art of dwarfing to perfect They claim, and truly, I believe, that the st of their wheat has been so dwarfed that matter how much manure is used it will grow longer, but that the length of the wh head is increased. Certain it is, that on t richest soils and with the heaviest yields wheat-stalks never fall down and lodge the ground, to the great injury of the c as in the United States.

The process of cutting, binding, thresh or shelling is the same as with rice. It is into the same straw-bags or holders and to market on the backs of horses. I did fully explain the earnings of these pack They are paid one cent per hundred pou for every mile, and as they carry 300 pou they earn three cents for every mile. Fif miles is about the average distance trav in a day. The earnings of a packer and horse per day is therefore forty-five ce The horse's shoes are an important ite his expenses. These shoes are made of pla straw, and cost four to five cents a set. stony country like Japan these straw sl are quickly cut through. It requires sets per day. The shoes for each day more than the man's food, possibly more t the horse's. The average yield of wheat acre is 12½ bushels. It requires only th days' labor to raise an acre of wheat.

In making a statement of the cost and sults of raising an acre of wheat, it mus borne in mind that the same acre raises t other crops the same year. The statem therefore, would be as follows:

Interest on value of an acre of upl $40, at 10 per cent., $4; labor (30 d work), $3.60; manure, $4; total cost, $11 seven hundred and fifty pounds of whea $2.50, $18.75; profit on an acre, $7.15.

To this must be added the profit of the etables raised at the same time as the wh

ıd also the profits of the upland rice and ₂getables in the summer, all of which will ım up to nearly thirty dollars per acre, making ıe wheat-land fully as profitable as that which ₂ows the lowland rice. The reader will see hat an enormous production there is from ıis acre of high sandy upland, 12½ bushels ' wheat, a crop of upland rice, and two full ops of vegetables. Such a drain upon the il is unknown in the United States. Yet l this upland of which I write has been lled in this way and subjected to this enor- ous annual drain for fifteen hundred years, shown by the written history of these peo- e ; how much longer is unknown ; still it elds as much now as ever, and perhaps ore.

BARLEY

ground the same as wheat, except that the eding is heavier, and the yield is 25 bushels the acre. Barley sells for one-half the ice of wheat ; the profits are therefore about e same. Barley is fed to horses, cattle, gs and fowls, and is also boiled and eaten the lower classes. Boiled wheat is much ten by the people, and wheat is now being ported to China.

COTTON

a crop second alone in importance to rice. ₂tton clothing is as universally worn as rice universally eaten. Cotton is raised every- ıere south of the fortieth parallel of lati- de. North of the thirty sixth parallel it is ly grown by families for their own manu- ₂ture and wear. That grown so far north ıs a short, coarse staple, and is little sought ₂ in market. South of the thirty-fifth rallel the crop is good and the staple fine, ıg, and strong.

The exact acreage and amount of cotton ised in Japan is unknown. The amount oduced up to the present time has been en- ely controlled by the home demand. Here- ₂er, when the better varieties have been in- ₂duced, and they learn to grow and prepare as demanded in the markets of the world, will be an important article of export. I ould say rather that, with the enterprise d energy displayed in adopting improved ıchinery, and with their abundant and in- mparably cheap and ingenious labor, and th their boundless deposits of coal and iron the best quality, and their abundant water- wer, cotton goods ought in time to be an portant item of their exports.

The requirements of the cotton-plant in pan are, a light sandy soil and an exposure posite to that of the sea, as an exposure to- rd the sea is unfavorable. It is that kind soil that rice does not seek, and there are ıny millions of acres on which it could be ised successfully which now are not used for any agricultural purpose. The soil is thoroughly spaded or hoed up, and the surface laid out in rows a foot apart, and in the trenches is put the manure, 4 or 5 inches below the surface, which may be horse-manure, rotted straw, or liquid manure from closets ; if the latter, it is applied on the surface or mixed with rice-bran and buried in the trenches. The average cost of these fertilizers to the acre is $8 to $10. The seed is sown 4 or 5 in a place, 12 inches apart, then covered lightly with earth not over 1 inch deep. The plant appears above the ground in fifteen to twenty days, and when 3 or 4 inches high all but one are pulled out. In a few days the plants are hoed and slightly hilled. Then between the rows of cotton a trench or furrow is dug, manure of some kind is placed in it, and pease or some other kind of quickly-maturing vegetable planted ; four to six dollars' worth of manure is used for these vegetables. Early in September the cotton-plant flowers, and in October the bolls are filled and ready for picking. Women are employed for this work. The plants are short, not more than 18 inches high. The cotton is prepared by a crude gin with wooden rollers, and is then packed in bales of 100 pounds each. The average yield of an acre is 666⅔ pounds. The ruling prices for several years have been from 18 to 20 cents per pound. Seventy days' work from the first spading up to the completion of the bailing, are required to each acre, costing $8.75.

As soon as this cotton and vegetable crop is removed, one of wheat and vegetable is raised, as I have described in speaking of wheat. I cannot refrain from again calling attention to the enormous drain annually made upon this light upland soil, and that, notwithstanding this, it is more fertile now than a thousand years ago. This acre of cotton-land produces 666⅔ pounds of cotton, 12½ bushels of wheat, and two full crops of vegetables every year. Such a production is unknown elsewhere in the history of agriculture. Cannot our farmers learn from this single acre of land, which has been a mine of wealth to its tillers for a thousand years, and still gives its golden return for all the labor and for all the fertilizers so lavishly bestowed upon it, that thorough tillage of a small area of land, well fertilized, is much the more profitable? In the United States the farmer tills for the present, taking away from the soil annually its fertility in the products it yields, without any adequate return, and his sons inherit an impoverished soil in consequence of his prodigal and wasteful tillage.

(To be continued.)

THE worst infidelity is infidelity to duty.

THE simplest system of doctrines is most likely to advance the permanent glory of the gospel. Everything is admirable and sublime in proportion to its simplicity. The objects which are grandest in the works of nature are among the simplest. Of the sublime works of God, this is one of the striking characteristics. What more sublime than the starry heavens, the lofty mountains, the unfathomable ocean, whether sleeping or tempestuous? Yet no objects are more simple or offer less complication of ideas. The grandest works of man, are also the simplest. Those admirable structures whose ruins are the wonder of posterity, and those writings which are equally first in all ages, are for nothing so remarkable as for their noble simplicity. What is complicated and intricate becomes obscure and wearisome; and the only things whose beauty is ever new, and whose attraction never ceases, are those which are plain and simple. The simplicity of the gospel is seen in its *object*, and in the *manner* in which it accomplishes that object. Its object is the salvation of man—that is, his preparation for the happiness of heaven by forming in him a holy heart and character, an object simple and unambiguous, yet one of the grandest which can be conceived by the human mind.—*Ware.*

WOULD you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, of the innocency or malignity of actions, take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.

NOTICES.

THE Central Employment Association furnishes sewing to deserving poor women and distributes the clothing made by them among those most in need of it. The number of persons applying for assistance, many of them in the utmost distress, has been unusually large, and the funds of the Society are exhausted. It appeals to the benevolent for aid, contributions in money, dry goods, groceries or shoes, will be thankfully received, by

E. F. WILLIAMS, President, 617 Franklin Street,
M. S. CONARD, Treasurer, 821 Marshall Street,
L. T. HALLOWELL, Secretary, 2014 Ogden Street,
C. J. LETCHWORTH, 534 N. Fourth Street.

The Friends' Social Lyceum, of Philadelphia, will meet in the Library Room at Race St., on the 1st and 3d Fifth-days of each month, and at Girard Avenue Meeting-house on the 2d and 4th Fifth-day evenings, at 8 o'clock precisely. All are invited to attend.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

A stated meeting of the Committee of Manag ment will be held in the Library room on Four day evening, the 11th inst., at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*

ITEMS.

GREAT suffering continues to exist in the distri ravaged by the grasshoppers; the authorities both Kansas and Dakota still call for aid. Wm. Stokley, Mayor of Philadelphia, has received a c cular letter from the Executive office at Yankt Dakota, "appealing to the sympathies of the ch itable public for aid to the settlers in that State w have been rendered destitute mainly by the destru tion of the crops by grasshoppers, last season. T letter states that there is an unusual determinati to continue the struggle, and to plant again, pr vided aid can be procured to sustain life and pr cure seeds."

CHARLES SPRAGUE, the "banker-poet," died, Boston, on the 21st of last month, in his eight fourth year.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, "Canon in residence" Westminster Abbey, died in London on the 24 ult., in his fifty-sixth year.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Louisville *Courier-Jour* thus describes a curious celestial phenomenon w nessed, on the morning of First month 8th, by t citizens of South Pueblo, Colorado:

"The sun was at an angle of about thirty degre to the earth, and around it was a well-defined c cle, at an angle of sixty degrees to the earth. the circumference of this circle, and nearly in li with the sun, were two very bright sun-dogs, mock suns. Parallel to the horizon, and at the sa angle to the earth as the sun, was a large cir passing through the sun and two sun-dogs near —the sun-dogs being at the intersections of the c cumferences of the large and small circles. right angles to a line from the point of observati to the sun, were two other bright sun-dogs, on t circumference of the large circle, directly oppos each other. The centre of this large circle was t zenith of horizon, or, in other words, a point p pendicular to the plane of the earth at the point observation. At about one-third of the distance fr the centre of the large circle to the sun was a we defined inverted rainbow—defining about one-thi of a circle—the centre of which was the centre and whose arc was parallel to, the circumference the large circle. All of the colors were well-define and the whole of this remarkable phenomenon w distinctly visible for three hours. The only unusu changes in the weather previous to this appearan were that at two P. M. on January 7 a high wi began blowing from the west, and blew steadily t 3 A. M. on the morning of the 8th. At 9 P. M. January 7 the mercury stood at 45 degrees, and d not vary much from that point till 3 A. M. on t morning of the 8th, when the wind ceased and t mercury began to fall. Between 3 and 7 o'clo A. M. the mercury fell to five degrees below zer from which point it rose to zero at 10 A. M At t time of the appearances mentioned above, the were very heavy clouds in the west and northw —so heavy that they almost obscured the mou tains, while in the east and southeast were a ki of light cirrus clouds, on which the phenome were defined."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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WESTERN CHRISTIANITY.

To understand the distinctive features of the Christianity of the West, it is necessary to mingle somewhat with the people who have grown up under its influence, and to study the circumstances which have largely contributed to its development. The Christianity of the West is eminently a Christianity of feeling; there is less deference paid to doctrines, and less effort to keep up strictly denominational lines than is found in our Eastern States.

Then there is a freshness about it, and a broadening out that corresponds to the vastness of its geographical limits. This is doubtless the result of the peculiar conditions under which the earlier settlements of the country were made. In an article, on this subject, which appeared some time ago in "*The Standard of the Cross,*" it was asserted that "the church of the West is the only real child in the great brotherhood of Christ baptized and marked with the cross in its very infancy." Regarding this as a figure, it is true of the pioneer settlers who sought homes for themselves and families in the unbroken forests or on the broad prairies. These were mostly men and women of strong, earnest, religious character, and they carried into their new homes not the dogmatism of creeds and the "forms of godliness," but the unselfish charities of a living faith, deepened by the sense of mutual dependence. With few outward helps, they were left to establish a Christianity that was adapted to their necessities, and it has taken shape in conformity to the conditions of its growth.

The preaching of "the word" was a rare event in those earlier days, and the Gospel minister who went among them was always welcome. Little inquiry was made respecting the doctrinal views he entertained, or of what sect he was a member, so that he claimed to speak for Christ;—people from all directions, and many miles apart, flocked to the meetings and heard his words gladly.

With a beginning so apostolic, and with such a savor of Pentecostal times, there could not be other than the liberal and untheological development that is now witnessed all over our Western land. Its contagious impulse of fresh earnestness had no crust of icy conventionalisms to break through, neither did it have to contend with the barriers that social distinctions set up in our Eastern communities. The meeting-house, at first built of unhewn logs, rough, unsightly and uncomfortable, but illumined by the fervor of Christian sympathy that spread from heart to heart, was indeed as the "very gate of heaven" to waiting souls, and the benediction of the Father's love descended with a halo that wrought into golden beams the unshapely rafters, and covered with wings of cherubim, like the mercy-seat of old, the rude altar from which the "man of God" offered the

sweet incense of prayer for the assembled multitudes. Such occasions, more precious because so seldom enjoyed, had a cementing influence, and greatly strengthened the bonds of Christian fellowship.

There is, too, a patriarchal simplicity in the smaller towns and in country neighborhoods that has always been a peculiar feature of this Western Christianity. I am not sure that it prevails in the large business centres; these, doubtless, are subjected to the restraints that fashion imposes. I refer to the custom of taking the whole family to meeting, from the gray-haired sire to the tender infant, all are included, even the servants. Children that from their infancy share the pleasures and privileges of their parents, are not often found straying very far from the fold in riper years. In this respect we might take a lesson from our Western brethren that would be of lasting benefit to our older churches.

With such a beginning, how stands the Christianity of the West now? This is the point that deserves consideration. Judging of it as a whole, it is denominational only in name and ceremonials or church forms, but strictly catholic in the largest sense of the word in feeling and action; Christian people, without distinction of sect, move hand in hand in efforts for the lifting up of the fallen, for the succor of the needy, the advancement of truth and the uprooting of error. Never having clothed itself in the garments of dogmatic theology, it has fought bravely the battles of free inquiry in every department of knowledge. Its preachers and teachers are at this time stirring up the thought and feeling of two continents, and making themselves heard and felt in the strongholds of conservatism in the old world. To many of our own profession, who are jealous for the old landmarks, there is much in this overflow of religious feeling among our Western Friends that causes deep solicitude, while the same concern is awakened in these by the apparent want of healthy sympathetic life among us. That there is a line of demarcation both will admit. I believe it would not hurt the "wine and oil," nor lessen its quantity in us, if it more frequently overflowed its vessels and ran along like the ointment on the head of Aaron. As that holy anointing reached to the nethermost part of his garment, so, taking him as a figure or type of the Church, how beautifully is the effect of the oil of Divine consecration here portrayed; descending on the chosen vessel of the Lord, who stands up in the congregation of His people to declare the message of the Holy One, how should it flow and spread until it reach the nethermost one of the flock, blessing and comforting all!

We need something to vitalize the relig ious life of our meetings. Halting beside th graves of a noble ancestry, we forget the ir junction of the great Teacher, "Let the dea bury the dead, but follow thou Me."

The letter as truly killeth the Church a the individual. It is the living eternal Spiri that must interpret the letter. The worl outgrows and leaves among the *debris* of it forgotten ages the forms that represented al it held of life in the beginning, and the pro cess continues and will continue while th mutations of time are witnessed. The though that rules and regulates these natural pro cesses alone is unchangeable; the law tha shaped the delicate mollusk, and gave it bein out of its long buried remains, develops othe forms of animated existence as perfect i structure, as beautiful to the eye as thos which preceded it, yet totally unlike in an of the characteristics of its form or growth So should it be with the manifestations of ou spiritual life; there is deep significance i the opening declaration of the epistle to th Hebrews; let us seek for ourselves individ ually its meaning: "God, who at sundr times and in divers manners spake in tim past to the fathers by the prophets, hath i these last days spoken to us by His Son whom He hath appointed heir of all things.'

Are we leaving behind the things of th past and following this Son to whom the heir ship of all is given? It is not to the father or the prophets that the finger-board point the traveler of these latter days, but to th Son, who, clothing His followers in the armo of His own choosing, and adapted to thei *present* wants, is leading forth, conquering an to conquer—all are not doing the same kin of work. The wise Leader gives to each hi own part, and exacts its due performance the sick and the timid are sent to the rear— the watchword is onward and onward unti the end is reached, the warfare accomplished The same eternal Power is in and over all leading and directing every manifestatio that has its root in purity and love, to ulti mate good. It is only when we take the rein into our own hands that we are left to our selves and experience loss, running before th Guide to possible destruction.

The essay before referred to closes with th following paragraph, which is worthy of con sideration:

"As to the dangers of Western Christianity they are very apparent. A boy likes to drive no matter who is with him. And there is s self-assertion about the Christian movement of the West, as if their temperance method and their Territories were to monopolize th Christian world's attention and lead th church. It is apt, too, to sneer at religiou

maturity as religious coldness, and to alienate the more stable Christian life of other sections by its reproaches and appeals and forwardness. We only ask for it an understanding, that, with all its values and dangers, it may be received into the cordial sympathy of the Christian family, as one which, although young, is able to give as much as it receives of mutual benefit." "R."

First month, 1875.

For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great. Ps. xxv, 11. Your sins are forgiven you, for His name's sake. 1 John ii, 12.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ANOTHER VIEW.

The article "Thoughts on Preaching," in *Friends' Intelligencer* of First month 23d, may find an echo in some minds, but we may hope that the feeling expressed by N. H. is not shared to any extent by our members generally, nor the state of the Meeting he portrays applicable to many others. Taking the constituent Meetings belonging to the six Yearly Meetings on this continent, those having ministers are the exceptions. By far the larger number of Meetings are held in silence; in many, the *spoken word* is only occasional, and in those remotely located, the public ministration of the Gospel is rarely heard.

Esteeming a free Gospel ministry a great blessing to any people, I read with concern remarks tending, as I think, to undervalue the exercise of it by those who may be taking the first steps in this solemn and responsible calling, and who may need "nursing fathers and mothers to advise and admonish, and, if they see occasion, to reprove them in a tender, Christian spirit." Before we venture to call in question the offerings of these little ones, we should remember the command, "Put off the shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

In large cities and at our Yearly and Quarterly Meetings, there is often an outpouring of spiritual fervor, and the people love to flock to these gatherings; but many who are generally seen at these are often absent from their smaller Meetings, and give as a reason, "There is no preaching." Year after year these little gatherings are sustained by the two or three who often hunger for some of the crumbs which fall so plentifully at our larger Meetings.

Within the compass of one of our Yearly Meetings there are four times as many established Meetings as recorded ministers, and a similar discrepancy may exist in some of the others. With these facts before us, it behooves us to be tender of those who, at times, feel an obligation to speak in the assemblies of the people, lest we unintentionally "hurt the oil and the wine" by our ill-advised censure.

If they have "no gift," judicious counsel, privately administered, is far better than open rebuke, and more in accordance with Scripture advice. If they "do not properly distinguish, at times, between the operations of the Spirit of Truth and the workings of their own imagination," take them aside as did Aquilla and Priscilla of old, and teach them the way more perfectly. "The Spirit of Truth is in the hearers as well as in the preachers," but unless the hearers experience a portion of the same baptism of spirit that the preachers are baptized into, they will not receive the word to edification. They may almost unknowingly entertain a slight prejudice against a minister, or they may have their attention so engrossed by "interesting thoughts and reflections," that there is no room for the exercise expressed. If this is the case, let them leave it for others to gather up, heeding the injunction of the Master, "What is that to thee? follow thou Me."

I fear there is too much criticism among us and not enough of speaking the Truth in love. If, when a religious meeting convenes, those usually denominated hearers were concerned to centre to the root of life in themselves, I believe the effect upon those who minister would be most salutary; but how often, after the will of the minister is given up to do the portion of labor assigned him, he has to suffer on account of the want of religious travail in the meeting. He has to combat with lukewarmness, indifference, wandering thoughts, and, perhaps, drowsiness in his fellow-worshippers, and he experiences a feeling similar to being left to "tread the wine-press alone." It has sometimes been a query with concerned Friends, whether ministers would long continue to be called to go forth for the gathering of the fold of Christ, unless such labor was more appreciated by the people. H. E. K.

Warmimster, Pa., First mo. 31*st*, 1875.

It appears to me that your heart wants enlargement with regard to the faults of others. I grant that you cannot help seeing them when they are presented to your notice, and cannot avoid the opinions produced in your mind by the principles upon which some people apparently proceed. You cannot even avoid a degree of pain which these things must occasion. But you must not cherish that degree of pain which would separate you from those who are imperfect. Perfection easily supports the imperfections of others. We must bear a fault with patience till we perceive the spirit of God reproach-

ing them within. When we blame with impatience because we are displeased with the fault, it is a human censure, and not the disapprobation of God. It is a sensitive self-love that cannot forgive the self-love of others. The more self-love we have, the more severe our censures. The less we love ourselves, the more considerate we are of others. We wait even years to give salutary advice. If we were faultless we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbor's weaknesses, we should show our own imperfection, and and this alarms our vanity.—*Fénélon.*

A Testimony from Exeter Monthly Meeting in Pennsylvania, concerning ELLIS HUGH.

Though few of us were personally acquainted with this, our dear ancient friend, in the early part of his life, yet, as we have information by good authorities of some things remarkable therein, we think it not amiss to transmit some hints of them, with what hath fallen out within the compass of our knowledge concerning him.

He was born in Merionethshire, in the principality of Wales, and came over with his parents into Pennsylvania, when about twelve years of age.

He was naturally of a very cheerful disposition, and for some time indulged himself in keeping company with such, whose conversation and conduct were unprofitable and vain, for which, though we do not understand he was guilty of immoral practices, he was closely reproved by the witness of God in secret, and his condition being thereby plainly manifested to him, as likewise the danger of pursuing such courses, he did not dare to go any longer in vanity; but, submitting to the reproofs of instruction, was brought under great exercise and godly sorrow; in which state, the conversation of his former companions, once his delight, became a burden and increased his distress; but avoiding to feed their light, airy dispositions, keeping his mind retired, and reading the Holy Scriptures, when they sought to entice him, had such an effect, that they forsook him, which was a great ease to his mind, in that it afforded him opportunity for a further search after the will of Him, who in mercy had called him to glory and virtue. As he was thus engaged, after many deep baptisms and trials, it pleased the Lord, about the thirty-fourth year of his age, to call him to the work of the ministry; which was an exceeding humbling exercise to him, and many sore conflicts he had therein, through the buffetings of Satan; but by endeavoring to follow the Lord in the way of His requirings, help w administered, so that he at times had to e perience that He gives "The oil of joy f mourning, and the garment of praise for t spirit of heaviness."

His chief inducement to come and settle i these parts, was a strong draught of love a tending his mind, which, however, he did n hastily give way to, having felt drawing hither near eight years before he came; of s great moment did the removing himself an family appear to him.

He was a diligent attender of First an week-day meetings for worship, as also of ou Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meeting even when age and infirmity of body re dered traveling very difficult to him. H likewise visited some of the neighborin provinces on Truth's service, with the unity Friends; and, by accounts which we have ha from the places he visited, his labors of lov were well received and serviceable.

From the time of his coming amongst u he was always one of the number who wer on the visit to Friends' families; whic weighty work he undertook in much diff dence of himself, and fear of a forward spiri often saying, "That former appointments an engagements thereto, were of no account fo future services; but that such as went mus wait for renewed qualifications to enter upo that work," which, he used to say, "H thought must be a good one, since it occa sioned greater nearness, and was a renewa of love, both among vsitors and visited: And by accounts received, it was so in a goo degree.

In meetings for worship he was a good ex ample in silent, patient waiting upon th Lord, and when raised to bear a public tes timony, it was with that power and autho ity, which accompanies a true Gospel minis ter, and hath made lasting impressions upo some minds. Though he was of an exceed ing tender disposition, yet being a lover o good order in the church, and well knowin the dangerous tendency of undue liberty, he both by precept and example, endeavored t promote the former and discourage the latter in which he gave repeated proofs that th near connections of natural kindred did no bias his judgment.

His deportment being meek and loving and his conversation familiar and instruc tively cheerful, gained him the esteem o most who knew him, of different ranks an religious persuasions. He was a nursing fa ther in the church, and particularly so t divers whom the Lord had visited that wer under affliction, whether of body or mind nor was his charity in this respect confine to the members of our Society.

He was an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a kind master; and having, by the blessing of Divine Providence on his honest industry, obtained a competency of the necessaries of life, was very hospitable, entertaining both Friends and others freely and kindly, not with ostentation or for applause, but for the promotion of piety and virtue, and the good of mankind.

As his natural strength abated in the last years of his life, he appeared more bright and lively in his public ministry, both at home and abroad; and the day he was taken ill of his last sickness, at the funeral of one of his sons, which was the last meeting he was at, he was remarkably favored in his public testimony to a large gathering of people; and in supplication at the same meeting, his great Lord and Master was pleased to favor him with a transcendent view into the beauty of holiness, crowning a life, a great part of which had been, according to the measure received, devoted to His honor, with evident tokens of his being near to the kingdom of rest and peace everlasting. And the same evening he was taken ill at his own house in Exeter aforesaid, and continued for about eleven days, mostly in extreme pain, yet bore it with patience and resignation to the Divine will; and though he inclined much to be still and quiet, uttered many comfortable expressions, some of which were taken down in writing. At one time he said, "It is a fine thing to have a clear conscience." And one morning, "Here is another day: Lord, so preserve me through it that I may do nothing to offend Thee." In the evening, he said, "Lord, bless this night to me." And taking something to give him ease, he said, "He that turned water into wine is able to give a blessing." After laying still some time, said, "Sorrow at night, but joy cometh in the morning." And in the morning he said, "I remember a dream I had about fifty years ago, I thought I was in a room alone, just going to die, and as I was much concerned and troubled because there was no one present to see me die, I thought the Great Physician of value stood by me and said, *I will be with thee;* and I have a little faith that He will be with me, and if I am favored with my senses, hope I shall not give over wrestling for a blessing." A little before noon he said, "Lord, this is the way of mortal men, when they come to lie on a sick bed they crave Thy favor, though at other times many are forgetful of Thee." At another time he said, "Though affliction may not seem pleasant during its continuance, yet it worketh an exceeding great joy to them that love and fear God." And in the evening, being in great bodily pain, said, "Lord, give me ease, if it be Thy blessed will." The next day, being the first day of the week, several Friends came to see him before meeting, to whom he said, "Fear God and serve Him, and His regard will be unto you, but if you neglect to worship Him, He will cast you off forever," or words nearly to that import. And being fearful they would overstay the time for meeting, inquired what hour, saying to them, "Don't neglect the business of the Lord:" And, when they were going, desired "They would remember him when it was well with them." In the evening, inquiring what sort of a meeting they had that day, and being answered, a good meeting; he said, with seeming joy, "The Lord is not limited to persons, but all that worship Him aright shall be accepted of Him," or words to that effect. A little after midnight, being in great bodily pain, and, from the symptoms, it was thought, for about an hour, he was departing, during which he appeared to have his mind retired to the Lord, and then reviving a little, said, "This has been a blessed meeting." The next morning, taking leave of a neighbor, he said, "Farewell, and if we never meet again in this world, I hope we shall meet in a more glorious place among the righteous." The day before his departure, his speech failed much, though he remained very sensible; and the last words he was heard to say, were, "Lord, in heaven receive my soul." Then growing weaker until the third hour next morning, being the 11th of the First month, 1764, he departed this life, in a quiet frame of mind, aged seventy-six years and some months. His corpse was interred in Friends' burying-ground at Exeter aforesaid, accompanied by a large number of his friends and neighbors.

He who is never satisfied with others, may learn, if he chooses, that nobody is ever satisfied with him.

KANSAS SUFFERERS.

We publish the following, although not sent us for that purpose.

"It is the part of wisdom and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With those less favored than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our lighter ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more."

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

Dear Friends,—I feel thankful that the attention of your readers has been called to the suffering poor of our Western district; and especially glad am I that an appeal is made in behalf of our own members, who have fallen in the way of the devastating grasshopper, the chinch-bug and drouth, of last summer.

I would mention among the latter my two sons, who went to Butler county, Kansas, about four years ago. They bought "claims" and built; the first fruits of their industry were swept away by a terrible tornado, which blew down one hundred and more houses, in the town and vicinity of Eldorado, pieces of the house where the oldest was, being found a mile off on the prairie—he and his cousins, also members with us, being terribly bruised with hail-stones, etc.

The next year they suffered considerably from prairie fires, having had ten tons of finely cured hay destroyed, and again the elder was nearly killed by exertion in trying to save his other property. Then followed the crowning destruction of "every green thing" fit for the use of man or cattle.

Now all I ask is for you to continue to blow into a living, warming influence the sparks of human sympathy which these and similar reports shall awaken in your bosoms.

There are numbers scattered over the land whose right of membership entitles them to the oversight and care of the Society, but who by circumstances are virtually unknown.

My daughters sent $50 to relieve the present needs, but, as you remark, it will be long before anything can be grown upon which to subsist. Some will say, Why do they not sell out, and come East? Why? Because there would be little realized from the sale of young, lean cattle, and but poorly-improved lands; whereas, by staying they may, in time, be able to overcome the difficulties, and make themselves a home.

They have not appealed for help, but say "they can make out to live." They are *sure* that "many are making and publishing exaggerated accounts of the suffering, who are doing it in order to excite sympathy, and are living in idleness on the help received, when they ought to go to work and help themselves."

This, no doubt, is true. But the facts are plain that many more will find it hard to keep from falling beneath the heavy blow inflicted, no doubt by a merciful Father, "who loveth those whom He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son in whom He delighteth."

With much love and thanks for the *Intelligencer* (which goes from here to the grasshopper region), I remain your friend,

R. M. T.

Denton, Caroline Co., Md., Second mo. 1st, 1875.

Some people dread change because they cannot understand growth. Were they trusted with the destinies of a grub, it would remain a grub forever, undisturbed by any shooting wing-pains.

EXTRACTS FROM CHANNING.

All the great principles of human nature seem to me to demand and promise a future life. The reason, the conscience, the affections all alike cry aloud for it. It is revealed to us especially in the capacity for moral and intellectual progress without end, and in the thirst for a higher existence which always grows in proportion to the right use and enlargement of the faculties. All the attributes of God, His wisdom, justice and goodness point to another existence and seem to require it for their own bright and full manifestation. The present life bears all the marks of an incipient, incomplete state, and constantly leads us to something beyond itself as its explanation and end.

I feel very deeply how much religion is obstructed by low and false views of it, and if I can remove them in any degree I shall think myself living for some purpose. The religious principle is, without doubt, the noblest tendency of our minds. Its office is to connect us with the Supreme Mind, and I do mourn when I see it, as I often see it, perverted by wrong conceptions of its Object, breaking the spirit and making men abject in speech and conduct. I do not know how greater good can be done than by showing men the sublime purpose for which the capacity of religion was given; how it accords with reason and conscience; how it strengthens, in particular, the loftier principles and virtues, and gives the mind an impulse toward perfection. . . . . It sometimes amazes me that religion, the science which treats of our highest relations and of the ultimate purpose of our being, should have fallen into disrepute; that it should be suffered to be the property of the clerical profession, and that the noblest minds should either not think of it or should satisfy themselves with the tame conceptions of their inferiors. I know no subject of such universal interest, so little technical and positive, so worthy of vigorous and enlarged minds; and until such minds regard it as the noblest province and resist the usurpations of those who now make it a monopoly, I despair of any great progress of society in that class of thoughts, feelings and virtues which constitute the elevation of our nature.—*Channing's Letters to Lucy Aikin.*

He who, with talents capable of being employed in the service of others, sits down with views that centre solely in himself, and neglects to employ them further than his own necessities require, is guilty of a breach of trust, for which he must one day be accountable.

LIVING ABOVE THE WORLD.

"Uphold me, O God, with thy free Spirit! strengthen me with might in the inner man!" that, being emptied of all selfish solicitude, I may no longer be the slave of restless and tormenting desires; but with holy indifference may consider all earthly good, of whatever kind, as continually passing away, and my own life as passing with it; for there is nothing permanent under the sun.

But what wisdom, O Lord! can consider this truly, but that which was present with Thee when Thou madest the world, and knew what was acceptable in Thy sight? Oh send me this wisdom "from the throne of Thy glory," that I may learn to know and seek Thee alone, and thus seeking find Thee. May I love Thee, and delight in Thee, above all things; may I understand all that Thou hast made as it is in itself, and regard its various forms only according to that order in which Thy infinite mind hath disposed them!

Grant that I may carefully shun flattery, and patiently bear contradiction; that being neither disturbed by the rude breath of impotent rage, nor captivated by the softness of delusive praise, I may securely pass on in the path of life, which, by Thy grace, I have begun to tread.

O Eternal Light, infinitely surpassing all that Thou illuminatest, let Thy brightest beams descend upon my heart, and penetrate its inmost recesses! Oh purify, exhilarate, enlighten and enliven my spirit, that with all its powers it may adhere to Thee in raptures of triumphant joy, for there is no hope nor refuge for me but in Thee, O Lord, my God! —*Thomas à Kempis.*

AMONG the numberless contradictions in our nature, hardly any is more glaring than this, between our sensitiveness to the slightest disgrace which we fancy cast upon us from without, and our callousness to the grossest which we bring down on ourselves. In truth, they who are the most sensitive to the one are often the most callous to the other. —*Guesses at Truth.*

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

But I must turn from this reverie, and ask thee who "N. H.," of Baltimore, is, who in last *Intelligencer* treats of the ministry, particularly of the home ministry? His meditations seem to have been disturbed by some "approved" in the ministry, as well as by some who, though not occupying the position of ministers, have uttered in timid manner the impressions of the good Spirit. May none of these be discouraged, but dwell low, even at the Master's feet, willing at all times to do His bidding, though it be required to be a fool for Christ's sake. There needs to be a revival in our Israel, notwithstanding some who are bound fast in the *letter* are afraid that some *new thing* will take place among us. To ——— ——— I feel to say, Be not cast down, but abide in the calling wherein thou art called. Turn the fleece, as did Gideon of old; and when convinced, as he was, of his Master's requirements, be faithful. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; fear not what man shall say; abide oft and long in the closet of prayer—and thy pathway, which at times has appeared gloomy, will become brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Our mails are very irregular now, and the weather has been the most severe of any I ever experienced. The new year was ushered in with a snow-storm, and the thermometer has usually ranged somewhere between 10°, 15° and 26° below zero ever since, except two days, when it was only 1° below. This morning (the 18th) it was 30° below at daylight.

We thought we had a warm house, but we find these Nebraska blows will reduce the temperature of the best-constructed building. My seed potatoes, in the cellar, are as hard as stones, and consequently useless. Destitute and needy as we are out here, I would not have *sold* them at any price.

Our wood pile gave out, and we were obliged to burn up some nice timber, and, when that was consumed, to resort to our ice-house for fuel.

In the still, cold morning of the 14th (one of our first *calm* days) with the thermometer 26° below zero, I started to take our hired woman to her home, nearly nine miles away, but I was almost frozen in the attempt.

I have not been around among the people much latterly, on account of the severity of the weather. Those entirely destitute are living by borrowing of their neighbors. There must be great suffering. Some cases of frost-bite, but nothing serious, have been reported.

I saw the man yesterday to whom I gave all our cast-off clothing. He declared I had saved his family much suffering; now they are in want of food. There is a whole car-load of aid at Yankton for us; it is timely, and will be thankfully received.

My cows are a great stand-by; we have plenty of milk and butter. I wonder they do so well on dry food; they get nothing but hay and water.

AMONG THE CATSKILLS, 1875.

Our winter climate is enough to take the

vitality out of us all. With the mercury 8°, 10°, 16° below zero, it is perfectly dreadful; things freeze, and crack, and burst. I have long contended with my father that oil would not freeze, but after having two jugs broken in consequence of my theory I have given it up. But the cold continues. We think we will have some onions for dinner; they are like stones; saussage, it cannot be cut with a knife; steak, a saw will hardly divide it; molasses will not run, and apples are an abomination of frostiness! No wonder I am hoarse and cough, and keep getting cold, &c., &c.

But I am quite encouraged now; for at 12 o'clock to-day, in the sheltered corner of the porch, it was 4° *above* zero; so we breathe quite easy, and hope for softer airs.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 13, 1875

To Friends Generally.—The editors of this paper wish to call the attention of Friends everywhere, to the fact that it is the purpose of *Friends' Intelligencer* to be a medium of communication for Friends, and to present in brief the state of Society in every location, so far as it is furnished them. It is not intended to be a local organ confined to Philadelphia and its environs, but an all-embracing weekly visitant, circulating such items of interest and information as will tend to promote the best welfare of the Society.

As the last week of the present month begins a new volume, will concerned Friends in the various Meetings spread over our wide extent of country come to our help in this matter, and send, for publication, such matters of interest as will enable the editors to lay before their readers from time to time the condition of the Society? They desire for the coming year increased usefulness, no small part of which will depend on the co-operation of those in other sections equally interested.

It is also hoped that the circulation of the paper will be increased; and, as an inducement to efforts in that direction, a copy of the *Intelligencer*, free of charge, will be mailed for one year to any person who sends to the publisher 10 *new* subscriptions, *paid in advance*. Within the limits of every Monthly Meeting there might easily be found ten families, who do not receive the paper, many of whom scarcely know that such an one is published.

"Thoughts on Preaching."—We have received several communications, through which we learn that tender minds have been wounded by the remarks of "N. H." on this subject, published in No. 48 of our paper.

We had no suspicion that any particular meeting was alluded to in the article, and have never *knowingly* given our columns to any covert attacks. We disclaim all unkind intention, and sincerely regret that by giving it a place we have unintentionally wounded the feelings of any. Attention is invited to the article over the signature of "H. E. K." in our present number.

Philadelphia Third-day Evening Meetings.—The first of this series of Circular Meetings, under the care of a joint committee appointed by the three Monthly Meetings of Philadelphia, was held on the 2d inst., at 7½ o'clock, at Green street Meeting-house.

The body of the house was comfortably filled, and in the galleries a representation of ministers and elders from the several Meetings added largely to the interest of the occasion.

It was gratifying to see that the seats were mainly occupied by those for whom these meetings have been inaugurated, namely, the young and the middle-aged, who, by reason of business engagements, are not often seen at mid-week meetings.

Evidence was offered those whose hearts have yearned towards our members, whose avocations interfere with their attendance in the day time, that the concern was a proper one, and the right time had come to carry it out.

Somewhat past the hour the meeting settled under a solemn covering. The impressive silence was broken by a minister, who was listened to for half an hour. He presented the necessity of a new birth, taking for the foundation of his discourse the interview between Jesus and the Jewish ruler, Nicodemus. Other testimonies were given forth from the body of the house, showing the practical working of the Divine life in the soul, and its help-

ilness in business and all the other engagements of every-day life.

A closing exhortation from the gallery to oung men, who, being subjected to the emptations that beset the path of youth, are n constant need of a watchful dependence pon the Divine arm, was given with a force nd solemnity that reached the witness in any hearts.

Not the least pleasant part of this gathering was the social and friendly commingling t its close. It is always refreshing to exhange greetings and take the hands of those hom we seldom see, yet who are brethren nd sisters dearly beloved in Christ. Our uman sympathies are strengthened, and we eturn to our homes confirmed in the faith that e are the objects of our heavenly Father's ntinued care, and in close unity and fellowhip one with another.

There is just one caution that we feel under bligation to throw out, and we do it in the elief that it will be received in the spirit in hich it is given. As these are general meetngs, and *many* exercised minds, both in and ut of the galleries, feel commissioned to and forth of that which is given, a care is eeded in those who speak that they be as rief as is consistent with the Divine requirng, that all things may be done to edification.

DIED.

FARQUHAR.—On the 3d inst., of scarlet fever, ewis C., son of B. Hallowell and Martha D. Farquhar, aged 3½ years; a member of Philadelphia onthly Meeting.

GREGG.—On the 16th of First month, 1875, at er home in Belmont, Belmont county, Ohio, of neumonia, Mary H., wife of John S. Gregg, in the 9th year of her age. She was a consistent member f Plainfield Monthly Meeting, and for more than vo years a patient sufferer from paralysis.

CHRISTIANITY FOR ALL.

Christianity is meant for all men. It makes s appeal not to that in which men differ, but o that which they have in common—to those rimary instincts, sentiments, judgments, hich belong to all men as men. Therefore is no unreasonable demand to make that he man of science, when judging of things f the spirit, shall leave his solitary emience, and place himself among the sympaies and needs which he shares with all men, nd judge of the claim which religion makes n him, not from the exceptional point of view which he shares only with a few, but from that ground which he occupies in common with his poorest, least scientific brothers. In asking this, we are not asking that he should place his higher faculty in abeyance, and employ a lower, in order to weigh and accept a religious truth. The logical or scientific faculty, that by which we discern logical, mathematical or scientific relations, is not the highest exercise of reason. The knowledge of the highest things, those which deeply concern us, is not attained by mere intellect, but by the harmonious action of understanding, imagination, feeling, conscience, will; that is, of the whole man. This is reason in its highest exercise, intelligence raised to its highest power; and it is to this exercise of reason we are called in apprehending the things of God.—*Selected.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

A VOYAGE TO THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

No. 35.

(Continued from page 796.)

The next morning, Eleventh month 10th, we are told that we are nearing the coast of Egypt, and that in an hour or two we will be in the land of the Pharaohs, the most ancient of all lands, the mother of civilization—old, trembling, ruined, when other peoples were imbibing the elements of that refined learning which her priests had cultivated during untold ages. And now the coast, on which lies the modern Alexandria, comes into view—a dead level of sandy plains, nearly as low as the water's edge. It is an intensely warm day, and the sun beats fiercely down upon the extensive city, which now is plainly before us, and, with a sigh of regret, we gather up our wraps and prepare for a landing.

It is the first day of the feast of Bairam, the ending of the Mohammedan Lent (The Rhamazan), and all the ships in the harbor which bear the Ottoman crescent are gaily decorated with flags. We are surrounded by a forest of masts, and vessels of almost all nations are anchored here. I looked in vain among all the stately ships for the flag of the Stripes and Stars, but it was not there. The beautiful mansions of Egyptian grandees rise from the water's edge; and the fairest and stateliest of all is the palace of the Viceroy with its tall columns.

On the left, we are shown the rocky islet on which was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284 B. C., the famous watch-tower, which was accounted one of the earth's seven wonders. It is recorded to have been a square building of white marble, several stories high, each successive story diminishing in size

towards the top; it had a gallery running around it supported on the outer circle of the story beneath. Horses and chariots could ascend the gentle incline of the inner stair. It bore originally the inscription: "King Ptolemy, to the saviour gods, for the use of those who travel by sea."

The present light-house occupies the site of the ancient pharos, and doubtless answers just as good a purpose as its more glorious predecessor. And now we see for the first time the stately crown of the lofty and elegant date-palm, which adorns the many gardens of the new Egyptian metropolis. How beautiful it is, waving its plumy top against the clear blue sky—and how inadequate are all pictures and all words to describe the charm of the palm.

At length we are fast moored, and all becomes confusion and uproar on the orderly ship. A swarm of boats with swarthy crews are struggling to reach us. The Arab boatmen, in their curiously picturesque dress, are soon among us, contending fiercely for the honor and pleasure of landing us. I am amazed to find that almost every one speaks English, and that they understand how to make bargains as well as any Caucasian may hope to. The names of Moslem story are floating around us, and Hassan! Mohammed! Omar! Ali! Abdallah! are shouted from one to another as these Egyptians dash past each other for the possession of the giaours.

It is a holiday, and every one of the Moslems has on his best and cleanest attire, and I admired extremely the snowy turban over the scarlet fez, the clean striped robe, open at the neck, and the sandaled or slippered feet. They are graceful, agile, and handsome, these Arab sons of the desert, and there is an intellectual acuteness in their faces which makes it easy to believe they are indeed the modern representatives of the great people of ancient Egypt who gave laws and learning to Hellas, Arrived at the landing, we are conducted into an arcade, where custom-house officers fumble about with our baggage a little, and then demand "backsheesh" for doing nothing. Passports, too, are demanded for the first time in all our wanderings.

We are conducted then to Hotel d'Europe in the Place Mehemit Ali, and here are to find a home till the expected excursion party arrive on the 13th. We may now at our leisure explore modern Alexandria; we may walk over the buried ruins of departed glory; we may ride around the environs; see the wild sports of the people in these days of festivity; we may contemplate the remarkable monolith miscalled Pompey's pillar, and we may admire the hieroglyphics so clearly cut on the Cleopatra's needles. There is not much to be seen, they tell us, and we nee not hurry ourselves.

We take a carriage towards evening, ar are driven out to an open plain to see th sports of the people on this day of festive r joicing. We see groups of Nubians dancin in a circle to a monotonous wild chant, or t the more monotonous beating of a drun their attitudes and gestures reminding u much of the negro race as we have seen the at home. Another circle was entertained b the wonderful feats of an Arab magician who was working strange transformations i the contents of a tin box, which seemed t contain different substances every time h opened it. A little bronze-colored boy and most obedient serpent, were his assistants, an when he saw us observing him, he wound th snake about the neck of the boy, placed it head in his little left hand, and sent him ou to our carriage to demand "backsheesh." Then there were swings, merry-go-rounds and other devices for pleasing a childish people and all were enjoying themselves in a kind o amiable barbaric fashion.

After we had looked awhile at the revelry we were taken to the eminence, which wa probably the highest ground of the ancien city, where stands the remarkable colum erroneously called Pompey's pillar. It con sists of a shaft of beautiful red granite, highly polished, surmounted by a capital of inferio workmanship. The shaft is seventy-three feet, and the entire height of base, shaft and capital is nearly one hundred feet. The cir cumference is twenty-nine feet and eigh inches, and the diameter at the top of the capital is sixteen feet and six inches. Ac cording to its inscription, the pillar was erected in honor of the Emperor Diocletian probably in commemoration of his capture of Alexandria, A. D. 296. Near by is the Mo hammedan burial place, neglected, dreary and crowded, and we feel no desire to wander among the turbaned monumental stones.

A visit to the Viceroy's garden, a fine collection of flowering plants of all gorgeous tints and fragrant odors, with trees of various kinds. There were many fig-trees of the ordinary kind; from which the fruit had all been gathered, but a great spreading tree, of gigantic size, bearing figs, was also largely represented. This, which, I think, is the sycamore mentioned in the Bible, was laden with abundance not yet ripe. I could reach some of the lower clusters of figs, and so had an opportunity of examining this curious fruit in its immature state. These are much smaller than the ordinary ones, and are called Arab figs. They are said to be good when ripe, and to command a high price. But the feathery date-palm is the most beautiful of

vegetable inhabitants of this land. It is
v laden with great heavy clusters of ripe
it, and the long, curving, feathery leaves
ve continually in most graceful restless-
s against the blue heavens. The sugary
dness of the dates, which are now just in
fection, will be interwoven with our gra-
us memories of Alexandria. Great cac-
es, too, are also to be seen, but they are a
ngely unattractive form of vegetation
en not in bloom, and when incrusted with
t as they are here.

A visit to the palace of the Viceroy occu-
d one sunny afternoon and gave a very
d idea of a luxurious oriental home. It
ituated just at the water's edge, quite re-
ved from all the discordant sounds of the
, and is so arranged that its inhabitants
y have a very liberal supply of light and
as well as luxurious quiet. The ruler of
ypt may look from his stately halls on the
utiful bay on one hand with its varied
lth of shipping, while the other side of
abode is enclosed by a fine garden, where
geous plants are blooming luxuriantly.
the circular entrance hall is a fountain,
l all round the wall are soft divans where
tors may await the pleasure of the prince.
ere are many beautiful apartments, with
rs of curious and costly woods—with rich
tains and hangings—with luxurious divans
l easy chairs, but very sparingly adorned
h works of art. The only pictures I noticed
e portraits of Mehemet Ali, and of Ibra-
m Pasha, the first and second Viceroys of
present dynasty. When the Viceroy
es a ball, and all the *élite* of Alexandria
gathered in these halls, then the myriad
ts illuminate the stately apartments, and
scene, they tell us, reminds the European
the gorgeous word-picturing of the Ara-
n Nights. Bright coloring, rich silken
pery, splendid mirrors, and floors of ebony,
y and costly woods, hardly less glittering,
ple divans and magnificent chandeliers of
ny-tinted glass, are the characteristics of
Alexandrian home of the progressive
edive.

The heat of Alexandria is very debilitat-
to us, after the cool summer in the val-
s of the mountains; and the prospect of
voyage to Jaffa, which is to commence
he 15th, is very attractive. The Cook's
ty arrived on the 13th, and all seems to
icate that we shall indeed complete our
rimage to Jerusalem. S. R.

Seventh month, 14th, 1874.

PRINCIPLES will penetrate where the bay-
s of armed men cannot. They ride upon
elements, and defy the whirlwind and the
m.

AGRICULTURE IN JAPAN.

BY HON. HORACE CAPRON.

Formerly U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture.

(Concluded from page 799.)

TOBACCO.

In the cultivation of tobacco I will give in detail more fully the application of manures, so that, in contrast to our robbery of the soil, it may be seen how a Japanese farmer pays a just equivalent in advance for all that he expects from it. Light, sandy, upland soil, with a northern exposure, is desirable, as the wind from that direction assures to some extent against insects and worms. The ground is thoroughly dug up in the usual manner to the depth of fourteen to sixteen inches. Holes, sixteen inches apart for the manure, are dug twenty days before planting, in rows that are twelve inches from each other. Rice-bran, mixed with liquid closet-manure or some kind of oil-cake, is put in the holes and mixed and covered with earth. The seed is planted about the 20th of March. About the 5th of April the plants are well above ground. If needed all the plants are irrigated six times during June, July and August; liquid-manure of some kind is applied at the roots of each plant. There is very little barn-yard manure in Japan, and from this fact and from the continued high tillage there are no weeds, and no ground that requires hoeing more than once to kill the weeds. The ground is often stirred up with the long-bladed hoe, dragged along by hand, like a small corn-plow. In May a crop of some kind of vegetables is planted between the rows of tobacco. The plants are slightly hilled. By the 1st of September the lower leaves of the stalk are picked and hung up, two and two, and dried, and then pressed in bales of 33⅓ pounds weight. Then more liquid-manure is put to the roots of the plant, and by the 1st of October the second picking takes place, when the middle leaves are picked, dried, and packed, the same as the first picking; then more liquid-manure is applied, and in a month the third picking takes place, and the top leaves are picked, dried, and packed. The second picking is the best tobacco; the first is the second best, and the third is the poorest. The first-class tobacco is worth $4 per hundred pounds, the second class $3, and the third class $2 per hundred. The average price when it is all mixed, as it often is, is $3 per hundred. The average yield per acre is 4,000 pounds. The cost of manuring through the whole season is $20 per acre. The vegetable crop was gathered previous to the last picking, and the ground at once dug up and thoroughly

manured again, and wheat and vegetables planted.

SUGAR.

The growing and manufacture of sugar is one of the most important branches of Japanese agriculture. Here in Japan as everywhere in Europe and America, sugar has become a necessity rather than a luxury with all classes. It is used in some way or other at every meal. The grades of sugar in common use are low. In fact, the processes of clarifying and refining are so crude that the best grades of sugar are not made in Japan. As in the case of cotton and tobacco, sugar-cane grows best south of the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude, still it grows and is profitable farther north. Seed is not sown, but sprouts are set out. These sprouts are obtained by selecting large, fine stalks in September, cutting and stripping them of their leaves, and then burying them under ground in trenches ten to twelve inches deep. From each joint sprouts grow through the winter, and in the spring the trenches are opened, and the sprouts, six or eight inches in length, are set in the ground that has been thoroughly hoed up and laid out in rows, and manured in holes the same as tobacco. The manure is fish oil-cake. The rows are twelve inches apart, and the plants are set twenty-four inches from each other in the rows. A ton or more of this oil-cake is used to the acre, costing $20 to $24. No other crop is raised with sugar-cane. During the summer the cane is thoroughly hoed and hilled, and, if necessary, irrigated. Liquid-manure is applied several times to each stalk. In September the stalks are selected for growing the sprouts for the next year's setting. If 20,000 settings are required 1,000 stalks are cut and buried. In November the cane crop is cut and stripped of its leaves, and when dried two or three days each stalk is broken and stripped of its bark or outside covering, leaving only the centre or pith, which is ground between stone rollers. The cane-juice is boiled so thick that it granulates in the pans to some extent. Then, when cooled and granulation has taken place, it is put in cotton bags and pressed dry. The syrup that is expressed is reboiled and sold as molasses. The sugar is sold to the clarifier and refiner. Of raw sugar the average yield is 3,300 pounds to the acre, and is worth $4 per hundred.

Sugar-cane is grown on upland soil, and requires more labor and a greater amount of fertilizers than any other crop raised in Japan, and is, notwithstanding, its most profitable crop. The present need of the Japanese sugar-producer is the introduction of the improved processes of clarifying and refining. With an abundance of raw sugar of the best quality, they are at present importing la amounts of the better grades for home their treaty with foreign governments o allowing a duty of five per cent. to be lev on foreign sugars. When the required p cesses are introduced and perfected, Ja will become a great sugar exporting coun

HEMP

is raised on valley-lands, which are dug and flooded the same as for rice, and the sa kind of fertilizers are used, that is, rape-s or fish oil-cake, straw-manure, sea-weed liquid-manure from closets. The hemp is sown broadcast as with us, but is planted March in drills sixteen inches apart. soon as the plants are well up they are ho and in addition to the manure worked i the soil previous to the planting, two or th times each month, liquid-manure is appl to the roots of each plant. Between th drills some kind of vegetable is grown a thoroughly fertilized. The ground is co pletely flooded several times by means of ubiquitous irrigating ditches. In Aug the hemp is pulled, not cut, and is placed the water ditches and alternately soake few days and then dried for a time, till external coating is thoroughly rotted; it then beaten on a board or plank platfo with a bamboo stick till the fiber is entir cleaned. Another method for separating t fiber is by holding a number of the ste near their tops with the left hand, (an equ number at each time,) and with the rig hand breaking them short off and strippi the fiber from the stems. This leaves in hanks of a uniform size, which is retain through the whole process until baled market. To relieve the fiber of its glutino coating is a very simple process. A th piece of bamboo, about three inches wide a two or three feet long, is stretched over t bridges in a manner similar to the hairs on fiddle-bow, so as to render it elastic; this fastened in a convenient manner a little i clined. The hanks of hemp in their *da state* are laid upon this as they are strippe then another piece of bamboo, curved like currier's scraper, is run down over this sever times till the fiber is entirely clean. The hanks are then hung over bamboo rods to d It is then pressed into bales of 100 poun each, and sent on pack-horses to market. is probably the finest hemp grown in t world. The great length, fineness, glossine and strength of the staple are unequaled.

I have been unable to ascertain the av rage yield of hemp per acre. It is sold ve low in the market at present, but when t proper machinery is invented for worki this fiber it will prove a mine of wealth Japan.

FLAX

rown on the same soil as hemp, and ma- ed the same, and prepared in like manner market. It is also noted for its excel- ce. These two crops are raised by rota- n, that is, are never grown two seasons in cession on the same ground.

FRUITS

some kinds are grown in all parts of the pire. The soil and climate are especially ipted to the growth of semi-tropical fruits. e former exclusiveness of Japan prevented introduction of the better varieties. Iso- ed as they were, they contented themselves h half a dozen inferior varieties. Oranges, es, lemons, grapes, persimmons, pears, and ne blackberries, all very inferior, (except- one variety of orange and one of grape,) re all they had. They have wonderful ll in dwarfing fruit-trees. All kinds are arfed without diminishing the size of the it. I think our fruit-growers could learn ch from the Japanese in this matter. I ve seen acres of pear-trees not more than r to six feet high. These trees were set out rows, about the same distance intervening. the height they want the trees to grow, y four or six feet, a lattice-work of small mboo poles is built over the whole orchard. s soon as the shoots of the pear-tree grow this lattice, they are trained to run along horizontally, and are confined to the poles hempen strings. When first seen it looks e a grapery. The wind cannot shake the es to disturb either the flowers or the fruits. e most perfect system of training and con- l over the new growth is in use, so that the p of the tree, instead of being consumed in e production of a superabundant growth of w shoots, is directed to the growth and per- ction of the fruit.

When the new fruits now being introduced to Japan by the Kaitakushi department e disseminated everywhere, Japan will be- me one of the finest fruit countries in the rld. All that is wanting will then be sup- ied. They have soil, climate, and skill in varfing and training far superior to that of y other country. The same may be said the cultivation of vegetables, and those ry inferior.

Of the *mulberry-tree* and *tea-plant* I shall t write, they having received full at- ntion from others. Of *grazing*, I will only y that, with a population of thirty-three d one-half millions, there are only 300,000 rses, and 70,000 head of horned cattle, and sheep.

The grazing area on the bluffs, hill, and ountain sides of Japan, unoccupied for any her purpose, is greater than the grazing area of all the British Islands and Ireland. The attention of the Japanese government is being attracted to this important subject, and it will not be long till this great resource will be utilized.

I cannot close this article without again referring to the system of irrigation, which enables these people to realize the highest possibilities of the soil, in all seasons, with all kinds of crops. Their system of ditches is so arranged as to act as an equalizer of moisture; if it is a dry season they supply the deficiency from the reservoirs; if it is an excessively wet season they drain away the surplus moisture. It is a matter well worth all the attention our American farmers can bestow upon it. The Japanese system of fertilizing is just as admirable. In the whole empire not one particle of material that can be used to fertilize the soil goes to waste; all the grass of the bluffs and the straw of the rice, barley, and wheat is saved; all the drippings on the streets and highways are carefully gathered. The refuse from the extensive fisheries is utilized, and sea-weed is gathered in great quantities and used. In all the towns, villages, and cities, the manure of the closets is entirely saved and applied to the surrounding lands. In the city of Yedo alone, millions of dollars' worth of fertilizing material is saved, which, in the United States, would be lost to agriculture. The savings from the closets of thirty-three and a half millions of people has an important influence upon the agriculture of Japan, and the economy of this fertilizing element, which we lose in the United States, is the most important of all.

What an instructive lesson for the American farmer may be gathered from a careful consideration of the agriculture of these people! The whole area of the *settled* portion of the Japanese Islands is not much larger than the New England States. Upon this is concentrated a population nearly as great as that of the whole United States. The thrift, economy, and skill in agriculture, without live stock to convert the luxuriant vegetation of the unoccupied land into manure for their tilled fields, or any system of *rotation* of *crops* supplemented as with us by the renovating clovers, and unaided by mechanical appliances of any sort, the Japanese farmer produces annually from one acre of land the crops which require four seasons under their system in the United States. Thus the food of this vast population is supplied without the importation of a single article, and still not one-half of the land is under tillage. There is nothing in the agriculture of our country that can bear a comparison with this. The *grand secret* is, drainage, irri-

gation, economy and application of fertilizers, and thorough tillage.

SLOWLY, SURELY.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

I've watched and watched, and seen how slowly,
Great truths emancipate the mind;
Even sunbeams, though so bright and holy,
A tardy course thro' darkness find.
And yet I feel and know securely
That life will force its onward way;
And out of night bring morning surely—
Morn, brightening into perfect day.

As from the acorn lingering ages
Are needful for the oak to grow—
Wisdom's unread, unopened pages,
Will be revealed, though late and slow.
Be not impatient! God-protected,
Unhasting, but unresting still,
All is impelled—and all directed
By God's eternal, changeless will.

NEW YEAR HYMN.

BY A. L. WARING.

Sunlight of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer!
Bless our yet untrodden way!
Lead us through the entered year.
Where the shades of death we see,
Let thy living brightness be:
Let it speed our lingering feet;
Let it shine on all we meet.

Forward, though our path be hid,
Though we pass the lurking foe,
Though the sound of war forbid,
Girt with gladness, let us go;
Bold in Thy protecting care,
Strong to prove Thee faithful there,
Through the desert or the sea,
On, to find our home in Thee.

Open Thou beneath our tread
Springs the distance could not show;
From the holy fountain-head
Let them rise where'er we go:
Rather, give us eyes to see,—
Love, awake to love in Thee;
Hearts that, trusting to Thy care,
Find its traces everywhere.

In the shadow of Thy hand
We can brave the uprooting gale,
And a little child may stand
Where the soldier's heart would fail;
When the stormy wind is heard,
Quick to every tender word;
And for all our journey's length
Armed with meekness more than strength.

Oft a desolating blast
Bears the seed of comfort too,
And the patient soul at last
Finds a garden where it blew;
So, where nothing cheers our sight,
Germs of love may spring to light.
Bright 'mid earth's oppressive shades,
Fresh beside the leaf that fades.

INDIFFERENCE wounds often more deeply than injustice.—*Bishop Earle.*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRASSHOPPERS.

The Rocky Mountain grasshopper, *Cal tenus spretus*, Uhler, which now and ag visits the fertile agricultural States in t West, and which lively and emphatic Iri men in Nebraska call the "curse of Mose is worth considering by those who prop locating in the West. This year the farm of Nebraska will not save more than o third to one-half of their corn crop, and oth States adjacent to Nebraska have had t small grain attacked as well as corn. If th "curse of Moses" were of yearly occurren it seems probable that the fertile plains which ten years hence will form the riche agricultural section in the United States would never have been wrested from the wo the buffalo, and the Indian. If they had t grasshoppers as constant allies, these abori ines would not have seen their respecti feeding and hunting grounds visited by th white man, except so far as he needed to cro them to reach El Dorados in the mountain But the Rocky Mountain grasshopper is n native to the rich alluvial plains, and cann find a permanent home upon them. Its na ural home and breeding-places are the dr sterile and stony table lands of the mou tains, where rain does not fall, and where th eggs are deposited in crevices, but not co ered with earth. Hence, except to a limite extent, the Rocky Mountain grasshopper not produced from the egg in Nebraska an other prairie States somewhat similarly si uated. When the summer is hot and dry, an the winds are favorable, Nebraska, with he sister States, may have a grasshopper visita tion. Flying high in the air, their gauze-lik wings are like a filmy cloud between the ob server and the sun. At last down they come and on the district where they settle there i tithing three or four times repeated on th crops of the country. The succulent vege table matter goes first, and if they could sto long enough, doubtless the grass would not b spared. But in Nebraska they cannot. Ther is a notion that the motions of the 'hopper are as regular as those of a great army march ing on an extended front. It is supposed tha they eat their way in orderly fashion alon the earth, and that before them there is abun dance, while there is desolation in the rear. This is not so. The 'hoppers move more like skirmishing parties. Here is a field where the blades and ears of corn are well nigh de stroyed, there is one that has been passed by, and yonder is another on every side of which a border has been eaten, leaving the centre intact, and the grasshoppers have flown away to pastures new. In Nebraska, a lowering of the temperature and a rain-storm, and the grasshoppers must depart. The climatic con-

ions of the State render it certain that in moist years there will be frequent heavy wers all through the agricultural months. e grasshoppers vanish with the rain, and ace there is not time for any total destruc- n of crops, and the stories to that effect al- ys have their origin in panic, and are not nded on fact. The vagrant horde do leave gs behind them, and a portion of these gs will probably become live grasshoppers ensuing year. But the proportion is a all one. As stated above, the eggs require be deposited on the dry table-lands of the untains in order to mature in perfection. Nebraska there are no such lands, and in fall heavy rains are certain. The natural ditions in Nebraska, therefore, do not help hatching of the grasshopper eggs, and y the fittest survive. All the facts coin- e with these views. When a dry summer son tempts them to the plains, rain drives 'hoppers away, and though, the ensuing ar, a few of the species are able to be seen, y are not in such numbers as to be ac- inted mischievous. So far the visitations ve occurred once in seven or eight years, t at exactly regular intervals, but at such ervals as an extraordinarily dry season has curred. Their coming is a calamity, but t one that cripples a forehanded farmer. hen the loss is distributed over several ars it is scarcely felt; and so (knowing at the grasshopper raid really means) the braskan farmers stick to their land, in the rtainty of better times next year. They do s all the more cheerfully in Nebraska as it the corn crop which has suffered, the small ains being untouched, and there being an undance of grain and hay. On the extreme ntier of the State there are homesteaders o had just come, as it were, and who were pendent on their corn. These men will ve to bear and will be relieved in order at they may tide over the winter. A por- n may quit the State, those that do will l their claims to farmers who have more eans, and who can therefore make their ag- culture more varied, and so more profitable. hose who would know what the Rocky ountain grasshopper is like will find a con- ner bearing many resemblances to it in the d-legged grasshopper of the East.—*Omaha erald.*

AN easy observation of the most common, metimes of the meanest, things in nature ll give the truest lights, where the greatest gacity and industry that slights such obser- tion must leave us in the dark, or, what is rse, amuse and mislead us by false lights. an inquiry, it is almost everything to be ce in a right road.—*Burke.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR FIRST MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	9	6
Rain all or nearly all day	1	0
Snow, including very light falls	7	7
Cloudy, without storms	6	7
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8	11
Total	31	31

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of First mo., per Penna. Hospital	37.03	25.72
Highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital	65.50	43.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital	11.00	3.00
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital	*Inches.* 4.21	*Inches.* 2.36
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for 1874 and five for 1875	1234	1749

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of First month for the past 86 years	31.32
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1790	44.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857	22.37

It will be seen by the above exhibit we have just passed through a *very cold* month. As evidence of this fact *twenty-five* degrees and under as a *mean* for the month, has been recorded *only five times during the past eighty-five years*, viz.

	Deg.
1821	25.00
1832	25.00
1840	24.00
1856	24.15
1857	24.37

In addition to which we find nothing under 26 degrees, except 1867, 25.89, and *the present year*, 25.72 degrees.

The tenth of the month was intensely cold, the mercury descending, as noted above, to three degrees *above* zero at the Pennsylvania Hospital, to *three below* in various portions of the city (some localities, of course, being more exposed than others), *excluding* Germantown and Chestnut Hill. This cold weather visited such an extent of country it was appropriately called "The Wave of Cold" and "The Polar Wave."

In the northwest it was said not to have been equalled there since 1864. At Chicago 18 degrees below zero was reported; on the same day at Manchester, N. H., from 15 to 20 below, while in other portions of that State 30 *degrees below* was reported. The *lowest* point but one reached during the month that we have heard of was at Cheyenne, W. T., where on two days it is said to have fallen to *thirty-eight degrees below zero!* while the *very lowest* was reported from Fort Laramie, "*being forty degrees below zero!*" Of course, terrible blockading of the railroads in the northwest has been the result of the fearful snow storms reported there.

We append a "clipping" from a late number of the *North American*, which, though somewhat outside our "weather statistics," we deem of sufficient interest to republish:

"A curious phenomenon frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not been ascertained, is the existence off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud banks, and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a place in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of sea wherein mud remains in solution is still a mystery, but at any rate the tracts are so smooth that, even during the height of the south-west monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and once there are as safe as when inside a breakwater." J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, Second month 1, 1875.

War's Record.—According to the philosopher, Dick, war has destroyed fourteen billions of human beings since man was first placed upon earth.

Some authors put the number much higher; but taking Dick's estimate as a basis, the loss of life will be as follows: 2,333,333 annually, 14,444 monthly, 6,302 daily, 266 every hour, 4½ every minute. Shall the sword devour forever?—*Messenger of Peace.*

NOTICES.

The Central Employment Association furnishes sewing to deserving poor women and distributes the clothing made by them among those most in need of it. The number of persons applying for assistance, many of them in the utmost distress, has been unusually large, and the funds of the Society are exhausted. It appeals to the benevolent for aid. Contributions in money, dry goods, groceries or shoes, will be thankfully received by

E. F. Williams, President, 617 Franklin street,
M. S. Conard, Treasurer, 821 Marshall street,
L. T. Hallowell, Secretary, 2014 Ogden street,
C. J. Letchworth, 534 N. Fourth street.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Friends' Circular Meetings within the limits of Western Quarterly Meeting, will be held at

London Grove, the 14th of Second month.
New Garden, the 14th of Third month.
Doe Run, the 11th of Fourth month.
All at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Friends' Social Lyceum, of Philadelphia, will meet in the Library-room at Race street, on the 1st and 3d Fifth-days of each month, and at Girard Avenue Meeting-house on the 2d and 4th Fifth-day evenings, at 8 o'clock precisely. All are invited to attend.

ITEMS.

The Transit of Venus.—The steamer Cyclone, which arrived at San Francisco on the 30th ult., brought dates from Sidney to Twelfth month 23d; Auckland, Twelfth month 30th, and Honolula, First month 20th; also, the following news from Australia: "In observing the transit of Venus, the astronomers in New South-Wales have been more favored then their scientific brethren in adjac colonies. December the 9th was perfectly clou less at Sidney, and at Woodford, Gaulbaurn a Mount Victoria (temporary stations) every ph of the transit was fully observed, photographed a recorded.

Cloudy weather prevented complete observatic in Victoria. Drs. Peters and Harkness, of t American expedition, were the only successful c servers of the transit in New Zealand. Observ tions at Hobarttown and Campbelltown, Tasman were obstructed by clouds, and the first part of t transit was lost. The German party at the Auc land Islands had a successful observation.

A society has been formed in New York for t prevention of cruelty to children, formed much ter the same plan and having the same persons co nected with it as the New York Society for the Pr vention of Cruelty to Animals. The *Public Ledg* in noticing it says: "In order to carry out the o jects of the new society, a bill has been introduc into the New York Legislature giving some leg remedies for the protection of children which not now exist there. It provides that whenever s affidavit is presented to any Judge of the Supren Court of the State, alleging that any child is il treated, neglected, or permitted to beg or steal, su child shall be brought before the Court, and proper inquiry made into the facts of the cas When this bill is passed, the Society will endeav to carry out its provisions by procuring inquiri where proper cases arise; punishing those wh neglect or oppress the children in their charg and furnishing protection, employment, and, necessary, homes for the neglected and maltreate little ones. The experiment in New York will b watched by the philanthropic in all our large citie The movement for the protection of dumb anima has been quite successful, and if this one for th benefit of children shall succeed, it can be imitate with advantage elsewhere."

M. Muller, a member of the Russian expeditio to Northern Siberia, has stated to the St. Peter burg Geographical Society that he hopes to mak the tour of the North Pole, which, according him, is not an isolated point, but a territory of certain extent, toward the whole of which the ir clination of the needle is the same.

Appeals continue to be made for the needy pe ple of Kansas. A letter from El Dorado, in th State, dated 26th ult., gives an account of the wor of the Relief Committee of that section. Durin the three previous weeks there had been colde weather there than for seventeen years past. Gen eral Ellet thus states what has passed through hi hands: "I have received for this charity from you good citizens and those of West Chester and Nev York the sum of $2,007 cash, and have expende this money in the purchase of 40,000 pounds of flou 40,000 pounds of meal, fifteen barrels of white beans five barrels of split peas, one tierce of rice and on lot of early vegetable seeds, costing $134. I hav also received donations of vegetable seeds to th value of $536.44, and one box of clothing, all o which has been forwarded, and for which I desir to express my cordial thanks to all the kind friend who have so generously seconded my efforts in be half of these sufferers."

Mental pleasures never cloy—unlike thos of the body, they are increased by repetition approved of by reflection, and strengthene by enjoyment.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

OL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 20, 1875. No. 52.

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t is desirable that *all* subscriptions should *commence at beginning of the volume.*

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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Testimony from Burlington Monthly Meeting, in New Jersey, concerning ABRAHAM FARRINGTON.

He was born in Bucks County, Pennsylnia, of parents professing the truth as held us the people called Quakers. About e months after his birth his father dying, l his mother some time after marrying m among Friends, exposed him to a loose, egular education; about ten years of age ng put apprentice, where, through eleven rs' servitude, he suffered great bodily hardp, and much greater danger as to the betpart; yet (says he, in a manuscript left the use of his children) "I took delight my Bible, and believe the good Hand was h me, that inclined my mind thereto. ough I followed lying vanities, and so fork my own mercies, yet I could say my yers every night, till I grew afraid to say m any more, and seemed like one abaned from good for several years." Having ved his time out, he providentially became esident in Benjamin Clark's family, at ny-brook, who were exemplary and kind im. "I thought (says he) they were the t people in the world, careful in their ds, yet cheerful and pleasant, so that I ught I must be a Quaker." And Edward drews, from Egg Harbor, being at a Quary Meeting at Crosswicks, "He came (adds with power to give me my awakening l. I was much reached, but, after the manner of the world, looking at the man, gave him the praise, viz., he is a brave man, he preaches well, I wish I lived near him, I would go to hear him every First-day; at the same time not minding what he directed to,—Christ in ourselves, the true Teacher, that will not be removed till we remove from Him; in us is the place He has ordained to reveal Himself. I afterwards went more to Friends' meetings than I had done before, and read much in Friends' books, but was yet in the dark, the time of my deliverance was not come, the sins of the Amorites were not full; I was under Moses in the wilderness, come out of Egypt, but Joshua's time was not come, the Saviour, the warrior that brings through judgment, and makes war with the old inhabitants; yet I sometimes longed for something which I could not find—a lot in the good land. I think this year Thomas Willson and James Dickenson came into the country, and some time afterwards to visit the meeting of Friends at Crosswicks; I happened to be at the meeting before they came in; the sight of them struck me, the heavenly frame of mind which their countenances manifested, and the awe they seemed to sit under, brought a stillness over my mind, and I was as ground prepared to receive the seed. James stood up in the authority of the Gospel, and in it he was led to unravel me and all my works from top to bottom, so that I looked on myself like a man dissected or

pulled to pieces, all my religion as well as all my sins were set forth in such a light that I thought myself undone. After he sat down, Thomas stood up and brought me together again, I mean what was to be raised, bone to his bone, with the sinews and strength that would constitute a Christian; I almost thought myself new born, the old man destroyed and the new man made up, concluding I should never be bad again, that my sins were forgiven, and I should have nothing to do but to do good; I thought I had gotten my lot in the good land, and might sit now under my own vine and fig-tree, and nothing more should make me afraid. Poor creature! I had only a fight, I did not yet think what powerful adversaries I had to war with; this has been the miserable case of many, they have sat down under a convincement, and in a form of religion, some depending on former experience or former openings, some on their education, some a bare belief, and knowledge historical of the Scriptures and principle of truth.

Thus, though I received the truth, yet I was like the stony ground; I received it with joy, but had not root in myself, my heart grew hard again, for when tribulations, persecutions, temptations and trials came upon me, I fell. Oh! how I moped at times and wandered about as a prisoner at large; I would have run, but I could not; my offended judge, my accuser was in me, I could not fly from him; yet, great Goodness was near, and His power kept me from gross evils in a great degree. I kept pretty much to meetings, but there was such a mixture of undigested matter in me, it was not to be soon separated. Oh! the necessity there was and still is of a continual watch against our soul's enemies both within and without."

Having passed through various probations, he had considerable openings of the Divine sense of the Scriptures, and also saw that the Lord had a work for him to do, to which he at length gave up, and being faithful therein, was made helpful to many, being enlarged and sound in testimony, and at times very particularly led to explain passages in the Scriptures, to the comfort and information of hearers.

He was an affectionate husband and parent, diligent in attending meetings for worship and discipline, and manifested therein a zealous concern for the promotion and honor of truth, waiting for wisdom to see his duty and strength to perform it. He divers times travelled abroad on this continent in the service of truth, and frequently to the neighboring meetings to satisfaction; his outward circumstances being at times difficult, gave him an opportunity to show an example of Christian resignation, and to see its effects in dive providential assistances.

In 1756 he laid before this meeting a reli ious concern to visit Friends in Great Br ain, which had been on his mind upwards ten years, wherewith the meeting concurrin he had our certificate, and embarking, land in Ireland; and after visiting the meetin in that country, arrived in England and p formed his religious visit in several counti but was taken ill, and died in London t 26th of the First month, 1758, finishing l days' work with a firm assurance that t gates of Heaven were opened to him. Ve acceptable accounts of his services, both England and Ireland, have been received, are more fully set forth in the annexed tes mony of Devonshire house Monthly Meeti concerning him.

He died aged about sixty-seven, was in t profession of the truth near forty-four, a an acceptable minister upwards of thir years.

A Testimony from Devonshire-house Month Meeting, in London, concerning ABRAHA FARRINGTON.

This worthy minister and elder, having h drawings in spirit for several years, as we a informed, to visit the churches of Christ this nation and Ireland, in the service of t Gospel; when he apprehended the time a proached wherein he was to enter upon th weighty engagement, he settled his outwa affairs; and, with the concurrence and uni of the brethren, embarked in a vessel bou from Philadelphia to Dublin, in company wi three Friends from Europe, who had perform a religious visit to the churches in Americ After a favored voyage of about four weel landing at Dublin, he visited the meetings Friends in Ireland, and by the accounts fr thence, had very weighty and acceptable s vice there. Having labored faithfully in th nation to strengthen the brethren and ass in building up the waste places in Zion, embarked for England, visited the churc in some of the northern counties, attended t Yearly Meeting at Penrith, and afterwards th in this city, his labor of love in the work the ministry, being to edification and co fort, was truly acceptable. After attendi the Yearly Meetings of Colchester, Woo bridge, Norwich, and the Quarterly Meeti of York, he visited many meetings in t northern and midland counties, from when good accounts have been received of l weighty and affecting labors. He return to London the latter end of the Twel month, 1757. Having traveled with gr diligence and labored fervently, his heal was impaired; nevertheless he attended me

till his disorder increased so as to render
incapable of further service.
As this our dear friend spent but little time
his city, we cannot from knowledge and
erience give such a testimony concerning
as might be thought requisite; yet, as
e of us partook of the benefit of his relig-
labors, we find ourselves engaged to give
h this testimony concerning him.
His conversation was innocently cheerful,
grave and instructive; he was a man of a
hty spirit, a valiant in Israel; a sharp
over of libertine and loose professors; but
ler to the contrite and humble, and a lover
ood order in the church.
He was strong in judgment, sound in doc-
e, deep in divine things; often explaining,
clear and lively manner, the hidden mys-
s wrapt up in the sayings of Christ, the
hets and the apostles; and it may truly
id, he was well instructed in the kingdom,
ging forth, out of his treasure, things new
old.
is ministry was in plainness of speech,
attended with Divine authority, reaching
witness of God in man, and to the habi-
n of the mourners in Zion; frequently
ting out, in a lively manner, the paths of
xercised travelers, and the steps of heav-
pilgrims; by which he was made help-
o such as are seeking the true rest, which
Lord has prepared for his people. It may
be said he was eminently gifted for the
of the present day, remarkably qualified
pose the mystery of iniquity, and to point
herein true godliness consisted.
s distemper increasing, he was confined
s bed, at the house of our friend Thomas
son, in Devonshire-square, where all
sary care was taken of him. During his
s, he was very sweet and tender in his
, and remarkably patient. He uttered
comfortable and heavenly expressions,
everal times said, "He apprehended his
in this world would be but short;" and
d fully resigned to quit mortality, hav-
n evidence "that he should be clothed
with immortality, and be united to the
nly host."
had frequently been heard to say, in
f health, "that he thought he should
wn his body in this nation, and not see
ends in America more;" to which he
red freely given up. He often expressed
sire "that he might be favored with an
assage," which was graciously granted.
departed this life the 26th of the First
, 1758, like a lamb, without either sigh
an; as one falling into a sweet sleep,
bout sixty-six years, and on the 30th
same his body was carried to Devon-
ouse, where a large and solemn meet-
ing was held, which was owned by Him whose presence is the life of our meetings; and from thence his body was carried, by Friends, to their burying-ground in Bunhill-fields, a large concourse accompanying it, and was there decently interred among the remains of many of our primitive worthies and valiant soldiers in the Lamb's war, who loved not their lives unto death, for the word of God and testimony of Jesus.

EXEMPLIFYING duty does more than explaining it.—*Rowland Hill.*

REFLECTIONS ON THE FUTURE CONDITION OF THE SOUL.

We know man as a compound being, composed of body, mind and spirit; but which of these compose the *ego*, and which and how far the others are attributes of the *ego* is somewhat difficult to determine. The conscious, thinking mind is so entirely dependent on the bodily organization for a manifestation of its powers that no man can say with certainty how far, or to what extent this is necessary to its healthy existence. But from observation and reflection, and yet more from an *innate sense of being*, most, if not all, men are satisfied that there is a part of themselves which continues to exist after the death of the body, and to this the name of soul is usually given. Now, this ever existing soul, during this life, holds communication with the world of matter, and with kindred souls through the senses. It also has a consciousness of impressions made upon it by something exterior to itself, and which are not directly or remotely traceable to any of the usual methods of gaining instruction. These premises being granted, we have an existing, thinking, conscious soul, which derives its knowledge of the outward universe through the medium of the senses, and which, at the same time, gains other information by internal impressions made upon it. Experience teaches, that, by attention to the last named impressions, its peace and happiness are always eventually secured, and that discomfort and misery are as invariably the results of a disregard of them. Hence men have come to look upon these as being made on the mind by Deity, and through the medium of what is called the Holy Spirit. Thus the soul would seem to be acted on by two widely different agencies, but with an entire freedom of will to be influenced by either as it may elect. When these two agencies act in concert there is nothing to mar the pleasure of the soul; but when they conflict, as is often the case, then doubt, confusion and final surrender to the guidance or control of one in

preference to the other takes place. Or, as the Scriptures have it, "If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; but if we sow to the spirit, we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." That is, by permitting the impressions made through the medium of the senses to engage the affections and determine the actions of the soul, they bring it under their dominion; and, as habit strengthens original inclination, this influence is continually becoming more powerful; but in proportion as this class of impressions gain in power, the other class influence the soul less and less. If this continue long enough, it becomes alienated from God by continually disregarding the admonitions of the Holy Spirit, when spiritual death intervenes, and the normal intercourse between God and it ceases.

Now in this state a fresh exercise of Divine power becomes necessary to re-establish this communion between God and the soul, when the second birth takes place. Or, as Jesus expressed it, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again he can in no wise inherit the kingdom of heaven." Now, God, being all-loving and all-wise, will do this in His own way; but the act is His and not that of man. Or, as the Apostle expresses it, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

To assume, then, that certain regularly established laws are in operation that will insure the final salvation of the soul by its tribulations and sufferings, after the death of the body, is not, strictly speaking, philosophical, however benevolent it may be. For the terms of the proposition are entirely changed, and one of the important factors left out. Whatever its *essence* may be, we know that all the impressions made upon it by the senses must cease at that time, and it cannot therefore feel any of those pleasures which they gave it in life, nor can it be assailed by the temptations which their gratification promised. But we do not know how far the memory of these may remain, for the mind never forgets anything, as it is only the power of recalling things at will that is lost.

In this state of alienation from God, with its affections placed on things it never more can enjoy, we may reasonably suppose that its condition hereafter will be one of suffering.

But beyond this reasonable inference, the dread of death which bad men generally exhibit, and the assurances of those who claim to have spoken as they were *inspired* of God, we know nothing; nor can we know until that final summons comes, which will usher us into the presence of the righteous Judge of quick and dead. W.

MIND AND BODY.

The state of things described in the foll ing essay with this title, from the *Chris Register*, is deplored by many, who see i a fruitful cause of the decline in bodily vi which marks a large portion of the yo people of the present time, and particul women. The overestimate of that me culture which is acquired in schools and leges, and consequent degradation of chanical employments, and the assignin nearly all household labor to hired assista are producing a deterioration in bodily vi which must eventually react upon the m A distaste for useful labor as dull and u teresting is thus produced, and a love amusement and excitement substituted. character is thus formed unfit for those ev day practical duties which lie at the fou tion of home life, however culture and re ment may embellish them. We have so times thought we could trace in a regular se the decline in bodily vigor and mental f from the time when Friends apprenticed t boys to mechanical employments, and girls took part in every department of ho hold labor, with only a youthful assistant, was thus being trained for future usefuln Surely, Friends as a body should be forer in promoting, by precept and exampl healthful, rational sentiment on this sub They should impress upon the minds of young that true refinement resides in character and not in the employment or dition in life. Especially should housel labor be encouraged, because the lack of not supplemented in the case of girls by ish sports, and it is among women that deterioration of vigor alluded to is most parent.

The writer alluded to says:

"A pretty wide distinction is felt to between these two, although no one can what m nd is and what body is, and so be abled to say what the distinction is. thinking with the brain is found a far di ent operation from working with the back limbs. The distinction is so wide and p liar, it marks itself out in society; and thinker, student, business-man, are diffe in outward appearance, in dress, in var habits of life, from the farmer, mechani day-laborer. Some persons belong ne equally to the two classes; they plan the mind and execute with the hand. T think in the house, and go out into the f or to the workshop to carry out their desi Many persons belong only to one class. S never touch a spade, a hammer or a p and some never read a book or cast up a umn of accounts. Yet every man has

y, and every man his mind; and one class too little the bodily, and another class too e the mental powers.

One evil of the separation is that often one class does not know how the other s lives. Perhaps we have none in culti-ed societies quite so ignorant as the un-py Princess, who, when the people were noring for bread, expressed her wonder they were not supplied with cake. But pleasures and the trials of the one class not known by the other. . . .

It is thought to be so much easier to get ving by one's wits than by one's hands, there is a constant pressure out from class of the so-called laborers into that ch may, for distinction's sake, be called professional class, though we include in all whose work is brain-work rather than d-work. The farmer's boy does not want ay on the farm, and the farmer's daugh-visits the city and gets her husband and position there. Men would rather trade dig. The counter is more attractive, of ssity, than the manure heap, and many the ledger and the counting-room better the plow and the open field, the fresh ze and the sunshine. It is thought there such fatigue in the shop, or store, or in er's office, as that of the backache; and n clothes and white hands and an unburnt are thought by many much nicer than appearance of the sunburnt, toil-bent . Social ambition sends its boys to col-and seeks for its girls an equal seminary. ew persons who have made money 'by wits,' now and then go back to the ag-ltural life, wisely seeing the wisdom hid-in the skies and the field, the plow and shovel. None return to mechanic life.

. . . . . .

It is not seen—but it ought to be seen at the organization of our schools and ges begins, or helps at the beginning, distaste for manual toil, and the dis-r that thousands attach to it. The and the boy are excused from work as as their school days really begin. The ol takes up all the best hours of the day. ill not do to send the scholar to school y with a morning's labor, unfitted by s for companionship with fellows and with s; nor when the school is closed in the noon can the brain weary scholar, need-play and refreshment, be sent to rigid s of work in the field or shop. This con-n goes on for many years. Some persons ildhood and youth have no bodily exer-none sufficient to strengthen a muscle, or imulate the brain, or to give the sense of accomplished. Some, by reason of the fortable circumstances of their parents, are never required in infancy to handle a hoe, to wipe a dish, or sew a seam. All their labor is such as pleasure only may require from them. Kinds of exercise have to be invented for them; gentlemanly exercise, not work; ladylike exercise, not work; the toil of the dance or the gymnasium, the ball or the boat. Doubtless that exercise is best to strengthen the body and to refresh the mind which is in itself most attractive and pleasurable; but many kinds of labor, and of necessary labor pursued for gain or a living, could be found just as pleasurable, and even much more so, if it were not for distinctions of classes, if it were not for the idea that the brain is more honorable than the hands, and the wits more desirable to get a living with.

"But for the most part the class of thinkers in the community, young and old, do really too little of work, or engage in too little of exercise to keep the brain in good working order. A large amount of the invalidism of the community is well understood to proceed from physical inactivity. Even in school the mind would understand better, catch an explanation quicker, advance more easily from step to step, if it were not for the frequent overtasking of mental energies. The sad result of much of school, of college and of professional life is that while the memory is stored and the talent improved, the genius is repressed. The mind moves in the ruts that conventionalism has hollowed out, and truth cannot be seen except through the manufactured rules of perspective offered to it. The lawyer's plea, the judge's decision, the preacher's sermon, the physician's study of his case, suffer very largely from want of the fresh mind, the vigorous and new thought—the thought that comes, and is not invented; the suggestion, and not the working out; the inspiration, not the borrowing from other's conclusions.

"So that we want more work; that is, more manual labor, both for the improvement of our mental processes, and for the nearer approach to one another of all classes in society."

. . . . . .

PROGRESS.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When we long for any thing that is past, we long, it may be, for a little good which we seem to have lost; but we long also for real and fearful evil, which, thanks be to God, we have lost likewise. We are not, indeed, to fancy this age perfect, and boast, like some, of the glorious nineteenth century. We are to keep our eyes open to all its sins and defects, that we may amend them. And we are to remember, in fear and trembling, that to us much is given, and of us, much is

required. But we are to thank God that our lot is cast in an age which, on the whole, is better than any age whatsoever that has gone before it, and to do our best that the age which is coming may be better even than this.

We are neither to regret the past, nor rest satisfied in the present; but, like St. Paul, forgetting those things that are behind us, and reaching onward to those things that are before us, press forward, each and all, to the prize of our high calling in Jesus Christ.

And as with nations and empires, so with our own private lives. It is not wise to ask why the former times were better than these. It is natural, pardonable, but not wise; because we are so apt to mistake the subject about which we ask, and when we say, "Why were the old times better?" merely to mean, "Why were the old times happier?" That is not the question. There is something higher than happiness, says a wise man. There is blessedness; the blessedness of being good and doing good, of being right and doing right. That blessedness we may have at all times; we may be blessed even in anxiety and in sadness; we may be blest, even as the martyrs of old were blest—in agony and death. The times are to us whatsoever our character makes them; and if we are better men than we were in former times, then is the present better than the past, even though it be less happy. And why should it not be better? Surely the spirit of God, the spirit of progress and improvement is working in us, the children of God, as well as in the great world around. Surely the years ought to have made us better, more useful, more worthy. We may have been disappointed in our lofty ideas of what ought to be done, but we may have gained more clear and practical notions of what can be done. We may have lost in enthusiasm, and yet gained in earnestness. We may have lost in sensibility and gained in charity, activity and power. We may be able to do far less, and yet what we do may be far better done.

And our very griefs and disappointments —have they been useless to us? Surely not. We shall have gained, instead of lost by them, if the Spirit of God be working in us. Our sorrows will have wrought in us patience, our patience experience of God's sustaining grace, who promises that as our day our strength shall be, and of God's tender providence which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and lays on none a burden beyond what they are able to bear. And that experience will have worked in us hope; hope that He who has led us thus far, will lead us farther still; that He who brought us through the trials of youth, will bring us through the trials of age; that He who taught us former days precious lessons, not only by temptations, but most sacred joys, will te us in the days to come fresh lessons by te tations which we shall be more able to dure; and by joys which, though unl those of old times, are no less sacred, no sent as lessons to our souls, by Him fr whom all good gifts come.

THE MODERN DOLL.

The following, taken from an article in *Christian Union*, will meet a response in hearts of those concerned mothers who h tate about encouraging the passion for d even in the playthings they give their dau ters. When we remember that a child being unconsciously educated in its plays, is obvious that things trifling in themsel become in this view important. While will admit that the doll, that indispe able plaything to a little girl, fosters the r ternal sentiment, and calls into exercise inventive and constructive faculties, is th any good reason why it may not be, in t hands of a judicious, concerned mother, means of instilling economy, good-taste, a a dislike of everything ugly and unbecomi in dress? A father earnestly desirous of p serving his son from the influences of t war-spirit, would not feel justified in givi him for playthings a gun, a sword, a dru and the uniform of a soldier! To decline t offer of a "Paris Doll" as a gift to on child, requires some moral courage, but t *testimony* might awaken thought in the mi of the giver, and consistency always co mands respect. EDS.

"What is it that we give to our daught on Christmas day? A comfortable and s viceable doll-baby, over which the materi instinct of the little girl may spend itself unconscious rehearsal for a later day? doll which may be undressed, bathed, a put to bed; may be doctored with powder cracker when she is ailing, and possibly pu ished when—according to wise physiologi —she is again ailing, but in the directi which we call naughtiness? A doll wh every garment, from her best black silk apr to her tiny cambric nightgown, may be p together and sewed by the small fingers her little mamma?

"Nothing of the sort! The doll which exhibited in shop windows, and which we a all looking forward to buy for our daughte is a very fine lady indeed; a traveled lad it is evident, by her airs and graces. Th of us who visited Paris under the Second E pire could not fail to note and recognize o type of the fine lady there. You would m her in the thronged *salon* of the Americ

entist, perhaps, waiting her turn with duch-sses. Or you would see her in the afternoon, riving out to the *Bois*, in a carriage con-ived to display to the fullest her dainty obes, ruffling around her like the foam of ne sea. She belonged, they told us, to that reat 'half world' that set the fashion in ress and demeanor for the other half; and erily it would seem, by her prestige, and the dmiring gaze of other women, that the chil-ren of this world are wiser, at least in Paris, an the children of light.

"It is this type of French dame, with the ery trick of her eyelash and turn of her ead, that is brought home to dwell among s in the person of the doll. It is her ward-obe that is duplicated in miniature for the nusement and training of our daughters. Lore than all the interest and amusement nd gratified taste that pertains to her pretty ilettes is the education that comes with her. ducation of such a sort that every wise mo-ner should ponder well before she brings it ome to her little daughter's heart.

"These elaborate dolls are not meant to ay with—oh, no, simply to dress and un-ress! To be carried out, perhaps, in a for-al walk at noonday, but very carefully rried, less fold or flounce should be dis-ranged. *Simply* to dress, did I say! Alas! here shall we find simplicity in this wonder-l trousseau? Jackets and shawls, opera-ass and prayer book, ear-rings and eye-glass, umed hat and evening-bonnet, corset and urnure, it is a satire of Lilliput upon the shionable woman of to day. . . . . .

"All this sophistication we bring to our ildren because—shall I venture to say it? cause dress has come to occupy the greater rt of life with many of us."

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

. . . . The older I grow, the more I be-me confirmed in the belief that happiness, ch as satisfies an awakened conscience, is ne secured by the endeavor to live up to r highest sense of duty. We may have all r heart's desire, but if we are unfaithful in e least requirement, all earthly good depre-ates. If we can keep on a line with our highest nvictions, how great enjoyment we may ve in the things of this life! But we must k *first* the kingdom of heaven and its hteousness, then all these things will be ded. It may be, at times, that the dispen-ion meted to us may not be a joyous one; may even be a cup of anguish similar to at dispensed to our Elder Brother, and the cry of our spirit may be like His, "If possible, let this cup pass from Me!" yet, as we strive to bring our will into entire accordance with the Divine will, we too shall be able to say, "Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, O Father, be done!" Who would exchange this trust for any earthly good, or who would wish anything more than the Father gives?

. . . . . .

As I advance in life, I take a more cheerful view of the future, though it may not be *my* earthly future. C—— maintains that the the world is growing better; that the standard of morality is higher than it was even half a century ago.

You have my best wishes, and, I may add, prayers, for the faithful discharge of the important service in which you are engaged; for I have feared that, of latter years, there has been, in our Society, rather a tendency to dwell among 'the branches than to get down to the root and to "water the seed." But I question not the mission of any.

> "God has many aims to compass,
> Many messengers to send,
> And His instruments are fitted
> Each to some distinctive end."

And every faithful worker will receive the reward to which he is entitled. The very fact of your going from house to house in the Master's cause, relying upon Him alone for wisdom and utterance, is a testimony to the all-sufficiency of Divine power, and may awaken the slumbering consciences of many who have grown careless and indifferent, and who, in this business and pleasure-seeking world, seem almost to have lost sight of a spiritual one. Then there are widowed hearts to be comforted, and orphaned spirits to be ministered unto. You indeed have my sympathy and encouragement.

. . . . . .

I have had many thoughts of late about the nature of Gospel ministry. It does not appear to me that we are *mouth pieces for Divinity*, as is sometimes said, but that, at times, He blesses our little store and enables us to hand forth a portion for the help of others. We may withhold, after the command has been given to hand forth, or we may give what has not been blessed; but it is our own in the same sense as the barley loaves and fishes were the little lad's in former times. We are sometimes enabled to bring out of the treasury things new and old to our own amazement, but we must have experienced their helpfulness before we can testify of them to others.

A care, a watchful, religious care, should ever be felt not to wound the little ones.

Especially should the fathers and mothers observe this care.

In our church militant there are many exercised members among the young who are, doubtless, passing through an experience which is, to them, a baptism of fire, and they need the patience, sympathy and help of those who are older and who have had the same experience. I know this sympathy is largely felt by many, but I sometimes fear it is not sufficiently *manifested.* It is good for a child just learning to walk *to see* the mother's arms extended towards it; confidence is thereby inspired, and it takes its first step. But, while the child needs this encouragement, it soon discovers there is a power within itself that is more effective; and then a wise parent will be found encouraging a dependence thereupon, being, at the same time, *at hand* to shield from harm, or to lift up in case of falling; and cannot we see in this a simile of the spiritual life and the maternal care needful to prevent falls and bruises, as also a manifestation of sympathy when a false step is made? Oh, then, how very comforting is a mother's kiss and word of encouragement, "Try again, and be a little more careful."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 20, 1875.

We are surprised, and perhaps somewhat annoyed, at the determination evinced by some of our subscribers to misunderstand our editorial position in reference to the publication of articles with the sentiments of which we are not fully in accord. In such cases no responsibility is assumed when the writer's name is attached, and while we are not prepared to open our columns to opinions that appear to us to conflict with the principles and testimonies of Truth as held by the Society of Friends, there are some minor points of difference, upon which it appears reasonable that a Friend be allowed to speak for himself; provided he be careful to exhibit that Christian charity and courtesy which enable him to recognize the equal rights of others.

We have lately received several very harsh strictures on some of the articles in our paper. We do not intend to reply in the same spirit, but we ask of our friends the extension to usward of a larger measure of Christian kindness.

Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting.—This body convened at Race Street Meeting house, at the usual hour, on Third-day, th 9th inst. The attendance was unusually large, though the day was one of the coldes we have had this winter.

There were present from other Quarterly Meetings, Sam'l J. Levick, Rhoda Lamb Catharine P. Foulke, Harriet E. Kirk and Martha E. Travilla. The company of these testimony-bearers was felt to be a favor, which in the business meeting was alluded to with much satisfaction. We believe it was caus of general regret that no time was allowe in the first meeting for silent introversion The good order of our Society, and its highest spiritual interest are best subserved when in the silence of all flesh the gospel truth given forth are applied to the several conditions of those assembled.

There was an unusual amount of busines before the Quarterly Meeting requiring join action. The answers to the three Queries read at this time called forth acceptable ser vice from those who sat with us from othe meetings.

In the case of an appeal from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, brought before men' branch, the report of the committee having it in charge was accepted, and the action o that meeting sustained.

A communication from Radnor Monthly Meeting asking that the Circular Meetings b continued, was read and united with.

The report of the joint committee having charge of these meetings, giving a brief bu interesting statement of its labors, was pre sented, and for its further continuance a nominating committee was appointed to bring forward the names of suitable Friends wh feel willing to engage in this service. This committee was also asked to take into con sideration, and, if way opens, to devise som plan by which those who accept the appoint ment may be relieved of the pecuniary cos thereby involved.

Information was given by Radnor Monthly Meeting, that the time for holding the Circu lar Meeting at Haverford has been change from the Third to the Fifth month.

The co-operation of women in a nominat

g committee to bring forward the names of ur Friends to represent Philadelphia Quar- rly Meeting in the Representative Commit- e of the Yearly Meeting, being invited by en's branch, resulted in the setting apart of veral women to join men in that service, to port at the next Quarterly Meeting.

The joint committee appointed at last uarterly Meeting to consider the proposi- on from Radnor Monthly Meeting relative making such changes in the Book of Dis- pline as will place men and women on an uality in all the business meetings of the ciety, made a report, in which the proposi- on for the change was "generally approved." uch time was taken up in both meetings th this subject, as the changes proposed did t appear to be clearly understood by many; ecially was this the case in the women's anch. Though there were a few who ex- essed entire satisfaction with the disparity at now exists, very general unity with the vement was acknowledged. It was not ar to many how it could be attained, nor w far it would make each branch inde- ident of the other: pending the consider- on, a messenger announced that the men l concluded to forward the "Proposition" the Yearly Meeting. In this action the men concurred, and the joint committee s released.

Great interest was manifested throughout whole business meeting, which was very g. Few, comparatively speaking, left il the closing minutes were read.

HE second of the Circular Third-day Even- Meetings was held at 7½ o'clock, in ard avenue Meeting-house. Notwith- ding the long session of the Quarterly ting, the attendance was large, including y of the aged, whose strength must have n sorely taxed.

was an interesting occasion, though open he same objection stated in respect to the ting for worship in the morning—the t of that settling down into silent, holy ing at the beginning, and the reverent ering into stillness at the close of the ing.

his, constitutes a distinctive feature in form of worship, and can no more be dis- pensed with in our assemblies than can the more elaborate systems of other denomina- tions in their public gatherings.

NOTICE.—The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Spruce street Meeting- house, Second month 23d, at half-past seven o'clock.

DIED.

POWELL.—At his residence near Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the 2d of First month, 1875, Nathaniel Powell, in the 89th year of his age; a worthy and consistent member of Oswego Monthly Meeting. "Truly the memory of the just is blessed."

POOLE.—On the 18th of First month, 1875, at her residence near Andersontown, Caroline Co., Maryland, Esther, widow of Henry Poole, in the 82d year of her age. She was a consistent member of Northwest Fork Monthly Meeting, a branch of the Southern Quarter, and was highly esteemed by her neighbors and friends for her upright deport- ment, kindness and hospitality. She was ever ready to entertain strangers, and will be much missed on that account.

For many years she was unable to attend meet- ings, but always manifested an interest in Friends. It is believed she is the last Friend who had a birth- right in that notable Society called "Nicholites," as appears upon the record of births kept by them previous to their uniting in membership with Friends.

MANY who have escaped the rocks of gross sins have been cast away on the sands of self-righteousness.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

FLOM ALEXANDRIA TO JERUSALEM.

No. 36.

(Continued from page 811.)

On the 14th of Eleventh month we take a glad farewell of the sun-smitten city of Alex- andria, the commercial metropolis of regen- erated Egypt, with its strange and almost terrible extremes of extravagant luxury and dire, hopeless misery and poverty. We em- bark with a party of about twenty persons, under the escort of a pleasant young Eng- lishman, on the French steamer Neimen, and at the hour appointed (4 P. M.) steam away for the Syrian land. We take a last look, as we pass outward, at the fair city, as it seems from the water, with its forest of noble ships; at the long breakwater that shelters its har- bor from the storm-wave; at the tall light- house; at its waving date palms, and at the noble monolith in the background. The day is calm and slightly overcast, and the broad bay so very quiet that we hardly realize that in a few hours we will rock once more on the billows of the Mediterranean. We are

very glad to find that our course lies just within sight of the north coast of Egypt as far as Port Said, the entrance of the Suez Canal. Very soon we see the low, uniform-looking town of Rosetta at the Canopic mouth of the Nile; and as it disappears behind us in the golden orient sunset, all grows indefinite. Amid the hurry, fatigue and restless endeavor of travel, it is perfect rest and, I think, luxurious enjoyment to take refuge on the stately and well-appointed ship, and have no concern for the morrow. The thoughtful, serious-looking captain is responsible for us now. We may do as we please—write letters to be mailed at Port Said, talk with our fellow passengers, or muse idly on the wondrous beauty of the tranquil, softly-undulating sea; of the many-tinted evening horizon, and of the bright, gleaming stars and crescent moon which gem the celestial arch.

The morning finds us at Port Said, and here, we are informed, we must spend the long, warm day, while our good ship receives and discharges cargo. It is very warm, indeed, and the new and ugly little town is not at all enticing, but we go on shore for a time to purchase a few requisites for Syrian travel. There are several good stores, and hats, umbrellas and gloves can be had if they are needed. There is also a fountain basin, inclosing a raised pavilion with pleasant seats, where we may sit and admire the energy and faith that has striven to work such wonders in this arid land. Such breezes as the Mediterranean can send this melting day reach us in this shadowy and watery place, and one learns to appreciate the oriental taste for pool and fountain in or near the dwelling places. At eventide we move on again, now steering direct to the Syrian coast, and before morning we are in the harbor of Jaffa, and before us, glorified by the light of rising day, soon appears the city of Jaffa, or Joppa, one of the oldest towns on earth. The situation is beautiful and imposing, but the harbor is insignificant and insecure, insomuch that, when the sea is rough and the winds unfavorable, it is impossible to effect a landing. The only defence against the breakers is a low ledge of rocks, which extends into the sea from the extremity of the little cape on which the city stands; but, such as it is, it was almost the only harbor of the Jews during the greater part of their existence as a nation. Here was landed the timber from Lebanon which the friendly King of Tyre sent for the building of Solomon's Temple; and hither came the recreant Jonah when he fled from his manifested work, dreading to speak the solemn words of warning to the majestic city of Nineveh. It is quite a long row before we reach the beach, and even then we cannot step ashore, but swarthy Syrians hold out their long arms fo us, and we are borne to the dry land in th most primitive fashion possible. Ugly, blac and dangerous look the rocks on which the bil lows are breaking with a thunderous roar and, it is said, more boats are upset and mor lives lost in the breakers at the north end o the ledge than anywhere else on this coast This circumstance may have given rise to th indefinite notion that it was on one of thes black, sea-lashed crags the fabled Andromed was chained, to be devoured by the sea-mon ster.

The Jaffa of to day is celebrated for ex tensive and flourishing gardens and orchard of delicious fruit. Their existence depend upon the fact that water to any amount ca be procured in every garden, and at a mode ate depth below the surface. Wells are du from thirty to sixty feet in depth, and the the water is pumped up by horse power, an is used for irrigation with very good effec The orange and lemon groves are laden wit nearly ripened fruit, and beds of watermelon are also now yielding their tribute. Th melons are really excellent, and are partic ularly grateful this oppressively warm day The oranges are very large, but seem to m unusually thick skinned and rather dry; pe haps they are not yet at their best. Instea of fences the cultivated fields have protectiv hedges of the cactus, called the prickly-pea which are from six to ten feet high, an formidable enough to repel the most darin marauder. The fruit of the cactus, pea shaped and scarlet, is now ripe, and woul seem to be the easy spoil of every wayfare It is said to be sweet and good, but I did n taste it, and so am not prepared to judge its excellence.

We had not been long at Jaffa before w were visited by a neat-looking woman, wh spoke to us in the peculiar Yankee dialec which at once showed she was of New En land origin. She wanted to get washing do, and we learned that she was a remnant the American colony from New Englan who settled near Jaffa several years ago, daily expectation of the second coming of t Messiah to the sacred land. Their hop were disappointed, and disaster and divisio marred the prosperity of the Colony of harr less enthusiasts, and now they have nearly a returned to their native land, prepared, pe haps, to believe that the sublime words prophesy are to have a spiritual rather th a literal fulfillment.

The day is so oppressive that we decli joining those that think this the right tim to visit the supposed house of Simon the ta ner, where the Apostle Peter saw the instru tive vision which released him from his ns

row Jewish prejudices, and revealed to him the universality of that Gospel of which he was an appointed minister. We prefer to-day to make a visit to two American sisters, who have established a school for boys at Jaffa. We found the ladies at home, and they received us kindly, and seemed to appreciate our visit highly. They showed us the very pleasant rooms, overlooking the sea, and here we found a cheerful-looking company of Syrian children, who were receiving instruction from a young man, also a Syrian, who had graduated at the American college of Beyrout. The little black-eyed people saluted us with a pleasant "Good morning," and then, at the word of the teacher, sang for us two English hymns. An Arabic hymn followed, after which they read first from the English and then from the Arabic Bible. Some of these little people were of Christian parentage, but there were two or three Mohammedans among them, and these, said the teachers, were among the most intelligent of the children. We inquired in regard to the domestic lives of the Mohammedans, and were told that the condition of women here was altogether pitiable. They were often fearfully beaten and abused by their husbands, and repudiated at will; the laws being quite ineffectual for their protection. We can see for ourselves that they are most forlorn and wretched. They are hideously disguised and veiled with black or some other gloomy color, and present an appearance which contrasts painfully with that of their Moslem sisters in Stamboul.

At one o'clock, having lunched, we mount our steeds, and the caravan starts on its way to Jerusalem. Our road leaves the suburbs of Jaffa, and we pass by fragrant and beautiful groves and gardens, where the orange and lemon are growing, golden in the sunshine. These are the plains of Sharon, and these gardens supply Jerusalem and many other places, as well as passing vessels, with oranges, lemons, apricots, bananas and other fruits. Our entrance upon the Holy Land is at the close of the dry season, and everything is parched just at present; but there is abundant evidence that the country produced rich crops before the arid heats withered the vegetation. Even now, the clouds over head have a most suspicious look, and the sultry air seems a warning that a thunder-storm may not be far off. To the eastward we see the hill country of Judea, and we press onward and onward over the beautiful and fertile plain, and then over a sandy, less cultivated tract, reaching Ramleh about 5 o'clock in the evening. Our tents preceded us, and are all in comfortable order when we ride into the camp, and we have only time for hasty toilets when the horn of the dragoman summons us to dinner. I have quite a curiosity to see what kind of meal can be carried on the backs of mules, and cooked at so short notice; and we are all quite prepared to appreciate and enjoy good things. Lo! and behold! Here is a very good soup; then meats with vegetables, quite artistically prepared; then pigeons, broiled; and, lastly, a pudding, with fruits for dessert. We are all seated round a nice table, in a large saloon-tent, and might almost fancy ourselves in a hotel. But there is a familiar pattering sound of rain upon the canvas roof above us, and when the dinner has had due attention we are warned to retreat to our appointed tents before the storm fully breaks upon us. The sky is illuminated with fitful lightnings, the thunder growls, and we lie down wearily, thinking that perhaps the best thing is, when it is raining, just to let it rain. And now down it comes like a deluge, and our gay tent, which has been looking to me like a huge morning glory suspended over us, begins to look very heavy, and rain leaks in upon us through the seams. We move the beds nearer the centre, when all at once there are symptoms of a collapse. One seizes the central post, and I grasp two side supports towards the windward, and we call urgently for help. "Seize some of your things, and come out! your tent is falling, and ours is down," says a friendly brother in affliction, who comes to our aid. "Oh, no," we reply; "we can hold on while the men tighten the ropes and drive in the failing pins again." Soon we hear the mallets at work, our failing, collapsing, corolla-like dome is again stretched above us symmetrically, and the shower is over. All the tents but two have fallen, and great is the discomfort of the unfortunates whose clothing has been saturated and beds deluged. But all endure the trial, not with patience alone, but merrily, and every one strives to lighten and brighten the situation, and soon we are at peace again, and sleep comes sweetly to the travellers. Now, upon the night air, comes a savage cry and bark, which seems to be more terrific than the solemn voice of the thunder-cloud. It is the jackal, who desires to devour us, and expresses his wishes in this unmusical concert which has marred our dreams.

There is a little stir in the camp, and the intruders are easily driven away, and sleep comes again and folds her wings over our tents. At four o'clock in the morning, a solemn growl of thunder is heard, the lightning flashes, and we take warning, rise and dress to wait for further developments. Down pours the rain again, and our tent-pins begin to give way. Then rise the united voices of four women, help quickly comes and we are

made safe once more. And now the shower has passed over and morning begins to dawn, and we emerge from the tent to see how fair the venerable land can be after its double baptism. The clouds are rolling away, and behind the Judean hills glows the radiant, rising day. We have been encamped between two dilapidated cities of the silent, where Moslem ashes lie entombed, and the little town of Ramleh is just west of us. We are summoned to the breakfast-tent, and a part of the company have gathered round the table in expectance of the coming coffee, when there is a sudden blast from the retiring storm, and down falls the great tent. We, who are entrapped, use our best endeavors to save the breakfast-table, and strong hands seize the poles, and soon the frail house of canvas is raised again. I take time now to walk to the highest point in the adjoining cemetery and look round us. This poor little Arab town is, by some, believed to be the ancient Arimathea, the city of Joseph the counsellor, the friend of Jesus; and so has an interest to every Christian. It is dignified by a fine Saracenic tower, from the top of which, it is said, can be seen the town of Lydda, where St. Peter "came down to the saints." Here, also, is a large and commodious Latin convent, where the kindly monks receive travelers with great courtesy and hospitality, and cheer the hearts of many pilgrims to the Holy City. By half-past six we are in the saddle again, and the long caravan moves eastward toward the rising sun.

Our gentle steeds are glad to press onward, it seems, and mine is rather fleeter than most of the others, so, unintentionally, I am quite alone in this strange, old land of solemn and glorious memories. In three hours we enter the valley of Ajalon, mentioned in the book of Joshua (xix, 42 and x, 12), and memorable, also, as being the place, "the going up of Bethhoron," where the heroic Judas Maccabeus met the Syrian army with his little band, and drove them back into the plain below. Up this pass came a Roman force at the beginning of the attack on the Judean capital, but they were driven back in disorder by the insurgent Jews. "Thus," says Murray, "the same spot was the scene of one of the first and one of the last victories that crowned the Jewish arms in Palestine." From this valley the road onward becomes very sublime, and we are in the midst of high mountains and rugged, striking scenery.

At a little way-side inn we stop to lunch, and are informed that we have accomplished half the journey to Jerusalem. We must ride eighteen miles in the afternoon, over a pretty rapidly rising road, in order to reach the city to-night. Two of our party have given out by the way and have been fortunately taken up by a wagon from Jaffa, in which an invalid Russian gentleman is traveling. So onward we go, as rapidly as we can, and in two hours reach a town that is pointed out to us as Kirjath Jearim, notable as the place where the Ark of the Covenant rested for twenty years. The name signifies "City of the Woods," and it would be of some interest to pause and examine a little more closely this historic spot, but we must hasten on.

In a little while the valley of Elah opens on the right, where tradition points out the brook from which the youthful champion of Israel took the stones which were his only weapons in the mortal combat with the gigantic Philistine, while the contending hosts were arrayed on the mountain slopes on either hand.

Two hours more and we come in sight of a little town, like a nest on the brow of the mountain, on the left, which is supposed to have been the "village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about three score furlongs." (Luke, xxiv, 13–35.) The town of Nicopolis, twenty-two miles from Jerusalem, was long supposed to be Emmaus; but it is much too far from the city to answer to the text, since, if the disciples walked here in the morning and returned the same evening, they must have made that day a distance of forty-four miles. But onward we go, zigzagging, up the desolate mountain slopes, and I am conscious of a kind of enthusiastic, absorbing desire to see the most interesting place on earth, "the city where David dwelt." I am weary with my ride, and ask the Arab by my side if it is very far to Jerusalem. He smiles, nods his head, and says, "very far!" We toil on, my good grey horse and I, to the summit of the pass, and reach it. Then, all at once, bursts upon the delighted vision the walled city, which stands upon the consecrated site said of old to be the "joy of the whole earth." Beautiful, indeed, for situation is Mount Zion, and upon its mountain-environed height dwelt the chosen people from whom we have the sublime, inspired record of the dealings of the great Jehovah with the sons of men through long generations. Truly, here was the fitting place to erect the glorious temple for the worship of the Highest. The entire fitness of the beautiful imagery employed by the sacred writers is very manifest. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from hence forth, even forever." (Psalm cxxv.)

And, again: "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together; whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto th

testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." These and many other glowing words from holy writ came crowding upon my memory as my steed paused willingly on the stony height. In the distance was the triple Mount of Olivet, bathed in the amethystine glory of the evening, and I forgot for the moment that the imposing walled city before me was only a comparatively modern town, builded on the site of the Jewish metropolis which stood here 1800 years ago, and slowly descended along the broad highway past the fine Russian Hospice, with its gardens, toward the Jaffa gate. Our baggage train had arrived; a camp was being arranged on a terrace which overhangs the valley of Gihon, and here a messenger from the Mediterranean Hotel awaits to conduct us to a place of most welcome rest and refreshment. Between a double line of miserable looking lepers, crouching on the ground, and piteously asking alms, we enter the guarded gate just by the ancient tower of Hippicus, called the Tower of David, and I stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem!

Two hours later, my friend arrives in the carriage, and we are pleasantly housed in the good hotel, which preaches to this degenerate city a blessed lesson of cleanliness, which has been said to be the virtue next akin to godliness.

Here I wish to state, for the benefit of future pilgrims to the Holy City, that there is a tolerably good road all the way from Jerusalem to Jaffa, and that carriages of a rude sort are procurable at Jaffa. These are only open carts, with the back seat on an inside spring, but much preferable to the saddle to those who know not how to ride, or who have not health and strength to endure the inevitable fatigue. The whole journey (38 miles) can be readily accomplished in one day by starting early in the morning; or, if it is thought more desirable, an afternoon's drive brings one easily to Ramleh, where there is not the slightest need of tents, as the Latin Convent receives and entertains travellers, and is said to be cleanly and comfortable. There is also a tolerable hotel. Those who have availed themselves of this resting-place assure us that the monks are quiet and courteous, kindly hosts and good purveyors, and that they have nothing but pleasant recollections of their hospitality.

It is customary, of course, to leave with the brethren a gratuity, as no charge is made for the entertainment. The cost of the whole journey in this way is not over five dollars each, or ten dollars to go and return, while we unadvisedly paid five pounds for the Cook escort to and from Jerusalem. For several reasons we do not choose to avail ourselves of the privilege of return, and so they refund us ten shillings each for the return tickets. This is our first error in finance, and I mention it that others may not be so blind. I cannot too highly praise the kindness and considerate care of the young gentleman who acted as conductor, and I believe he was not aware that carriages were procurable at Jaffa.

At the dinner-table, I find a company of unusual variety and interest. The American Consul, Dr. De Haas, and his wife, several gentlemen of different nationalities interested in archæological research, the Prussian, Russian and Spanish Consuls, were among the company, and an animated conversation, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, on various local topics, was an agreeable addition to the dinner.

The next day we called at the rooms of Dr. De Haas, and were received by the Consul and his amiable wife with extreme kindness. He offered us the use of his servant as guide during our stay in Jerusalem, and gave us much valuable information in regard to the leading objects of interest here. Selim, the Consul's servant, is the interpreter who attended Henry Stanley in his remarkable search for Dr. Livingstone, and he is familiar with several languages—Arabic, French, English and perhaps others. Polite, efficient and very intelligent, this Arab youth is an evidence of the excellent effect of enlightened Christian culture on the native Syrian. He was brought up in the school of Dr. Gobat, Anglo-Prussian Bishop of Jerusalem, and he is one of many of the sons of Ishmael who have been elevated from the terrible barbarism of this people. And now we are ready for our walks about Zion.

S. R.

Eleventh month 24th, 1874.

Bearing Trouble.—There are persons who emerge from every affliction and trouble and vexation, purified like fine gold from out the furnace. There are others—and they are the more numerous—who are embittered and soured, and made despondent and apathetic. We think the latter belong to the class that try to stand alone during the storms of life, instead of looking above for aid. When one can truly say, "He doeth all things well," the sting is taken out of affliction, and courage is given to bear what the future has in store. This we think makes the great difference between these two classes.

Never allow yourself to be idle, whilst others are in want of anything that your hands can make for them.

LINES WRITTEN BY LADY GUYON IN PRISON.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

Nought else have I to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

BY-AND-BY.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether my path below was bright;—
Whether it wound through dark or light;—
Under a grey or a golden sky,—
When I look back on it, by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh
Bidding me think of by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh?
"All will be elsewise by-and-by!"

What will it matter?—it ought—if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;
Questioning not the how, and why,
If I but reach Him by-and-by!

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie;
Sure He will smooth it by-and-by.

Ah, it will matter by-and-by,
Nothing but this—that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by-and-by!

—*Methodist Protestant.*

Two gardeners had their crop of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it. The other patiently set to work to plant a new crop. After a while the impatient man came to visit his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how this could be. "This crop I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor. "But don't you ever fret?" he asked. "I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done," said the other. "Why, then, you have no need to fret at all." "True," said his friend, "and that's the reason I put it off."

ARCHITECTURAL DISCOVERIES IN ARIZONA.

INTERESTING letters have lately been published in some of the New York dailies, describing the architectural discoveries made by recent Government expeditions in Southern Arizona. The first perfect house was discovered on an almost inaccessible ledge, overhanging the valley of the Rio Mancos. The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes it:

"There, 700 measured feet above the valley, perched on a little ledge only just large enough to hold it, was a two-story house made of finely-cut sandstone, each block about 14 by 6 inches, accurately fitted and set in mortar now harder than the stone itself. The floor was the ledge upon which it rested, and the roof the overhanging rock. There were three rooms upon the ground floor, each one 6 by 9 feet, with partition walls of faced stone. Between the stories was originally a wood floor, traces of which still remained, as did also the cedar sticks set in the wall over the windows and door, but this was over the front room only, the height of the rocky roof behind not being sufficient to allow an attic there. Each of the stories was six feet in height, and all the rooms, up stairs and down, were nice plastered and painted what now looks a dull brick-red color, with a white band along the floor like a base-board. There was a low doorway from the ledge into the lower story, and another above, showing that the upper chamber was entered from without. The windows were large, square apertures, with no indication of any glazing or shutters. They commanded a view of the whole valley for many miles. Near the house several convenient little niches in the rock were built into better shape, as though they had been

sed as cupboards or caches; and behind it a mi-circular wall inclosing the angle of the ouse and cliff formed a water reservoir hold- ig two and a half hogsheads. The water as taken out of this from a window of the pper room, and the outer wall was carried p high, so as to protect one so engaged from issiles from below. In front of the house, hich was the left side to one facing the bluff, n esplanade had been built to widen the arrow ledge and probably furnish a com- odious place for a kitchen. The abutments hich supported it were founded upon a eeply-inclined smooth face of rock; yet so nsummate was their masonry that these utments still stand, although it would seem at a pound's weight might slide them off."

These buildings are so old that there is no eans of fixing a probable date of origin. In e or two instances mentioned the cliff has llen away during some convulsion of nature, rrying the house with it, but even this rough eatment was not enough to unsettle the work these careful builders. How much of our odern masonry will remain for the study of tiquarians three or four hundred years nce?

RELIGION consists not in seeking rewards d in avoiding punishments, but in living ch a life as has its reward in itself and apes punishment from its own heavenly ture.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

The *Advocate* says: "The careful observer the South since the war must have noticed tendency of the colored people to draw ether more and more closely. The Lord evidently not scattering them abroad or nding them with the white race, but con- idating them for some future mission. It remarkable, also, that by an overruling ovidence our colored population in the ited States have two common centres, or a collecting in two bodies, namely, in South olina and Florida on the East and in Mis- ippi and Louisiana on the West. If they e divinely intended for an independent ion within our present borders, no doubt y would be massed in one body. But orgia and Alabama are controlled by the te people, who are in the majority in these tes, and the disproportion between the two ecoming constantly greater. The colored ple are destined to control some of the tes of this Union, but not so as to form an pendent nation out of a fragment of our itory."

here are two distinct principles which ern the settlement of this question of the mingling of the races; the one is legal equality, which is already established. The right of all the people to the use of public conveyances and all public institutions is so obvious that no sound mind can dispute it. The other principle involved is social affinity, which cannot be controlled by legislation. The world over, men are governed by some subtle sense of preference in the choosing of their associations. The different nationalities represented in our population are equal before the law, but socially the members of each keep well together; likeness in habits, opinions and ambitions proves a bond not easily broken. Yet this social separation works no injustice, for the reason that it is of free choice. In the settling of the social relations of the white and colored races the same principle must apply. If the colored people prefer to be by themselves, so let it be. If many of them prefer to remain in conferences and churches with us, let that be also. If mixed schools are repugnant both to whites and blacks, that fact is a sufficient reason for separate schools. There is no wisdom in forcing the races together merely to carry out a pet theory. The vital point is to give each man, woman and child in the State an equal chance in the race of life. Talent, scholarship, modesty, purity, and goodness will win distinction, no matter in whom they appear. No hue is so dark that it can hide the grace of good-breeding. As far as we have understood the colored people, an equal chance is all they have asked for, and we are confident that they will settle other questions in a way to suit themselves.—*Methodist.*

FAIRY FINGERS.

What fairy fingers are these
That just in a single night
Have garlanded hedges and trees,
And made the world a delight?
That have fashioned the pump in the street
Into a man of snow;
That have spread a coverlet neat
Where the ferns and grasses grow;
That have filled the empty nest,
Which once with song ran over,
And given the vane a crest,
And tucked up the roots of the clover?

—*Mary N. Prescott, in Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

WE have been too prone to think we have borne testimony when we have embodied Scriptural and spiritual truth in documents which perhaps few read, or embalmed holy principles in usages imperfectly fitted to obtain their desired ends. Testimony-bearing of this sort must often fail. The example of a single fruitful, joyful Christian life, is more powerful in the world than reams of tracts. The example of a loving, fruitful, growing congregation, is proportionately influential. Its testimony-bearing never utterly fails. If

we would be victors in the deepening conflict between a religion of authority, of form, of ritual and sacerdotalism, and a religion of life, freedom and spirituality, we must increasingly rely on demonstrating to the world that our principles will work in practice, that they meet the needs of men, that they are not held as the appanage of an exclusive corporation, but that they constitute a rich heritage of truth, which is to grow and fructify through all the earth.—*London Friend.*

A COMMITTEE has been appointed to collect funds for building a meeting-house at Clear Creek, Illinois, to accommodate the Yearly Meeting just established by Indiana and Baltimore Yearly Meetings, which is to be opened in Ninth month next. There has been a considerable increase of Friends within its proposed limits, by emigration and convincement, and while they have been able to provide funds for building meeting-houses in their respective neighborhoods, the incursions of the grasshopper during the past summer have left some families almost destitute, and entirely unable to aid in carrying out the object proposed.

Under these circumstances, they have felt it right to call upon their brethren in religious fellowship who have been blessed with abundance, to send their contributions to Samuel B. Walton, West Liberty, Muscatine County, Iowa.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Second month 21, Whitemarsh, Pa., 3 P. M.

Persons from city, desiring to attend, will take cars at Berks and America streets, at 2 P. M., for Fort Washington, which is near the meeting-house.

PRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting this (Seventh-day) evening, at 8 o'clock. ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* states that, in an address before the late Congress of Orientalists, "Max Müller claimed that during the last 100 years Oriental studies had contributed, more than any other branch of scientific research, to purify the intellectual atmosphere of Europe."

DURING the recent appearance of Coggia's comet, Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, made some valuable scientific discoveries. Every night while that comet was visible he was on his watch-tower, using the most powerful telescope in England; he mapped its march and photographed it every phase; he resolved its fan-shaped nucleus into millions of shooting meteors; and he experimented on the large number of meteorites in the British Museum—meteorites that have fallen in every part of Europe—and found that when heated up to a certain point their spectroscopic signs were exactly those of the comet. Mr. Lockyer is coming to this country shortly, to confer with our scientific men, whom he has accredited with the greatest achievements in the recent observations of the Transit of Venus.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE project of converting a portion of the Sahara Desert into an inland sea continues to find favor, and it is understood that thorough surveys with a view to determine the precise mode of accomplishing this object are under way by the French government. As to whether the result aimed at is desirable or not is at present a question of considerable discussion. On the one hand, the replacing of a large amount of desert waste by water, and making sea-ports of interior points in Algeria, and the expected restoration of an ample rain-fall to various parts of Northern Africa, are viewed with favorable anticipations. On the other hand, it is maintained that the sea will be simply an immense evaporation basin, which will soon be clogged up with salt; or that a serious interference will take place in the amount of heated air carried across the Mediterranean, which at present prevents the extension of the Alpine glaciers. Should this be interrupted, it is feared that increased glaciation will ensue, possibly restoring a large portion of Central Europe to its condition during the reindeer epoch. Whatever be the result of this great engineering operation, it is extremely probable that it will be attempted by the French authorities.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A FIREMAN'S RESPIRATOR is one of our latest scientific inventions, or rather adaptations. The means for enabling persons to breathe in dense smoke or poisonous vapor have often engaged attention, and while not a few contrivances have been tried, most of them have failed in what may be called practical operations. Prof. Tyndall now comes forward with his fireman's hood, and as he has already secured the co-operation of Capt. Shaw, the chief officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, he may at least count on his invention being thoroughly tested. The hood is supplied with a respirator, consisting of a valve chamber and filter tube about four inches long screwed on outside, with access to it from the inside by a wooden mouthpiece. The respiratory agency consists of cotton-wool saturated with glycerin, and lime and charcoal. The glycerin acts on the smoke particles, and the charcoal on the hydrocarbon developed in vapors, and Prof. Tyndall declared that after putting them together he found that he could go into an atmosphere of the most atrocious character, and could "live for half an hour in a place where he could not, unprotected, have existed for a single minute." The Professor hinted that the invention or adaptation might admit of "practical" development, and this is really the point of most importance. Firemen must not only be enabled to breathe with the hood on, but they must be able to move about with comparative freedom, and without any fear of the apparatus getting out of working order. A perfect contrivance of this kind would, it is obvious, be of immense use in the saving of life and property when endangered by fire, not only on land but on sea. Hitherto, unfortunately, they have proved inventions, and nothing more.—*Manchester Examiner.*

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